THE

LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

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"Oh for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this Imperial Realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
Them who are born to serve her and obey."—WORDSWORTH.

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AN AUTUMN RAMBLE AMONG THE VINEYARDS OF THE RHEINLAND.

NO. I.

SINCE the navigation of the Rhine has been opened up by means of steam-boats, no part of the Continent has attracted so many visiters as the district of the Rheinland. While as yet steam-boats were not, and the "wide and winding" river, unconscious of the music of the paddle-box, and dull "as the seas ere steam was made to hiss," floated, on its "proudly swelling breast of waters," no braver argosies than the sluggish and lumbering *coche d'eau*, (similar to our own old canal passage-boats,) the visitants to this terrene paradise (then, indeed, a Paradise Lost!) were few and far between. Now, however, their name—thanks to the wonder-working power of steam!—is *Legion*; and in the height of the *season*, not a day passes that the Rotterdam boat does not, in its upward voyage, bear a goodly freight of Syntaxes in search of the picturesque, who, like their namesake,

"Rave, and sketch, and madden round the land!"

Of course, the component parts of the cargo are somewhat heterogeneous—"black spirits and white, red spirits and grey"—English, Dutch, Belgian, French, &c. &c. &c.; yet, on the whole, two nations may be said to predominate, the Dutch and the English.

In former times, your Dutchman was a living exemplar of the philosophical definition of the *vis inertiæ*—that a body in a state of rest has a tendency to remain in the same for ever. Torpid and dull as his own sluggish canals, like them he "creamed and mantled, and did a woeful stillness entertain." Like the *stove* in his room, he was a complete fixture; and like that, he showed no other signs of animation than the smoke he emitted. As to his forsaking his swamps and croaking nightingales, and going elsewhere in search of the picturesque, the bare idea was preposterous.

Archimedes, in the pride of his philosophy, boasted that he would move the "great globe itself," could he but get a fitting fulcrum; but with this, and all appliances and means to boot, the Syracusan sage would vainly have applied his lever to the Dutchman.

Now-a-days, however, incredible as it may seem, your Hollander has become quite volatile and restless—so much so, that you might fancy him first cousin to St. Vitus. You find him *blowing a cloud* at the Falls of Schaffhausen, on the peaks of the Righi or the Jungfrau, and even amid the ruins of the "Eternal City." Scarcely has summer well commenced, before flocks of "flying Dutchmen" are on the wing, intent on migrating southwards; all ranks and ages combining, as it were,

"With one consent to rush into the *Rhine*."

The Dutch, indeed, are in some respects like the players—when they *do* agree, "their unanimity is wonderful:" bear witness, for instance, the *Tulipomania*.

That crowds of our own countrymen should be found during the season on the banks of the Rhine, will excite little surprise. John Bull has always shown such erratic propensities, that it is nothing wonderful to meet with him here or anywhere. Indeed, we suspect that the wonder would be, to discover a corner where John is *not* to be found. Should Mr. Green succeed one of these days—and the odds are, perhaps, in its favour—in piloting his huge Nassau air-ship to the Lunar regions, we will lay an even bet that he finds friend Bull at table with the "Man in the Moon," washing down the "powdered beef, turnip, and carrot," with rummers of genuine Château Longueville and Montrose; such, if we may credit "Mad Tom," being the Lunar bill of fare.

Some idea may, perhaps, be formed of the swarms of English that annually ascend the Rhine, from the fact that the inns in this quarter, besides being furnished with the customary *Fremdenbuch*, or *livre des étrangers*, (in which all and sundry write down their names and additions, according to the statute to that end made and provided,) have, moreover, a second tome of goodly size, expressly for *Messieurs les Anglais*. This latter folio is in such request, that it is necessary to replace it more than once during the season. So very common, in fact, has a trip to the Rhine become now-a-days, that the denizens of Whitechapel and Mile-end take out a ticket for Mainz *per Batavier*, much as they do one for Herne Bay; and on their return talk of the Drachenfels, the Lorelei, and the Gewirr, as familiarly "as maids of fifteen do of puppy-dogs."

Notwithstanding, however, the numbers of our countrymen who annually repair to the Rhine in search of the picturesque, there are none, we shrewdly suspect, who become so little acquainted with the actual charms and beauties of this enchanting region. Nor is this at all surprising, if we take into consideration the mode in which the tour is usually performed; which, without exaggeration, is pretty much after the following fashion:—Having recovered from the fatigues of the sea-voyage, under the kind and judicious treatment of the worthy landlord of the "Pays Bas" Hotel, our tourists, bidding adieu to the windmills of Rotterdam, embark on board the "Dampfschiff." In all probability, they spend a day in the city of the Three Kings, to take a peep at the cathedral, or at St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins, and pay a visit to Jean Maria Farina, in order to buy a case of the veritable "Eau de Cologne."* Another day, perhaps, is spent at Königswinter, to ascend the Drachenfels, and shake hands with the "castled crag;" or to make a pilgrimage to the neighbouring "Nonnenwerder's cloisters pale," and, with Campbell in hand, drop a tear over the fate of "the brave Roland," and the "love-

* Of this far-famed perfume Cologne boasteth a goodly host of fabricators—well nigh a hundred. The real Simon Pure is Jean Maria Farina: whose unpretending *boutique* is situated in the "Julichsplatz," or Place de Juliers. Next to him rank Johann Maria Farina, (who displayeth no small taste in the outer adornment of his flaskets,) Francis Maria Farina, and Anthon Zanolli. The last-mentioned *distillateur* prepares a mixture which he calls "Eau de Cologne double:" yet, albeit double in price, it is not of twofold excellence, being decidedly inferior to Jean Maria's. The latter gentleman is undoubtedly *facile princeps* among his rivals. His "entire" possesseth a certain indescribable nameless something which we miss in all the others. He retaileth the flasket at a shilling—coin of this realm; and those who purchase one or more cases (of six flaskets each) receive a certain *rabat*. Eau de Cologne may indeed be had, from one of the multitude, at sixpence a flasket; but such suspicious mixtures we counsel thee, reader, to eschew:

"O, give us genuine *eau*, or give us none!"

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liest maiden of Allémayne." * Coblenz, it may be, detains our travellers another day, that they may have the pleasure of reading on the very spot (how charming!) the "noble Childe's" lines about "Ehrenbreitstein's shattered walls," and all that sort of thing. This done, off they go! and steam it up to Mainz; sketching right and left, (and this, too, from the deck of a steam-boat!) quite in raptures with the rich succession of romantic scenery which deploys itself on this part of the river; and on landing at Mainz, they, *nem. con.*

> "Soothly swear
> Was never scene so sweet, so fair!"

For the first time since they left Rotterdam, perhaps our party here forsake the steam boat, and make an excursion, *en voiture*, to Frankfort; after a due contemplation of the lions of which city —not forgetting Danneker's statue of Ariadne, and Mr. Jügel's pictures and prints—they return to Mainz. And here, with most folks, the tour is at an end. Some disciples, to be sure, of Ude and Kitchener, who are blest with what phrenologists would term an exuberant gastronomic development, hold on as far as Strasburg:—not, indeed, to feast on the Minster, but on the *foil gras*; the odours of which allure these eagles of the *cuisine* to the carcass. A scantling, too, of the lovers of cascade scenery ascend even to Schaffhausen. By far the greater number of English tourists stop, however, at Mainz, and thence descend by steam—steam again!—to Rotterdam, where the Batavier receives them once more into its capacious cabin for London; the tour having occupied, counting from the time they embarked at the Tower stairs to their landing at the same, little more than two weeks.

If people, on their return home, after this rapid way of doing business, are quite in raptures with the Rhine,—why, then, all's well. If, however, some grumbling individual should venture to observe, that, after all he had read and heard on the subject, he was a *little* disappointed, we can only answer, by way of comfort (cold enough, perhaps), so *we* should think. Why, what else could the man expect that thus glues himself to the steam-boat? The endless beauties of the Rhenish scenery are only to be enjoyed from the banks, ascending a height now on this side, and now on that; anon peeping into this vineyard, or diving into that dell. To expect that we are to see all the fine sights merely by opening our eyes on the deck of a steam-boat, is surely, to say the least, somewhat unreasonable. Of this we are convinced, that no one, who goes about the business in a proper way, will be disappointed; except, indeed, those Sir Oracles who travel from Dan to Beersheba, and find it all barren.

Mistake us not, gentlest of readers, as if we found fault with those individuals, who having only two or three weeks at most to spare, dedicate it to a steam-trip up the Rhine. No: such, if they would have a peep of the Rheinland, can only have it from the deck of a steam-boat; and, after all, their time and money are, perhaps, not ill bestowed. Our quarrel is with those who have no such excuse: that numerous class who have more time on their hands than they can manage to kill—who, sated with the dull monotony of a too-tranquil existence, take to travelling, much for the same reason that Pat took his wife, to make him *unaisy*. Such, we think, might do far better, and, if they will allow *us* to be their guide, we promise to put them on a plan whereby they will not only rid themselves of their superfluous time, but be enabled actually to enjoy the scenery of the Rhine. A residence of several years in various parts of the Rheinland, with constant rambles by steam, horseback, voiture, and foot, nearly along the whole length of the river, has familiarised us so perfectly with all its features, that the whole panorama, from Schaffhausen to Rotterdam, is vividly depicted on our mental retina: in the words of Comus, somewhat altered,

> "We know each vineyard, every wooded knoll,
> Castle, or ivied tower, of this fair scene;
> Our daily walks and ancient neighbourhood."

To begin, then, with the beginning;—we must observe, that no one need expect to become acquainted, at least in any satisfactory degree, with the beauties of the Rheinland landscapes, who puts his trust in steam-boats. If the tourist cannot make up his mind to shoulder his knapsack, and, staff in hand, to trudge along, up hill and down dale, he must, at least, make up his mind to lose much of what he goes in quest of. If he will have the steam-boat, the whole steam-boat, and nothing but the steam-boat; if, instead of taking the trouble to go in search of the Romantic and the Beautiful, he expects that these fair damsels are to come of their own accord to pay him a visit on board the Dampfschiff, he may, peradventure, find himself woefully disappointed. Of game of all sorts there is, assuredly, no lack in this region; but if the sportsman be too lazy to "hunt the deer with hound and horn," he must forego his haunch of venison, and eke his "pasties of the doe." "First *catch* your hare," says the judicious Mrs. Glasse, in initiating the profane into the mysteries of hare-soup making. Imitating this golden rule, which is of universal application, we say to the picturesque hunter, "First *catch* your landscape:" that is, being interpreted, stand not transfixed to the deck of the Friedrich Wilhelm, or the Marianne, with thy hands in the pockets of thy snow-white dimity *unmentionables*; staring in stupid bewilderment around thee, thy mouth wide agape, as if in hopes that a shower of larks, *piping* hot, were about to descend to the tune of "All hot! all hot!" Incontinently sever thy timber—make for *terra firma*—give the *vapouring* boat leg-bail—shoulder thy crutch—to the right about—March! This do, and trust an old stager for once, you shall see what you shall see,—ay, and something besides. On all occasions, indeed, we are strenuous advocates for the primitive mode of travelling; quite agreeing with Miss Martineau, that your pedestrian is the only one who really travels to any purpose. If this be true in the general case, it is particularly so as regards the scenery of the Rhine; which, we must again and again repeat, is only to be enjoyed by him who takes the trouble to trudge along the banks of the river,† exploring with care every

> "Dingle and bushy dell of this fair scene."

Let us whisper, too, in thine ear, tourist *in posse*, that the flask of Marcobrunner or Laubenheimer, wherewith, seated on some "coigne of vantage" overlooking the river, thou assuagest the meridian heat, will seem to thee quite another beverage, when enjoyed *al fresco* after a morning's ramble, than erewhile in the cribbed and confined cabin of the steam-boat.

Having thus shown you *how* you are to travel, we will now, with your leave, instruct you *when* you are to travel.

"Which is the best time for visiting the Rhine?" Ay, which indeed! Were we to answer this question as our own feelings would dictate, we should be inclined to say, "The whole year round." Nothing can be more delightful than a Spring ramble on the Rhine, when the vineyards are in full blow, when "the vines with the tender grape give a good smell." The luxury of dropping

* The hapless loves of the "brave Roland" and the fair Cunegonda, or Bertha, (for the Chronicles are not consentient in the name of the lady,) have been "married to immortal verse" by Schiller and Campbell. The former, however, has transferred the scene of his ballad (*wherefore* is not very apparent) to Switzerland; while his brother bard, more true to the legend, has preserved its local habitation on the banks of the Rhine, in the vicinage of the Siebengebirge, the isle of Nonnenwerth, and Rolandseck. During several years that we spent in this neighbourhood the "Nonnenwerder's cloisters pale" were doing service as an hotel. Its fish dinners were famed far and near: its *anguilles en matelot* and *carpe à la crême* were superb, and its cellars (like all *convent* cellars) were plenished with the choicest juices of the Rhine. Latterly the hotel wanted a tenant, and there was some talk of making a lottery of the island and convent; but what came of it we know not, as our destiny carried us into another and distant region about this time.

† Not that we mean entirely to discard steam; 'tis all very well in its right place—that is, by way of a *flush*; of which more afterwards.

quietly down the river in your boat, on a lovely morning in May, when every sense is refreshed by "gentle gales,"

"fanning their odoriferous wings,
And whispering whence they stole their balmy spoils,"

is exquisite in the extreme! Nor less so is it, to stray along the banks, or through the vineyards, when "day her sultry fire hath wasted," in the cool of the evening:

"What time 'tis sweet
To scent the breathing vines at set of day."

How lovely, too, appear the vine-clad slopes, when "rosy Summer," rushing into the embraces of her bright-haired sire, empurples the landscape with her blushes; while, "from his watch-tower in the skies," that "blithe spirit," so sweetly sung by the lamented Shelley, rains down a shower of melody

"That steeps the sense in the soft dews of sleep!"

Nay, even when Winter "rules the inverted year," making the green one *white*, and hangs, as if in derision, his glittering but barren icicles on vines that lately bowed beneath treasures of gold and purple; yea, even then, much-loved Rhine, as we have strayed along thy banks, and mused on thy "castled crags," where sign of life was not, save the "ivy never sere," have we not felt that it was good for us to be there?

But chiefly when the "queen of vintage," buxom-brown Autumn, cometh (not to speak it profanely) with dyed garments, glorious in her apparel, to tread out the wine-press, whose fatness maketh the heart of man glad, doth this delightful region wear its most joyous aspect. Then truly every little hill becometh, for the time being, a Mount Tabor; the whole land undergoeth a transfiguration, and one universal tabernacle is erected unto Mirth. At this season, when "jest and youthful jollity" are in the ascendant, reader, do we counsel thee to make thy first acquaintance with the Rhine. For then, not only is the mirth which is rife in the land infectious, but the "mellowing year" bestows upon the aspect of externe things a grace beyond the reach of flaunting Summer. Then, too, when thy heart floweth over with

"Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth,"

and thou must, perforce, for a season cry "Hold, enough!" thou mayest in some "close covert," keep consort with the "mute Silence" and the "cherub Contemplation;" thy reveries undisturbed by aught save the breeze of Autumn, that, sighing overhead amid the sere leaves, doth "smooth the raven-down" of thy pensive thoughts. Beshrew us! but thy heart must be made of "sterner stuff" than we wot of, if it find not fitting response to its emotions, whether "grave or gay, or lively or severe," in an Autumn ramble in the Rheinland.

As the "gathering of the grape," or "Weinlese," varies considerably in point of time along the river, (being always later the higher you ascend,) the tourist may thus enjoy, by timing his movements accordingly, one uninterrupted vintage holiday of eight or more weeks. To effect this in the most agreeable way, he should be at his post on the outskirts of the vine district, in the first or second week of September. Perhaps Bonn is the most eligible station to select for this purpose; as being not only, so to speak, the "ultima Thule" of the vine, but also the spot where the Rhine begins first to unfold its charms: and here, then, should thy tent, adventurous tourist, be pitched at the time indicated. The vine, indeed, makes its appearance several miles below Bonn; but it is in the immediate vicinage of this place that the first symptoms of a vintage present themselves.

To make our approach, however, by just gradation, we will first land thee on the "Boomjies" at Rotterdam. We perceive that the "salt-sea foam" hath somewhat disturbed thy internal equilibrium. Tut! man, 'tis but a trifle, and it will go hard if thou do not speedily regain thy "wonted state" under the skilful treatment of our worthy friend, Mr. Walter, of the "Pays Bas;" that prince of *aubergistes* Trust us, he will in a trice pluck out the "rooted sorrow;" and he administereth his lenitives with so much of the genuine *suaviter in modo*, as materially to enhance their beneficial effects. For the present, then, we bequeath thee to his safe-keeping.

"To-morrow to fresh scenes, and pastures new!"

SENSIBILITY JACK,

AND HIS STORY OF THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN AND THE WOUNDED LIEUTENANT.

HEAVEN knows how old Jack Truesail came by his extreme sensibility, but he certainly had a very unusual share of it, since it gave him the name in which he figures in the title of this paper. He was, in truth, a perfect martyr to his feelings, especially on one particular subject; and often did we wonder how one so constituted had ever become a man-of-war's man; but this he had been in his day, and for many years too.

He was a little, weatherbeaten-faced old man, who eked out the scanty subsistence afforded by a small pension by working as a jobbing porter, in which capacity we frequently employed him, as he was an honest, civil, and obliging creature, with some very amusing eccentricities of manner and character.

Jack had been jobbing with us for some time, when a friend, who had known him longer, and therefore better than we did, came in, and on perceiving him at work, exclaimed,

"Ah, Jack! are you here too?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jack, touching his hat respectfully.

"Has Jack," said our friend, turning to us with a significant look, which, however, we did not at the time understand, "has Jack ever told you the story of the battle of Copenhagen and the wounded lieutenant?"

We replied he had not.

"Oh, then," said our friend, "that's a treat to come."

Curious to hear Jack's story, and the business in hand at the moment not being very pressing, we proposed that we should have it forthwith.

"Come then, Jack," said our friend, "give it us; give us the story of the battle of Copenhagen and the wounded lieutenant."

Jack smoothed down his hair, turned his quid in his mouth, and in a bold and confident tone began—

"Well, you see, gentlemen, at the time of this here affair of Copenhagen, I sarved on board the Darell: and as fine a ship she was as ever swum on salt water. She carried fifty-six guns, and 450 men; all as pretty fellows as ever wore check shirts. We had some fine fellows of officers too, especially our first leeftenant—a real good soul as ever trod a quarter-deck. Well, d'ye see, before the battle began, our ship was stationed just right opposite the Crown Battery, one of the most bloodiest sitiations in the whole line. Never mind, my boys; there we were, not a bit afeard, and every man of us ready to do his dooty. Well, d'ye see, the battle began, and at the first fire, [here we thought Jack's voice became a little tremulous,] our poor leeftenant [Jack's emotion was here quite marked] received—a—shot—in—the—thigh." A pause; Jack couldn't go on. He made an effort to resume. "Yes, poor fellow, a shot in the thigh. Well, in three minutes after, he—he—he—"

Here Jack fairly broke down; his feelings overcame him; he could not utter another word, but blubbered like a child.

"I see, Jack, you can't get on," said our friend; "you'll give us the rest some other time;" and struggling to suppress a laugh, which we thought not very creditable to his feelings, he abruptly bade us good morning, and rushed out without one word of explanation.

Sympathising with poor Jack's feelings, we also withdrew, leaving him to finish his work, and regain his composure. We thought it would be cruel to press him to complete his story in his then excited state of mind; so resolved on delaying the gratification of my curiosity till some other opportunity.

One half-idle afternoon, about a week after this, suddenly recollecting Jack's unfinished tale, we strolled into an adjoining apartment, where he was at work, seated ourselves on a bale of goods, and reminding him of the circumstance, requested he would give us the remainder of the story of the battle of Copenhagen and the wounded lieutenant. Jack raised himself from the work on which he was engaged, stroked down his hair, as before, turned his quid, and looking at us with a smile, said—

"Oh, ay, sir—the affair of Copenhagen: I recollect I was rather taken aback last time, but I'll give it you all now, out and out;" and with the same bold, off-hand manner as on the former occasion, Jack began—

"Well, you see, sir, as I tould you before, at that time I belonged to the Dareall—a noble ship, sir—fifty-six guns and 450 men, all as smart lads as you'd see anywhere. Well, sir, d'ye see, as I mentioned afore, just before the action began, we were ordered to take our station right off the Crown Battery—an ugly berth, sir—one of the ugliest going that day. Well, you see, we hadn't taken our ground five minutes, when the Crown Battery opened on us, and with the first discharge our—our—[here Jack began to get husky]—our poor first leeftenant received a shot—[a brief pause]—a shot just right in the thigh—[Jack fast breaking down again]—and in three minutes after, poor soul—glorious fellow—he—he—he—" Jack couldn't go on; he was choking with emotion.

Seeing him unfit to finish his story, we once more left him, wondering at the man's extraordinary sensibility, but still respecting the feeling.

Some time after this, we availed ourselves of an opportunity of again urging Jack to complete his story of the battle of Copenhagen and the wounded lieutenant, but with precisely the same result. Jack, however stoutly he might begin, never could by any means get beyond the shot in the thigh; there he was sure to break down.

Struck now with the oddity of the circumstance, and beginning to be rather amused than affected by Jack's excessive sensibility, (which had assumed, we thought, a ludicrous character,) we began to suspect that it was a pathological peculiarity of the man's nature, rather than a result of genuine feeling; and in this impression we were confirmed by the following incident.

Going home one night, after dark, we were attracted by a crowd consisting of about a dozen persons or so, who seemed to be highly amused with some one whom they surrounded. Curious to know what was going on, we joined the group, and had hardly done so, when one called out, "Come, Jack, give us the story of the battle of Copenhagen and the wounded lieutenant." "Ay, ay, give us the story, Jack—give us the story," shouted half-a-dozen voices at once. It was Jack, then, whom they had got amongst them; and Jack's failing seemed well known to them. Jack, we perceived, was tipsy; a circumstance which we did not expect would tend much to harden his sensibilities; so we resolved to hear his version of the story of the battle of Copenhagen and the wounded lieutenant, under the mollifying influence of liquor; a story, by the way, which it now appeared was extremely popular. Complying with the general wish, Jack began his tale, and with the same readiness and confidence of manner with which he always began it.

"Ay, ay, my friends," he said, "that was a tough bit of a job, that Copenhagen affair; none of your shilly-shally work, but right, even-down whacking. I warrant me, none of you here ever saw the like. Well, d'ye see, my lads, the ship I belonged to was the Dareall—p'raps none of you ever heard of her afore, but that don't matter; she was a beauty of a ship, for all that—fifty-six guns and 450 men, and as fine a set of officers as ever trod a quarter-deck, partiklarly our first leeftenant, Mr. Bowman; he *was* the good soul."

"Ay, Jack's coming to it now," here said one of the crowd, in a half-whisper to a neighbour; "he'll cry presently."

Jack went on. "Well, you see, my lads, our ship was stationed right opposite what they called the Crown Battery, and a hot enough berth it was, I warrant ye. So, d'ye see, the battle began, when poor Bowman, who was standing on the quarter-deck, just as I'm standing now, with his speaking-trumpet in his hand, received—poor fellow—good soul—a shot in the thigh." Jack here paused, and struggled hard with the emotion which was threatening to arrest his narrative at the usual point. "Three minutes after—seven wounds altogether—poor soul!—he—he—he." Off Jack went; he could no more. The crowd hailed the expected climax with a shout of laughter, in which we could not help joining, and immediately dispersed, leaving Jack *solus*, to recover his composure at his leisure.

We subsequently learnt, that old Jack's battle of Copenhagen and the wounded lieutenant was a well-known story; but we never met with the man who had heard the end of it, or even a single sentence beyond that which we have here put upon record. Some story or other, it was thought, Jack had; but the tenderness of his recollections of the wounded lieutenant prevented him from ever getting through with it.

NOTES ON THE REDBREAST, SPARROW, ROOK, AND TITMOUSE.

We have given, on previous occasions, both speculation and anecdote, illustrative of what is termed the instinct of the lower animals. We now add some original observations of a practical naturalist on a few of our familiar birds.

We may first describe the manners, and give the character of that well known bird, the Redbreast. This bird is best known from his audacious familiarity in entering the open doors or windows of dwelling-houses without fear or dread. This freedom has raised a prejudice in his favour, because it is taken as a sign of his confidence in man. We wish the other traits of his character were confirmatory of the favourable view thus bestowed on his *incorrigible impudence*: but the truth is, there is little amiable feeling belonging to the redbreast; for he is naturally cruel, vindictive, and implacable. He is almost always at war with other birds, and especially with the males of his own species. So strong is their antipathy to each other, that two pairs or families cannot live near together in the same place. If one pair takes possession of the top of a field or garden for the purpose of breeding or lodging in, another pair may be allowed to reside at the bottom, but not nearer. Each master of a family claims a certain range of territory for himself, and over which he holds arbitrary sway. Here he keeps "watch and ward," and here he may be heard singing, morning, noon, and night; but the chief parts of his song are only impassioned shouts of defiance addressed to rivals at a distance. And whenever rivals meet, a fierce battle ensues, in which one is discomfited, if not killed outright.

The bitter animosity always subsisting between these rival birds is one reason that they are so extensively distributed over the face of the country, and yet nowhere numerous. Their adventurous boldness in entering houses is a circumstance unfavourable to their increase; for here they frequently fall a prey to the watchful cat. It is, indeed, a common saying, that cats catch and kill more redbreasts than they kill birds of any other kind.

This bird is neither skilful in building, nor careful in concealing her nest, consequently she is liable to be robbed, which diminishes the broods; but she, as well as her mate, very soon find by experience where their food is most readily found. They are carnivorous as well as vermivorous; and their usual exertion in search of food is hopping about on turf or among withered leaves, picking up earth-worms, small snails, and larvæ of insects. But as soon as they become acquainted with any locality in which they have chosen to reside, they soon learn where to find a bone to pick at the back kitchen door. Or if they see a labourer at work trenching, digging, or hoeing the ground, they are sure to join him to feast on the worms, which they seem to know he will turn up: and if, when so attending the labourer, any other bird happens to alight on the broken ground, the pugnacious little fellow flies at the intruder like a fury, and drives him off. Even blackbirds and thrushes of thrice his size must fly before him, so impetuous is his attack.

Another portion of acquired knowledge of which the redbreast often avails himself is, his attending the mole in its labours, as he does those of the gardener. Moles live chiefly on earth-worms, which, when they feel the mole mining near them, immediately escape to the surface; and here the hungry bird is on the watch for them. The keen eye of the redbreast can perceive the working of the mole at a considerable distance, as they may often be seen flying from a hedge into the middle of a field where the mole is raising a hill, and where they get their usual treat. It may be said that it is the appearance of the freshly-broken ground that attracts the notice of the bird, and not his knowledge that food is found there; but how can he know that worms are found on broken ground, if it be not from experience?

The redbreast is sometimes so attached to a favourite station in a garden, or about a house, that he will build repeatedly in the same place; but the greater number leave their winter quarters, and retire to unfrequented dells in woods, or to hollow lanes to breed during summer. They however return to their winter haunts when cold weather sets in.

The house-sparrow is another instance of a wild animal being much guided in his manners by acquired knowledge. His character is a compound of boldness, cunning, and perseverance. He learns much from his companions in the farm-yard, and attends to

the call of any of the feeders as promptly as any other of the live-stock. He is naturally thievish, and seems delighted when he can steal a morsel of food from any other animal, and carry it away to a place where he can eat it alone. Adding the acquired knowledge of the sparrow to that of his powerful instincts, he may be said to be one of our most accomplished wild birds; whether we consider his assiduity in providing for himself and family, or his care in preserving himself and progeny. They make their nests in holes of walls, under the eaves of roofed buildings; and sometimes, when all such places are occupied, they will build their nests in thick-branched trees near houses; and as a means of security, if a rookery be in the near neighbourhood, the sparrows will make their nests immediately under those of the rook, and which, as the rook is a social bird, they are allowed to do without annoyance from their protectors. It is this careful regard for their young, and teaching them always to roost in inaccessible places, that makes this species much more numerous than that of any other British bird. The young leave the nest just before harvest, and then the whole congregate, fall upon the ripening fields of wheat or barley, and do much damage to the farmer if not scared off. For this crime the sparrow has in many rural parishes been proscribed, and rewards paid by the churchwardens for their destruction.

The rook, and others of the same genus, appear to be instinctively afraid of fire-arms; but it is probable this natural fear is inculcated by the wary parents; as, constantly living in communities, one experienced patriarch soon sounds his note of alarm, and puts all the rest on their guard. They are equally alarmed if they smell brimstone or gunpowder—a sensation they must have acquired by experience. When rooks take to a part of an avenue or other place where they are not wished to be, they are most effectually frightened away by taking a flint and steel, and striking them under the trees at night.

The next bird we have to notice, whose experience teaches him to get a meal when his ordinary food is scarce, is the greater titmouse, a common though not a plentiful bird of our woods. His ordinary food is insects and the larvæ of insects; but in hard frosts, and especially if snow covers the ground, this bird repairs to the bee-house, probably, in the first place, to look for spiders or their eggs, or for any other insect lurking about the hives. During the search the bird perceives that there are living insects within the hives, and of course wishes to taste them. Tapping at the door of the hive (perhaps with the intention of enlarging it) a sentinel appears to answer the call, and is immediately seized by the middle by the bird, and carried off to a neighbouring tree, and there beat against the bark till nearly dead. The bird rejects the head and abdomen (the latter containing the sting), and swallows the thorax only, and immediately returns to the hive for another victim. Sometimes the whole stock of a hive is destroyed by these birds in this way; and it is remarkable that one among several of these marauders is more an adept at bee-killing than the rest; for, on watching and shooting this one, the daily attacks on the bees ceased. Now, how can we consider these manœuvres of the bird? He is instinctively led to take and devour insects wherever he may find them; but to make it his task to come every morning to a hive to allure out the bees for his breakfast, must be a portion of knowledge derived solely from experience.

HAZLITT'S CHARACTER OF COLERIDGE.

COLERIDGE would require a hundred mouths to utter all that it hath entered into his heart to conceive, and centuries before him to embody the endless volume of his waking dreams. Cloud rolls over cloud; one train of thought suggests, and is driven away by another; theory after theory is spun out of the bowels of his brain, not like the spider's web, compact and sound, a citadel and a snare, built for mischief and for use; but like the gossamer, stretched out and entangled without end, clinging to every casual object, flitting in the idle air, and glittering only in the ray of fancy. No subject can come amiss to him, and he is alike attracted and alike indifferent to all; he is not tied down to any one in particular, but floats from one to another; his mind everywhere finding its level, and feeling no limit but that of thought—now soaring with its head above the stars, now treading with fairy feet among flowers; now winnowing the air with winged words, passing from Duns Scotus to Jacob Behmen, from the Kantian philosophy to a conundrum, and from the Apocalypse to an acrostic—taking in the whole range of poetry, painting, wit, history, politics, metaphysics, criticism, and private scandal—every question giving birth to some new thought, and every thought discoursed in eloquent music.

RISE OF THE LAND IN SWEDEN.

MORE than a hundred years ago, a Swedish naturalist, of the name of Celsius, expressed an opinion that the waters of the Baltic sea, and the whole northern ocean, were gradually sinking; and he stated that this was proceeding at the rate of forty Swedish inches in a century. He represented several dangerous sunken reefs as having become permanently visible above water during his own time, and stated that the sea was constantly leaving dry new tracts of land along its margin; that ancient sea-ports had become inland towns; and that old mariners could testify that at a number of places great changes had occurred, within the period over which their memory extended, in the form of the coast and the depth of the sea. Lastly, he referred to marks which had been cut in the rocks before his time, for the purpose of indicating the former level, and the waters were observed to have fallen below these marks. Such an extraordinary announcement as that of the bed of the vast ocean sinking, met with little countenance from the learned. To account for the appearances described by Celsius, various hypotheses were brought forward; whilst not a few suspected that there had been some error in the observations. Those who were inclined to admit the correctness of his statements proposed, as a solution of the difficulty, that the altered form of the coast, and the shallowing of the sea, might be ascribed partly to new accessions of land at those localities where rivers entered, depositing sand and mud, and partly to the drifting of large blocks of ice, which are sometimes stranded and driven upon rocks and low islands, so as to raise their height by the stones and gravel which they have floated to these places. But these explanations could not satisfactorily account for the phenomena, however they might satisfy those who were content with a plausible hypothesis, rather than inquire further into the matter. It remained for the profound and eloquent Playfair to unloose the knot, without cutting it. He declared that the change in the relative level of sea and land in Sweden, might be ascribed to the movement of the land rather than of the ocean. The expansive forces of the mineral regions are continually at work within the solid crust of the earth; and we have only to suppose that, for a great length of time, they have been acting upwards, their natural tendency, at this peculiar place. And no doubt this is the true explanation of the phenomenon.

Subsequently to the promulgation of his views by Playfair, many distinguished men have visited the country, and recorded their impressions of the reality of the fact. But the papers published by Mr. Lyell being at once the most recent and the most interesting, we prefer giving an outline of the observations made by this distinguished geologist. At Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, and situated on the shores of the Baltic sea, there is clear evidence of the existence of lines of beach once covered by the sea, but now lying high and dry, with all their marine shells and vegetables, no less than seventy feet above it. Besides the shells, several buried vessels have been found, some of them apparently of high antiquity, there being no iron in them, the planks being fastened together by wooden pegs. But a much more remarkable discovery was made at a place where a canal was cut. Here the excavation commenced in a hill or platform, covered with a forest; and after digging down about fifty feet through stratified sand, gravel, and clay, the workmen came upon a small wooden house, the floor of which was on a level with the sea. An attempt was made to dig round the walls, and leave them standing; but the wood was perfectly decomposed, and crumbled down like dust when all support was removed; but when they reached the level of the sea, they found the timbers of the walls preserved. At the bottom, on what may have constituted the floor of the hut, an irregular ring of stones was found, having the appearance of a rude fireplace; and within these there was a heap of charcoal and charred wood. On the outside of the ring was a pile of unburnt fir-wood, broken up as for fuel; the dried needles of the fir and the bark of the branches being still preserved. The building was about eight feet square, and was supposed to have been merely a fishing-hut, occasionally resorted to at the fishing season. The building was enveloped in fine sand, as if blown by the wind, and the mass over the house bore undoubted evidence of stratification, but, for the most part, of that wavy and irregular kind which would result from a meeting of currents. Multitudes of marine shells were found embedded in it.

The remarkable circumstances to be observed here are, that whilst the hut must originally have stood on the shores of the Baltic, nearly on a level with its waters, the ground on which it stood had sunk down to the depth of fifty or sixty feet, or in some

other manner become completely submerged beneath the sea; that the land had again gradually risen to its present position, which, being about even with the surface of the sea, may be supposed nearly the relative level of the hut to the Baltic, as it originally stood; and that, during this gradual rise, it had become covered with strata sixty feet in thickness. However extraordinary this may appear, there seems no other way of accounting for the present position of the hut. "If," says Mr. Lyell, "the buried vessels alone had been found, we should merely have been called upon to suppose that they had sunk to the bottom of a fiord, which was afterwards silted up, and then upraised; but the situation of this house seems to require far greater changes of level. Had nothing been observed but the wooden walls, we might have imagined that the hut was carried away during an inundation; for I was told of a house that was floated off entire during a flood, in the north-east of Sweden, in consequence of the artificial drainage of a lake. But the fire-place and charred wood on the floor seem entirely opposed to such an hypothesis. To imagine a subsidence of the land to the amount of more than sixty feet, and a subsequent elevation—or, in other words, a series of movements analogous to those by which the phenomena of the Temple of Serapis have been explained—appears necessary; yet this is undoubtedly to assume far greater revolutions in the level of the land, since fishing-huts were first erected in Sweden, than history or tradition would have led us to anticipate." Yet we do not think that it is assuming more than might have taken place, without history or tradition taking any notice of the circumstance until comparatively recent times.

At the present rate of increase, the land might have been raised to its present level since the commencement of the Christian era. With regard to previous sinking, all must be mere conjecture, with which we shall not meddle, as little that is satisfactory could be brought forward. But whatever doubts may hang over the causes which brought the hut into the extraordinary position in which it was discovered, it is impossible to reflect on this, and the other facts regarding shell fish brought to light during the excavation of this canal, without being convinced that very important movements have taken place in the land and the bed of the sea, since the Baltic was inhabited by the existing testacea, and even since the sea was navigated by vessels, and the human race extended their migrations to these northern shores.

In 1820, the Royal Academy at Stockholm ordered a horizontal line to be cut in the face of a rock near Oregrund, on the shores of the Baltic, the line being made exactly to correspond with the level of the sea. When Mr. Lyell examined this in 1834, the line was found five inches and a half above the surface of the water. Here is unequivocal evidence in support of the fact of a gradual rise in the land; but some much stronger is yet to be adduced. The fishermen at this place also confirmed this opinion in a very satisfactory manner. They pointed out several rocks which they well remembered to have been barely covered with water in their younger days, but which are now between one and two feet above it. "So strong is the conviction of the fishermen here," says our authority, "and of the seafaring inhabitants generally, that a gradual change of level, to the amount of three feet or more in a century, is taking place, that they seem to feel no interest whatever in the confirmation of the fact afforded by artificial marks; for they observed to me, that they can point out innumerable natural marks in support of the change; and they mentioned this as if it rendered any additional evidence quite superfluous." At another place, a mark, which had been made in 1731, was found to be (every allowance being made for a contrary wind) nearly three feet above the level of the sea at the present time. In another part of the same coast, one of the lines which had been ordered to be cut in 1820, indicated a rise of the land to the extent of nearly two feet and a half; which is enormous in the short space of fourteen years.

In pursuing the object of his journey, Mr. Lyell crossed from the shores of the Baltic to the opposite coast of Sweden, situated between Uddevalla and Gothenburg, and which has been long celebrated for its deposits of recent shells, raised in some spots to the height of more than two hundred feet above the level of the sea. He found that these shelly formations did not resemble beaches of the ocean which had been upraised, but were, in fact, stratified formations of clay, sand, and gravel, and in some places almost entirely of shells, which have filled up, at some former period, the deep bays and fiords of a sea resembling that which now bounds this coast. At several other places undoubted evidence of a gradual rise in the land was obtained, both from marks which had been made on the face of rocks washed by the sea, and from the uniform testimony of all seafaring people. By a comparison of the eastern and western coasts, and their islands, with the interior, the geological appearances and physical features of the country appeared to countenance the theory, that the whole tract has in its turn been first a shoal in the sea, and then for a time a shore. In some parts immense erratic blocks of rock, or boulders, were found lying upon deposits of recent shells. The transportation of these huge fragments into their present position must, therefore, have taken place after the period when the modern shelly formations of both coasts were accumulated; and it has been inferred, from observed facts, that the drifting of such blocks may now be going on, by means of ice, every year. The water here freezes to a great depth in winter, and when it is broken up on the approach of genial weather, the huge masses of ice which closely clasp large rocks round and round, often float them away altogether, and sometimes to a great distance. The fact, therefore, that the land in Sweden is in various parts gradually rising above the level of the sea, may be considered as completely proved. The evidence in favour of an upward movement is of two kinds: firstly, the testimony of the inhabitants; and secondly, the altered level indicated by artificial marks cut in the rocks. More than one generation has passed away since Celsius recorded the stories of pilots, fishermen, and the inhabitants of the two opposite coasts, respecting the increased extension of land and apparent sinking of the sea. In the same places, Mr. Lyell heard precisely similar accounts from persons now living; and they were so identical, he says, that, if related, they would appear mere representations of the words of Celsius, with scarcely any change except in the names of the witnesses. Further, it seems pretty clear that the rate of elevation is different in different places. In one locality it was discovered to be about three feet in a century; in another, two feet in sixty-four years; in a third, rather more than that in fourteen years; and in a fourth, only a few inches during the same period. This is perhaps the most extraordinary part of the phenomenon; and we may expect to obtain some valuable information in course of time, since such men as Berzelius have turned their attention to the subject.

THE SMITHFIELD CATTLE SHOW.

AMONG the many strange sights of this strange city, not the least curious is the annual cattle show, held under the auspices of the Smithfield club. This exhibition, which has only been made for a very few years, has increased so rapidly as to render it a subject of considerable national importance. To compare great things—with *small*, we were going to say, but the comparison will not hold, as prize oxen are decidedly not small—the annual cattle show is to agriculture, much that the annual meeting of the British Association is to science. It forms a re-union of many of the principal country gentlemen of England, who scruple not to travel themselves, and send stock, great distances to attend it.

Hitherto the show had been held on premises in Goswell-street, which were inconvenient from want of room, but the show for 1839 was transferred to very extensive premises in King-street, Portman-square, ordinarily used as a horse bazaar, which we were induced to visit. The exhibition continued open for four days, from Wednesday the eleventh, to Saturday the fourteenth, of December, and visitors were admitted up to nine o'clock in the evening.

The gas was already lighted when we arrived, and a very singular scene presented itself to our view. A yard of great extent, opening on one side (the left hand) to a roofed corridor or ride, lined with a row of stalls for horses, which were closed up with hurdles (being too confined for the purposes of exhibition) was converted into an immense tent, by means of a tarpauling extended over it at a great height. On the right hand the space was bounded by a wall, beneath which, on ample couches of straw, reposed the monsters constituting the first and sixth classes of the "beasts" composing the show. The centre of the open space was occupied by another row of cattle, and behind them the pigs were arranged. Beyond we entered the riding-school, a very capacious covered building, and affording a better defence from the weather than the outer space. This was occupied by cows and sheep, and a lot of "extra stock," Scotch oxen, much admired by connoisseurs, but which did not come within the limits of any of the "classes" prescribed for competition, and consequently were

not awarded any prize. In a third area, ordinarily used as stables, the remainder of the sheep were penned in the centre, in lots of three each, and around various instruments of agriculture were displayed. The whole was crowded, and even ladies did not disdain to honour the exhibition with their presence. This may, perhaps, be heard with surprise. Many of our readers may imagine that the sight of animals fattened up for "show" must be disgusting. They recal Tom Hood's facetious groans of the moving monster committed to the charge of the lame driver, although even he "hurried him." They remember the pathetic exclamation, "Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" and have visions of "the learned pig grown out of knowledge." But could they see the innocent grunters we beheld, "18 weeks' old, improved Middlesex pigs," fed by "Mr. J. Crowther, of Isleworth, on boiled potatoes, fine toppings, and skimmed milk," they would alter their opinion, and gazing on their white well-kept countenances, their sleek and comfortable-looking proportions, as, all at ease, they reclined on "the best of straw," they would be enraptured, and even incline to think it would have been a pity to cut short their innocent existence at any earlier period, even to have produced a dish such as has been so feelingly celebrated by the inimitable Elia.

And then the cattle, albeit, especially those of class I., the magnates of the show, of huge proportions, exhibit no appearance of "distressing fatness." They are comfortably corpulent, but not exuberantly gross, and the care which has been taken of them is evident in the exquisite cleanness of their skins and coats, which in other instances are too generally neglected. These, on the contrary, appear to be dressed almost as carefully as a hunter or a race horse, and we can believe it possible that their keepers' care is frequently tested, in the same manner as that of grooms in some stables, by a white handkerchief which, when passed over the animal, infallibly detects the least speck of remaining dirt. There stood these fine animals, exhibiting the most gratifying proofs of the effects of skill in producing perfection in the various points which constitute their excellence. Each particular of their feeding and an account of the exact distance each animal had travelled to the show, was set forth in a placard affixed to the wall; but no great bodily exertion had been imposed on any, for none had gone on foot more than two miles. Several had, however, by van, railroad, or canal, travelled nearly two hundred miles, and there were few that had not come from a considerable distance. Any change, however, produces considerable effect on animals long-used to perfect tranquillity; and even the easiest mode of conveyance proves a considerable trial, while the bustle of four days' publicity, and the incessant poking and pummelling to which their fat sides are subjected by the more *knowing* visitors during that period, must tend greatly to deteriorate their condition. On the day we visited the show, one very fine animal, the property of earl Spencer, the president of the club, died, as it is supposed, from the effects of fatigue. Its disorder was probably aggravated by the comparative exposure to which it was subjected, for the defence of a tent is a far more imperfect protection than the walls and roof of a well-secured cow-house. This struck us very forcibly when we first entered, and beheld so large a portion of the exhibition so slightly sheltered, and we regretted that a place of exhibition entirely proof against the weather had not been found; but so great an extent is necessary for the display of such a collection, that it is perhaps impossible, even in London, to fix upon any place better adapted for the purpose than the bazaar in King-street. We should, we confess, rejoice to see a building erected expressly for this exhibition, which might be so contrived as to be available for other purposes when not made use of by the club. More frequent exhibitions of agricultural instruments and dead stock might perhaps be made with advantage; and as the society increases, and of consequence its funds, which must receive a very considerable addition from the multitude of visitors, it may, we hope, ere long, be found practicable to carry such a scheme into execution.

The sheep were by no means the least interesting part of the exhibition. Southdowns and new and old Leicesters formed the staple, and were as remarkable for the excellence of their wool as their fine condition in other respects. It was amusing to watch the care with which these animals were tended by their keepers, who were feeding them with turnips, and cutting up the suppers of these innocents much as a nursery-maid carves the dinner of a youngster not yet arrived at the dignity of a knife and fork. These words opportunely remind us that the Smithfield club cannot get on, any more than other associate Englishmen, without a dinner, and shame it would be to them if they had not a good one. Accordingly, on Friday the 13th December, 1839, between three and four hundred "of the principal noblemen and gentlemen, agriculturists," sat down to a "substantial dinner" at the Freemasons' tavern, and doubtless did honour to the good cheer.

Upon the toast "Success to the Smithfield Club," being proposed, the noble president (earl Spencer) said he had great happiness in stating to them that their club had been greatly, although gradually, increasing. His lordship said he would not have spoken so confidently of the club, had he not ascertained that the receipts of this year had been sufficient to clear the whole expenses of the following one. There was, therefore, no risk to run at their next meeting. The place of exhibition had been altered, and it was the general impression that the alteration would be of the greatest benefit to the breeders and feeders of prize cattle. In consequence of a complaint having been made with respect to the judges not being sufficient, the committee had agreed that two sets of judges should be appointed—one for the adjudication of prizes for cattle and long-wooled sheep, and the other for Southdowns and pigs; and his lordship hoped this arrangement would be satisfactory to all parties. It had also been arranged that two prizes should be given for Scotch and Welch cattle. His lordship knew of no class of cattle which gave better profit to the grazier, but in consequence of their general size they could not be expected to compete with the various classes of cattle now exhibited.

Such an account of the money-matters of the club is gratifying, and is a sufficient proof of the estimation in which it is held by those who are the best judges of its effects—the "agriculturists." The expenses of the last year must have been considerable, as no less than 295*l.* in money was distributed in premiums, besides three gold and thirteen silver medals. We hope that the next year will enable the members still further to extend their encouragement, and that they will long continue to GO ON AND PROSPER.

TO NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk o'er the western wave,
    Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone *daylight*,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear;
    Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
    Star inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out;
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand;—
    Come, long-sought!

When I arose, and saw the dawn,
    I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
    I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
    Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me? And I replied,
    No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead—
    Soon, too soon;
Sleep will come when thou art fled;—
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night;—
Swift be thine approaching flight;
    Come soon, soon!

SHELLEY

GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS

No people are so famous in ancient history for their festive meetings as the Greeks. From an early age, public games, in which various prizes were contended for, seem to have held a rank next to religion among their national customs. But although those entertainments drew together a great concourse of people from different states, it does not appear that they were as yet celebrated at the public expense, or at a certain prescribed season of the year. They were generally conducted under the patronage of some powerful and wealthy prince, upon the solemnization of the funeral of an esteemed relative or friend, or upon any other occasion which he thought fit. He furnished the prizes, and invited the neighbouring princes to the games. Many idlers among their people followed, of course; but though these were allowed to be present as spectators, the contests were usually confined to noble blood.

The games consisted of chariot-races, foot-races, boxing with the cæstus, wrestling, fighting with spears, archery, throwing the quoit, casting javelins, and leaping. Singing, or rather the recitation of poetic compositions, dancing, and throwing the ball. were rather amusements than games; in none of these were prizes regularly contended for, the first alone excepted. In some instances stewards, or managers of the games, were selected to arrange the goal and course, and to keep off the spectators from crowding on the performers; but there were no judges, the prizes being awarded by the patron, according to the merit of the candidates. Where any doubt existed, an appeal was made to the disinterested princes who were present, and they decided. If foul play had been committed, the party aggrieved made a formal complaint, and the party accused either vindicated himself on oath, or by the issue of a combat. In games where several candidates might contend—such, for instance, as the chariot-race,—three, four, and even five prizes were given, of different value, and adjudged, after the first, according to the place which each candidate obtained. Whatever the number of rivals might be, none went away without some reward for his exertions. The chariot-prize was considered the most honourable of all others: but scarcely less ambition and emulation were evinced in the athletic contentions; for it was deemed the highest praise which a man could obtain, to say of him, that he knew how to use his hands and feet to the greatest advantage.

The goal being fixed upon for the charioteers, a steward was appointed to observe that all passed outside it. The candidates then took their stations at the starting-place, according to lot. The manner in which the lots were determined was this:—A small piece of wood was given to each charioteer, in which he cut or inscribed a private mark; the whole of the lots were thrown into a helmet, and shaken by a disinterested person, who caused them to fall out one after another. Each candidate knew his own lot, and he took his station according to the order in which it was shaken from the helmet. At a given signal they started. The experienced charioteer, from the moment of setting out, held the goal constantly in his eye, pushing his steeds and chariots as close to it as he could. When he arrived near enough to turn it, he inclined, but as gently as possible, to the left, while he goaded or lashed the right-hand horse smartly, gave him the rein, and cheered him onward; still so restraining the left-hand horse, as that the box, or head, of the wheel should almost touch the goal, yet so as not to strike it, lest the chariot and rider might be overthrown. He who first turned the goal well, and at speed, was likely to be first at the starting-place. At the funeral games in honour of Patroclus, the swiftest charioteer won as his prize a comely female captive, skilled in works of domestic utility, and a double-eared brazen tripod, capable of containing two-and-twenty measures. The second bore away an unbroken mare, six years old, and pregnant with a mule; the third, a new cauldron, of four measures; the fourth, two talents of gold; and the fifth, a small brazen pan, used for culinary purposes.

The boxers bound on the cæstus with thongs of leather; both these and the wrestlers wore a cincture which extended from the waist to the feet; the breast, and shoulders, and arms, were naked. The foot-race was distinguished by no peculiar character from similar exhibitions in our own times. He who first slightly wounded his adversary in the spear-fight was declared the conqueror. The combatants were clad in shield and mail, as in battle; but if they evinced a disposition, in the eagerness of contest, to press each other beyond the limits of mimic warfare, the spectators interposed and separated them. For the archers, a bird was tied by a string to the top of a pole fixed in the ground. The first prize was given to him who pierced the poor flutterer with his arrow, the second to him who only divided the cord. The quoit was a solid mass of iron, large enough to afford ploughshares to a husbandman for five years. It was bestowed on him who pitched it farthest. A similar proof of superior strength in hurling the javelin, and a display of surpassing agility in bounding from a fixed mark, were rewarded in a suitable manner.

Some writers have observed, that the connexion of games with the funeral obsequies of deceased warriors of distinction, arose from a disposition to honour them in death, by the celebration of amusements which in life they cultivated with so much pleasure. Homer leads us to a more rational and satisfactory origin of these customs, when he insinuates that they were instituted for the purpose of impressing more deeply on the minds of those present the memory of the dead, and that the prizes which were given served as so many records of the place of burial, and of the magnificence of the solemnities with which that last melancholy office was performed. It was naturally a great consolation to the surviving friends of the departed to make it known, as widely as possible, that he died with a glorious, or at least a spotless character, worthy of such marked homage, and that, unlike the traitor and spoiler of the royal bed, his remains were not refused the rites of the grave, nor exposed in some desert place, to be the prey of dogs and vultures. There was no man, high or low, who did not recognise it as an imperative duty to erect a tumulus, or tomb, and to perform funeral ceremonies in honour of the dead.

Indeed, the tomb, and pillar over it, on which most probably some emblematic device was wrought, characteristic of the pursuits of the deceased in life, were considered in the light of a debt due to his ashes from his kindred and friends. It was believed that the soul of the dead could not pass the gates of Ades until that debt was duly paid; that it might appear again on earth to solicit the rights, if they were neglected; but that, after they were properly performed, it could revisit the precincts of day no more.

If the deceased fell in battle, the ceremonies which preceded the games were much after the following order:—The body was brought from the field in the arms of two or more of his companions, and laid in the tent, or rather hut, of his nearest relative or friend. As soon as darkness put an end to the day's strife, his associates in the field gathered around him, and all the night long they wept aloud, the lamentation being led by the chief mourner, who, while he thus expressed his feelings, placed his hands on the bosom of his lost friend. When the first burst of grief was over, the body was stripped, bathed in warm water, and anointed with limpid oil, which resisted, or at least retarded, the process of putrefaction. The wounds were filled with an ointment supposed to possess a similar power. The body was then disposed on a bed, and covered from head to foot with an under-vest of linen, over which was thrown a fine snow-white sheet of similar texture. From some superstitious motive, which has found its way to many other countries, the feet of the deceased were directed towards the vestibule. In order to preserve the body from internal taint, as well as to give it fragrance, a liquor, probably composed of vinous spirit and perfume, was poured into it through the nostrils.

Thus it was kept for nine days, during which it was watched day and night by female captives. Where it was possible to procure the attendance of public singers,* whose profession it was to chaunt the funeral dirge, they were summoned on the occasion. This was not difficult in any well-inhabited city of the age. If the slain warrior, instead of being conveyed to a tent, was restored to the mansion of his family, all his kindred and friends, male and female, hastened around him. The chaunters were placed beside the body, and at every close of the dirge which they sung, the female domestics answered with a general shout of sorrow.

* The attendance of minstrels on such occasions was a custom long practised in the East. Persons of this description are related to have been present in the chamber where the daughter of Jairus was laid, when she was restored to life by the miraculous power of the Messiah. "And when Jesus was come into the house of the ruler, and saw there the *minstrels* and the multitude making a rout, He said: Give place, for the girl is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn. And when the multitude was put forth, he went in, and took her by the hand. AND THE MAID AROSE." These few sentences afford a striking example of the beautiful simplicity which characterises all the narratives of the Evangelists; a simplicity that carries with it a weight of testimony powerful beyond that of any other history penned by the hand of man.

The dirge being ended, and silence being restored throughout the mansion, the spouse of the deceased, sustaining his head between her hands, next resumed the melancholy strain. She mourned his fall, which so suddenly, so irrevocably dissolved their loves, left her and her children helpless, and exposed them to the horrors of captivity. She dwelt upon his bravery amid the perils of the field, his virtues in the bosom of his home, and, above all, she lamented that he had not resigned his last breath in her arms, and had left her on his warrior death-bed no last sad memorial of his affection. The sobs of the female train around her expressed their sympathy in her grief, and she was succeeded by the mother of the deceased, and perhaps a favourite sister or dear female friend, who smote their bosoms when their grief rose to its most poignant intensity.

In this manner that sex, whose principal earthly delight it is to lavish its endearing and generous offices on man, mourned the dead for nine successive days; while his military associates attended occasionally, and, in honour of him, having stripped off their armour, sometimes led their released horses round, or by, the place where he lay, in procession. In the mean time a spot was fixed upon for the funeral pile, and a large quantity of timber having been cut down fresh from the forest, it was conveyed to the ground which was marked, and which is expressly said, in one instance at least, to have been a hundred feet square. The wood and all the other necessaries being prepared, on the tenth day they proceeded to the funeral.* A military array was formed, the charioteers going before—next the body, borne by friends of the deceased, and followed by the chief mourner, and in the rear a band of infantry. The body was covered by the tresses of the supporters, which they cut off, and thus dedicated, in token of their sorrow. A similar offering was made by the chief mourner; but to signify his deeper grief, and more intimate attachment, he placed the locks in the hands of the deceased.

When the procession arrived at the appointed ground, the body was laid down, and the attendants directed to dress the funeral pile, heaped up the wood in a square commensurate with the prescribed space. They then placed the body on the summit, and in order that the flesh might be consumed as speedily as possible, they overspread it with the fat of oxen and sheep slaughtered for the purpose, and disposed the carcasses around it. With the same view, they placed on the pile jars of honey, inclining the mouths of the vessels towards the dead. To these were added four steeds and the headless bodies of two dogs, favourite animals doubtless of the deceased. But these bodies, as well as those of the sheep and oxen, were placed so far apart from the object of the solemnity as to prevent his bones from being mixed with theirs. The pile was then set fire to, and when the flesh was consumed, the embers were extinguished, the bones of the deceased carefully collected, and deposited in a golden urn; and to secure them from crumbling to dust too soon, they were thickly covered with lard.

The urn was taken away by the chief mourner, who, after carefully covering it with a veil, or piece of fine white drapery, deposited it among the most sacred possessions of his household. Finally, a circular space was marked out for the tumulus or tomb, the boundary fortified with stones, and the inclosure filled up with loose earth. The eleventh day was devoted to the funeral banquet and games. Such were the honours which were paid to the remains of an illustrious warrior.

The funerals of less distinguished persons were conducted upon a scale of less magnificence, and very humble members of society had these last offices performed for them with little or no ceremony at all. The body was burnt with the arms of the deceased; in the same spot the bones were interred, and over them was raised a small tumulus, on which some monumental tokens were erected, indicative of the pursuits that had employed the lifetime of the departed. Round these graves, asphodel and elm-trees were sometimes planted.

The funerals of illustrious men were not the only occasions which gave rise to the celebration of public games. They were often ordered by princes of a hospitable turn, in honour and for the amusement of distinguished guests. They were the favourite entertainments of the age, and whenever an idle crowd was assembled, whether at the solemnization of a funeral, or a marriage, or a religious festival, they usually devoted some hours to these trials of strength and skill. They also played at dice, and sometimes for such heavy stakes as excited not only deep interest, but sanguinary conflicts among the parties engaged. A very popular amusement was this:—A proficient in horsemanship selected four steeds of equal height, and well matched in their paces. These he connected together, by traces, and urged at full speed from a neighbouring plain to a town along the public road. As they ran he vaulted from one to the other; a feat which required great dexterity, and attracted vast crowds of spectators, male and female, and of all ranks and ages.

But perhaps the most general and fascinating amusement of the age was that of dancing. It prevailed equally among all orders of society, from the palace to the cottage, and seems to have been very successfully cultivated, upon principles not only of agility but of gracefulness. The movements were sometimes solemn and slow, sometimes extremely rapid, according to the subject of the vocal or instrumental music to which the figures were adapted. One of these was called the varied dance. It was arranged on the idea of the famous labyrinth of Crete, and according to the fashion which Dædalus of old invented for Ariadne.

There were as yet no public theatres, but a striking approach towards them, as well as towards the amusements which the drama and ballet afford, appear to have been made. The stage was the floor of the forum. A number of professional and youthful dancers assembled at the command of the prince, or on a public festival. The bard also attended, and took his station in the middle of the floor. Nine chosen superintendants arranged the entertainments, and restrained the spectators from breaking the circle set apart for the performers, who took their places around the bard. When the floor was sufficiently smoothened, and the circle made wide enough, under the direction of the superintendants, the dance commenced to the sound of the harp.

The festivals of religion were already solemnised with considerable splendour. Temples were erected on an extensive plan, to the expense of which several states contributed. The inhabitants of such states had a right to be present on occasions of extraordinary solemnity. Accordingly, we find that a large concourse of both sexes, who came from different parts by sea, attended sometimes at Delos, where Apollo was worshipped with great pomp, and which, in fact, was then the Delphi of the islands. But this gay crowd came, not less to participate in the sacred rites, than to witness the entertainments which were connected with them. Among these, the principal charms were the hymns which were sung to the god by the choir, accompanied with musical instruments. The love of novelty, so natural to vivid imaginations, invited the bards of the age to compose new verses in honour of the tutelar deity of the place. Prizes were given for the best specimens of sacred poetry, which produced the most animated contentions among the tuneful tribes. Such entertainments were fascinating, beyond all other pleasures, to a people warmed with so much poetic fire as the Greeks, and they were enhanced in no small degree, we may presume, by the interest which the people of each state felt in the victory or discomfiture of their native bards. Homer often assisted at these contests, as a candidate for the prize. Similar meetings took place at Chalcis in Eubœa, where the palm of song was on several occasions borne away by Hesiod. Delphi was yet famous only for its oracular temple. It was not until a later age, that, in imitation of those of Delos and Eubœa, the Pythian games were established, which soon became so celebrated through the then civilised world as to throw the parent institutions into the shade.

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

As sounds of sweetest music heard at eve,
When summer's dew weeps over languid flowers
And the still air conveys each tone,
However faint, and bears it to the ear
With a distinct and thrilling sound, which leaves
Its memory long within the 'raptured soul,
Even *such* thou art to me; and thus I sit
And feel the harmony that round thee lives
And breathes in every feature Thus I sit,
And when most quiet, cold, or silent, then,
Even then, I *feel* each word, each look, each tone.
There is not an accent of that tender voice,
There is not a day-beam from those sun-bright eyes,
Nor passing smile, nor melancholy grace,
Nor thought half-uttered, feeling half-betrayed,
Nor glance of kindness—no, nor gentlest touch
Of that dear hand, in amity extended,
That e'er was lost to me—that, treasured well,
And oft recalled, dwells not upon my soul,
Like sweetest music heard at summer's eve.

Mrs. J[illegible]

A LOVE MATCH.*

It is surprising how many different stages people may pass through in the course of their lives, and yet preserve their identity. The Lintons were always spoken of as very worthy people. They were industrious and economical, and then they were called wealthy people. They purchased an elegant house, and furnished it with French furniture, and mirrors to the floor; then they were called fashionable people. At length they gave dinners and balls, and brought out their only child, who was a belle and a beauty, and then they were called stylish people. This is the very acmé of praise in the aristocratic vocabulary.

'The force of nature could no further go;'

and after the Lintons became wealthy, fashionable, and stylish, they stood still.

Was it not a great mistake, in abolishing titles in this country, that we did not abolish the desire for them? Now, with a certain class, nothing is left to distinguish them but what can be procured by vulgar coin; and all the wealth in the country cannot turn one American citizen into a duke, or even a three-tailed bashaw. Emma Linton, the heroine of our tale, and the only child, though ambitious, possessed no vulgar ambition. Many a youth sued for her fair hand. She smiled upon them, talked with them, waltzed with them, and accepted their bouquets; but her heart remained untouched. She had her secret aspirations, and determined never to marry unless she could see them accomplished. It was not wealth she sighed for, nor such rank as our republican country affords, but for what she considered its true nobility—*talent*.

There were many young lawyers, physicians, and divines, who gave fair promise of future eminence in their respective professions; but this was not Emma's idea of talent. Talent was a magic word that embraced every thing. The man who realised her *beau ideal*, was to charm by his eloquence, dazzle by his wit, convince by his arguments, and conquer by his energy. To find him it was not easy, yet it had been her dream for years. She had heard of such, and read of such; but they were like wandering comets that never crossed her path.

It is extremely difficult to know where to seek for our distinguished men. Every party has its demigods, and poor Emma was kept in a state of feverish vicissitude. One position, however, she resolutely adopted, that they were only to be found in public life; and she therefore sought her future husband in all the newspapers. She read whig speeches and democratic speeches, tariff speeches, and anti-tariff. She turned from the frozen zone of the north to the fiery tropics of the south. She wandered from the far east to the still farther west, and her heart found no resting-place.

At length, however, one star seemed to rise above its twinkling associates. All the world began to talk of Mr. Merville. "When he spoke in public," the newspapers said, "every eye was fixed upon him, and every tongue was mute." All parties acknowledged his talents; but only the party to which he belonged gave him credit for virtue and principle.

Mr Linton happened to be on an excursion to Washington when Mr. Merville's fame became so transcendent, and therefore had the good fortune to hear him make a speech six hours long, during which it seemed doubtful whether he once stopped to breathe. All this Emma learned through the newspapers, and waited with the utmost impatience for her father's return. She had ascertained that Merville was a bachelor, and, if disengaged, he was the very hero of her aspirations. All in time Mr. Linton arrived, and Emma inquired, with no small degree of agitation, what he thought of the distinguished senator.

With surprise she learned that he was an early friend of her father's. They had met, with a glow of feeling that carried them back to youth, and in the fulness of communication Mr. Linton expressed his astonishment that Merville had never married.

It would be surprising," replied his companion, "if mine had not been an occupied life; but I begin to grow weary of the strife of politics, and tired of gazing, year after year, on the hard, unyielding visages of my constituents. I want different specimens of creation; its corals, its pearls, and its roses;—the truth is, Linton, I am determined to marry and live for myself."

"I wish," replied his friend, "you could take some fifteen or twenty years from your age; and then, as far as my influence and consent could insure success, you might become my son-in-law."

"And why not now?" said Merville eagerly: "do you see in me any of the imbecility of age? Is my arm feeble to protect my wife, my heart cold in its pulsations? Where is the man, on whom you could bestow your daughter, who would insure her less chance of vicissitude and change? You may obtain for her youth, but you must take with it the uncertainty of worldly success, of moral character, and of disposition. Perhaps you may see her breasting the storms of life with a man who has nothing but his youth to recommend him, an advantage of all others the most perilous and the most fleeting."

As he spoke, his eye sparkled with the vivacity of youth, and certainly at that moment there was little to mark the accumulation of years. His hair was slightly bleached, but the manly dignity of his form was still unimpaired. Mr. Linton became a proselyte to the eloquence of his friend, and consented that he should try his influence with the young beauty. His surprise was great when he returned home to find her mind already engaged upon the subject; and, when he opened the negotiation, she lent a ready and willing ear.

Mr. Linton communicated to his friend the favourable intelligence, with the permission to hasten on and make his own impressions. Mr. Merville was too important a man easily to get leave of absence. His name was on various committees; and petitions signed by many a Harriett, Mary, Eliza, &c., were daily coming in, which he felt bound to denounce or to support. At such a juncture, he could only write at first to the father. By degrees a correspondence was commenced between the parties. Had aught been wanting to confirm the fair Emma in her favourable impressions, these letters would have been sufficient. The flame was kindled, and burned brightly. Every newspaper that contained his name was preserved. "Mr. Merville made a motion," "Mr. Merville sat down," "Mr. Merville rose," were all words of magic import; and now and then a speech of four columns in length, to be continued in the next, and concluded in the one after, by Mr. Merville, gave her employment till the next appeared. Emma no longer troubled herself to keep up appearances. Instead of wearing the numerous bouquets that were laid at her shrine, and which often made her resemble "Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane," she left them to fade and die on her dressing-table. The consequence was, that the passion of the inamoratos faded and died with them, and Emma Linton ceased to be a belle. At length, however, the long session was over, and Merville, crowned with honours, and his party triumphant, was speeched and feasted through all the principal cities and towns, till he arrived at ——, too late at night to visit the lady of his love. The first notice she received of his vicinity was through the newspapers, those important agents in the present love affair. It was announced in capital letters, that Mr. Merville, the great senator, the great speaker, the great statesman, had arrived, and that he had already received an invitation to a public dinner, which he had graciously accepted. Now did Emma's heart flutter, her cheeks glow, as she thought, "This man, whom all the world delights to honour, is engrossed solely by *me*." She walked before her Psyche glass, scanned her slight and youthful figure, and felt a degree of wonder that anything so diminutive could set the world in motion.

At an early hour she was prepared to receive the senator. But he was detained by calls, and shaking of hands, and accepting the homage of half the city.

At length, however, the august moment arrived, and Mr. Merville was introduced to the elegant and classic apartment of the young lady. Emma was an only daughter, and had the privileges of one. Though Mr. Linton had no great taste for pictures or statues, Emma had cultivated an ardent love of the fine arts. She had collected around her specimens of Italian sculpture; and a Cupid, beautiful as day, surmounted the pillar which rose in the centre of the crimson divan, against which she reclined. On either side were placed upon pedestals an Apollo and a flying Mercury. The walls were ornamented with the finest copies of Raphael's Madonnas, the St. John of Domenichino, the Magdalen of Guido. The furniture was in the simplest style of Grecian beauty; *tabourets* and divans, and the slight modern cane chair, that looks as if it was hardly made to support one of mortal mould, had excluded the French comfortable *bergère* and *fauteuil*. This apartment, so beautifully arranged, was exclusively her own, and was reflected on every side by superb mirrors, which produced the effect of a suite of rooms. It was an agitating moment to its youthful mistress when the great Merville entered,—*great*, we regret to say, in more senses than one. "The waving line of beauty" has long been celebrated, but seems difficult to define when brought into real life. Fanny Kemble, we think, illustrated it, who never stood erect, but bent, like a graceful sapling, with

* From the Token for 1840.

every emotion of her mind. If it means merely a *curve*, Merville illustrated it, for time often gives a surprising rotundity to the figure. Emma had been too much engrossed in her worship of talent to ask a description of the temple which enshrined it, or she would have learned that he was what we Yankees call a *portly* man, with a comfortable share of the bones and sinews of old Kentucky.

Emma had placed one of the light cane chairs near the divan, on which she meant to give audience; thinking it would be a convenient seat for her lover. Even the elephant is guided by instinct or reason, and refuses to cross a bridge that may totter and sink under him; how much more a man of talents would avoid such a snare. Merville had real good sense, and none of the affectation that belongs to a little mind. He paid his respects to Emma in a manly and graceful manner, and, as he considered the cane chair wholly out of the question, he took a seat on the small circular divan upon which she was sitting. This was unfavourable for first impressions, it brought them nearly back to back, reflected from the magnificent mirrors, and the light and graceful Cupid, with his bow bent, rising above them, and ready to take aim. It however was only a first meeting, and it was of short continuance, for Merville was a public man, and had many engagements on hand. Perhaps he was too wise to make a long visit. His allusions were tender and respectful, as to the object for which he came, and yet not so pointed as to alarm the fair one. She felt that he still considered her the mistress of her own destiny. When he took leave, she watched his retreating form in the mirror opposite, and, as the door closed, her beautiful head drooped, and she burst into tears.

At that critical moment the door was again gently opened, and Merville appeared; he had left one of his gloves, and returned for it. What a spectacle for a lover,—his fair mistress, after the first triumph of a meeting, half suffocated by sobs, and bathed in tears!

His quick and comprehensive mind at once caught the meaning of her distress, and he determined to let his engagments wait, and set her heart at rest.

"My dear Miss Linton," said he (he had been used to addressing her thus in letters), "why this agitation, this causeless distress? You have incurred no responsibility, you are entirely your own mistress; whatever encouragement or hope I may have cherished, has been the result of my own sanguine wishes. This excursion, without so powerful a motive, would have been desirable to me. Much as I had heard of your beauty and sweetness, and truly as I read your mind in the letters I have received, I do not hesitate to say, that the reality far transcends my expectations. I feel that it was presumption in me to expect to win youth and beauty. Recover your cheerfulness, and put me wholly out of the question; consider me only as the friend of your father."

The soothing tones of his voice, his manner so tender and respectful, at once produced the desired effect; her tears ceased, and by degrees furtive smiles dimpled her cheeks. Their conversation grew more interesting, yet that odious divan! There was but one way of settling it; Emma arose and seated her slight figure in the slight chair, and then they could talk face to face. Merville gained wonderfully by this arrangement. There is no old age to intellect,—it diffuses over the countenance the animation and brightness of youth. Emma saw all her dreams realised. Whether the little Cupid drew his bow or not, it is difficult to say; but, before they parted, another appointment was made for the evening, and, when he a second time disappeared, the mirror reflected to her eye "a port like Jove." Mr. Merville had no time to lose, and their engagement was soon settled and announced. Strange as it may seem, Emma was deeply in love; and we verily believe, if she had heard all the spiteful things said about their difference of age, it would not have given her a moment's uneasiness. Some tried to make it out a mercenary match on her side; but as she had rather more wealth in expectation than Mr. Merville in possession, this did not go well. They next endeavoured to prove that it was for an *establishment* she was forming the connexion, to be mistress of a house and of a carriage; but all this she enjoyed under her parent's roof. Finally, they contented themselves by saying, "she had thrown herself away;" a conclusion that settles all difficulties, and is a wonderful cordial to the ill-natured.

In a few weeks Mr. Merville led his young bride to the altar. He was the happiest of husbands, Emma the happiest of wives, and Mr. Linton the happiest of fathers; but there was one quiet unobtrusive being, that we cannot rank among the happy, and this was Mrs. Linton, the tender mother of Emma. She was neither talented nor gifted, but her heart was true to nature; she had from the first been averse to the match, and ventured to remonstrate against it. Emma listened respectfully to her objections; they were entirely based upon the difference of years. "How is it possible," said she, "that the young and the old can assimilate? Your husband will soon want quiet and retirement, while you are yet sighing for gaiety and amusement." "Never, mother," said Emma, and she fully believed what she said. "His pursuits will always be mine; there is a perfect assimilation of mind, and time has no power over intellect." "And yet," said Mrs. Linton, "I have known such disproportioned matches end unhappily, and what you call intellect crumble away before old age." "Then it ceases to be intellect," said Emma, triumphantly, "and cannot apply to our subject. We are all liable to the casualties of life; I too may become an invalid, but we can only provide for the present." Mrs. Linton was always silenced by Emma's ready wit; she ceased to oppose, and, when she parted from her beloved and only daughter, made every effort to suppress her rising tears.

Emma repaired to the pleasant mansion of her husband, and for three whole months was the happiest of human beings, though far away from her parents and early companions, and comparatively among strangers. The intellect and talent to which she paid homage were devotedly hers. Her husband suffered the wheels of government to revolve as they might; it mattered little to him which part was up, or which down. His beautiful bride absorbed all his thoughts. He accommodated himself to her youth, her fancies, and even her whims. They had promised a distinguished artist to sit for their pictures, and Emma insisted that they should both be put on the same canvas. Merville's good judgment led him to oppose this fancy, but the young wife would not be contradicted. Notwithstanding the skill of the painter, the contrast of age was strikingly preserved. Emma was unpleasantly affected by it, and she protested they were neither of them likenesses.

Hitherto Mr. Merville's world of politics had gone smoothly on; but who expects stability in our new hemisphere? Electioneering times were drawing near, and the husband began to arouse from his slumber. His brow was sometimes thoughtful, and Emma grew anxious lest he loved her less. She had a modest and painful consciousness of intellectual inferiority compared with him, which sometimes disquieted her. Her husband was in the habit of calming these solicitudes by assuring her how much beyond compare were her native and intuitive perceptions, to any dull acquisitions of his own. Her genius and taste were amply and justly alleged, and always with feeling and eloquence. But this could not last in electioneering times. Merville was a determined politician, and whigs and democrats were in motion. One evening the petted wife actually found herself alone in her drawing-room. The French clock struck nine, and he did not arrive; she tried to read, she walked the room, she rang the bell, she poked the fire, and whiled away another hour. At length the clock struck the deep funereal notes of ten. At that moment he entered, and found his beautiful Emma in tears.

"What is the matter with you, my dearest?" said he, tenderly; "no bad news, I hope, from our dear father or mother?" It must be confessed he had the affectation of calling his early friends by their parental titles. Emma shook her head. "What then has happened?"

"Where have you been all the evening?" said she, with a rising sob.

"To a caucus, my love," replied he.

"Promise me, then," said she, throwing herself into his arms, "that you will never go to another."

It was easy for him to restore Emma's serenity for that time. But, alas! caucus after caucus followed; his whole time became engrossed. He was the leading man of his party; and the very popularity that had won her heart now made her wretchedness. The chosen friends of her husband were politicians, and of his own age. He urged her to invite friends to her house, and to visit; but he was always too much engaged to be with her. At length he proposed her making her parents a visit, and promised to hasten to her the first moment of leisure. Emma received this proposal as a wish to be relieved from the little restraint her society imposed upon him, and made her preparations with the air of a martyr. His engrossment did not prevent his attending to every proper arrangement for the journey of his wife. Her father joyfully welcomed her, talked of the popularity and success of her husband, of his high standing among his constituents, and congratulated her on having chosen so wisely. The mother's eye soon detected a cloud on the fair young brow; and when Emma seated herself on

a low cricket by her side, Mrs. Linton did not repress the confidence that was trembling on her lips.

"O mother," said she, "all you predicted has arrived. I am interested in nothing—I enjoy nothing—I have no society—I am alone in the world. My husband has become indifferent to me."

"You shock me," said Mrs. Linton.

"Indeed, mother, it is too true; but little more than three months after we were married, his alienation began."

"My dear child, Mr. Merville is a man of honour and principle; I fear your conduct has been injudicious."

"I have been the most devoted of wives," replied Emma; "I wanted no other society than his. Only three months after we were married, he left me for —"

"My child," interrupted the mother, "beware of suspicion, and do not expose any faults you may have accidentally discovered."

"Surely I may speak to my own mother," replied Emma. "Three months after we were married, he left me a whole evening entirely alone, and I discovered that it was for nothing but a caucus!"

"I am rejoiced," said Mrs. Linton, smiling, "that it was for nothing but that. But now do tell me, Emma, why you married Mr. Merville?"

"You know, mother, it was for his talents; they first secured my affection."

"Then he has lost his talents; he is no longer an honour to his country?"

"Indeed, you are mistaken," said Emma, warmly; "he is more popular than ever."

"Then it is *you* that have changed; you love him no longer for what first won your affection. Had he grown indifferent to the public good, and passed his time in attendance upon you, you might have justly complained that you had thrown yourself away upon an imaginary greatness."

Emma had good sense enough to feel that her mother's representations were just, and she only added, "Well, great talents are for the world, not for domestic life." Yet when her friends thronged to see her, and all spoke of her husband, she felt her former enthusiasm revive. Week after week she expected him, but the delinquent did not arrive; and at length he wrote to her, that he was so much occupied that it would be impossible for him to come for her till a certain day of the month, when the electioneering would be over. The letter was written in the hurry of occupation, and under darker views of his political horizon than had yet taken place. His wife imagined there was a peculiar coldness about it, and she became quite wretched, and announced her intention of immediately returning. There is a restlessness in unhappiness, that will not allow the subject to wait patiently for the unravelling of events. Emma, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her parents, who did not understand the state of her feelings, actually took passage in the stage-coach, and arrived at her own door just at night, after two days of rapid journeying. She hastened to her room; it was cold and cheerless. The servants were surprised to see her, and she almost regretted that she had come back. She would not unpack her trunks, but seated herself on one of them, thinking bitter thoughts.

"How soon will your master probably be at home?" said she to one of the servants.

"Early to-night, madam," said he; "he has a party of gentlemen to sup."

"No wonder," thought Emma, clasping her hands in a theatrical style, "that he could not come for me, that he does not wish me back! I will no longer blight his prospects; I will return, for ever, to my parents." She seated herself at her writing-table to pen a farewell epistle to her faithless husband.

In the mean time, he returned just in season to receive his friends, and did not learn till the late hour of their departure that she had arrived. The servant then put a letter into his hands, with the information; but added that Mrs. Merville was very much fatigued, had retired for the night, and requested not to be disturbed.

Mr. Merville opened the letter with real anxiety, and with the intention of at least watching by the bedside of the invalid, after he had ascertained the cause of her sudden return, which he presumed the letter would explain.

"TO MR. MERVILLE.

"Where the feeling of affection exists no more, it is useless to recriminate; it neither suits the dignity of your character, nor the forbearance of mine. I should think it my duty to continue to endure indifference and neglect, did I not feel that, in returning to my father's roof, I relieve you from a responsibility that, with your sense of justice, must weigh heavily upon your conscience. Your time will now be wholly your own; and you may devote it to the public weal, or to *such convivial pleasures* as have been the occupation of this evening. It would have been generous in you not to have awakened me so early from my dream of happiness, which for a very few months seemed to me a blessed reality of all I had ever hoped to enjoy. The painful lesson I have received of my own insignificance, is one that no doubt I required. We measure ourselves by those around us, and, brought up as I have been, I had but little to lower my self-esteem. Though we part, it is still my earnest wish to bear your name. It is an honour to myself and to my family. "EMMA MERVILLE."

Twice the husband read the letter without comprehending the tenor of it. He then directed her waiting-maid to go to her with a message; but the girl said the door was locked, and, as no answer was returned, her lady must be asleep. Upon further inquiry, he found she had made arrangements to set off early in the morning. Again Merville read the letter, and not, as before, with a total unconsciousness of its meaning. His own quick intellect supplied the explanation she had withheld, and a generous tear bedewed his eye. "She is but a child," thought he; "a lamb that I took from the fold; I placed her in the green pasture by the flowing brook, but I ought to have carried her in my bosom." He thought over her youth and her beauty, and some humiliating contrasts rose to his mind, as to his own claims. He felt that her happiness ought to have been his first care, and when, after giving orders to his servant, he threw himself upon his bed, it was in the spirit of confession and contrition.

In the meantime, Emma passed a restless night; she sometimes regretted that she had thus sealed her own destiny, but an heroic feeling, that she had relieved her husband from a burden, supported her resolution. Before the dawn of day she was ready for her departure. It was a cold, cheerless morning, not a star in the sky, and still so dark that not an object could be discerned.

Poor Emma hurried to the room where the portraits hung; it was not to look at her own, radiant with happiness, but to take a last view of her husband's, by a glimmering lamp. She wondered she had not thought it a likeness; there was his high broad forehead, his dark piercing eye, beaming upon her with a tenderness that she should never see again. Her tears fell in torrents. The servant came to say that the carriage was at the door. Placing her handkerchief to her eyes she left the apartment; and, with a feeling of despair, as if she cared not who witnessed her sorrow, ascended the steps of her carriage, and with a convulsive sob threw herself back,—not on the seat, but into her husband's arms! Fondly and tenderly he pressed her to his bosom. "Could you think, my Emma," said he, "that I would let you a second time leave me? Where thou goest, I will go too."

He had secretly countermanded her orders the night before, and they travelled alone in the carriage. Never had the powers of Merville's mind been so fully called forth; not as a statesman or a politician, but as a husband, lover, and friend, blending with all a tenderness almost parental. No allusion was made to the heroic epistle, and Emma hoped he had not received it.

Two days of travel, devoted to conversation, passed rapidly away. Merville had the happy art of mingling useful reflection with information. His mind was stored with experience, and many a little narrative called forth her sympathy. As they entered the city and drew near to her father's, Emma faintly whispered, "Am I now in a dream, or have I awoke from a miserable one to happiness?"

"We have both awoke," said he; "God grant we may dream no more!"

They were received with great delight by the parents, though they were much surprised at Emma's speedy return. Merville had always entertained an instinctive feeling that Mrs. Linton was opposed to their marriage; and, though he had treated her with *filial respect*, there was less of warm-hearted confidence than he had evinced for her husband. He now, however, took an early opportunity to request a private conference, and candidly communicated to her all that had passed. "Henceforth," said he, "Emma shall have no reason to complain of neglect, neither shall you find any maternal anxieties you may have felt, arising from the difference of our ages, fulfilled."

"I have always thought," said Mrs. Linton, good-humouredly, "and still think, notwithstanding Emma's griefs, that hers bids fair to be among the few happy matches. But my sentiments are

not changed; and, if I were ever to write a dissertation, it should be against such alliances."

"It would do no good, my dear madam," replied he; "as long as there are human motives and sympathies, such alliances will take place. Rather turn your attention towards mitigating any evils that may arise from them."

Emma remained a week at her father's, and still her husband said nothing of returning; at length she proposed it herself, and he at once consented. On their journey home the reconciliation was so perfect, that Emma did not hesitate to discuss her grievances. The shock she received on her arrival, at finding preparations for a supper party was alluded to, and she learned with some confusion that it was the regular meeting of a club of Merville's ancient compeers.

From this time the aspect of things seemed to have changed. Emma began to *dabble* a little in politics, and assisted in writing votes for distribution. Just as she had made up her mind to become a *real politician*, the election took place, and the opposite party obtained the victory. Perhaps Merville bore this disappointment with more philosophy from his new views of domestic duty; and, when a second Emma came to brighten his existence, and awaken parental affection, nothing of *political party* mingled with his love for his country; but, with his earnest desire for its prosperity and happiness was united general philanthropy towards his fellow-citizens. Emma realised more of her dreams of happiness than perhaps belongs to the lot of most of her sex, and always professed herself a warm advocate for *disparity of age* in a matrimonial connexion; not, however, exceeding the thirty-five years, exactly the difference between her husband's and her own. "Such matches," she said, "were the happiest in the world when they were *real love matches*."

EARTHQUAKE OF CARACAS.

The most awful convulsion of nature which has occurred in any part of the world, since the commencement of this century, was the earthquake of Caracas, a city of what is now the independent republic of Venezuela, in South America. It is situated about fifteen miles from the Caribbean Sea, from which it is separated by a chain of mountains, at an elevation of 3,000 feet above the ocean. It was well-built, possessed many spacious and beautiful edifices; the private houses were noted for the richness and costliness of their furniture and decorations—an unequivocal indication of great wealth—and it contained, at the time of the catastrophe, a population of 50,000. On the fatal 26th of March, 1812, it was reduced to a heap of ruins in a few seconds, and twelve thousand of the inhabitants perished together in an instant. The prince of travellers, M. Humboldt, has supplied us with a vivid and affecting account of this appalling calamity, to which we shall have recourse in drawing up the present notice of it. Shocks of earthquakes had been felt previously to the fatal day, particularly on the 7th and 8th of February, when the earth was kept in a state of perpetual oscillation day and night. A great drought prevailed at this period throughout the province. Not a drop of rain had fallen at Caracas, or for ninety leagues around it, during the five months which preceded its destruction. The 26th of March, the memorable day, was remarkably hot; the air was calm, and the sky was one sheet of unclouded azure. It being Holy Thursday, a great part of the population was assembled in the churches. Nothing in the earth or in the sky gave awful presage of the approaching calamity; it seemed a holiday with nature too. But at seven minutes past four in the afternoon a shock was felt, sufficiently powerful to make the bells of all the churches toll at once. This lasted five or six seconds, during which the ground rolled to and fro like an agitated sea, and heaved upwards like a boiling liquid. The danger was supposed to be past, when suddenly a tremendous subterranean noise was heard, louder and longer than the most terrible roll of thunder that ever pealed within the tropics, but resembling that phenomenon. This sound preceded a perpetual motion of three or four seconds, followed by an undulatory movement somewhat longer. The shocks were in opposite directions, from north to south, and from east to west. Nothing could resist this combined movement from beneath upwards, and the undulations crossing each other. As two contending waves meeting break each other into fragments, so was Caracas shattered to pieces by this opposite rolling of the earth; and about twelve thousand souls were buried beneath the houses and churches.

There was of course a grand procession to take place that day; it had not yet set out, but so great was the concourse which thronged the churches, that nearly four thousand persons were crushed by the fall of their heavy vaulted roofs. The sacred edifices which bore the names of La Trinidad and Alta Gracia were more than one hundred and fifty feet in height; the naves were supported by pillars of twelve or fifteen feet in diameter; yet of these strong and massive buildings there only remained a mass of ruins, not exceeding five or six feet in elevation. The ground at this place afterwards sunk so much, that scarcely any vestiges of pillars or columns remained visible. The soldiers' barracks, a large and substantial building, almost wholly disappeared. A regiment of troops of the line that was assembled under arms, ready to join the procession, was, with the exception of a few men, overwhelmed beneath the ruins of this great edifice. In short, nine-tenths of the fine town of Caracas were completely reduced to a heap of rubbish. The walls of such houses as were not thrown down were so rent and shattered, that no one would run the risk of inhabiting them. The effects of the earthquake were somewhat less violent in the southern and western parts of the city than in the others. There the cathedral, a massive building, supported by enormous buttresses, remained standing.

The scene of desolation and misery which followed this dreadful visitation has been painted in such lively colours by the great traveller mentioned, that we shall quote his words.

"The night of Holy Thursday presented the most distressing scene of desolation and sorrow. A thick cloud of dust, which, rising above the ruins, darkened the sky like a fog, had settled on the ground. No shock was felt, and never was a night more calm or more serene. The moon, nearly full, illumined the round domes of the Silla, and the aspect of the sky formed a perfect contrast to that of the earth, covered with the dead, and heaped with ruins. Mothers were seen bearing in their arms their children, whom they hoped to recal to life. Desolate families wandered through the city, seeking a brother, a husband, a friend, of whose fate they were ignorant, and whom they believed to be lost in the crowd. The people pressed along the streets, which could no more be recognised but by long lines of ruins. All the calamities experienced in the great catastrophes of Lisbon, Messina, Lima, and Riobamba *, were renewed on the fatal day of the 26th of March, 1812. The wounded buried under the ruins implored by their cries the help of the passers by, and nearly two thousand were dug out. Never was pity displayed in a more affecting manner, never had it been seen more ingeniously active, than in the efforts employed to save the miserable victims, whose groans reached the ear. Implements for digging and clearing away the ruins were entirely wanting, and the people were obliged to use their bare hands to disinter the living. The wounded, as well as the sick who had escaped from the hospitals, were laid on the banks of the small river Guayra: they found no shelter but the foliage of trees. Beds, linen to dress the wounds, instruments of surgery, medicines, and objects of the most urgent necessity, were buried under the ruins. Every thing, even food, was wanting during the first days. Water became alike scarce in the interior of the city. The commotion had rent the pipes of the fountains; the falling in of the earth had choked up the springs that supplied them; and it became necessary, in order to have water, to go down to the river Guayra, which was considerably swelled—and then vessels to convey the water were wanting. There remained a duty to be fulfilled toward the dead, enjoined at once by piety and the dread of infection. It being impossible to inter so many thousand corpses, half-buried already under the ruins, commissaries were appointed to burn the bodies; and for this purpose funeral piles were erected between the heaps of ruins. This ceremony lasted several days. Amid so many public calamities, the people devoted themselves to those religious duties which they thought were the most fitted to appease the wrath of Heaven. Some, assembling in processions, sung funeral hymns: others, in distraction, confessed themselves aloud in the streets. In this town was repeated what had been remarked in the province of Quito, after the tremendous earthquakes of 1797; a number of marriages were contracted between persons who had neglected for many years to sanction their union by the sacerdotal benediction. Children found parents by whom they had never till then been acknowledged; restitutions were promised by persons who had

* The earthquake of Riobamba, in Quito, which happened in 1797, produced as frightful, and at the same time as singular effects, as any on record. Forty thousand persons perished in a moment; and the earth so opened, that opposite sides of the same street were in some instances removed to a great distance from each other, and occasionally to a considerable height above their former level.—Ed.

never been accused of fraud; and families who had long been enemies were drawn together by the tie of common calamity. If this feeling seemed to calm the passions of some, and open the heart to pity, it had a contrary effect on others, rendering them more rigid and inhuman. In great calamities vulgar minds possess still less goodness than strength. Misfortune acts in the same manner as the pursuits of literature and the study of nature; their happy influence is felt only by a few, giving more ardour to sentiment, more elevation to the thoughts, and more benevolence to the disposition." The effects of conscience, here so graphically described, form a very interesting feature of the subject. Such a circumstance is so characteristic of human nature, that every one may have occasional opportunities of observing it.

On the same day on which Caracas was overwhelmed, violent commotions were experienced in various, and often far distant, places. For some time, the earth continued in a very unsettled state, and gave frequent intimations of internal commotion by loud bellowings and horrible murmurs. Volcanic eruptions likewise broke out, the explosions being heard at a distance of seven hundred miles. Indeed, this period was remarkable for the frequency of volcanic phenomena; but we shall not enter upon the subject at present.

ON READING BURTON'S "ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY*."

WHAT would not one give for the power of *unreading* books, that one might read them again for the first time? Many books can always be taken up with the certainty of finding in their re perusal nearly as much delight as was experienced at their first reading; there are some whose greatest beauties are not seen till they have been read again and again; as the miner, at each successive stroke of the axe, exposes some new mass of glittering ore, or gives first to the light of day some "gem of purest ray serene." But there are books which disclose all their charms in a first interview, and never again exhibit their first perfections. Who does not remember the first reading of the "Mysteries of Udolpho?" Young and alone—the book procured by stealth, and read in secrecy—horror after horror rising up, difficulty after difficulty, till it pleases the author to remove and explain them! What a power romance-reading has in youth! True it is that all is not believed; but the fancy is easily led, and no critical chills come over one—no discrepancies startle one into doubt. When youth is over, never can those days return, when the wildest, absurdest Minerva-Press romance entranced one more than a novel by Bulwer or James does now. There be no romances in after-life; for the romance must be reciprocal—as much in the reader as in the book. Castles are not lonely, ruins not haunted; we may read that they are so, but our minds misgive us; the wand is broken, and "deeper than did ever plummet sound," in the ocean of time, is drowned the "book" of youthful spells!

There is some pleasure in not having read a book—in a "Yarrow unvisited." Now, I have never read Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." I mean to read it—I have resolved for years. What a delightful book it must be, praised as it has been by all sorts of people! Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb—who more opposite?—and yet both agree to commend quaint old Burton.

I forget what first led me to think of reading it; probably something that dropped in conversation at a period beyond the reach of memory; but it was a long time before I could meet with it, for then I had not access to many books. At last I did lay hands on it, in two volumes octavo, vilely printed, on bad paper, and with all the quotations in italics. They frightened me; besides, I had pictured something old and quaint for the appearance of the book, and it was useless to try—I could not read it. My scruples, however, I determined to overcome, and I resolved to put up with the two volumes, quotations and all; but something withdrew my attention—a new poem came out, or a new novel, or I was much engaged, and wanted time; the book went away, and I did not read Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

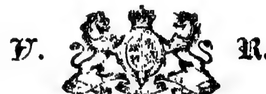
One day, walking along the New Road (that paradise of old-book lovers), I found on a stall "Burton Abridged, one and sixpence." "Ay," said I, 'this will do; the cream of the book is here.' My hand was in my pocket—the man that was sitting lynx-wise behind the books got up, half-extended his hand; but I paused, opened the book, looked down a page—it would not do; some utilitarian editor had spoiled it—the quaintness was gone—there were the ideas, stark-naked, like unfledged chickens, and about as graceful. I laid it down, and did not buy "Burton Abridged."

Soon after this I became a frequent visitor to a large public library. Here, one day, while looking for something else, I stumbled upon "Burton's Anatomy, *in folio*." This, thought I, is the book—all that I had fancied or hoped for; and here, (as I looked round the spacious apartment, solemn with the accumulated wisdom of ages,) here the place to read it; the next time I come, I will begin. After all, there is nothing like an *editio princeps*—the book seems fresher, less handled, to come more direct from the author's mind to the reader's; and a *folio*—what pleasure in reading down its expansive page; no distraction in repeatedly turning over the leaf, but slowly and solemnly to enjoy it, as an alderman does turtle-soup from a vast china bowl, or one does coffee out of a breakfast cup.

Time after time did I revisit that library, generally for some specific purpose; often did that volume meet mine eye; but the library is now closed to me, and Burton still unread.

Not long ago I read a paper by Elia (Charles Lamb), in imitation of Burton. This brought to my mind all my procrastination, all my neglect of my favourite though unread book, and I am quite resolved to read Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy;" but not now. I want the leisure to enjoy it as I ought. Some day I will go into the country for a week, and devote myself to its perusal. Then, on the banks of my favourite stream, where I have often roamed in boyhood, building air-castles—beneath some wide-spreading tree, on the banks of the majestic Thames, with leisure to enjoy it, and no cares intruding, will I certainly read the "Anatomy of Melancholy." *Yes! but when?*

* See a brief notice of Burton's "Anatomy," in No. VI. of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.



OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

THEY say that small things are great to little men; and WE, being of the order of little folks, did feel, in a small degree, anxious about the "opening" of OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX. The interval between the intimation of our intention and "the present writing" has been very brief; and we were rather fearful of being obliged to resort to the old and stale trick of setting up "men of straw," in order to knock them down again. To be obliged to sue *in formâ pauperis* for lack of counsel, is not very agreeable to a *modest* man; and to one with but a small genius for manufacturing charades, and not used to carry "two faces under one hood," it appeared a rather serious matter to be obliged, at the outset, to answer our own questions with great gravity and much courteousness. But our anxiety has been superfluous. We write now within a week from the intimation of our intention; and already our readers have stored our "Letter-Box." The majority of letters received are from London, or rather from the suburbs of London; but there are a few from the provinces, and these, we are bound to say, are by far the best. What influence the *fourpence* on each letter may have had, in producing this comparative result, we must leave for future speculation; we only, as a statist might say, mention *a fact*. We hope, however, that the uniform Penny Postage will be soon in operation, and that we shall speedily have the privilege of as free communication with John o'Groat's or the Land's-End as with Brixton or Hackney. Meantime, if we are to take our present supply as a sample of future quality and quantity, our self-imposed task will prove anything but irksome; and we hope, after a lengthened period, to be able to look back, with much pleasure, on the nature of an extensive correspondence maintained with a large number of intelligent readers of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

Our readers will bear in recollection, that the chief object of "Our Letter-Box" is not so much to minister to the gratification of particular correspondents, as to induce particular correspondents to contribute to the information of *all*. Consequently, we must exercise a very supreme and a very sovereign pleasure over all contributions. Attention to *all* will necessarily induce, as a general rule, brevity to *each*; and the *substance*, therefore, of communications will only be given. But if we receive an occasional letter which we may deem worthy of being "printed and published," we will give it; and other correspondents, who may not enjoy that privilege, must submit with all humility, and not presume to cavil at the decisions of a very fallible Infallibility. This, however, is not intended as a particularly solemn announcement; it will be neither our interest nor our pleasure to exercise a supercilious sauciness towards our friends of the "Letter-Box."

Correspondents must not be impatient if, after two or three weeks, some of their communications do not appear to be answered. They may conclude that they have given us hard "nuts to crack," and that, as the topics suggested are out of our immediate personal knowledge, search, or inquiry, we are holding their letters over to be answered as soon as we can. We have already intimated that frivolous communications will not be noticed; *neglect* being the only means in our power for checking mere idle interrogations. Care will be taken to prevent communications from being mislaid; and, in general, letters will be answered in the order of their arrival. We need hardly add to this a request that our correspondents should be as choice as possible; the letters we have already received, besides being, some of them, very complimentary, and almost all of them encouraging, are (at least the greater number) suggestive of topics worthy of consideration.

The following was amongst our earliest arrivals, and we have been so pleased with it, as to give it as we received it:—

TO THE POST-MASTER OF THE 'LITERARY LETTER-BOX.'

"Respected Friend,—It is with no small diffidence I take the liberty of troubling thee, fearing my letter may fall amongst the number of thy '*Rejected Addresses*;' for, on looking over thy prospectus or requirements, I find no precedent for my presumption, either amidst the ample fields for 'ingenious correspondents,' or 'in questions relating to science and art; in inquiries respecting points of constitutional history, or facts or opinions connected with commerce, trade, colonies, emigration, illustrious individuals, books, authors, &c. &c.'

"The only point I can possibly seize to my advantage as an apology, is amongst 'matters which, strictly speaking, are individually personal, and might be so answered as to come home to the "business and bosoms" of many more readers than the individual querists.' With this faint hope for a favourable reception, I will not 'hang fire' in acquainting thee with my troubles.

"I believe it is Friend Sterne who, in one of his quaint sermons, takes for his text, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' and opens his commission by supposing this to mean about five hundred pounds a year, paid quarterly. Now if this be the *juste milieu*, the happy medium, or standard of competency, on which a man should settle down in peace and quietness, then can *I* not be said to have arrived at the boundaries of contentment; and yet I hold sufficient barely to keep the wolves from the door, without shaking a limb or stirring a muscle. Hence the source of my troubles. I am domiciled in one of the finest cities in Europe," [the letter bears the Bath post-mark,] "the lap of luxury and ease, the nursery of the fine arts, the very focus of literature, and the acmé of refinement, politeness, and fashion. But to 'stand at ease' in such a place, one of two things appears to be necessary—'money or marbles;' or, to drop the figure, a decided independency or some knowledge of business or handicraft. *I* am one of those unfortunate individuals who stick between these horns. (Perhaps thou mayest cut the thread of my arguments short, by saying, 'Then why dost thee not get away as fast as thee canst?' but here I will as quickly reply, I cannot.)

"I have not a fortune adequate to the perfect personification of the gentleman—in the common acceptation of the word; nor have I sinews or cunning requisite for the mere drudgery or 'worky-day' business of life.

"I can keep neither hound, horse, nor dog-cart; and can handle neither spade, hammer, nor pincers. The pursuits and acquaintances which money can achieve and adopt, fall not within my power; and such is the tenderness and irritability of my nature, the colour of my imagination, and the consequence of that ideal refinement and elevation of prospect which I have concocted, as it were, and framed for myself, that I tremble at and am disgusted with, the coarse and vulgar natures with which I am compelled occasionally to come in contact. I have not impudence enough for the office of parish beadle, overseer, constable, tax-gatherer, plate-holder, chairman, committee-man, or M.P.; possess no nerve requisite to shine as a doctor, soldier, or sailor, have not even brass or steel adequate to the composition of a 'capital lawyer.' I can neither make a speech, sing a song, cringe, '*boo*,' flatter, nor cog; have not the heart of a fortune-hunter, and could not even ask the favour of a dedication, though it were to purchase a pen.

"I have a little smattering of the fine arts and my mother-tongue; but not sufficient to shine, or make a buzz or a Boz; am a tolerable hand at a pun, a rhyme, or a sonnet, and have had many compliments for my prose; and yet—what is very curious—I know of no channel where it would produce a 'dump.' I am not proud, nor ill-tempered, nor idle, nor cruel, intemperate, or extravagant. I am sick and envious of fashionable life—perhaps, because I am not rich enough to enter fully into its charms or merits. I am not uncharitable, but merely unable to exhibit any metallic proofs. I am tired of the '*home circuit*,' because my funds will not carry me 'up the Rhine.' I am wearied at my journeys on foot, because they are at the expense of my shoes. I am afraid to visit, because I cannot invite. And there are many other disagreeables with which I will not trouble thee; but beg, in conclusion, that thou wilt take the trouble to point out a medium for greater happiness and a brighter prospect for thy most unfortunate wight,

"PETER GRIEVOUS."

Wordsworth, in a well-known passage, has exclaimed:—

"Oh! many are the poets that are sown
By Nature; men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine,
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse,
(Which, in the docile season of their youth,
It was denied them to acquire, through lack
Of culture and the inspiring aid of books,
Or haply by a temper too severe,
Or a nice backwardness afraid of shame),
Nor having e'er, as life advanced, been led
By circumstance to take unto the height
The measure of themselves, these favoured beings,
All but a scattered few, live out their time,
Husbanding that which they possess within,
And go to the grave unthought of."

If, without incurring the charge of parodying this earnest and eloquent philosophy, we could, in some measure, paraphrase and adapt it, we would say, that it is admirably descriptive of one of the great evils arising out of our peculiar civilisation. "Oh! many are the *gentlemen* that are sown," &c. We mean real, veritable gentlemen and *ladies*, in education, thought, and feeling, and not that particular species of creature, "born to blush unseen," because, as the Irishman said, "never seen to blush." If we are to judge from the "thee" and "thou" phraseology of "Peter Grievous," he belongs to a class of people noted for their practical character—their ready facility in being able, not only to help themselves, but to help others. Do *they* also number in their ranks people who "cannot dig," and "to beg are ashamed?" But the matter is too serious to be flippantly disposed of. We commend "Peter's" candid and good-humoured exposition of his case to all our readers, in the hope that some of them will assist us with suggestions for a future consideration of the subject: and meantime we pass on to attend to other correspondents.

We have received *several* letters, asking us to give some account of the nature of Shooting Stars. This is more than we *can* do. From the regularity with which great numbers of them have been observed to appear at particular seasons of the year, especially in the month of November, they have attracted very general attention, and, as many scientific observers are on the alert to watch them, it is probable that something definite will be known about them ere long. They have been supposed to be originated in the ignition of inflammable gases, floating at a great height in our atmosphere; and that some meteoric appearances, which flash suddenly before our eyes in the upper regions of the air are so produced, is probable. But we must distinguish these meteors from what are properly called shooting stars, which are conjectured to be bodies moving in space, and therefore beyond the supposed limits of our atmosphere. Sir Humphry Davy and other philosophers have connected falling or shooting stars with those meteoric bodies which throw down stones to the earth. "All the phenomena," says Sir Humphry Davy, "may be explained, if falling stars are supposed to be small solid bodies moving round the earth in very eccentric orbits, which become ignited only when they pass with immense velocity through the upper region of the atmosphere, and if the meteoric bodies which throw down stones with explosions be supposed to be similar bodies, which contain either combustible or elastic matter."

Sir John Herschel, in his Treatise on Astronomy, after describing a method of determining longitudes by signals, says, "In place of artificial signals, natural ones, when they occur sufficiently definite for observation may be equally employed. In a clear night, the number of those singular meteors called shooting stars which may be observed, is usually very great; and as they are sudden in

their appearance and disappearance, and from the great height at which they have been ascertained to take place, are visible over extensive regions of the earth's surface, there is no doubt but that they may be resorted to with advantage, by previous concert and agreement between distant observers to watch and note them." This idea is reduced to practice. At a recent meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, an extract of a letter was read, intimating that various continental astronomers were so doing, and that their "observations gave approximate differences, and showed that the method is practicable."

J. S., HAMPSTEAD ROAD, referring to the monetary articles which appeared in recent Numbers of the Journal informs us that he preserves, as a rarity, a 250 franc assignat, which was taken from the pocket of a dead French officer on the field of Vittoria, by a private of the 71st regiment. He inquires, also, respecting the nature and history of the French assignats. This was the celebrated paper money of the French Revolution. The National Assembly having, on the motion of Mirabeau, appropriated all the immense landed property of the clergy, resolved to supply the deficiency of metallic money, which had disappeared during the confusion, alarm, want of confidence, &c. (the rich emigrants, in their hasty flight, carrying with them all the specie they could secure) by an issue of paper money, based on the security of the land which they had seized. The notes thus issued were supposed to represent property which might be assigned (*assigné*) to the holders; hence the name of assignats. This paper money at first circulated very freely, and obtained a general confidence; and tempted by this circumstance, and also by the circumstance of additional property passing into the hands of the then rulers of France, by the confiscation of the landed estates of the emigrants, more and more paper money was issued, till it became a mere drug, working confusion through every department of trade. The sufferings of the French *working classes* during the assignat folly were dreadful. Work, except in trades of absolute necessity, could not be procured, the country people would not part with produce except for specie, even though the government repeatedly passed coercive laws; famishing crowds were relieved at the different "mairies," (police stations,) where poor creatures took their stations as early as two o'clock in the morning, though the bureaux were never opened till nine, in order to secure an early "turn" for an order for provisions bought by the government, and which were given in exchange for assignats. An ancient Parisian, who is still living, told us, that in 1795 he gave 1500 francs *in assignats* for a pair of shoes for his wife; and we have seen, in the cellars of a waste-paper merchant in Paris, bundles of assignats, weighing some cwts., representing, or at least *once* intended to represent, sums between 1000 francs (40*l.*) and five sous (2½*d.*) If J. S. has ever made a trip to Paris, he may have had "change" given him, which, at first, he might have imagined was a collection of base old shillings and sixpences; these are the remains of 30 and 15 sous pieces, which were coined by the revolutionary government, and made of one-third silver and two-thirds brass. Pieces were also minted of one and two sous, of good quality, being made of church-bell metal; no bells being allowed to remain, except the tocsin (alarm bell) which everywhere, in good truth, was too often in use during these troublous times. In the "change for a sovereign," you may easily collect a little medallic history of France for the last half-century.

Connected with this money subject is the following interrogation from a Walworth correspondent:

"Could you throw a light, or state a reason for the etiquette used at the coinage in each successive reign—why her Majesty's likeness should turn its back to the late king's, as his had previously done to his royal brother's? in fine, why the obverse of each coin, in succeeding reigns, should be the reverse of its predecessor? George III. and William IV. looking right, while George IV. and her present Majesty look wrong, or left. The custom, I believe, first arose in the coinage for Charles II.; for that a good reason might be given, but why did his brother continue it? Whether this is 'a nice or a curious question,' I can hardly decide; but putting great faith in your good-nature, whether I get an answer or not, I shall still feel and remain as *a* TAXER."

Our correspondent has mis-stated his inquiry. Her Majesty's likeness does *not* turn its back on the late king's; George III. and William IV. look towards the right, and George IV and Victoria look towards the left; consequently, predecessor and successor alternately *face* and *back* each other. Can any of our readers state the reason wherefore?

We wish we had the power of an Olinthus Gregory, or an Augustus de Morgan, in order to assist the writer of the following letter, which has come to us, bearing the Coventry post-mark. The writer himself, on a moment's reflection, will see the all but impossibility of our attempting to gratify him in such periodical as ours; but we give his letter, because we think it may "draw out" other individuals like-minded, and perhaps lead to some future results:—

"Having taken in your Journal from the commencement, and perused and re-perused its pages with considerable pleasure, I am induced to avail myself of the invitation held out in your 50th Number, to solicit a plain exposition of the principles of Algebra, and of the Differential and Integral Calculus.

"In making this request, I must unequivocally acknowledge my ignorance of those abstruse branches of mathematics. Although self-educated, in the most literal meaning of the word, I have acquired a tolerable (though unavoidably superficial) share of information in the various departments of knowledge but with respect to the nature and *modus operandi* of the foregoing branches of mathematical science I am quite at a loss. I sufficiently understand that they constitute a species of short-hand calculation; but to my limited apprehension, their applicability is not so apparent as the more common and familiar principles of arithmetic, as exemplified in its fundamental rules, in their application to the solution of questions of Proportion, Involution, Evolution, &c.

"My knowledge of these rules of arithmetical calculation was acquired by means of diagrams and pieces of wood in the form of a cube. By various combinations of the latter, I soon comprehended the meaning of roots, squares, cubes, biquadrates, &c. Now, if you can convey the information I seek at your hands, by a similar mode of illustration, or, if the subject be so abstruse as to preclude the use of diagrams, by analogy of any other kind, I shall feel greatly obliged.

"This communication may possibly come under the ban of 'mean and trivial subjects,' but I trust you will be disposed to see on 'its face an honest and a rational object,' deserving of a draught from the fountains of information, which you have promised shall well forth in the pages of your Journal."

A FRIEND IN HACKNEY.—This correspondent wishes to know if his venerable village gave name to those useful vehicles, *hackney* carriages. It is certainly so stated, with plausibility, in the London histories. Hackney being the earliest, or amongst the earliest, of the rural retreats of the London merchants, it is said that horses to Hackney used to stand for hire; and that, when carriages came into use, the name passed to hired carriages. But an ingenious friend supplies us with another etymology, which we give in his own words:—

"*Haquenée* means, in French, a strong little horse, one (like our cobs or galloways) easy to mount, such as were, in times before the use of carriages, always let out on hire for journeys, and easy to be ridden by young and old. When the great began to have equipages, the owners of *haquenées* found out that two or three persons could be accommodated as well as one, (and more conveniently too,) by attaching them to rude vehicles, and making them beasts of draught. (These new vehicles were called *coches-à-haquenée*, or hackney coaches: by and by, a superior kind superseded these, called *fiacres*; hence the term was lost in France, but remained with us. Among the common people of France it is still said, when a person comes to a house pretending to style and having none, in the coaching way, '*il est venu sur la haquenée des cordeliers*'—mounted on the cordelier's (Franciscan) hackney—the poorest order of begging friars; that is, staff in hand: or, as the Scotch say, mounted on Shanks' mare; or, as the vulgar of London say, 'by the Marrowbone stage.'"

GEORGE NEWMAN, Birmingham, who tells us that he was an early, and continues an attached friend, says, "In No. IV. of the 'London Saturday Journal' is one of the best-written articles, headed 'The Dawning of the Day,' and illustrated by a story, 'true to life,' of a poor family bearing the name of 'Jones.' It would afford pleasure and instruction if you would reprint it for the edification of a numerous body of readers, who may not have had an opportunity of perusing the early Numbers of the 'London Saturday Journal.'"

Will it satisfy George Newman that his recommendation of that story is thus given to his fellow readers?

J. S. asks assistance on the subject of Gymnastics. "I have been led to this by reading your article on 'Muscular Exercise,' in No. 50 of your Journal, and want a few exercises (say ten) which children might perform *in* school, and which might occupy from five to ten minutes of each part of the day. If you could oblige me with a few exercises, you would confer a general favour both on teachers and pupils of National Schools."

We could not well gratify J. S. without the aid of plates or figures; but he may easily work out for himself what he wants, by referring to Clias's Gymnastic Exercises, or the recent works of Walker—"Manly Exercises," and "Exercises for Ladies," published by Hurst, St. Paul's Churchyard.

All Letters intended to be answered in the LITERARY LETTER-BOX are to be addressed to "THE EDITOR of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL," and delivered FREE, at 113, Fleet-street.

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A RAMBLE INTO IRELAND.

HAVING had occasion lately to visit the south of Ireland, I was on the watch in the early part of November for the approach of what is generally called St. Martin's summer; that is, a fortnight or so of fine weather, which, when it does really come, is peculiarly delicious. It has all the softness of spring during the early part of the day. The sun gives out a genial warmth; the robin sings his most cheerful song; the monthly rose, hitherto neglected, compensates, as far as it can, for the decay all round it; the elms, the oaks, the beeches, are all bare, but the ivy is in flower, and the evergreens look greener than they did in October. The day is indeed short. Towards three o'clock mists ascend from the earth, and at four we are reminded of the rapid advent of winter. Never theless, the Martinmas interval of mildness helps us on pleasantly towards the end of the year, when Christmas and its gay festivities and countless pleasant associations rise up on our horizon, gilding the dark December days with a lustre which we would not exchange even for the skies of June.

This said Martinmas summer was long in coming, for somehow or other the seasons of the olden times seem to have taken their leave of us altogether. I suppose we used them ill, and that in a fit of resentment they have betaken themselves for a while to Saturn, or some other planet. However, the morning of the eleventh of November last having shone out with peculiar brightness, and the murky clouds that had been pouring deluges for nearly a fortnight before having completely cleared away, I thought the (little) summer was nigh, and so having packed up my portmanteau, off I set by the mail train at 20 minutes to nine o'clock P.M., fell asleep, and never awoke until I found myself, about half-past two the following morning, at Birmingham; spent half an hour in a magnificent refreshment room, where were assembled a hundred guests and more, gathered from the carriages of the train, feasting sumptuously, and in the greatest possible order and comfort, on tea, coffee, cold fowl, ham, tongue, beef, negus, and brandy-and-water. A bell soon summoned us to the train again—again Morpheus claimed me for "his own" until the corner of my eye-lid opening, the pupil was dazzled by the rays of the morning star, which, like the herald of a mighty sovereign, was hastening on before him to proclaim his approach. I could sleep no more. I kept watching that beautiful light glowing with more than the moon's lustre through the misty sky, until at length it paled as the clouds reddened in its path behind.

I never before felt more in a mood to enjoy the novel comforts of railway travelling. There were we, six men, seated in easy-chairs, without in the least degree inconveniencing each other, placed in a neatly-fitted-out warm chamber, sleeping quietly, or looking out upon a country constantly changing its aspect, or admiring the aurora of the fine autumnal morning, moving onward at the rate of 20 miles an hour, drawn by a combination of fire, water, and machinery—the offspring of man's inventive faculty. No animal was distressed to accelerate our speed. We travelled at infinitely less peril than we should have done had we been in a stage-coach; for notwithstanding all that we hear of railway accidents, the accidents which occurred on the ordinary roads by the old modes of locomotion, either on horseback or in carriage, far outnumbered in the course of a year those to which the iron routes are liable. How often used we to hear of horses running away before the coach was regularly started, in consequence of the reins having been, through negligence, left to their discretion!—how often of coaches overturned, or driven into floods, or into drifts of snow, or blown over by tempests, or axles broken, or collisions with other vehicles! What colds and headaches and miseries of all sorts did we not suffer from, in consequence of four and frequently six passengers, being wedged together in a box fitted more for the conveyance of monkeys than of human beings!

Add to these very pleasant mementos of days, happily now "no more," the delight of frequent stoppages and delays at public-houses on the road, the tipsiness of the driver, the impertinence when you did not give him double the gratuity to which a bad custom entitled him, the opening of the door three or four times in the course of the cold rainy night; and the agreeable salutation —"Pray, sir, remember the coachman—remember the guard!" And then think of the porters, and the exchanging of coaches, and the bad dinners and worse suppers, and still more horrid breakfasts; the *fragrant* eggs, the dreadful butter, the dirty water called coffee, the poison denominated tea, the sky-blue milk, the broiled leather yclept beefsteak — all to be swallowed in ten minutes! Oh, Heaven be praised! Oh! WATT, lightly lie the turf lie on thy grave! Fortunate, indeed, is it for us of these days to be enabled to say—*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis!* Many, many more of such changes, say I.

The sun was just below the edge of the horizon, when we quitted our snug night-chamber, thus transferred from London to Liverpool in ten hours; and at a quarter before seven I found myself on board "The Merlin" steamer of 800 tons, and 320-horse power, conversing with the Captain, who was looking at the sun rising amidst a galaxy of gold and purple clouds. "We have at all events a splendid morning," I exclaimed. "Yes," he replied, "a beautiful morning, but at this time of the year these fine mornings seldom fulfil the promise they give of a fine day. I have often seen such mornings followed by very rough weather. Do not be surprised if you find it blow fresh when we get out to sea" I neither expected nor liked this announcement, although I am a pretty good sailor, and so I went about to look at the vessel.

The "Merlin" is one of the new packet-boats (or rather packet-ships) built for the service of the station between Liverpool and Dublin. It is fitted out less with a view to splendour than to strength and accommodation. It is furnished in a chaste and excellent style; the berths are arranged in the usual way —cleanly as possible; counterpanes and sheets snow-white and well-aired, the mattresses very good and ample enough for any man not a cyclops. The saloon is not spacious; it is however sufficiently so and no more. There are two recesses at the entrance occupied by side-boards, and panelled by mirrors in richly gilt frames, which show off the plated coffee-pots, tea-pots, waiters, and other articles necessary for the service of the cabin. The steam-engines are of the best description. The mode in which they are arranged, the elegant architectural style in which they are built, the apparently unconquerable strength with which the cylinders, pistons, cranks, axles, levers, and boilers, are constructed; the mirror-like brightness which reigns over the whole mass of instruments, moving like so many limbs of a living creature; the glowing furnaces, the mighty strokes which follow each other with all the precision of the second-hand of a clock, the swarthy faces of the firemen, the steady vigilant intellectual look of the engineer who presides over all, would make one easily believe that this chamber was the cave of a magician, actually employed in working his daily course of miracles.

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The deck was as spotless as that of a ship of war, which is saying enough; the stern-wheel, with its polished brass rim, the shining brass case of the compasses, the masts, with their furniture of ropes and chain ladders, and reefed and spread canvas, the numbers of the well-practised crew, the watchful pilot, well skilled in the locality of the sand-banks and sunken rocks, which, especially in the winter nights, often prove so disastrous to the foreign and even to our own, shipping, the steady pace of our gallant frigate, for such it might be called, at eleven knots an hour, were well calculated to make me soon forget the apprehensions thrown out by the captain. Let the winds blow as they may, thought I, let the waves roll as they list, we have a "power within" that will beat them all.

The captain, however, turned out no true prophet. There were neither winds nor seas of any importance. The day was clear, and the channel was calm as a lake. We had an excellent dinner in the cabin at two o'clock, and at half-past seven I sat down to tea with my friends in Dublin; thus, including all stoppages, and changes of conveyance, accomplishing within twenty-three hours a journey, which, not long since, had often cost me three days! And all this with no more fatigue than if I had been lounging *on a sofa in my own drawing-room the whole time!*

My hotel was "The Hibernian," in Dawson-street, it being near the offices of the coaches which ply to the south of Ireland, whither I was destined. I met here a specimen of a *rara avis*—a John Bull, parsimonious in his style of living. He was not at all inattentive to the "inner man." On the contrary—he was remarkably attached to that particular person, and extremely well pleased, whenever he could do it cheaply, to furnish him with all the "creature comforts" he could obtain. There was an ordinary usually at five o'clock, when soups, fish, and hot joints, were circulated in the coffee-room, furnishing really at a moderate rate an excellent dinner. Our friend, imagining that this would be too expensive for him, kept out of the way uniformly at five o'clock, and did not make his appearance until seven; when in a hurried way, as it were to make light of the matter, he called for a pint bottle of "Guinness," (a delightful beverage "Guinness" is, by the way,) a little cold beef or mutton, or anything they had—and a potato or two. The waiter, of course, was all promptness—plenty of cold remnants, cut to the bone—cold or half-boiled potatoes, pickles, soiled table-cloth, and all the paraphernalia of dinner. As much as he could discover of the beef or ham, or whatever it was, having been transferred to "John's" interior world, a "morsel" of cheese (*i. e.* at least a quarter of a pound) followed, and the whole having been washed down, with a warm glass of whiskey and water, our friend seated himself before the fire, newspaper in hand, congratulating himself on his "doing the waiter," by making him suppose that it was but a slight supper instead of a dinner. You may imagine "John's" long face, and inexpressible surprise, when at the end of a week he was presented with a long bill, in which "dinner" was duly noted every day, together with its appendages, and opposite thereunto prices which more than equalled the amount he would have paid for a good dinner, had he attended at the "ordinary" hour. They have a ludicrous phrase in Ireland—"The d—l's cure to him"—which I am almost tempted to use on this occasion. I certainly could not help laughing outright, when he told me his story. He appeared in no manner whatever to feel with Hudibras that—

> "It is a pleasure quite as great
> To be cheated as to cheat."

I had occasion to remain a day in Dublin—a city which never fails to oppress me with melancholy feelings. We have here, as it is called, the second city in the empire—the metropolis of a kingdom, most densely peopled,—the chief point of passenger intercourse between the sister islands—and yet it presents at every step you take through its streets, every symptom of commercial decay. As compared with London, or even with Manchester or Edinburgh, it seems almost deserted. With the exception of Grafton-street, there is hardly any place in the whole city where you meet during any part of the day with what might be called a crowd. And even there, it is not a crowd of merchants hastening here and there about their business, but of shopping ladies and their esquires, lounging students of Trinity College, military officers, attorneys, (of which the number and the *hunger* in Ireland are truly inordinate,) and well-dressed dandies (Heaven help their tailors!) from all parts of Ireland.

This crowd being dispersed by evening, Dublin then does look the picture of desolation. Being near the Wicklow and other mountains, and also not far from an immense flat over which the tide spreads and leaves unwholesome marshes, there is generally a mist pendent in its atmosphere which adds much to the general gloom. The suburbs, which are near at hand in every direction, are squalid in the extreme. Broken windows, tumbling walls, roofs in fragments, doors unpainted and ruinous, wretched-looking faces glaring through the window-frames, make one think perpetually of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." And of all deserted villages in the world, those of Spain perhaps excepted, an Irish specimen is the most lamentable exhibition of misery in its lowest stage.

Nevertheless, it is difficult to meet with a good dwelling-house in Dublin which is not occupied. The reason is, that the proprietors of land who cannot, or think they cannot, safely reside in the country, flock to the metropolis for protection. Many live there for the sake of society, which in the *country* cannot be had on any terms, and several families fix there also for the education of their children. The professional men, especially lawyers, who with us generally transact their business in chambers, in Dublin have houses, the system of chambers being unknown there. Compared with the number of dwelling-houses, that of shops in the Irish metropolis is very limited—yet more than sufficient if we may judge from the few customers that are to be seen in them.

I was glad to be off—so having engaged my seat for Thurles, in a stage-coach that was to start at half-past six the following morning, I gave orders to be called at half-past five. Luckily, I possess the power of calling myself. If I wish to wake at any particular hour, I am pretty generally sure to emerge from the most profound sleep at the moment I fix upon. This I have found by no means a power peculiar to myself. I have heard many persons say that they can do the same thing. It is one of the numerous instances which I have witnessed of the vigilance and activity of the spirit, at moments when the animal in which it is enclosed seems wholly engrossed in repose.

My caller came after six: had I not been already up and dressed, I should have lost my seat, as the Irish coachmen are by no means punctual in their hours. If they are prepared, away they go half an hour or a quarter before their time, or after it, just as the whim takes them. The office clocks and the coachman's watch seldom agree. One is with the General Post-office time—another is with country time—or no time at all. As it was, while I was engaged writing a short note at the office counter, my man set off; though he knew he was to take me, and had my portmanteau in his boot, and actually saw me writing, away he went full a quarter before his time helter-skelter. In vain I ran shouting after him. It was raining a deluge. By good fortune, I lighted on a cab—got in—desired the driver to gallop with might and main, which he certainly did, for there is nothing a Dublin jingle-man likes better than a dashing run through the streets. With all his efforts I should, nevertheless, have been distanced if the coach had not been checked in its career by the uphill work it had to do near the Royal Exchange, where there is not only a great steep, much worse than Holborn-hill, but a short turn, which to vehicles descending is especially dangerous.

"Holloa," my friend," I exclaimed, "what the deuce impelled you to set out at this rate—and why did you not warn me of your intention?" "Why, then, sure I thought your honour was inside." "Inside!—you see I am outside—why did you not call me?" "Call your honour is it—why, then, didn't I call—'tis I that did—didn't I, Tim?" Tim—"Sure enough, you did—I *hard* you with my own *ears*."

The cat was now out of the bag. The coach was full inside. The morning was so wet, a passenger who had intended to travel outside took possession of my seat. He was either a friend of the driver, or had bribed him. I had some difficulty in getting him ejected. This is no uncommon occurrence. The fact of previous contract is nothing in Ireland. Possession is the main point. Rows are often the consequence. The printed receipt you get for your fare advises you of this in plain terms:—"There having been many disputes about *sates*, the proprietor will not be answerable for the engaged places, unless the passengers be at the office at *laste* ten minutes before the coach *laves* the office!" These words I transcribe from an Irish receipt now before me.

I insisted upon my right, however, and the culprit having surrendered, off we galloped through the "Liberties," as the suburbs here are called, at a race-horse pace; the rain still pouring down, and the wind blowing a gale. No November summer for me! thought I. However, I congratulated myself that I was not at sea; and drawing my travelling-cap over my eyes, I endeavoured to recover the balance of sleep which was due to me.

About ten o'clock we stopped at a place called Moorfields, to breakfast. We drove into the avenue of a pretty country-house, which had no appearance of a hotel about it. I rather think it is a private residence belonging to the coach-proprietor. We entered a handsome well-furnished parlour, where we beheld a large table, well filled with all the usual implements for the matin meal. There was an excellent stove in the room, but no fire; though, on such a morning, a fire would have been particularly agreeable. There was an abundance of *fresh* bread—excellent bread—but no stale bread, no toast. Some twenty eggs were already on the table; but the coach, in consequence of the heaviness of the roads, being ten minutes after its time, and the eggs having been boiled at the time the coach ought to have been there, they were of course all cold. I asked for a cup of coffee; it was immediately poured out for me, but it was scarcely even tepid. The tea was also excellent, but cold as the morning itself. A beef-steak was brought in, which looked well, and was really good; but it was brought in on a cold dish, without gravy, and served on cold plates. I gave back my coffee to the waiter, who appeared in the morning jacket of a private gentleman's servant, and requested that he would get it warmed for me. He brought it back to me boiling, and before I could cool it the coachman shouted that our time (twenty-five minutes) was expired. We could not have been in the room fifteen minutes; but he was on the box, reins and whip in hand, and so away we were obliged to go, without anything like a breakfast, for which we had to pay 2*s*. or 18*d*.—I forget which.

Now, here were all the elements of the most complete comfort utterly spoiled, merely by want of system. It would have cost little to have afforded the passengers a good fire; nothing to have had the eggs, tea, and coffee, served hot; nothing to have had the beef-steak brought in on a warm covered dish, with plenty of gravy around it; nothing to have prepared toast, or at least bread a day old, for it is not everybody who can digest hot rolls, and for anybody they are unwholesome. Neither could any human being have suffered the slightest damage, if we had been allowed to remain our full time at the breakfast table. It is this want of method, which makes everything in the way of domestic arrangement in Ireland look to foreigners to such great disadvantage.

The door of the parlour where we were at breakfast none of us could prevail on the waiter to keep shut. It was near the front door, which was also perpetually open. The cold wind, that was blowing strongly the whole morning, rushed constantly into our apartment; and yet no entreaty could prevail to secure us even the comfort of shutting out the blast. It is very strange, but perfectly true, that the Irish in general, of every degree, seem to consider that a door is intended not to be shut, but always to be open —and this, too, in all weathers! I had once an Irish female servant, who looked quite astonished, one summer morning, when I desired her to close the door after her, on coming in or going out of the dining-room. "Dear me, sir!" she exclaimed, "I never knew a *doore* to be shut this time of the year!"

By the way, let me not forget the breakfast I had once at Mrs. M'Cormack's, on a former occasion, when I travelled the same road. We were a large party of inside and outside passengers, and well prepared were we for a good meal. Better beef-steaks I never ate: they were hot, well cooked, served with abundance of gravy, and fresh dishes of them were coming in every five minutes. There was no coffee, however, and the tea was detestable. This was, in fact, Mrs. Mac.'s weak point: her tea she knew to be abominable, and so she made up for it in the beef-steak. I asked Kitty, the pretty waiting-maid, to give me a cup of hot milk. She promised to procure it for me *immediately*, and went out, as I thought, for the purpose. She, however, came in again, and again came in and again went out, but no milk appeared: so I proceeded to head-quarters myself.

"Mrs. M'Cormack," said I, "would you do me the favour to give me a cup of hot milk?" She made no answer, but went on broiling her face and her beef-steaks over the blazing embers of a turf-fire; for she was her own cook—and a capital one into the bargain. I repeated my question, adding, that my physician had ordered me to take milk every morning, instead of tea; which was the fact. Mrs. Mac. never altered her position; her face became redder every moment; I saw the storm rising. "I shall be very glad," I subjoined, "to pay extra for the cup of milk, if you will give it me."

"Now, sir," she said, in a tone more gentle than I had at all expected, "you had better take yourself away. Don't put me in a passion;" (Kitty held a dish in her hand, and trembled all the time;) "I haven't time to *scowld* (scold) you. You know very well it isn't the milk you want, but you come here to insult my *tay!*" Such was the fury thrown into the last word, that I am certain, if I had remained a moment longer, the gridiron, beef-steaks, and all, would have been upon my head. I sounded a retreat instanter, and did as well as I could with a little milk and hot water.

Everybody has heard of the beggar-nuisances in Ireland. However you travel—in post-chaise, private carriage, on horseback, in stage-coach, cab, or jingle, you are sure of being mobbed by them wherever you stop, in almost every town. You always see the same faces, the same number of them, and hear the same tale of woe. "Nothing to eat, your honour, this cold morning—my poor children starving, your honour, and I haven't a *harpeney* (halfpenny) to get them a bit of bread. God Almighty bless your honour, and send you safe home. Ah, then, may your honour be nearer to heaven!" addressing a passenger on the top of the coach; "throw us a sixpence to divide amongst us, your honour, and may you have a very long life!" These are but a few of the entreaties with which you are saluted in the same tone of voice, which soon becomes so painful from its monotony, that to get rid of it you comply at last, and send them away to share the sixpence. But before you can get off, you have plenty of complaints of unfair dealing in the distribution; the woman with a child at the breast always demanding a double share as her right.

I am always amused by one woman—a well built, red-faced, harum-scarum sort of being—who appears at Athy with a great club in her hand, which she brandishes about her without much caring whom she strikes. You may see at once that she has just been visiting the whiskey-shop. "Get away, ye low paupers," she cries out, as she enters the scene of action; "*lave the jintlemen* alone. Plase your honour, throw me a *shillin—nothin* less would do me any good. The shillin, your honour," she repeats, capering about, and whirling her shilela with an independent air. "But you would spend it in whiskey, if I gave it to you." "Upon my honour, and that I will, just to drink your honour's health. Get away, ye low paupers! What do ye know about the lion and the unicorn there," pointing to the royal arms on the mail-coach door, "fighting for the crown? Now, then, your honour, where's the shillin you promised me for keepin these beggars away?" I know it to be wrong, and yet I cannot help giving this sturdy-looking woman—not indeed her full demand, but a sixpence by way of compromise.

There is one other mendicant upon this road, who is generally sure to rob me of the same amount. He goes by the name of Jack, and so long as I have known him (some four or five years), he has always made his appearance in the same old red coat—if, indeed, the same that can be called, which, though it looked respectable enough when he originally bought it second-hand, for three shillings and sixpence, as he states, is now composed of shreds and patches of every colour and quality, bits of cloth, fragments of old shirts and petticoats, darns of worsted, and cords to keep the fugitive pieces together. He mounts the coach, usually between Athy and Maryborough—a privilege which he has long enjoyed,—and climbs around to both the windows, tells over the same old stories to the passengers, of his having served in the army, and of having been engaged in many actions. I entertain some doubts as to this part of his tale; the more especially as he speaks of having fought at Waterloo, and of having been compel-

led, by the wants of a large family, to dispose of his medal. He carries with him, slung in a belt, a broken old bugle, upon which he sounds most deplorable caricatures of "Patrick's Day," the "Meeting of the Waters," and "Rory O'More." The limits of his daily journey in the coach do not extend beyond a certain turnpike-gate. As soon as the gate is in view, his stories and his music are heard no more; he presses hard for his reward; his wife and his *childer* are all his theme, and his good-humoured face and merry eloquence become so persuasive, that he seldom descends from his station without pocketing, or at least collecting,—for, I fear, a pocket he no longer has,—half-a-crown or three shillings. Everybody gives something, more or less, to Jack. On arriving at the gate, down he jumps, in performance of the condition upon which his invasion is permitted by the coachman, and away he scampers to the *childer*.

I should be sorry to hear that Jack was shut up in a workhouse. I doubt if the poor fellow could live long under any kind of confinement or restraint. He is no fool, nor indeed much of a knave: whatever there is of the latter about him is rather pleasant than otherwise. Speaking of the workhouse, I question much whether it will be very generally resorted to in Ireland. The new Poor-Law has met, and probably will meet, with no resistance from the lower classes in Ireland; but I question whether they will avail themselves of it, unless in seasons of famine, to any great extent. The Irish poor, down even to the most destitute, have a strong latent pride about them, which foreigners seldom discern or understand. It is not talked of; nobody would suspect its existence in the heart of a beggar who approaches you with a tone and address of the most extreme humiliation. But under that outward manner there are feelings that will render the Poor Law, I think, in many instances a dead letter—at least, for several years yet to come.

The heavy and continued rains by which the late autumn was characterised in Ireland so completely saturated the bogs, that the prospects of the poor for the winter, so far as firing was concerned, were miserable indeed. The bogs are usually in that country humid enough, but this year they looked, for the most part, thoroughly rotten. The corn-harvest was but indifferent in many places, but sanguine hopes were indulged that the potato-crop would turn out an ample one.

This root is, I regret to observe, becoming every year more deteriorated in Ireland. I well remember, that when a boy, many a time I went into the peasant's cabin, at their dinner-hour, and sat down with great glee to share with them their immense pile of potatoes, all laughing at you through their burst jackets, and when peeled by the hand, almost crumbling in it like a mass of flour, but nevertheless sufficiently tenacious to preserve their spherical form, until the operation of eating made deep gaps in it. If I could get a little salt butter, well; if not, salt itself gave a sufficient relish to the meal; and notwithstanding all the talk of the politico-economists, a good meal one might make from such materials. But I have seldom seen in latter years a good potato, except in some few houses of the higher classes. At the hotels they are usually bad, pasty, bluish, often black at the core, and utterly flavourless.

But for some dense mists which arose from the earth—the natural result of the recent inundations,—I should have caught good views of a celebrated mountain near Thurles, called the "Devil's Bit." It is so denominated from a narrow semicircular valley, which interrupts the ridge-line of the summit of the mountain. The legends say that his infernal highness, when upon his travels through this part of Ireland, took a fancy to some herbs on this eminence, on which he intended to make a luncheon; but that, having been somewhat voracious, he took in with the herbs a whole mouthful of the rock, which he could not swallow. Resuming his flight, some of the authorities allege that he deposited his burden near Cashel. It is upon this rock the well-known Pagan and Christian temples were erected, which are now the most interesting and the least weather or time-injured ruins in Ireland. The storms and the rains of ages have but blanched their roofs and walls, and proved their power to resist all the ordinary instruments of destruction. Other authorities teach that the ejected morsel is no other than the rock of Dunamace. It is gravely affirmed that several skilful men have accurately measured the vacancy in the mountain, and the isolated mass of stone in question; and the conclusion at which they arrived was this, that if the latter could be removed to the mountain, it would exactly fill up the hollow, and perfect the ridge. As I have never had an opportunity of following the labours of these old engineers, I must leave the matter as I find it, undetermined.

[To be continued.]

WOMAN IN INDIA,

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF A SUTTEE.

WERE we to draw an inference from the number of new books on India, we should conclude that our vast Indian possessions are beginning to assume something like a proportionate interest in the public mind. In No. 51 of THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL, we made some extracts from Mrs. Postans' "Western India," and we have now before us two larger volumes, under the title of "Continental India*." The author observes, "Hindostan is better known to-day than the Hebrides were in the time of Johnson, or than the Shetland Isles were at the beginning of the present century; while the aggressions and acquisitions of our English nabobs in oriental countries, the subversion of Asiatic despotism, and the substitution of British rule among the nations of the East, are the records of our cabinet libraries, and form the *vade-mecums* of every inquirer after knowledge."

A chapter in Mr. Massie's work is entitled "Woman in India," from which we extract some passages, giving the author's opinions of the condition and character of the females of Hindostan, with a description of a "Suttee," at which he was present:—

"The influence of the wife and the mother upon society is so palpable and resistless in the most advanced stages of improvement, that the philanthropist will demand with anxious solicitude, after the recital of some scenes in these volumes, What is the character of woman in India? Let her history be developed to us; give us no exaggerated delineation, no distorted or extravagant caricature, no picture which may be regarded as an exception arising from peculiar circumstances.

"Treated as beings of an inferior order; kept back from the commonest means of information and mental improvement, enjoyed by their sisters in western countries; excluded from the diffusive influence of expanding principle, and taught to look upon the present as the only moment of gratification; they are occupied in domestic toils without any cheering and heart-exciting affections, while they are denied all participation at the social board. Thrown too upon the resources of animal nature merely for any portion of enjoyment, they are accustomed to regard themselves as only the instruments of slavery or passion. In addition to which, the very objects of their worship—to the *external* symbols of which, as the *profanum vulgus*, their intercourse is solely limited—are presented in the scenes of idolatrous festivity, as immersed in criminal indulgence. Would it be wondered that their character should be blindly selfish, and the motives of their conduct exclusively, and to the extreme, epicurean? The arrangement and the economy of the domestic circle cherish still more the luxuriant growth of these rank weeds in the feminine breast in India.

"The remains of the patriarchal state are perceptible in their internal management and government of social life, and to this the present condition of India may be ascribed. The patriarch's authority is even more jealously enforced now, and carried into the ramifications of the family, than in ancient society. It is here systematised and secured by the sanctions of religion, as well as by the custom of ages. Every house presents the remote, as also the most subordinate division of genealogical relationship. There seems, too, the closest intercourse between the affiliated branches, so that the father of the last or preceding generation exerts an authoritative influence, even more arbitrary than the power of an adviser. His sons, and their wives, their children also—and it may be, their destined brides too—live within the same enclosure, and often under the same roof; so that sometimes it assumes more the appearance of a clan than a single family. And hence, except among those whose habits have been changed, and whose origin or connexions have been interrupted, by the invasion or policy of foreigners, there is an internal policy paramount

* "Continental India. Travelling Sketches and Historical Recollections, illustrating the Antiquity, Religion, and Manners of the Hindoos, the Extent of British Conquests, and the Progress of Missionary Operations. By J. W. Massie, M.R.I.A. In Two Volumes. London, Ward & Co. 1840."

to all civic control; and blind custom and ascendant authority are more consulted and obeyed than the rights and wishes of each member of the circle. When the eldest parent in the line is removed, the rule and consequence are entailed upon his son, who then becomes the superior; and the widow of the deceased, if she survive, merges among the subordinate branches; and if she will brave the days of widowhood, her lot is hard indeed. Natural affection rarely succeeds to make any abatement of the dreadful penalty; hers is a cup of bitter sorrow, of unmixed woe, and her solitariness is unmitigated by any generous or hallowed associations. Every ten days must she submit her head, aged and bowed though it be, to be shaved; in her ablutions, and they must be daily, during uncongenial weather or sickness, the water must be poured upon her head, and not over her shoulder: every night her task is to watch the burning lamp, and supply it with oil till the morning, and sad would the morrow be, did she suffer it to be extinguished. This child of sorrow and bereavement is allowed to feed only on one meal each day; and never must she recline upon a bed,—the lowly and hard ground is the pallet on which her wearied frame reposes. The recreations and pleasures of general society are denied her, and the cloth which distinguishes widowed suffering, in which she must always appear, is deemed the constant, though silent accuser of her cold affections, her selfish and profane love of life.

"Woman, as a mother, while the husband lives, is seldom allowed in India to bear any rule in the family: children are without natural affection; so that the place assigned to females in Hindoo society is, to appearance, abject in the extreme. The institutes of Menu, whose inspiration is as unquestioned as his legislative supremacy is universal among them, do indeed direct that the female who is to be chosen for a wife should not be reproachable for reddish hair, or too much or too little of the proper shade, for a deformed limb or inflamed eyes, for being immoderately talkative, or for being troubled with habitual sickness; while her name must be neither that of a constellation, a tree, nor a river, of a barbarous nation, nor of a mountain, of a winged creature, a snake, nor a stone, nor of any image which occasions terror. Besides an agreeable name, she must possess a form which has no defect; she must walk gracefully—like a young elephant; her teeth must be moderate in number and in size, and her body of exquisite softness. But there are no rules for the virtues of the heart, the degree of knowledge, the habits of the mind, or the graces of benevolence; and little wonder! Could they gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? In childhood's years a female must be dependent on her father; in youth, on her husband; and, should she survive his decease, her dependence must be on her sons. The nature of this dependence may be imagined, when it is added, that at no period of life, in no condition of society, should a woman do anything according to her own mere pleasure.

"While political expediency has sanctioned the horrid rite, the persuasion of friends, the flatteries of parents, the delusions in which the female is trained, the miseries which they must anticipate, and the momentary paroxysm of bereavement, have not unfrequently driven the widow to the mad alternative, and warranted the poet's assertion,—

"'The widow'd Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires.'

This is a species of heroism which has been displayed by many of the timid Hindoos in upper and in humbler life; as well the princess as the wife of the husbandman, might and did suffer this immolation. Nor are the friends or kindred permitted to appear, otherwise than as participators of the sacrifice and the virtues of the offering; the eldest son kindles the wood, and the mother and the daughters attend the fatal scene.

"Muchta Bhye, the daughter of a princess, had become a wife and a mother. Her son, an only child, in the fresh bloom of youth, was cut down like the flower of the morning; the parent stem drooped for twelve dark months, when he who was considered her companion in youth, and destined to be the prop of her declining years, fell, too, before the blast, and was ready to be shaken into the dust; but the disconsolate mother and bereaved widow declared immediately her resolution to meet the withering destroyer upon her husband's funeral pile. Her mother was her sovereign, and though with affection, as the bursting forth of nature, she sought to dissuade the daughter from her fatal resolution, the influence of an erroneous, delusive, and pernicious religion, prevented the intervention of her authority as a queen over the misguided woman. It is said she humbled herself to the dust before her daughter, and entreated that she would not leave her desolate and alone upon the earth, but in vain; her reply was calm and resolved:—'You are old, mother, and a few years will terminate your pious life; my husband and my only child are gone, and when you follow, life, I feel, will be insupportable; and the opportunity of closing it with honour will then have passed.' The unhappy mother, whose ignorant devotion forbade her to infringe what usage and priestcraft had sanctioned and rendered holy, now resolved to witness the last agonising scene. She walked in the procession, and stood near the pile, where she was supported by two Brahmins, who held her arms. Although obviously suffering great anguish of mind, she remained tolerably firm, till the first blaze of the flame made her lose all self-command; and while her shrieks increased the noise made by the exulting shouts of an immense multitude that stood around, she was observed gnawing in agony those hands she could not liberate from her upholders. After some convulsive efforts, she so far recovered as to join in the ceremony of bathing in the Nerbudda, when the bodies were consumed."

A young woman, Hollee Letchema, sacrificed herself, along with the body of her husband. Mr. Massie was present at the scene, and thus describes it:—

"Her children, the potent and palpable bonds of her obligation to this life, were removed from her sight; narcotics, opium, bang, and other stupifying drugs, were abundantly administered; her body was perfumed, her hair saturated with oil, and her head covered with sandal-dust; garlands of flowers were presented as her ornaments; and now she was hailed a favourite of the gods, and invested with divine power. She was entreated to bestow her blessing and remember the wants of her friends; she was entrusted with consecrated gifts to bestow at her pleasure; no breath that might fan the flame remained to be invoked, and the hirkarrah was employed to announce her pious resolution and the time of the sacrifice. It was within British jurisdiction, and the sanction of legal authority was obtained. All local business was suspended; crowds flocked from the whole vicinity. Men, women, and children, of all ages, congregated to the sacred spot, jesting, laughing, and congratulating the friends whom they met. The intelligence was sent to me with a solicitation from a friend that I would attend. I hastened to the scene; it was a singular display and mixture of religious solemnity, infatuated devotedness, cruel delusion, deliberate and authorised murder, and unhallowed and humiliating apathy. It was an hour and a half before sunset, five o'clock, when I reached the place of ungodly sacrifice.

"The husband was covered with clothes, folded about him in the manner in which the dead are usually carried to the place of cremation; emaciated and pale, there was no placidity in his features. Death is rarely an agreeable sight, but it renders the Hindoo exceedingly uninviting. The corpse was laid upon a bier made from unpeeled branches of trees, and without any ornament. It had been carried thither on the shoulders of men, and placed in a circle formed by the officiating priests, the victim, the near relatives and kindred, and such as were approaching to obtain the last benediction of Hollee; these last drew near in the attitude of supplication. She was attired in a salmon-coloured cloth—sacred garment,—and her skin was deeply tinged with saffron. Her years had been few—from five-and-twenty to thirty had she lived a daughter and a wife; but the few hours of her widowhood had preyed more upon her aspect and her frame than all her previous sorrows or cares. She was bent forward, as if labouring under an oppressive burden; or rather as if inward anxiety, sorrow, and anguish, had bowed her down; yet she seemed to smile—it was the smile of sorrow:—the cold moon's cheerless ray shed forth from a sky overspread with portentous clouds, and lighting upon the dismal tomb, is but a faint emblem of the workings of her mind on her pallid countenance—it was the expression of a heart which had conquered nature and burst the bonds of life itself—it was an apathetic expression I thought, of complacency

in herself, while it professed to regard those who approached her. A red line was drawn straight from the root of her hair to the ridge of her nose: it seemed to me the mark of suicide. She had bunches of flowers made up and ready to bestow; cloths, cocoanuts, pounded spices and seeds, and money lay beside her, which she distributed to the females who came soliciting her favours. She was attended by two principal brahmins; one of them held an ollah or cadjan book in his hand, from which he read sentences apparently for direction, or that he might suggest consolation to her in this trial; occasionally he would join his coadjutor for counsel, or to share in the rewards of the sacrifice. The fees of the brahmins at this ceremony usually amount to forty or fifty pounds. Sometimes I observed these priests quarrelling with each other, and exhibiting passions depicted in their countenances truly demoniac; the controversy regarded the money which should fall to the share of each: they were old men, their hair grey, and their features hardened and callous. I never contemplated man so far removed from the aspect of humanity. An extremely correct similitude of their appearance is given in the representation of a suttee in Ackerman's 'Hindostan.'

"Whilst the poor woman and the priests were thus engaged, she was indifferent to any attempted interference by some Europeans who sought to rescue her from destruction. The crowds of natives were all busied; few contemplative, many showed the greatest levity, while others employed themselves in preparing the pile. It was constructed of dried wood, in the shape of an oblong square; the faggots were heaped upon each other, so as to be most easily combustible, to the height of four feet from the base. A stout branch of a tree was fixed in the earth at each corner; suspended by these, another pile, as a canopy, was formed at about three feet elevation, and plentifully supplied with large billets of wood. The whole material of the pile was carried on the heads of many men, who actively ran backward and forward during the preparation; some straw, also, and cakes of cowdung were provided. The chief magistrate of the district, called the Fouzdar, was present with his peons, or constabulary force, armed. There were two European gentlemen, holding situations of trust, officially present. We could not secure the attention of the poor woman, but I made my appeal to the magistrate, to his authority, his influence, and his responsibility to God. He said he was there as the representative of the king, admitted his responsibility, but replied it was according to their religion. I urged him to offer her permission to retire if she would. He directed a brahmin (he himself was one) to ask if she were still inclined for it; she answered, she was. Hollee was conducted round the pile after the corpse had been placed upon it; a priest accompanied her the first time; she walked twice by herself, kneeled by the right side a few seconds, and mounted the pile to the left of the deceased. Deliberately she composed herself; her infant child was placed in her arms for an instant and embraced; she saluted her mother, and called her sister, to whom she delivered her jewels: then, having ungirded her loins and loosed her garments, she drew her cloth over her head, and laid herself down behind her husband with such calmness as if it had been for a few hours' repose. They covered her with straw, and poured oil and melted butter over all parts of the pile, the extremities of which were now lighted. The straw, fanned by the wind, was at first suffered only to roll the thick volume of its smoke over her; and, before any fire could have reached her, the heavy suspended billets were, by the swords of the peons, cut down, and fell upon her with their whole weight. O! it was a cruel apathy that could stand and witness such a monstrous perversion of human power and religious toleration!—the more I muse on it, my accusations become the more poignant. I stood by the pile while the gloomy tragedy was performed, and never can I banish the screams which pierced the ears of the spectators, while the blue and lurid flame rose from the bodies already consuming in the fire! It was a moment of terror, of deep crime, and dark delusion! Why the attendants were allowed to cut down the mass of faggots which hung over her, and fell with unbroken violence upon her devoted head, I cannot tell; and how the victim was not totally stupified by the load which crushed her, appeared next to a miracle: it had stunned her for a time, as it also checked the progress of the flame, whose violence raged around the exterior of the pile for five or six minutes before it reached the bodies. A brahmin stood at the head, seemingly ready to direct the acclamations of the people. The poor woman had hitherto remained silent, but when the flames had reached her, the misery of her restraint appeared in its utmost severity; when the scorching fury of the fire had begun to prey upon her, she could not move a limb or turn from her cruel woe for a moment; she shrieked and screamed for help with piteous and heart-rending exclamations. The brahmin attempted to assure the people that she was now in communion with her god, and called them to rejoice, while her tones were those of the bitterest agony, while her forlorn mother, heart-broken and overwhelmed with grief, stood rolling herself, tearing her hair, and beating her breast, and leaping with frantic bursts of passion—an affecting spectacle of distracted woe and extreme wretchedness; she seemed unwilling to survive the hour of separation, and longed to throw her convulsive frame upon the funeral ashes, the altar of her daughter's sacrifice and destruction: the multitude joined in the exhibition of joy by clapping their hands, and repeating the song of triumph. The scene was closed by the fierceness of the flame, which drove the bystanders to a distance, and forced even the priests to retire, while the victim was still uttering the moan of helpless suffering. I waited at a distance, lingering to witness the last obsequies of the infatuated Hollee; they were offered in the blue flame and funeral smoke of her consuming remains, and in the receding murmurs of the dispersing multitude. It was an appalling exhibition of self-devotedness. The wretchedness of the desolate parent, the forlorn condition of the twice-bereaved children, and the apathy of thousands who could so unmovedly contemplate the transaction, may be imagined; but ah! who can describe the guilt of the perpetrators, the displeasure of a holy and merciful God; and the infatuation of nominally christian authorities who could prescribe for it rules, grant their permission to its performers, and superintend the accomplishment of such a criminal, violent, and bloody sacrifice? It was surely an hour of the power of darkness. I take shame and guilt to myself, and feel assured that if every observer of such delusion had protested against it on the spot, it would sooner have terminated, and the six hundred lives in British India annually immolated, might have been saved to the community, their friends, and their children, and preserved from the crime of suicide, and the horrors of a premature and excruciating death.

"Another well-authenticated and brutal instance of this sacrifice occurred about the same time in a more northern province of India:—'The unfortunate brahminee, of her own accord, had ascended the funeral pile of her husband's bones, but finding the torture of the fire more than she could bear, by a violent struggle, she threw herself from the flames, and tottering to a short distance, fell down. Some gentlemen, who were spectators, immediately plunged her into the river, which was close by, and thereby saved her from being much burned. She retained her senses completely, and complained of the badness of the pile, which, she said, consumed her so slowly that she could not bear it, but expressed her willingness again to try it, if they would improve it: they would not do so, and the poor creature shrank with dread from the flames, which were now burning most intensely, and refused to go on. When the inhuman relations saw this, they took her by the head and heels, and threw her into the fire, and held her there till they were driven away by the heat; they also took up large blocks of wood with which they struck her, in order to deprive her of her senses; but she again made her escape, and without any help, ran directly into the river. The people of her house followed her here, and tried to drown her by pressing her under the water, but a European gentleman rescued her from them, and she immediately ran into his arms and cried to him to save her. I arrived at the ground as they were bringing her the second time from the river, and I cannot describe to you the horror I felt on seeing the mangled condition she was in: almost every inch of skin on her body had been burned off: her legs and thighs, her arms and back were completely raw, her breasts were dreadfully torn, and the skin hanging from them in threads; the skin and nails of her fingers had peeled wholly off, and were hanging to the back of her hands. In fact I never saw and never read of so entire a picture of misery as this poor woman displayed. She seemed to dread being again taken to the fire, and called out to "the Ocha Sahib" to save her. Her friends seemed no longer inclined to force, and one of her relations, at our instigation, sat down beside her, and gave her some clothes, and told her they would not. We had her sent to the hospital, where every medical assistance was immediately given her, but without hope of recovery. She lingered in the most excruciating pain for about twenty hours, and then died.'

"This sacrifice, so abhorrent to Christian feeling, though prohibited first by Lord W. Bentinck, in the Bengal provinces, and then in the other British territories, is still offered in other parts of India. Six months ago, four wives and seven slave concubines of Runjeet Singh, perished in the flames of his funeral pile, at Lahore."

THE AGE OF THE WORLD.

OUR readers are probably familiar with the old current story about the Welchman and his pedigree;—how he had a huge volume giving the names and doings of his progenitors not only up to Adam, but far beyond him: for about the middle of the book, after a long list of pre-Adamite Welchmen, there appeared a quiet little note, briefly intimating—"about this time the world was created." The Welchman may be put into the same class with the Highland innkeeper of the name of Grant, who teased a traveller about the antiquity of his name and lineage. The traveller, when his host's back was turned, opened the family Bible, and turning to the antediluvian history, made a very slight alteration with his pen; and then amazed the Highlandman by showing him that "there were Grants (giants) in the earth in those days."

But, seriously, when was the world created? How many of our years do we reckon back to the time when Adam was placed upon the earth? All intelligent readers are now quite satisfied that science has established the fact of the earth's existence—that is, of the materials of the earth—ages, and doubtless myriads of ages, before Adam was created; and all intelligent, serious readers of the Bible can see nothing in the account of the Creation in the book of Genesis contradictory to this *fact*. The outward crust of the earth was arranged and made habitable for MAN; and it is at this period that our chronology (time-reckoning) must commence. If we could ascertain how many annual revolutions of the earth have taken place since the FIRST MAN first breathed in our atmosphere and gazed on the sun, we would have a *fixed point* to reckon from more simple and satisfactory than any other fixed point in our chronology; and we would be enabled to attain to something like satisfactory settlements of important matters in the early history of our race.

But we do not know the age of the world with anything like certainty. The ancient Egyptians, the Chinese, and the Hindoos, have all set up claims for an antiquity of many thousand years beyond our reckoning; while the ancients in general believed that the world was eternal, and therefore had no commencement. We, who receive the Bible as a divine revelation, have, or rather *ought* to have, a measure for reckoning the age of the world, in the recorded respective ages of the antediluvians; and then, having fixed the period of the Flood, we can descend "the stream of time," and know with certainty how many years have elapsed since HUMANITY was established on the earth. But it so happens that there is great confusion in these statements. The present Hebrew text and the ancient Septuagint versions differ greatly in the materials which they offer for this computation. The former may be taken (as in the dates adopted in our public version of the Bible) to give to the creation the date of 4004 B. C.; while the latter, according to the corrected date of Hales, varies that important epoch to 5411 B. C.—a difference of 1407 years! If the historian may justly claim this large increase to the years of the world, they are a great boon to him; for he needs them, and is cramped without them. The common, or shorter computation, allows far too little time for much that must have occurred in early history immediately after the Flood. We may smile at the claims put forward by the ancient Egyptian priests; still there must have been some antiquity on which to ground their pretensions; and as we know that Egypt was very early a civilized country, the shorter computation, adopted in our Bibles, allows too little time between the Flood and the days of Abraham for producing the state of things which existed when "the father of the faithful" visited the land, which was afterwards to become to his descendants the "land of bondage."

In the last and preceding century, when the arguments in favour of the longer computation were less convincing than they have since been rendered, chiefly by Dr. Hales,—even then there were many historical and chronological writers who held the alternatives to be so nicely balanced, that they knew not well how to decide, and, in their state of doubt, believed it safest to adhere to the received computation. In this they were doubtless right. But there were others whose judgment quite inclined to the longer computation, and who declared as much, while they shrank from the responsibility of introducing it to practical use. This responsibility is not very onerous *now*.

Either in the Hebrew or the Greek there has been a studied and regular alteration of the genealogies, for the purpose of either, in the first instance, bringing down, or, in the latter, of raising high, the date of the Creation. This is manifest, and needs no proof. This has been effected by either throwing back or bringing forward the age of the father in every generation at which the son is born. Thus, according to the Hebrew, Adam was 130 years of age when Seth was born; according to the Septuagint, his age was then 230 years.

Since, therefore, it is certain that either the Hebrew or the Greek copies have been corrupted, the question of the shorter or longer chronology resolves itself into another,—Whether it is in the Hebrew or the Greek copies that the corruption has taken place?

The opinion of those who adopt the longer chronology is, that the ancient translation of the Septuagint was made from the uncorrupted Hebrew text, the corruption in which was made some centuries after the date of that translation. This opinion is by no means new; for the whole weight of antiquity and of the earliest "fathers" of the Christian church are in favour of the longer computation of the Septuagint. Theophilus, bishop of Antioch, and Eusebius, bishop of Cæsarea, who are entitled to the most attention, as having expressly applied themselves to the study, which the others only noticed casually or incidentally, knowingly and advisedly prefer the Septuagint account to the Hebrew, not only on the ground which we have stated, but as being the most reasonable, and most in unison with the requirements of all history, sacred and profane.

The further support which the longer computation has lately received, has been deduced from Josephus by Dr. Hales. With great acuteness, this accomplished scholar found out certain data in Josephus whereby the mistakes or corruptions of his editors and copyists might be rectified—or, rather, such as sufficed to evince that the computation which he followed agreed as nearly as possible with that of the Septuagint. This discovery was of the highest importance; it evinced that there was no difference *in his time* between the computations of the Hebrew and the Septuagint. Josephus, the celebrated Jewish historian, was a priest, and well acquainted with the Hebrew Scriptures; and if there had been any difference between the two versions in a matter which the Jews considered so serious as the genealogies, it is morally certain that the Hebrew version must have been the one which his nation in general, and the priests in particular, regarded as the true account. Josephus would have followed the Hebrew, doubtless, if there had been such a difference; and would, very probably, have intimated that such a difference did exist. It is also to be remembered that he had access to the purest and most sacred copies of the law which could be found. Besides, he more than once distinctly declares that his regular authority, in all points, was the *Hebrew* Scriptures, for which he constantly expresses the highest veneration. There are other good and substantial reasons for believing that there was no difference of computation in the time of Josephus—or, say, the time of CHRIST; and if this be so, then, of course, the use of the longer computation by Josephus, evinces that this was the computation in which they agreed.

We cannot follow the subject out in all the detail which would, perhaps, be necessary to the perfect conviction of those who have not previously considered the matter. We will, therefore, collect *the heads* of the arguments employed by Hales; referring such of our readers as remain unsatisfied, or desirous to pursue the subject, to the original work for the specific proofs and illustrations.

From the joint testimonies of Philo and Josephus we may safely conclude:—

1. That there was originally no difference between the Hebrew genealogies and those of the Greek version.

2. That the computation of Josephus was conformable to both in his time; and, consequently,

3. That either the Hebrew copies, or the Greek copies, both of the Septuagint and Josephus, have been adulterated since his time.

That the adulteration took place in the Hebrew copies rather than in the Greek is most highly probable, for several reasons:—

1. The Hebrew copies were equally obnoxious to adulteration as the Greek.

2. But the Hebrew copies afforded, subsequently to the Jewish war, greater facilities and opportunities of adulteration than the Greek. The latter were then diffused everywhere; whereas, of the former many had been lost and destroyed, and the existing copies were found only in the hands of comparatively few Jews.

3. The temptation to adulteration was much greater in the Hebrew than in the Greek. The Jews, in their rage and vexation at being confounded by the CHRISTIANS out of their own Scriptures, were led, as a last and desperate resort, to deny that they found such things in their Hebrew copies, and to make alterations accordingly. Justin Martyr, Irenæus, and other of the *earliest* of the Christian fathers, distinctly accuse the Jews of this.

4. The motive which would lead them to tamper with the genealogies, in order to shorten the times between the Creation and the Birth of CHRIST, was, that they might enable themselves to deny that the time for the advent of the Messiah was yet come. It had been their belief that Messiah was to come in the sixth millennary age of the world, which he did, according to the longer computation; hence the motive to shorten it to make out the time was not arrived, as this, their own tradition, had been much used against them by the Christians. Ephrem Syrus, who died A.D. 378, distinctly alleges that they corrupted the genealogies on this account. The Armenian annalist, Abulfaragi, has a longer statement to the same effect.

The defalcations of the Hebrew genealogies may be proved by the concessions of the early Jewish writers.

This defalcation may also be proved by undeniable internal evidence, found both in the antediluvian and postdiluvian genealogies*.

The patriarchal generations, both before and after the Deluge, according to the shorter Hebrew computation, are repugnant to the course of nature. Their sons are born too soon in proportion to the sum of their age. According to this account, the antediluvians, who lived so much longer, had children sooner than the people *after* the Deluge, down to Abraham, the sum of whose lives was so comparatively short.

The shorter Hebrew calculation is also absurd, and inconsistent with history, sacred and profane. Eusebius saw this very clearly, as we have stated.

Taking the shorter computation, idolatry must have begun and prevailed, and the patriarchal government must have been overthrown by Nimrod and the builders of Babel, during the life-time of Noah, the second founder of the human race, and his three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet.

If Shem lived till the 110th year of Isaac, and the 50th year of Jacob, as this computation alleges, why was *he* not included in the covenant of circumcision made with Abraham and his family? or why is he utterly unnoticed in their history?

How could the earth be so populous in Abraham's days, or the kingdoms of Assyria, Egypt, &c., be established so soon after the Deluge, as results from the shorter computation?

The following dates may be usefully subjoined to this statement:—

	Shorter Compt.	Longer Compt.
Creation	4004 B.C.	5411 B.C.
Deluge	2348	3155
Exode of the Israelites	1491	1648
Jerusalem destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar	588	586

The present mode of computing events from the Birth of Christ is said to have been first practised by a Roman monk, named Dionysius, about the beginning of the sixth century. Though the Christian era, as a means of reckoning time, was early adopted in Italy, it was long before it came into general use throughout Europe. It is supposed that Dionysius made a mistake of four years in calculating the period of the birth of Christ; and that, therefore, the present year, 1840, should be 1844. But, adding 1840 to 5411, we have 7251 years as the age of the present dispensation of the world; and on the supposition that the calculation is anything like correct, the period has passed when, according to some Jewish and Christian expectants, the Millennium, or Sabbath of the world, was to begin, which, it was supposed, would commence when the world had fulfilled its six secular days of a thousand years each.

* Dr. Hales's arguments in support of this are very convincing; but they run too much into detail to allow even their substance merely to be stated with effect.

STEAM ON THE PROPONTIS AND HELLESPONT.

No one, unless they have seen it, can duly appreciate the bustle and confusion attendant on the departure of a steamer from the Golden Horn. In the Thames, at Liverpool, or even at Malta, there is some order observable amid all the uproar; but at Constantinople there is not the slightest vestige of such a thing to be seen. The most methodical and regular men, unless accustomed to travel, are always in a bustle at landing or embarking, and it cannot be expected that the half-civilised natives of Stamboul should show a superiority on this point. From the first streak of sunrise till the hour the steamer sails, on the day of her departure, her sides are crowded with *caiques* of all sizes, each occupant striving to get his own person and luggage on board, perfectly unmindful of any one else, and omitting to notice that by waiting in regular order he would obtain his point sooner;—but no, the *caiqujhi* bawls out *bannabac* (literally, "look at me," but signifying "take care"), and seeing a vacant space of probably three inches between two *caiques*, each striving to push the other aside, with dextrous under-water movements of the oar he dashes the iron-bound prow of his boat quickly between them, and driving them both from the disputed point, takes possession, and leaves them both to seek the next opportunity of approaching the side-ladder. It has often surprised me that these *caiques* never upset when coming thus in violent collision, for they look very *cogly*, but the reverse is the case: and I never knew an instance, during several hundred times that I was alongside a steamer in the Golden Horn, of one upsetting; the passengers for the most part sitting in the bottom, and the height of the sides accounting for their general buoyancy.

One day last summer, business called me to Smyrna; so, engaging my passage at the proper office, I packed up my bed and carpet bag, and sent my *tchotçuk* (servant boy) for a *chamal* (porter) to carry them down to the *baluk-bazaar* (fish-market), which is the general place of embarkation at Galata. On arriving at the quay, my *chamal* was instantly assailed by twenty persons, each calling upon him to deposit the luggage in his *caique*. I stood back at some distance to watch the scene. It was evident from my English carpet bag that I was a Frank; and the boatmen, probably imagining that I was one of the *milord* travellers, were more than usually clamorous for the patronage of my porter: and really it must have been hard for him to resist the sweet words pouring from all sides, and doubtless he must have been proud to hear the Mussulman boatmen shouting to him *Effendim gel borda* (my dear sir, come here), and the Christian ones, *Sen Christian, ben Christian, Christian baraber gel borda* (you are a Christian, I am a Christian, Christians should be together, come here). However, it was no use; my *chamal* kept possession of the baggage until I made my appearance; the cry was now *Captan, Captan, gel borda*, and I was surrounded by nearly a dozen boatmen, who were however more polite than those on the Thames, because, as soon as I selected my boat, they refrained from disputing my choice.

The luggage being safely stowed, so that the passenger and it properly trimmed the boat—a point on which the *caiqujhi* is remarkably particular, my Mussulman bent to his oars, and pulled for the *Vapore*, which is the name by which they best know a steamer, although it is the Italian word, the Turkish being *Tchek-jeemee*. As we pulled across the Golden Horn, I was asked the usual number of idle questions, in regard to what country I came from, where I was going, and what was my employment;—all of which I professed not to understand, except the first: as I knew that in the event of a row at the side of the steamer among the *caiqujhis*, being known to be an Englishman was useful, I told him that I was one; he said, "English are good man, you are a good man;" to which I replied I was. He rejoined, the Padisha and the *Sultana Ingles* were *baraber*, intimating that the Sultan and the Queen of England were friends. Chatting in this manner, we reached the side of the steamer. At the moment we touched the outside range, my boatman showed himself a man of genius: he lay for a moment quietly on his oars, and watched the shoving off of a large *caique* that had just put on board the steamer a Turkish Bey's wife (princess) and attendants—the point of his prow was inserted in the crowd of little *caiques* around him, and in another minute we gained the ladder, while all the other *caiques* were thrown off to the distance of several feet. At the moment, I could not discover how this dextrous manœuvre was managed, until I saw the *caiques* laying hold of ours on every side, to prevent their being further distanced; and now I observed that my *caiqujhi* had seen the steamer swing, and consequently, instead of pulling up against the stream, among the boats, had pulled to the

head of them, and closely dropped in stern first, as the steamer swung a little more from them. Now there was nothing but uproar and confusion; and I several times thought that, what with the holding on of some *caiques*, and the running up against us of others, we would have been upset, or pulled under water. The boatmen continued to vociferate against the unfairness of being shoved out, while mine, on his part, dubbed me an English Captain, and seemed quite contented to rest all his defence on that one point, as he never ceased calling out *Bu Captan Ingles*, until my baggage and self were safely on board the steamer: I then threw a little more than his regular fee in the bottom of the boat, and he pulled towards the shore.

On getting on board, I found all in equal bustle, and every one doing his best to increase it. The pious Mussulman was anathematising the Christians as infidels, and the Christian was engaged much after the same manner, but both taking care to be as little personal (but general) in remarks as possible. There were talkers loud and low, in jest and in anger, in at least twelve or fourteen languages, the one half of those addressed not knowing a word of what was said to them, but answering in an equally unknown tongue.

The hour advertised for sailing was 4 P. M.; and the nearer it approached, the confusion became greater. When four struck, a large bell was rung, and all who did not intend to proceed with the steamer were ordered to quit her. The empty *caiques* that had been hovering about then approached, and took off friends and acquaintances, considerably clearing the deck, but crowding the water around the steamer. A second bell was soon after sounded, and the chain cable began to clank on the windlass, but passengers and luggage continued to arrive, and friends to depart: many still remained in the vessel, however, that were known did not intend to go with her, and the most importunate of these were *dragomans* or *valets*, who by remaining thus to the last moment might ensure a few piastres to execute some forgotten commission. The despatch-boat came alongside about half-past 4; the bell was rung for the third time; signals were made for no more boats to come off; those around the steamer were ordered to look out for themselves; the ladder was hauled up, the gangway shut, a few more turns given to the windlass; the Captain called out, A turn a-head—stop her—half speed—full speed; the foam curled from both sides; and we stemmed the current setting in from the Euxine.

At this moment, it was discovered that we had three or four *dragomans*, &c. on board, who had remained to the last, and had been too late: the captain at once refused to hail a boat or put them on shore, telling them they ought to have looked better after themselves. As the steamer held out from the Seraglio Point, the captain called to ease her, then to stop her, and a *caique* was seen rapidly pulling from the Custom-house quay. I asked the steward why the captain stopped for this *caique*, and would not do so for some much nearer; and he told me that it had in it a government *Tatar*, whom, according to arrangements, they were always obliged to wait for, if once in sight. The boat was well manned, and came sweeping towards us at good speed; it was not long, therefore, before the *Tatar* was standing on the deck, in his red, rich, and flowing robes; and the *caique* that brought him consented to take the *dragomans* ashore, on condition that they would pay a *backshise* (present), about twelve times the amount of the ordinary fare, and which they were glad to do.

Once more the engine was in motion, and our vessel moved quickly along the eastern and south-eastern walls of "The City of the Faithful." The Seven Towers were passed in half an hour, and ere six o'clock, Asia and Europe, Stamboul, Tophana, and Scutari, seemed blended in one mass, and soon after disappeared from our view.

After we had fairly left the Golden Horn, I had time to observe the appearance of the craft in which I was embarked. It seemed to have two engines, each of seventy-horse power, and capable of going seven and a half miles an hour. The quarter-deck was raised a few feet above the main-deck, and was ascended by steps in the centre; both sides of it were littered with Turkish mats and coverlids. On the larboard-side were located, the Turkish Bey's wife and attendants, thus:—On the deck were laid down several thick quilted cotton mattresses, plentifully covered over with others of a thinner and more pliable form. On one of them sat the Sultana, surrounded by her female attendants; while towards the one end were four eunuchs, whose time seemed to be engaged in attending to the women and children,—bringing the first coffee, and fire for their pipes, and dandling and amusing the latter. The Sultana was an immensely fat-looking personage; her body entirely enveloped in a dark-green cloth cloak, and her face and head, with the exception of the eyes,—or rather eye, for she had but one,—covered up in the usual white muslin shawl. The attendants were of various ages, colours, and appearances, but all dressed in the same way. There was one, however, who next to the Sultana claimed attention,—a little girl of about thirteen, who, I subsequently learned, was her daughter, and whom she was taking to Asia Minor, to marry her to some young Turk. The children were three in number,—boys of about three, five, and seven years. They were, like all Turkish children, remarkably beautiful, and dressed in the usual fantastic and tasteful costume of Osmanlee juveniles, having little red caps, with a shawl tied round their brows, and their bonnets enriched with a variety of gold Turkish coins.

The starboard-side of the quarter-deck was occupied, like the larboard, with mats and coverlids; on one of which reposed a female, evidently the mistress of four slaves who sat around her. She was the wife of an old, grey-headed, and bearded *Effendi*, who had a black eunuch attending, and occasionally carrying messages from his master to his mistress. The old gentleman, however, seemed to care no more for the slaves than if they had been so many dogs; and certainly did not entertain them, during the whole voyage, by once personally entering into conversation with them. He held in his hand a bag of *paras* (the fortieth part of a piastre, and equal to the sixteenth part of a penny), in which small coin he paid for everything he had. The money was all newly struck; but why he carried these small pieces, so difficult to count, I could not learn; but whatever demands were made upon his purse by the wants of himself or his female household, he accompanied the payment of them with a growl and an exclamation of *Tchok para!* (Too much money), while slowly counting out the sum demanded.

From the quarter-deck, and all around the waist of the vessel, I found little temporary erections raised on the centre, and along the bulwarks, for screening the passengers from the hot sun or the cold dew; they were in the tent-bed style, and the floor raised a couple of inches or so above the deck, for the purpose of allowing the rain or sea-water to run under, and the awning might be about three feet high. In these little pulpits or beds sat Mussulmans male and female, cross-legged upon mats, some of them smoking their pipes, others eating, not a few reclining in sleep, and some on their knees, engaged at their prayers. Few Christians, if any, occupied part of these divisions. It was not the least amusing part of this scene, to see these men all armed to the teeth, having a couple of pistols stuck in a belt, and a sword at their side, or the pistols stuck into a shawl round their middle, with a great *yatagan*, or Persian knife, about thirty inches long, garnishing their girdle. On proceeding to the fore part of the vessel, I found that it had no covering; and the parties occupying it were mostly Greeks of the lower class, with a few poor-looking French, Italians, and Germans, every one doing his best to find a suitable place for his mat for the night, and which made it almost impossible to pilot oneself along, without trampling on some unfortunate Christian.

On descending to the second-cabin, I found it fitted up much in the same way as our own channel steamers. There were bed berths all around, a table in the centre, and lamps hung from above. The passengers consisted of Greeks and Italians of the middle class; three of the former and two of the latter were sitting at one end of the table, drinking punch, while two or three more lay extended on the seats, or were groaning in the berths. The only two females I observed were a pretty black-eyed little *Fanariote* and her mother, who was taking her down to Smyrna for her education, and a brother of hers, going there for the same purpose. It was the first time any of the family had been in a steamer, and though not two hours from port, they were evidently much discomposed; the boy whom I had met before, asked me if I did not think it *cattiva*; and on my replying that it was *bellissima*, the girl looked at me with an eye of the most intense anxiety, until her brother told her that I said it was beautiful, and that we could not expect less motion before we were at our port. She at once groaned out some Greek prayer, and was assisted into her berth or couch. I next betook myself to the engine-room, where I was roughly collared by two Italians, who said that no Mussulman was allowed to descend the ladder. I scolded them in bad Italian, and worse Turkish, for not knowing that I was a Frank, although dressed in Oriental costume; and was then allowed to descend, where I found the first engineer (English) and the second (German) sitting down to a very sensible-looking repast. The first I had known for some months; he introduced me to "*his second*," and invited me to partake. I had tasted nothing since breakfast, and besides had not seen such good English-looking cheer for some time—so required no second bidding. The Englishman

knew no German, the German no English; nevertheless they were good friends, and understood one another by a sort of conventional language, partly made by themselves, partly from the varied jargon which they heard every day; and though not *lingua franca*, was a species of it. Dinner was soon despatched; and I had just finished when a message came from the captain, whose steward had been seeking me all over the vessel, that dinner was ready in the cabin. This I thought something like what seamen call "a *Portugee devil*, — when good, too good;" but I knew, whether or not I did much execution, it was necessary to attend; so bidding good-bye to my friends the engineers, I made for my second dinner-table.

On my appearance in the cabin, I found dinner already begun. I sat down; but having already eaten so heartily, made but a poor figure, though I certainly never saw in any steamer a better dinner than was now served, and in variety of cookery, far surpassing what is met with in Western Europe. The cookery was Italian; and the dessert composed of every delicate fruit of the Levant. There was on the table a caraf with brandy, hollands, and rum, and another with Smyrnian and Tenedos wine. The first caraf was not touched, and the second very sparingly used. The company consisted of an Austrian Italian, the first dragoman of the English Ambassador to the Porte, two young Greeks, one old Armenian in the Turkish dress, a Frenchman, and myself. The conversation was for the most part in French, a language which we all understood, except the Armenian; and he sat looking anxiously from one face to another, endeavouring, apparently, to pick up, from the expression of the countenance, what he could not do from that of the tongue; and from his account of the conversation to me afterwards, he appeared to have been pretty successful on several points.

After dinner we again proceeded to the deck, the cabin being most insufferably hot. The sun had set, and there was only a red-streaked sky and a blackish-looking sea to be seen. Marmora was not yet visible, and we had lost sight of the Thracian coast. The quarter-deck was now quite still; the princess, her daughter, and her slaves, were all sound asleep in one mass; some of them extended at full length, others with their knees doubled up to their chins, and others, again, sitting cross-legged, with their heads and shoulders leaning against the bulwarks. The eunuchs were asleep at the extremity of the group, and the children covered up somewhere among the women. The old Turk, on the other side of the quarter-deck, was also asleep; at a little distance from him lay his *blackey*, and a few feet further his female household. The main-deck was equally quiet; a few only were smoking, all the others reposing, or seeming to do so. The fore-deck was more noisy; here there was less outward covering from the evening dew, and those who were thus exposed had apparently fortified themselves inwardly, as not a few were drunk, noisy, and quarrelsome. I accordingly retreated to the cabin, where all was quiet, with the exception of some snores from my companions of the dinner table —even the captain was not to be seen. The cabin felt too hot, and I again proceeded on deck, and endeavoured to find a place on which to spread my mat, but in vain; and I unwillingly left the nice cool deck, and again descended to the warm cabin, where I tumbled into my couch, and sleep having been invited by the fatigues of the day, I was soon in the land of Nod.

How long I enjoyed unbroken slumber I know not; it appeared to me only a few minutes, when I was awakened by an unusual bustle and running to and fro upon deck, and, popping my head and foot over the bed, I found three or four more in the same act. On inquiring what was the occasion of the noise, we were told that the Turkish fleet was in sight, and those passengers who intended to join it must get prepared. The sun had not long risen, and I could just distinguish the tall and stately masts of the Mahmoudie; but as the fog cleared away, I recognised other thirteen sail, being the Capudan Pasha's division. This part of the fleet had sailed only two days before us, and we had at least a hundred passengers for it. All was now animation; Mussulmans and Christians were either at their devotions, or packing their beds and travelling gear. The Tatar had risen from his mat, and was looking towards the termination of his charge; the dragoman was complimenting our captain, while the latter was speculating upon the destination of the fleet, and the chances of seeing his friend again with his head on his shoulders. As we approached the fleet, the vessels began to get under weigh, and before we were amongst them they had all their canvas set, and were slowly dropping down the Dardanelles. About an hour and a half after we had first descried the first ship, we were in the midst of them. A boat with the crescent floating in her stern, and pulled by eight rowers, approached. It was steered by an Englishman, who commanded one of the sultan's steamers; he hailed our skipper in English, and asked for the English dragoman, who, with the Armenian, the Tatar, and two others, embarked, and pulled towards the Mahmoudie. Other two or three large boats now made their appearance, and received their apportionments of more plebeian messengers, soldiers, and sailors. The steam was again put on, and we soon left the pasha's division of the fleet behind. In about half an hour after we passed these ships, we came in sight of the other division, under the Capudan Bey, lying at anchor, but apparently ready for setting sail as soon as they saw the flag-ship, whose guns were now heard distinctly, although her form could not be seen. The fleet consisted in all of eight line-of-battle ships, ten large frigates, fourteen smaller craft, and two steamers; and looked much more warlike and ship-shape than it had done the previous year.

At eight, breakfast was served in the cabin, to the captain, Frenchman, and myself; all the others of the dinner table had gone. The Turks on deck had breakfast after their own way—men, as well as women, being provided with sundry baskets of good things—and ate where they had slept the night before; and although in many cases different parties sat near one another, there was no interchange of civilities. Men and women alike finished the repast with a cup of coffee and a pipe.

On the fore-deck, the Greeks, &c. were more jovial, and were not wanting in sausages, ham, fish, caviar, cheese, bread, rakee, and wine, which were in many cases freely shared from one to another.

As the morning warmed, the wind began to freshen, and the greater part of the passengers were sick, displaying all the variety of groaning and gesturing which the inhabitants of so many different countries may be supposed capable of; and certainly a Cruikshank would have found more comicalities in that forenoon than he had ever met with in any one previous day.

With sunrise in the morning we were leaving the Propontis; passengers were landed, and others taken on board at Galipoli, the village of the Dardanelles, Abydos, and Sestos, with as much indifference as is done in the Thames. Lemnos, Tenedos, and the supposed site of the battle-ground of the Trojan heroes, were rapidly passed; no one seemed to know anything of their ancient history, and knowing nothing, could not be supposed to take any interest in it. There was ancient Greece, but where were the ancient Greeks?

Nothing out of the usual course of steam-boat voyages occurred during the day. We took a Greek ecclesiastic, of some rank or another, a little inferior to a bishop, on board at Abydos. He was instantly assailed for blessings, which he bestowed most liberally on all around him; and among others, I got one unsolicited. I told him I was a protestant, and did not attach any virtue to his blessing. He asked me to sit down beside him, and said he would soon make "a good Greek of me." I sat down, and he pulled out a quart bottle, and handed it to me. I asked him what it was? he replied *Rakee*. I declined, however, to take any of it, as I had no glass; but he put the bottle between his lips, and took a long swig, and I knew enough of oriental etiquette to understand that I could not now refuse; so I put the mouth of the bottle between my teeth, and followed his example. It was the strongest rakee I ever tasted, and when he saw the water standing in my eyes, he seemed pleased, and assured me that it was real Tenedos. The work of conversion now commenced; but he spoke so fast, and with so much gesture, that I understood very little of what he said; and on every clinching argument he always handed me the rakee, which I made a feint of tasting; and after the debate had continued an hour, he was so conglomerated with his potations, and so wrapt-up in his discourse, that I was allowed to slip off. The argument, at least on one side, was carried on as long as the priest could talk; but at last his tongue failed him, and he sunk down on his mat, with his empty rakee bottle in his arms, and fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not awake until we arrived at Smyrna.

Towards evening the island of Scio was in sight, and by midnight we were nearing the Gulf of Smyrna. The quarter-deck was clear of mats on the starboard side, and I laid mine down upon it. The breeze blew still fresher than during the day, and a heavy swell made the steamer roll very much. The Turkish princess, to whom I had spoken several times during the voyage, sat upon her couch, and called to me, "*Captan Ingles, gel borda—gel borda.*" I went to her; she was in great fear that the vessel would go down, and asked me what was to be done. I told her that in a few minutes the rolling would cease; and she wondered much how I knew. As soon as the steamer doubled a point of land, the fore-jib was hoisted; after which she lay comparatively quiet. The lady

then told me I was a good man, and several times afterwards, when I met her in the streets of Smyrna, she thanked me for quieting the vessel; as she verily believed that I had been the cause of its ceasing to roll. I now lay down for a comfortable nap, but at two o'clock was awakened by the captain, who told me that he never allowed Christians, who were cabin passengers, to lie in the open air; he insisted that I should go below to my berth, as he assured me that the night-air in the Gulf was very bad for strangers. I was therefore obliged to descend to my hot quarters; and when I awoke at six in the morning, we were quietly anchored in the harbour of Smyrna, and the greater part of the passengers already ashore.

NEW ZEALAND.

We have on several occasions adverted to our various Australian colonies, with the exception of the new settlement of Port Essington, (which is as yet but an experiment of the advantage likely to be derived from the occupation of ports on the northern shores of the vast island-continent of New Holland,) but we have hitherto left the islands known by the name of New Zealand unnoticed. Their importance, especially as a probable field for colonisation by English emigrants, is so great, and the exertions recently made by the New Zealand Land Company are likely to produce such results, as to excite a great degree of interest concerning them.

This interest may be, and probably is, very great in a purely political point of view, but our regards are chiefly thrown upon those points which more strongly and immediately affect the social relations. The eye of the emigrant now begins to be turned towards the shores of New Zealand, and it is to him that the facts we shall detail, and the observations we shall offer, are more especially addressed.

Emigration is too often looked upon as a panacea for all the troubles which beset poor mortals in the "old countries." No excise, no taxes, no national debt, no poor rates—true; and no rates for police, light, sewers, or pavements. What a weight already taken from our shoulders! Every man, too, shall be a landholder, and shall laugh at the bugbear of a landlord. But farmer-craft, like all other crafts, is not to be learned in a day. The man who all his life has been conversant only with pavements, is not, although he may have read Arthur Young from end to end, qualified for an agriculturist. Nor will he, who has passed his youth in refined society, be easily contented with neighbours whose manners are coarse and homely, and yet are disinclined to render him homage;—nay, who may justly consider themselves his superiors—who think the best use that can be made of his wife's upright piano is to convert it into a convenient cupboard, and that his Long-Acre carriage can be only used as a comfortable hen-house. The mechanic, again, who barely knows oats from barley, or an oak from an ash, when he sees them growing in the field,—whose life has been passed among brick walls,—is scarcely fitted to hew the timbers which are to constitute the future town, where, after all, he will find it very difficult for "two of a trade to agree." Without going the round of all professions, suffice it to remark, before going further, that any man who has it in his power to *live* in England should think at least twice before he leaves his country. Once in a new colony, and we shall be able "to do at least," is the universal cry, and the universal interpretation, at least to self, is, "we shall do very well;" but too frequently the total change of the mode of life, the difficulty of accommodating old habits to new situations, and the disappointment of full-blown schemes of speedy aggrandizement, lead to discontent, and that too frequently to worse evils; till, at last, the settler finds out that, if the same hardships had been submitted to, and the same exertion and providence necessary to get on at all in a new settlement, had been called into play in the old world, he would have been enabled to live, if not more plentifully, more in accordance to his taste there, than in his adopted land, from whence there is seldom a return.

It is far from our desire to discourage emigrants. There are vast numbers who are well fitted for the task which falls to the share of those pioneers of civilisation, but all who would unthinkingly leave their native land we would discourage, and would, by a plain, unvarnished account of what lies before them, give them the means of "well considering the end." With this intention, we purpose to give as perfect an account of the present condition of New Zealand, and of the future prospects of emigrants to that country, as may be sufficient to inform all who have turned their thoughts to that remote land, to form their opinions upon statements unbiassed by any interest, save that of the universal interest of our fellow-creatures.

New Zealand was discovered in 1642 by the celebrated Dutch navigator Tasman; but the intercourse which he attempted with the natives terminated in so disastrous a manner, as to obtain the title of the Bay of Murderers for its scene; and his report of their behaviour gave them, at this outset of communication with Europeans, that bad name, which continued to abide by them until the fearless enterprise of our South-Sea whalers disclosed their real character. A century elapsed after Tasman's visit before a European vessel again touched at New Zealand, when Captain Cook, then making his first voyage in the Endeavour, visited it in 1769. On his first visit he was unable to open a friendly communication with the natives, and, on one occasion, a fatal fray occurred, in which four of the savages lost their lives. The cause of such hostile demonstrations has never been satisfactorily ascertained, but it appeared to have reference to the supposed massacre of the crew of an English vessel, which had, it was believed, visited the islands a few years before Cook. If this were the case, it is easy to understand that the arrival of any other vessel belonging to the same nation must have been viewed by the natives with great suspicion. Cook visited the islands on several subsequent occasions, and was well received. The good understanding between them was in one instance interrupted by an attack on a party belonging to the Adventure, Cook's consort; but this was ascertained to have arisen from a quarrel occasioned by the attempt of one of the sailors to cheat one of the natives out of the property he had brought to barter. In all the various collisions which have taken place between the natives and foreigners, and they have been frequent, it has been found, when the causes have been investigated, that they originated in aggressions made, or offence given, by the visitors, sometimes in ignorance of the construction put upon their conduct, but more frequently in wanton disregard of the feelings of men who were despised, because they were unacquainted with the arts and sciences of Europe; forgetting, or wilfully shutting their eyes to the fact, that the men they insulted were rational beings, possessing their own ideas of right and wrong, and acting up to those ideas with perhaps a more scrupulous fidelity than those who claimed superiority over them.

Two years after Cook's first visit, two French vessels, commanded by M. Marion de Fresne, visited New Zealand, where he was received with the greatest cordiality; a most friendly intercourse sprung up between the natives and their visitors, the former visiting the ships at their pleasure, and the latter rambling about the country without suspicion, and everywhere meeting with the most hospitable reception. Marion was created a chief, and all was upon velvet, when suddenly, after the vessels had been a full month upon the coast, a great change was perceived in the conduct of the natives; they ceased to visit the ships, with the exception of one young man who had conceived a particular friendship for one of the officers; his dejected demeanour made it evident that something evil was in contemplation; but he gave no hint of its nature. Disregarding these indications, Marion, some days after this marked change, went ashore with a party of sixteen men, including four superior officers, for the purpose of having a day's fishing. Night arrived, and they did not return, but this circumstance created no uneasiness on board, it being supposed that they had gone to the house of Tacouri, a friendly chief. In the morning a boat was sent ashore for wood and water, and after having been absent about four hours, the ship's company was surprised at seeing one of their comrades swimming towards them from the shore. He had a fearful tale to narrate. The boat's crew had been received with the usual demonstrations of regard, had commenced collecting wood, and soon became separated from each other, when they were suddenly each assailed by six or eight savages, and butchered. There could now be no doubt as to the fate of their commander, and the sixteen officers and seamen who had gone ashore on the previous day. A party of sixty

wood-cutters were still on shore, who were rescued from their perilous situation by the intrepid conduct of Crozet, the second in command, who went ashore with a sufficient number of well-armed followers, and brought off the wood-cutters and their tools in triumph, drawing a line on the beach, and threatening to shoot the first man who should pass that boundary. The moment the last man had embarked, the natives, who had seated themselves on the beach, ran with wild cries and hurled a flight of javelins and a shower of stones at the French, and set fire to the huts they had erected for the sick. The French poured in a volley of musketry, which did great execution, and enabled them to make good their retreat. They afterwards revenged themselves by burning several of the native houses and destroying their inhabitants, and in the deserted huts they found pieces of human flesh, some of them cooked and marked by the teeth of the savages, too sure proofs of the melancholy fate of their companions. The cause of this massacre was considered inexplicable. "They treated us," says Crozet, "with every show of friendship for thirty-three days, in the intention of eating us on the thirty-fourth:" and thus the New Zealanders were universally accounted a race of treacherous barbarians and cannibals, unworthy of trust or friendship, and rather to be treated as wild beasts than men. But the account of the origin of this affair, given by one who had been engaged in it to Mr. Earle*, who visited and resided in the country in 1827, is very different, and although varying in some of the particulars from the French account, (which is not unnatural in a narrative of events of so distant a date, given from memory,) serves to show that the catastrophe was brought on by the obstinacy of the French, in persisting to offend the natives in a point connected with their most venerated institution.

Mr. Earle tells us that his friend George, a chief residing at the Bay of Islands, "recollected perfectly the French navigator Marion, and made one of the party that murdered him and his people. His observation was, 'They were all brave men, but they were all killed and eaten!'

"He assured us that the catastrophe was quite unpremeditated. Marion's entire ignorance of the customs of the New Zealanders occasioned that distressing event: as I have before observed, that strangers, not acquainted with their religious prejudices, are likely to commit some fatal error; and no action is more likely to lead a party into danger than an incautious use of the seine; for most of the beaches (best suited for that purpose) are tabooed †. This led to the dreadful fate of Marion and his party. I understood, from George, that when Marion's men assembled to trail their net on the sacred beach, the natives used every kind of intreaty and remonstrance to induce them to forbear; but either from ignorance or obstinacy, they persisted in their intentions, and drew their net to land.

"The natives, greatly incensed by this act of impiety, vowed revenge; and the suspicions of the French not being roused, an opportunity soon presented itself of taking ample retaliation. The seine being very heavy, the French required the assistance of the natives in drawing it on shore. These wily fellows instantly consented to the task, and placed themselves alternately between each Frenchman, apparently to equalize the work. Consequently, in the act of pulling, each native had a white man before him; and on an appointed signal, the brains of each European were knocked out by a tremendous blow of the stone hatchet.

"Captain Marion, who, from his ship, was an eye-witness of their horrid murders, instantly hastened on shore with the remainder of his crew to avenge the slaughter of his countrymen. Led on more by ardour than prudence, he suffered himself to be surrounded, was overpowered by numbers, defeated, and every one was put to death."

The catastrophe of the ship Boyd, whose crew were to a man massacred (a woman, two children, and a boy, alone being spared), which occurred in 1809, renewed all the apprehensions entertained of the savage character of the New Zealanders, and for a time put a stop to the exertions of the missionaries who were preparing to take steps for the establishment of a colony. But this, as in the case of Marion, has been traced to the conduct of the visitors, and making allowance for the manners of a warlike, high-spirited, but uncivilized people, we may exonerate them from blame in this transaction.

Captain Thompson, the master of the Boyd, brought with him a native chief, named Philip, whom he took on board at Sydney. He insisted that this man, who in his own country possessed rank and consequence, and who deserved to be treated at least with courtesy, should perform the most menial offices on board the vessel, and, on his refusal, tied him up and flogged him like a common sailor. When he reached his native shore, can we wonder that the exasperated and outraged chief should urge his friends to take a terrible revenge? "George," says Mr. Earle, "laid the blame entirely on the English, and spoke with great bitterness of the ill treatment of Philip. He described, and mimicked his cleaning shoes and knives; his being flogged when he refused to do this degrading work; and finally, his speech to his countrymen when he came on shore, soliciting their assistance in capturing the vessel, and revenging his ill treatment. Over and over again our friend George, having worked up his passion by a full recollection of the subject, went through the whole tragedy. The scene thus portrayed was interesting, although horrible. No actor, trained in the strictest rules of his art, could compete with George's vehemence of action. The flexibility of his features enabled him to vary the expression of each passion; and he represented hatred, anger, horror, and the imploring of mercy so ably, that, in short, one would have imagined he had spent his whole life in practising the art of imitation."

The colonisation of New Zealand may be dated from the establishment of a settlement by the Church Missionary Society in 1814. When it was found that the natives not only permitted these settlers to live in perfect security, but even treated them kindly, the dread of the natives began to subside, and other emigrants quickly followed. The South Sea whalers, who are never to be deterred by fancied fears, were among the first to open up the resources of New Zealand. They found that such excellent harbours as surround the coasts were very convenient for obtaining supplies of wood and water, and, after pigs had been introduced by the settlers, of provisions. They found that New Zealand flax made excellent whale-lines‡, and were not slow in discovering the natural bent of the natives to a seafaring life; and at this moment many of them are serving on board our vessels, some in offices of trust; and did the regulation of our marine permit it, English vessels might be navigated by New Zealand commanders.

The rapid increase of European intercourse with New Zealand led to the formation of a Company for its colonisation as early as 1825, who purchased land, and obtained a promise of a charter of incorporation; "but it unfortunately happened that this agent, mistaking a war dance, which was got up in compliment to him, for one intended as the prelude to his destruction, was so affrighted that he made the best of his way from the country. The abandonment of the enterprise by their agent, and the unusually depressed state of the money market, in the year 1826, discouraged the company from prosecuting their design, upon which they had expended £20,000 §."

The want of any sufficient authority to control the European part of the population has hitherto been a great check upon the exertions of honest settlers, while the incursions of runaway sailors and escaped convicts from Sydney have been facilitated and almost encouraged. The country has been inundated by a torrent of desperadoes, who, though justly held in contempt by the natives, still do incalculable mischief. Such a state of affairs has made it a difficult task for the missionaries so to conduct themselves as to avoid the appearance of encouraging the excesses of their countrymen; and from this cause they may have been led to perhaps the extreme of caution in their intercourse with Europeans. Their situation at length became so difficult, and the want of a sufficient power to control the settlers became so evident, that the governor of Sydney, in concurrence with the Home Government, appointed a consul "accredited to the missionaries at the Bay of Islands." This, to say the least of it, was placing the missionaries in a false position, for they were not the representatives of any government, nor were they possessed of any authority. It was one

* Earle's Narrative of a Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand in 1827.

† The ceremony of the taboo is common in most of the Islands of the South Sea. Its exact nature does not appear to be precisely understood, but it is considered as a religious ceremony, which renders the object sacred. Thus when a New Zealander has planted his ground, he procures it to be tabooed by the proper official, who does not appear to bear the character of a priest or holy man, and it is then death to trample over or disturb any part of this consecrated ground. Again, when a New Zealander sells any portion of his land, the contract is completed by tabooing (or *tapuing*, as the word is sometimes written) it "*to the purchaser*," as it has been expressed by those who have given evidence on this subject before the Parliamentary Committee appointed to receive evidence relative to New Zealand; by which it is rendered sacred against all except the purchaser; religious ceremonies being thus called in to give greater solemnity to civil contracts.

‡ See Mr. Enderby's evidence before the Parliamentary Committee.

§ Walton's Twelve Months' Residence in New Zealand.

of those half measures which must always be inefficacious. The consul has done what he could, but, being completely crippled from the want of proper support, his exertions have been of little avail.

Mr. Walton, a gentleman who spent twelve months in New Zealand, has published a pamphlet comprising in a very small space a mass of useful information regarding that country; and from his work we transcribe the following particulars respecting the formation of the New Zealand Land Company—a body whose proceedings are now looked upon with much interest, and who, although as yet but a private association, will, in all probability, be very shortly armed with that legal authority, without which their efforts must be comparatively useless:—

"After various discouragements and difficulties, which had well nigh extinguished every hope for the regeneration of New Zealand, the cause again lifted up its head, and on the 2nd of May, 1839, the New Zealand Land Company, comprehending all the preceding societies, was introduced to the public through the unwearying exertions of Mr. Wakefield. The names of the directors of this company, at the head of which stands that of Earl Durham, are a sufficient guarantee for the honour and rectitude of their proceedings. Shares to the amount of 100,000*l.* have been subscribed for, and the sum of 100,000*l.* was paid within five weeks for as many acres of land within a township, the locality of which is not yet fixed upon. Two vessels have been sent to New Zealand; one with the company's principal agent, Col. Wakefield; the other with the surveyor-general, Lieut. Smith, and a surveying force of thirty individuals. A large body of emigrants from England and Scotland are preparing to sail in the course of the present month, October[last], and along with them everything is to be embarked that can in any way contribute to the advancement of the great design, the preparations for which include a church, an infant school, accessible to the children of the natives, as well as to those of the colonists, a public library, a dispensary, a bank, together with a large amount of capital, invested in machinery, mills, steam-engines, agricultural implements, the frame-work of houses, and property of various kinds. With the first colony there will go out more than 160 cabin passengers, and 3,500 persons of the working classes, all conveyed free of expense, by means of the purchase-money of the land. Five large vessels, upwards of 500 tons each, are nearly ready to sail; others will follow in regular succession, and the whole will rendezvous at Port Hardy, in D'Urville island, Cook's Straits, it is expected, by about the end of January."

In a future number we shall pursue this subject, glancing at the geographical position of this fine country, its natural productions, the present state of agriculture, and other particulars useful or interesting to the emigrant.

BYRON'S LAST WORDS.

BY ANDREW PARK.

On a far distant shore, where no loved one was nigh,
To weep o'er his woes, or to kindly condole,
Lay he who had blazed like a comet on high,
And brighten'd an empire with beams of his soul!
How hopeless, how cheerless, creeps life's ebbing tide,
When sadly bereft of its kindred tear;
And how wildly was bursting that bosom of pride,
When he cried—"My child, Ada, O would you were here!"

He had parted, half frantic, with friendship and home,
Despair and disdain stung his sensitive breast,
And he long'd like a rudderless vessel to roam,
Which spurning the land, lets the wind do the rest.
Yet 'midst all this apathy bound round his heart,
There still lived a blossom he clung to sincere,
And louder he cried, ere his soul did depart,
"My sorrows were less if my Ada were here!

He died—and the Grecian bent low to the earth,
A nation of strangers thus honour'd his name,
And put a full pause to their commerce and mirth,
With hearts overawed by his greatness and fame!
Yet ere the sad soul left its prison of clay;
Ere the silver strings broke, and the last throb was o'er,
Again he exclaim'd, in a voice of dismay,
"My Ada—alas! shall I see thee no more?"

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

The following very interesting information concerning the singular people called Yezídis, who inhabit the Sinjár Hills in Kurdistan, is extracted from a paper by Frederick Forbes, Esq., M.A., of the Bombay Medical Staff, published in the last Number of the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society; one of the most useful, and even entertaining, periodicals of the day. Although many are deterred by the title, and imagine that little but dry detail can be contained in the pages of such a Journal, yet accounts of many important journeys are there to be found, given with a freshness which is sometimes wanting when the traveller sits down "to write a book."

"There seems to be no doubt that the Yezídís derive their origin and name from Yezíd, the son of Mo'áwíyah, the destroyer of the race of Alí; although it is said by some that they are descended from a saint or holy man, named Yezíd, who lived about the same time. I have been unable to discover the meaning or derivation of the word Dásiní or Duwásín, generally used as a common name for all classes of Yezídís. Besides those of Sinjár, or the Sinjárlís, there are great numbers of them in Kurdistán and near Mósul, especially in the districts of Júlámerk, 'Amádíyah, Jezírah Ibn Omar, and Zákhó; a good many are also found in the north-east parts of the páshálik of Diyár Bekr. Those who inhabit 'Amádíyah are considered as the most noble, and are called Sheikh-Khánli: their chief is guardian of the tomb of Sheikh 'Adí. The Sinjarlís have always been the most powerful tribe, and it is probable that they originally dwelt in Babylonia and Assyria; but being held in detestation by the Persians, on account of the destruction of the house of 'Ali by Yezid, and also detested by the Arabs as worshippers of the devil, they were driven into the strong and isolated hills of Sinjar, and the rugged mountains and defiles of Kurdistan.

"The religion of the Yezidis, according to their own account, is a strange mixture of worship of the devil with the doctrine of the Magians, Mohammedans, and Christians; but among the inhabitants of Sinjar, religion, or religious ceremonies of any kind, appear to be merely nominal, and never practised, at least as far as I could see or learn. As reading or writing is quite unknown among them, and in a manner prohibited, their religion is only preserved by tradition, which varies among the different tribes, and affords very incorrect notions as to their creed. Their greatest saint and patron is Sheikh 'Adi, who is supposed to have flourished about 500 years ago, and who is said to have written a sacred book, called 'Aswad,' or 'The Black,' containing their laws and precepts; but as none of their divines can read, and as the book has never been seen by any one, it is probable that they have invented this lie for the honour of their religion; since one cause of the great contempt in which they are held by Mohammedans is their want of any written law. The first and most important principles of the Yezidis are, to propitiate the devil and secure his favour, and to support and defend themselves by the sword. They reject prayers and fasts, as Sheikh Yezid has obtained indulgences for them all, even to the end of the world; of which they were positively assured by Sheikh 'Adi. They consider the devil as the chief agent in executing the will of God, and reverence Moses, Christ, and Mohammed, as well as the saints and prophets held in veneration by Christians and Mussulmans; believing that all these were more or less perfect incarnations of Satan. They adore the sun, as symbolical of Jesus Christ. They believe that there is an intermediate state of the soul after death, more or less happy according to the actions of the deceased during life; and that they will enter heaven at the last day with arms in their hands. They acknowledge as their head, and as the mediator in their quarrels, the guardian of the tomb of Sheikh 'Adi, in the territory of the chief of 'Amadiyah. This sheikh must be of the race of Yezid; he receives a portion of all their plunder, and has, as an assessor or adviser, another called Sheikh Kuchuk—i. e. the Little Sheikh,

who is said to receive the direct revelations of the devil, and, on payment of a sum of money, delivers his oracular counsel to those who consult him, after a pretended sleep, with sometimes a delay of two or three nights: he is held in great estimation, and his orders are strictly followed.

"The Yezidis who inhabit Kurdistan and the country to the east of the Tigris practise various religious observances, of which the following are the most common:—On the tenth day of the moon, in the month of August, they hold a meeting at the tomb of Sheikh 'Adi, which lasts a day and a night, and at which all the married women and men assemble. Near Ba'ashekhah, which contains seventy houses of Yezidis, forty of Mohammedans, and thirty of Christians, is a fountain where they offer sacrifices of sheep and goats, and hold festivals four times a year in honour of the devil. At the village of Sheikh 'Adi is the figure of a peacock in brass, called 'Melik Taus,' (King Peacock,) which is venerated as the emblem or representative of David and Solomon, to whom they offer sacrifices, and of whom there are images near the Melik Taus. The Sinjarlis are not circumcised, but the Yezidis of Kurdistan are said to practise circumcision on the eighth day after birth. The children are baptised when six or seven years old, but no prayers are used on that occasion. They have no fixed time or place for prayer or worship; they occasionally visit the Christian churches and monasteries, and present offerings there on account of recovery from sickness, or escape from danger; they also kiss the superior's hand.

"The teachers, or sheikhs, have great influence, and pretend to insure the admission of a soul into heaven, by a number of ridiculous ceremonies performed over the corpse. It is first placed on its feet; they then touch the neck and shoulders, and, with their palm stretched out, strike the right palm of the dead body, saying at the same time, 'Ará behesht,'—i. e. Away to Paradise! The sheikhs also pretend to cure the sick by imposition of hands. It is considered a great thing to obtain for a winding-sheet one of the old shirts or dresses of the guardian of 'Adi's tomb. This, they believe, insures them a good place in the other world. They give large sums of money for these shirts, or even pieces of them; and the sheikh sometimes presents one to a particular friend, as the greatest favour he can bestow. The spiritual directors are much respected by all classes of the people, who, when they meet them, kiss their right hand. They are distinguished, for the most part, by wearing a white turban and a black woollen cloak. The families of the holy men only intermarry with each other.

"The Yezidis have, like all other barbarous tribes, many superstitious observances, some of which are peculiar to themselves. From the reverence paid to the evil spirit, they do not use, in naming him, any of the common epithets, as these are all, more or less, expressive of horror, contempt, or abomination: nor will they suffer them to be used in their presence. This is particularly the case with regard to the word Sheitan, and all other words resembling it in sound, as Shatt, a river. Instead of using the word Sheitan, they designate the devil as Sheikh Ma'azen—i. e. the Exalted Doctor, or Chief; and in place of Shatt, they use the common Kurdish word Avé (Ab), or the Arabic Ma, signifying water. Speaking of the Euphrates, they term it Avé Ma'azen, or Ma al Kebir—i. e. the Great Water, or simply El Forat; Ma'azen being a corruption of the Arabic Mo'azzem. As the word La'net is often applied by Mohammedans to the devil—a common expression of the Persian, on meeting a Yezidi, being 'La'net bih Sheitan,' or 'Curses on the devil'—the Yezidis never use any word which consists of the same letters—as Na'l (a horse-shoe), or Na'lbend (a farrier). It is considered by them a great insult to spit in their presence, or to spit into the fire. They use nearly the same oaths as the Turks, Christians, and Jews indiscriminately; but that which to them is most binding is to swear by the standard of Yezid. They used formerly to dress in blue, but it is now considered an unlucky colour, and white only is worn.

"The domestic manners of the Yezidis, and their customs in general, are very simple. Both men and women are of middle size, and have a clear complexion, with regular features and black eyes and hair; their limbs being spare, muscular, and well proportioned. The hair is worn long, and the beard and whiskers kept close shorn; but they are prohibited from cutting or dressing their mustachios. The dress of the men consists of a long white cotton gown and cotton drawers, a leathern girdle, a camel's-hair skull-cap, with a piece of black or checked cotton tied round it, and sandals of raw hide. The women wear a long white cotton gown, with very long wide sleeves, which are thrown back over the shoulders, and tied round the waist: over this is put a strange-looking garment of black woollen, or sometimes of parti-coloured stuff. This covers the back part of the chest, and descends in two long narrow stripes or tails nearly to the ground; two narrow bands also come from behind forwards, and are fastened round the waist like a girdle. A quantity of white cotton cloth is rolled round the head in the shape of a pointed hood, and tied under the chin. The women do not, like the Mohammedans, conceal their faces, but go about their household concerns, and mix with the men as in European countries. This, however, is commonly done throughout Mesopotamia and Asia Minor, except in large cities. The houses of the Sinjarlis are generally low, with flat roofs, around the edges of which is piled, in the form of a parapet, their stock of firewood, withered leaves, and branches for heating their ovens. Their houses are very clean and comfortable, but awkwardly built of rough stone and mortar, neatly whitewashed on the inside; and the flat clay roofs are supported by pillars made of fig-trees. The walls of the apartments are full of small recesses like pigeon-holes, of every variety of shape, which are used for storing various small articles, and are at the same time ornamental. The floors are well made of stiff clay, with one or more basin-shaped cavities in them, to be used as hearths. The houses are generally very large, and are what may be called double; they often contain the whole family, from the great-grandfather down to the youngest descendant, with all their wives and children.

"The chief articles of food used by all classes of the people are barley-bread, onions, and figs, or grapes, either fresh or dried, according to the season: wheaten bread is very rarely seen. The bread is slightly leavened, and baked in ovens shaped like large earthen jars, which are heated by burning in them a quantity of fig-leaves and twigs, dried grass, or any other combustible. Their cakes are slightly wetted on one side, and stuck against the inner surface of the oven till sufficiently toasted. A very good and palatable broth is made of shelled wheat, a small kind of pulse called 'Adis*, and the seeds of the sour pomegranate. Wheat, coarsely bruised, is boiled with butter and spices, and eaten in the same manner as rice: this dish is called 'Burghúl,' and is very common throughout Asia Minor and Kurdistan. Dried figs, stewed with 'Róghan,' or clarified butter, and onions, is a very favourite dish; it is also made with oil or sheep's fat. Several kinds of inspissated syrup are made from grapes and figs, and eaten along with bread. This syrup, as well as that made from the date, is called 'Dibs,' and with it a tough sweetmeat is made by adding barley-flour, and boiling it up; it is then rolled out quite thin. It is called 'Zinj al faras,' or 'Jild al faras,'—i. e. horse's hide, which it very much resembles in appearance. Animal food is very little used, owing to the scarcity of it: a camel is killed now and then in a village by one of the inhabitants in his turn, and distributed among the rest. Acorns† are eaten by those who live in the western end of the hills, but only in times of scarcity. Like Jews and Mohammedans, they do not eat pork; but they freely eat the blood of sheep, goats, cows, and other animals. Of vegetables they appear to have none but the pumpkin, which they eat stewed with meat. They are passionately fond of tobacco, to obtain which they will part with anything. No kind of wine or spirituous liquor is drunk by them; their only beverage, besides pure water, being pomegranate sherbet, and a sweet drink made by infusing dried figs in boiling water. The men and women eat separately, the latter always in private. The character of the Yezidis is rather superior to that of their neighbours of Mesopotamia. They are brave, hospitable, and sober, faithful to their promise, and much attached to their native soil; but at the same time cruel and vindictive, considering their proper means of support to be robbery and theft; and they treat with great ferocity any unfortunate Mohammedans who fall into their power, especially Persians. They differ from the surrounding tribes in not being polygamists; they take only one wife, and generally marry at the age of sixteen or seventeen. All the different tribes of Kurdistan and Sinjar intermarry with each other."

* Lentils, Ervum lens.

† Probably the sweet acorns of the Quercus balota, so called by the Spaniards, from the Arabic word Ballút, an acorn.



OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

JUST as this Number is passing into the hands of our readers, the UNIVERSAL PENNY POSTAGE comes into operation. Hail the boon, kind reader, and, above all, make use, and a good use, of the great privilege. The remotest dwellers in the British isles may communicate with one another, and with us, *for a penny!* There will, at first, be difficulties, and obstacles, and complaints:—some people will not take the trouble to understand what they should do, in sending their letters; some postmen *may* be impatient or impertinent, and, in the hurry of their proceedings, throw letters over counters, or shove them under doors, so that they will run chances of being trampled on, or even lost; and a great cry will sound out for a time about the great loss to the revenue! As to the minor difficulties, they will soon be obviated, *if* people will take a little trouble, and *if* the authorities of the Post Office are honestly vigilant, and determined to check instances of carelessness or impertinence. Some postmen may imagine, that because they do not receive money for letters, that therefore letters are not of so much value or consequence now! This idea must be knocked on the head; and if the Post-Office authorities are resolute, the complaints on the score of carelessness in delivering letters will not be numerous.

As to the deficiency in the revenue, never mind that! The government of this country is now acting on the principle, that the Post Office—that "great engine" of civilisation—is no longer to be a source of revenue, but the creature and servant of the poorest person in the country who can handle a pen. An unjustly-used privilege has now been abolished, namely, the privilege of "franking," by which those who could not obtain the favour of a frank were obliged to help to pay for the letters of those who *could*. The letters of all parties now enter the Post Office on the same footing: the Mail flies now literally for *all*. This, then, is an advance in our SOCIAL CONDITION; and laughable as some people may think it to be, that the letters of a schoolboy, a boarding-school miss, or an apple-woman (if she can write), are as important in the Post Office as the letters of a busy and bustling M. P.—it is "great, glorious, and *free*!"

"Let those now write who never wrote before!"

The following letter from a lady correspondent may, we think, fairly claim "place and precedence" in our "Letter-Box" for this week:—

"TO THE EDITOR.

"Sir,—I hope you will excuse the liberty I now take in writing to you, for it is on a matter of some importance to me; and as you have kindly offered to give advice in your Letter-Box, I shall be very much obliged by receiving the opinion of one whom I regard as an intelligent gentleman.

"My story is this. My parents, who are now, I trust, in another and a better world, had a very excellent business in the shop-way, in a provincial town; and though there was a large family of us, we were in very comfortable circumstances. Our family was an affectionate one; and I, being the youngest, was as much petted by my brothers and sisters as I was by my parents. I not only received an excellent education for my rank in life, but I was never suffered to touch any household work; and being fond of reading, was foolishly looked upon as a little family genius, because I could scribble some rhymes and chatter indifferent French.

"Well, father and mother died within a short period of each other, and that was a sad time for us all. My elder brother took the shop, and acted as a parent, but gradually the family began to disperse; and when my brother married, I imagined (without any real reason, for my sister-in-law is a very good creature) that I was in the way at home. I married at the age of nineteen; and my husband, who is three years older than myself, commenced business with 200*l*. of his own, and 150*l*. which my brother paid me, under father's will. But things went against us; we had a bad failure; and my husband, who did not like to remain in our native town, brought us all up to London. I have now five children, and am yet but a young woman. We have been struggling, ever since we came here, to try and better ourselves; but what can we do? My husband was a long time out of a situation; the one he has now is a very uncertain one, and only brings us in twenty-five shillings a week; and what is that to feed and clothe seven of us, not to speak of education at present, for I am trying to give my children the elements of education myself?

"My husband says he sees no chance of our being better, but rather worse in London, and our family will soon be growing up about us, without our being able to provide for them as our feelings and taste incline us. He wishes to emigrate, but does not know where to go. In truth, we have not a penny one week over another, and never keep out of being in debt, especially to the baker. My husband applied to the commissioners for South Australia, and was kindly advised by Mr. Rowland Hill, who offered to get us out free, and also said he would try to get my husband appointed teacher to the children of the other passengers, and that he might thus earn 20*l*. on the voyage. But still we are afraid to go, for we ask ourselves what we are to do *after* we get there. My husband is not a farmer, nor a grazier, nor a mechanic; we have no capital to commence any kind of business; and I would not like to run the chance of seeing him degraded into a common labourer, for which, indeed, his bodily strength would not fit him. What would you advise us to do? We are pinched and disheartened in London, but might we not be starved in South Australia? I am, sir, yours respectfully,

ISABELLA W."

We have been so much interested in the statement of our correspondent, that we have entered into a supposable calculation of the manner in which she lays out her "twenty-five shillings a week," in order to see how she and her family contrive to live. We rely on the assistance of a grave matron, not unused to enter "the huts where poor men lie," and we think the following tolerably near the truth:—

	Per Week. s.	d.
Seven persons, five of them children, will eat per day a quartern and a half of bread, or say for bread per week	7	0
Flour for puddings	1	0
Butcher meat, very sparingly used	3	0
Potatoes	1	6
Tea, sugar, butter, and milk	3	0
Coals and candles, average	2	6
Beer, one pint for supper, 2*d*.—not only indispensable, according to London usage, but needful to the mother, if she has a young infant	1	2
Soap, and other little matters	1	6
Room-rent	5	0
	£1 5	2

Here is the man's wages consumed in *barely* living; what the family do for CLOTHES, and how they provide for SICKNESS, is rather beyond our comprehension. We presume that the husband is a shopman, or something of that sort: he must, therefore, be decently clothed; while the mother, with the claims on her time and attention with a young family, cannot for a moment be considered as having any power to add to the family income. We can, therefore, well believe her when she says, that they are "pinched and disheartened in London." But we shrink from saying whether or not they would run a risk of being "starved in South Australia." The matter of emigration is as much a personal matter as is the matter of a man's belief; not only must the individual decide for himself, but take the responsibility and the consequences on himself. Even if we knew the parties personally and intimately, it would be a difficult thing to advise them. Our correspondent's husband appears to belong to a class, who, however desirable it would be for them to emigrate, if they could do so with advantage, yet run the greatest risks in emigration. By emigrating, they pass from all the multiplied and subdivided conveniences and accommodations of such a city as London, to a rude and rough state of things, where hardiness, activity, and the adroit employment of head, hands, and feet, are essential to success. If the individual, however sober, steady, and willing, has yet been used only to serve over a shop counter, and instead of being of an active, pliable, "turn-about" spirit, is rather of a quiet, passive disposition, we should dread the results of his removal, unless he fell into good hands, who could direct and employ him.

One of the advantages expected to result from the working out of the princi-

ples on which the colony of South Australia has been, or is supposed to be, founded, was, that it would speedily produce a state of society similar to that in the parent country; and that, therefore, all classes, not only "farmers, graziers, and mechanics," but clerks, shopmen, &c. might find a place for their services, and places for themselves. But we fear this result can only be arrived at very slowly. Mr. Mann, in his "Australian Provinces," mentions that at Adelaide he entered into conversation with a woman "who had been employed in London as a sempstress; that her husband (who was a boot-closer) had gone out to try to get some work as a day-labourer, which, she said, he did not understand; and exclaimed, with a sigh, that London folk had no business there."

We should say, that Sydney would be a far better place than Adelaide for our correspondent and her husband, if they should make up their minds to emigrate. Personal and individual instances of success or failure prove little, unless they could be shown to be applicable to the cases under consideration: still, we cannot resist mentioning, that it has lately come to our personal knowledge, that a young man, who was sent out about three or four years ago by Mr. Tegg, the bookseller, to Sydney, is now doing extremely well. He was sent out *free*, on condition (besides receiving good wages) of remaining a year in the employment, or else forfeiting 20*l*., as a return for the passage money. He fulfilled his year, got another engagement, with higher wages, has saved money, bought a share in a coasting vessel, and is altogether getting on remarkably well. Sydney is not a first-rate place to emigrate to, either as to situation or morals: but people who wish to "strive and thrive" must not be too fastidious.

W., BRIXTON, makes inquiry respecting what he terms "the New Chronology," adopted in the "Pictorial History of Palestine." The same chronology has been adopted in the little work on "Egypt," recently published by Mr. Smith; it is adopted from Dr. William Hales's "New Analysis of Chronology, in which an attempt is made to explain the History and Antiquities of the Primitive Nations of the World, and the Prophecies relating to them." We refer W. to a short article in the present Number, entitled "The Age of the World," in which we have endeavoured briefly to show on what grounds the "new chronology" rests. We can assure W. that we also read the "Pictorial History of Palestine," and that if we are to judge what the character of the entire work will be, from the portion already published, we do most conscientiously think, that for extensive research, thoughtful consideration, and original view, it will be one of the most valuable works in the English language, on its particular though comprehensive subject.

INQUIRER informs us, that, "reading something or other, (I forget what,) a considerable time ago, I met with the term 'Sybarite;' and though, in the sense in which it was used, I distinctly understood it to mean an effeminate and luxurious person, I was yet anxious to know the origin of it. Walker's Dictionary was the only means of reference I had at hand, and I there found the following:—'Sybarite, an inhabitant of Sybaris, a once-powerful city of Calabria, whose inhabitants were proverbially effeminate and luxurious: one of whom is said to have been unable to sleep all night, because the bed of roses on which he lay had one of its leaves doubled under him.' The matter was revived in my mind lately, by finding that Sybaris formed one of the cities of Magna Græcia. It struck me at the moment that it was as absurd to call Greek colonies Magna Græcia as it would be to call Australia, Magna Britannia: but I shall be obliged by receiving information and an opinion from you."

If Australia should ever be covered by a numerous population descended from British settlers, and its surface spotted over with flourishing cities, the time *may* arrive when, by contrast with the "tight little island," it may be fitly termed Magna Britannia, or Great Britain, and the term "Little Britain," instead of being confined to a small portion of London, may be applied to the British isles. But the United States presents a far more appropriate parallel. If that great country should continue for a long period to grow as it has done, then, indeed, our children's children may see a vast Magna Britannia. The term "Magna Græcia" was very fitly applied to the Greek colonies in Italy: for though the extent of country to which the term was applicable is not exactly known, it is certain that it contained many cities far exceeding in population those in the parent country, Greece. Sybaris was one of those cities, and the head of a state, or republic, which must have been very flourishing to have given origin to the exaggerated accounts of its opulence and luxuriousness. Vapour baths, for instance, are said to have been invented by the Sybarites; and the citizens are reported to have taken such good care of themselves, that when they retired from the town to their country villas, the road was covered by an awning! Sybaris was completely destroyed, about 500 B.C., in a war with the inhabitants of Croton, the name of another of the cities of Magna Græcia

A. D. inquires about the authorship of Gil Blas. He says—"The title-page of recent editions of Gil Blas printed in Spain usually runs thus:—'Aventuras de Gil Blas de Santillana, robadas á Espana, y, adoptadas en Francia por M. Lesage; restituidas á su patria y á su lengua nativa, por un Espanol zeloso que no sufre se burlen de su nacion;' which, in English, may be thus rendered:—Adventures of Gil Blas de Santillana, stolen from Spain, and claimed as his own in France, by M. Lesage; now restored to the country and tongue wherein it was originally written, by a Spaniard zealous of the honour of his native country.

"*Query ?*—Who is the real author of Gil Blas, or what grounds are there for the above assertion of the work being Spanish, and not the production of Lesage?"

There are two distinct charges against Lesage.

1. Voltaire asserted that Gil Blas was entirely translated from the Spanish of Vincent Espinel, "Memoirs of the Life of Don Marc de Obregon." It is admitted that Lesage has borrowed a few passages from the book, but nothing more; the structure of the story, the incidents, the characters, the diction, every thing worth having, is Lesage's own.

2. Father Isla, a jesuit, published at Madrid, in 1805, a work which he called "Gil Blas Restored to his Country, by a Spaniard," which is a translation of Lesage's Gil Blas into Spanish, and is probably the work inquired about by our correspondent. Isla says that Gil Blas was written in Spanish in 1635, by a Spaniard; that the Spanish government prohibited the printing of the work, and seized the MS.; that the author, however, contrived to make a copy of the work, and fled with it to France; that this copy fell into the hands of Lesage, and that he translated it, extending the incidents a little, and so forth; and that the MS. is still in the Escurial. If so, and the Spaniards are so anxious to have the honour of the work, why don't they publish it?

Both charges cannot be true.

Lesage seems to have become acquainted with Spanish literature early in life. His first appearance before the Parisian public was as a translator, or rather imitator of Spanish plays. His "Diable Boiteux," which appeared in 1707, is confessedly founded on "El Diablo Cojuelo" of Guevara; but in this case, as in the other, every thing worth claiming seems to be the work of the Frenchman. Gil Blas was first published in 1715, eight years after the Devil on Two Sticks, in 2 vols., and the 3rd vol. was not published till 1724.

Milton, Shakspeare, Molière, and *Lesage*, were all of them given to stealing —in fact, unblushing thieves; but they stole *lead*, and turned it into GOLD.

SOCIUS informs us, "I am one of a committee about to establish an institution at Lambeth, to be called the 'Mutual Instruction Society.' It is our intention to have a meeting for discussion on one evening in the week, and for delivering a lecture on another evening, for which we have solicited and obtained promises of assistance from several gentlemen of talent, and have thus nearly filled up our first quarter's syllabus. I feel convinced that it would not be trespassing to request the suggestion of a few topics for discussion, such as, in your opinion, may most conduce to the acquisition of useful knowledge.

"We desire to accomplish our plan of mutual instruction, with more of an inquiring, and less of a controversial spirit than usually characterises debating societies, and any hints you may throw out on the subject will be duly appreciated. I would be glad to receive suggestions from any of your readers who would interest themselves in the subject."

We will very willingly take up the subject which SOCIUS suggests to us, if we are aided by others. We would be obliged by members of mutual instruction societies and debating clubs taking the trouble to inform us of their existence, on what plan they conduct their proceedings, what objects they have in view, and what benefits they think they derive from their associations.

All Letters intended to be answered in the LITERARY LETTER-BOX are to be addressed to "THE EDITOR of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL," and delivered FREE, at 113, Fleet-street.

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POLITICS AND POLITICIANS.

THERE was once a time when the gigantic machinery of modernised London daily papers was as much a theme for an oratorical eulogist, as the wonders of steam navigation or the marvels of railroads. That is over now—we have got used to it; and the merchants in the city, looking out eagerly for their morning dish of money articles and mercantile news, would no more tolerate the breaking down of a printing-machine, or the illness of an editor, than they can pardon the Great Western or the British Queen for presuming to overstay a couple of days. It is all now a matter of course; couriers must run, packets rush, reporters fly, and astronomers poke the sky with their telescopes for bran-new comets, to gratify the daily readers of the broad-sheet; and he who can afford to pay his newsman a penny for an hour's reading, returns the paper with a cross face and a querulous growl, unless every morning he has news from all quarters of the earth.

But it is not sufficiently considered what a demand on a man's MIND is made by this daily distribution of intelligence. He who, being an ordinary man, and mixing with ordinary men, can take up his daily paper, and read it all easily, with understanding, must have no small amount of *facts* stored up in his memory, all ticketed and ready for instantaneous use. Not only must he have hold of a number of general principles, but he must have a facility in dealing with a vast amount of particular details. Thus, as to principles, he must have a smattering of political economy, or how can he understand discussions on corn and currency; a touch of moral philosophy, or how can he weigh arguments for and against the ballot; some idea of constitutional history and privilege, or how can he form an opinion of his own, as between the Queen's Bench and the House of Commons; some notion of law, to relish a matter of damages; some knowledge of trade, to discern between bankruptcy and insolvency; to which join a Gibbon-like grasp of general history, a bird's-eye view of the globe, and no small stock of biography, geology, and the "universal circle" of the arts and sciences.

Then, as to particular details—but we tremble to begin! At sight of that *presto* word "Funds," one must skip from Threadneedle-street and Capel-court to the Bourse and Tortoni's; must understand, from a casual phrase, that the feast of the Bairam succeeds the fast of Ramazan, as the Roman carnival precedes Lent, or our Easter follows it; must be able, without the slightest exertion, to dart up the Elbe, and do business in busy Hamburg; and then cross the Atlantic, and return with a summary of the President's message, and a guess as to the time when banks are to resume specie payments; must trot, with Mr. Waghorn, to Marseilles, steam it to Alexandria, visit Cairo, pay our compliments to shrewd old Mohammed Ali, thinking, meanwhile, that his clever son, Ibrahim, threatens the "integrity" of the Ottoman empire, that Sultan Mahmoud is dead, that his successor is a youth, that the allied powers are in a flutter about the "balance of power," and that the emperor Nicholas is ambitious, restless, and ill; and having, during our cogitations, arrived at Suez, steam it down the Red Sea, and away to India! No time, either, to rest in Calcutta. Lord Auckland floats us over sacred Benares, shows us, in the distance, the king of Oude and Lucknow, permits us scarcely a brief moment to meditate on the Great Mogul at Delhi, gives us the history of that dextrous and daring adventurer, the late Rajah Runjeet Singh, as we pass over the domes and minarets of Lahore, and then, making us thread the defiles of Affghanistan, sets us down at the shattered gate of Ghiznee. Here we may go back eight centuries, and read about Mahmud, the founder of the Gasnevide dynasty, and the ravager of Hindustan; or else off to the Indus, and in descending it, chatter about Alexander the Great and the voyage of Nearchus.

But this is mere trifling, and time is precious. Ascend the Canton river, for Commissioner Lin is drowning the spirit of opium in his imperial tank. Float over Japan, and glance at the south seas, as we pass on to the western shores of America. Stem the Colombia river, cross the Rocky Mountains, listen to the grunt of the grisly bear, or the roar of the bison, draw a line between the Hudson's Bay and the United States fur companies, barter with the Indians, descend the Missouri and the Mississippi, and look in upon New Orleans, to gather the state of the cotton-market; or else, keeping "a-head," strike down the Lakes and St. Lawrence, and, hovering over Maine and New Brunswick, settle the disputed boundary. On our way home, re-arrange the relations between the West Indian planters and the negroes; stop the illicit slave-trade; and, as "collateral" topics, understand the differences between the boors and the Caffres, in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, or wherefore the poor Australians were hanged at Adelaide.

We are home, but not to rest. The plague is in Smyrna; English capitalists are trying to establish a bank at Athens; free Greece has a German Prince for a constitutional king, and the people are discontented. Leopold, once united to England, is now united to France, and rules over Belgium; Louis Philippe passes from the Tuileries, between files of glittering bayonets, to open the French legislative session; the Dutch king, at the Hague, harangues his "high and mighty lords," whilst Amsterdam rests on wooden piles. Remember French peerages are not hereditary, the ruler of Hanover is no longer "elector," but "king," and the country is disjoined from British sovereignty; Scotch members of the House of Lords are elected for each parliament, and Irish for life; the Admiralty court and the Ecclesiastical mess together in Doctors' Commons; there is a vast difference between the English and Scotch established churches; and don't forget Scarlet in Abinger, or Coke in the Earl of Leicester, or Miss Penelope Smith in the Princess of Capua. Have we done yet? No, hardly begun. In what state is the British Navy? Who is Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands? Who represents the queen in the General Assembly of the kirk of Scotland? At what price must wheat be, to admit foreign corn duty free? What is Thiers about? Is old Metternich alive? Has anything been heard about Mendizabel lately? Will Van Buren be re-elected? What alterations have been effected in the administration of the poor-law, or by the municipal corporations' reform act? When did the Bank of England get its charter renewed, or the East India Company its trading monopoly swept away? Nay, kind reader, do not grumble; for all this, and much more than all this, you must have at your fingers' ends, if you read with ease and intelligence your daily morning newspaper.

With such a consideration, we begin now to modify somewhat a sort of contemptuous intolerance, in which we used to indulge towards reading individuals who avowed that they never read the newspapers. Never read the newspapers! Why, we used to set the man down as a poor creature whose understanding had such a narrow neck, that the great interests of the great human family

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could not pass into his sluggish sympathies! For our own part, every time we used to read a newspaper, we could have addressed the invisible editor in the language of Burns, written some half a century ago.

"Kind sir, I've read your paper through,
And, faith, to me't was really new!
How guessed ye, sir, what maist I wanted?
This monie a day I've grained and gaunted
To ken what French mischief was brewin',
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doing;
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks;
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the Twalt;
If Denmark, any body spak' o't,
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't!
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
Were saying or taking aught amiss;
Or how our merry lads at hame,
In Britain's court keep up the game!"

This predilection for newspaper reading was, doubtless, at least stimulated by an event in our "education." In the olden time of our youth, and before we had ventured to meditate on personal shaving, we enjoyed the *entrée* of a barber's shop, which was, of course, the haunt of the politicians of a suburban neighbourhood. Being of a grave political disposition, we were much edified by the talk; and being withal a little gregarious, we could not resist the temptation of disclosing the secret of our privilege to a few school-fellows. This led to a proposition for an introduction; and in the course of an evening or two, half-a-dozen urchins were seen, like so many puppies, first sneaking in, and then boldly entering the barber's shop, until the grown-up idlers began to feel the inconvenience of a crowd. The barber evidently felt disposed to get rid of the intruders; but being a *politician* of no ordinary character, (a politician, says the Dictionary, is not only one versed in the arts of government, but a man of artifice, one of deep contrivance,) he did not like to turn us out bodily, inasmuch as one or two of us had papas who patronised his lathering-box, and all of us had mothers who might avenge our cause. At last, however, he got hold of a plea of ejectment. One of our juvenile crew, the biggest and the most blubbering, who had joined us because the others had joined us, instead of sitting in silence, and picking up the crumbs of intelligence which fell from the lips of the wise men, was incessantly disturbing them and us, by foolish ejaculations and tricky restlessness. We, in particular, endeavoured to frown him into silence, but he only mocked our reverential and staid look, and kept the others tittering. At last, an unlucky reader of the old newspaper, thumbed in the barber's shop, met with some combination of consonants in a Russian or a Polish name, which fairly baffled his powers of utterance; he tried at it again and again, but every repetition only produced a more unearthly sound; big blubbering Tom began to laugh! we all laughed, and the seniors caught the infection; whereupon the indignant reader, aided by the barber, drove us all out into the street.

We were much grieved at the loss of our privilege, for having, as we have intimated, a kind of premature gravity about us, and eager to look through the "loopholes" of our retreat, into the vast and busy world, we had much enjoyed the glimpses we had of it in the barber's shop. How to get restored was now our anxiety; we cast off our frivolous companions, and in various ways presented ourselves *solus* to the barber's notice: but he, doubtless afraid that one puppy might bring the pack, gave no encouragement to beseeching looks. At last a political contrivance restored us to the field of politics. There came in our way an actual second or third hand London newspaper, which we secured for twopence; and rushing with it, as a passport, in our hand, fearlessly entered the shop, and showed it all round the company. Then we began to read, and our reading was praised for its distinctness; then we ventured a timid observation, which was thought to be sagacious; then we made the paper a present to the barber, for the good of his community, which was considered to be generous; and we departed that night in the joyous conviction of having not only regained our place, "and something more," but that we had a strong probability of succeeding to the readership in chief, on the resignation or death of the then incumbent.

It was a glorious triumph! We were soon called upon to read, *pro tem.*; and perched on a high stool, we could look out from our "Paradise Regained," and see, occasionally, that an ejected companion was looking in, like the Peri at the gate, and envying our elevation. Blubbering Tom never went past, of an evening, without sending in some hideous yell; but then he was too great a coward to wait and see what effect it produced, for just as his howl was ringing in the apartment, the clatter of his hoofs might be heard in the distance. How we drank in all the talk! listening, as greedily as ever Desdemona did, to confused details about the French, and the Spaniards, and the Peninsular war, and "Boney," and Wellington, interlarded with Botany Bay, Cobbett and Burdett, the House of Commons, radical reform, emigration, and the United States. We had, as all such communities have, an Oracle: but he was no bawling, pothouse oracle, who thinks it a necessary portion of his duty to roar his companions down. No! there he sat, (and a particular corner was conventionally assigned him,) with pipe in hand, (he smoked, but he was no cloudy smoker,) now tranquilly emitting a puff or an opinion, the reader of the newspaper all the while keeping an eye on the Oracle, to know when to make the proper pauses. Sir Oracle had some claims to be a man of authority. He had been up to London, had seen the House of Commons, and the "big wigs" in Westminster Hall; knew distinctly, and without any kind of doubt or hesitation, the names of the chief European capitals and monarchs; could tell whether any leading man was a member of the government, or of the government's opposition; was a friend of reform, but always shook his head when asked whether a king or a president was best adapted to this country. Peace to his ashes!—he died before the days of Emancipation and the Reform Bill; and had he lived till now, all his notions, cut, squared, and stereotyped for use, must have been shattered to pieces, in the vain attempt to understand the present political state of affairs.

We know not what degree of reverence, if any, we should now be disposed to feel towards our Oracle, but at that time we thought him as good a statesman as the best of them, and quite competent to take the helm of affairs; and grave and quiet as he was, he was not disinclined to think so himself. His wrath was always roused at the idea of there being any secresy in the art of government; and he heartily sneered at the notion of keeping "tricky"—i. e. "political"—men at different courts, in the capacity of ambassadors. "Why, look ye now," he would say, with some vehemence, "if I were *prime-ear*, I would just send off a letter, right smack, to the king or the emperor, or whatever he might be, and say as how I would have such a thing done, or I wouldn't have it; and so," (knocking the ashes out of his pipe,) "I would save all them ambassadors' salaries—for it would only cost the postage, d'ye see!" This latter sentiment was always heartily applauded by the senate of the barber's shop. But we must not laugh over the memory of our Oracle. Crude as were his ideas, and deficient as was his information, he had yet got a grip of the ends of a few elementary truths in political science; and we believe that he laid the foundation of any little political knowledge we now possess. And we believe that our own "political career" is representative of the state of feeling of a large portion of the population of the British isles. Having got hold of the ends of a few political truths, they fancy themselves masters of the science, whose great, though hitherto perverted, purpose is to discover the best means of diffusing the greatest amount of happiness amongst the greatest number. Fancying themselves masters of it, the transition is easy to a belief that any ordinary amount of intelligence is equal to the art of government; and that a shrewd man from the working ranks is as capable of sitting in the cabinet, as an educated man of rank, who has passed from youth to manhood in the

busy arena of politics. Alas! if it requires so large an amount of concentrated intelligence to understand a daily newspaper, what must be required to constitute an effective minister of state! It was the opinion of Mr. Wilberforce, that men seldom succeeded in the House of Commons who had not entered it before thirty years of age. This is probably too strong: but it is illustrative of the fact, that to be an able public man, an early and often severe training is necessary.

Looking upon *all* newspaper readers as necessarily politicians, we may classify them, as they classify themselves. The first class read *all* the paper, for they generally have most time to do so, and feel most interested in *all* its contents. But then they are orderly in their habits, and read with a due regard to relation and proportion. The large type, devoted to discussions as to whether this man is a sly knave or an accomplished statesman, or the other a kind fellow or a profligate premier, is, of course, read first. Here, too, they find all sorts of criminations, insinuations, anticipations, and explanations; that such a Bishop said so and so, and he meant so and so, and if he don't take care he will find himself in the wrong box; and such a man may be a quiz and an alderman, but certainly not a profound politician. Official and half-official announcements, and "passages of arms" between the rival papers, belong also to the region of large type, as well as the summaries of foreign news; and all these large-type columns are diligently perused by busiless barristers, and such portions of their clerks as have a small degree of first-class political taste; clerks in Downing-street and Somerset House; poor-law guardians; clerks of the peace; and confidential factotums in large establishments. They pass gradually onwards from the large type to the small type; and after laughing over the trimming which one paper gives to another, or marvelling who is to be the new bishop or the new judge, or else, if it be parliamentary time, sucking the juice of a debate, they may have a spare chuckle of wonder for an earthquake in Syria, which has destroyed 20,000 persons, a shake of the head for the slaughter of 300 Arabs by the Algerine French, or of Russians by the Circassians, or a peevish remark on the last revolution in South America. We have put barristers' clerks—or at least a portion of them—amongst the first class, or regular read-the-newspaper politicians: but it is well to say only a portion of them; for, in truth, this sort of gentry, abounding in London, are generally mere roarers, who, in tavern-parlours, lay bets as to how many were polled at the last Middlesex election, or how long the present ministry will endure.

But even amongst the readers of *all* the newspaper, there are different departments more attractive to some than to others. Some are profound in the genealogies of German princes, and the personal qualities of kings; others take more kindly to the national debt, exchequer bills, and the budget; some, again, are fond of the Gazette quarter, and the army and navy intelligence; others look after the statutes made and provided, expired, or expiring; while reports of parliamentary committees, or the state of the registration, prove most grateful to perhaps a very considerable number.

Busy merchants have not, of course, time to read all the paper: but they must see the City article, the commercial news, and glance over the advertisements, if they have any object in view. Amongst this class, "division of labour" is practised to a large extent. What one individual has not read, another has, and so they go on the principle of exchange; scattered individuals amongst the class have taste or time for reading the larger portion of the paper, and thus blanks are filled up; or else their intelligent "young men" have been early at the counting-house, have snatched a first reading, and drop hints of important matters in the pauses of opening letters and receiving orders. Thus, by conversation, the contents of the newspaper—the whole newspaper, though we will not say nothing but the newspaper—float through the city.

Those clerks and others who are not privileged to idle half an hour in the counting-room, must reserve their curiosity till they can bespeak "a chop and the paper," and when they get both, carefully fold up the broadsheet square-wise, plant it against the water-bottle or a vinegar-cruet, and gratify mind and body at the same moment. Eager and intelligent workmen sometimes club for a daily newspaper, which is brought to their workshop, and circulates from hand to hand; or they wait till one o'clock, when mine host of the tap-room takes care that the paper is abstracted from the parlour, and reserved for those who come to cook their own beef-steaks, or eat their cold meat; and here, while half-a-dozen are munching, one reads aloud. But it would be endless to classify all the newspaper readers; from the out-and-outer to him or her who cares for nothing but the police reports, and enjoy nothing but the blazing description of an "awful fire," or the eloquent amplifications of a thumping murder.

At the present moment, the number of newspaper readers "have increased, are increasing," and, moreover, "ought not to be diminished." But how many among this increasing class can be ranked amongst the true politicians, the thoughtful and dispassionate men, who can weigh every thing in the balance of an instructed judgment? "Profound knowledge," says a profound thinker, "of political science, as of the other sciences, will always be confined to the comparatively few who study it long and assiduously. But the multitude are fully competent to conceive the *leading principles*, and to apply those leading principles to particular cases. And if they were imbued with those principles, and were practised in the art of applying them, they would be docile to the voice of reason, and armed against sophistry and error. There is a wide and important difference between ignorance of principles and ignorance of particulars or details. The man who is ignorant of principles, and unpractised in right reasoning, is imbecile as well as ignorant. The man who is simply ignorant of particulars or details, can reason correctly from premises which are suggested to his understanding, and can justly estimate the consequences which are drawn from those premises by others. If the minds of *the many* were informed and invigorated, so far as their position will permit, they could distinguish the statements and reasonings of their instructed and judicious friends, from the lies and fallacies of those who would use them to sinister purposes, and from the equally pernicious nonsense of their weak and ignorant well-wishers. Possessed of directing principles, able to reason rightly, helped to the requisite premises by accurate and comprehensive inquirers, they could examine and fathom the questions which it most behoves them to understand.

"The broad or leading principles of the science of political economy may be mastered, with moderate attention, in a short period. With these simple but commanding principles, a number of important questions are easily resolved: and if the multitude—as they can and will—shall ever understand these principles, many pernicious principles will be extirpated from the popular mind, and truths of ineffable moment planted in their stead. For example, in many or all countries (the least civilised not excepted) the prevalent opinions and sentiments of the working people are certainly not consistent with the complete security of property. To the *ignorant* poor, the inequality which inevitably follows the beneficent institution of property is necessarily invidious. That they who toil and produce should fare scantily, whilst others, who "delve not, nor spin," batten on the fruits of labour, seems, to the jaundiced eyes of the poor and the ignorant, a monstrous state of things; an arrangement upheld by the few at the cost of the many, and flatly inconsistent with the benevolent purposes of Providence.

"A statement of the numerous evils which flow from this single prejudice would occupy a volume. But nothing but the diffusion of political knowledge through the great mass of the people will go to the root of the evil. Nothing but this will cure or alleviate the poverty which is the ordinary incentive to crime. Nothing but this will extirpate their prejudices, and correct their moral sentiments; will lay them under the restraints which are imposed by enlightened opinion, and which operate so potently on the higher and more cultivated classes: and the multitude, in civilised communities, would soon acquire the talent of reasoning distinctly and justly, if one of the weightiest duties which God has laid upon governments were performed with fidelity and zeal. A small fraction of the sums which are squandered in needless war would provide complete instruction for the people—would give this important class that portion in the knowledge of the age which consists with the nature of their callings, and with the necessity of toiling for a livelihood."

MATTHEW POLLEN, THE MILLER OF FLORESTON.

AMONGST the books published a few months ago was one which has not received a tithe of the attention it deserves. We give the title of it below *. It is the production of an acute, thoughtful, and truly benevolent mind; one whose very *crotchets* are so brimful of goodness and humanity, that the worst a critic can do is to smile pleasantly at them. If our recommendation should induce any of our readers to peruse the book, we must warn them not to expect a story full of novel and startling incidents, and of which one cannot guess the end from the beginning. The author gives us his opinions through the medium of an interesting story; but he is rather contemptuous of dramatic *art*, and he might have made his story more telling and effective for that large class—general readers.

The title-page tells the story. "Floreston," the supposed "manor," has become ruined, depraved, and pauperised, in the hands of absentee, fox-hunting, and gambling proprietors; and when it is sold to pay "incumbrances," it passes into the hands of a "new lord of the manor," an unknown but wealthy individual, who, to the astonishment of all "hangers-on," appears to be a person incapable of "bringing down his bird," or clearing a five-barred gate. But he effects a wonderful revolution, of which we will say no more, than that all who are anxious to see what *might* be done when plain goodness has will, power, and opportunity in its hands, must read "Floreston, or the New Lord of the Manor."

Amongst the many worthless and heartless tenants of Floreston, under the old system, there was one worthy man, who "walked in his integrity," and had a family worthy of himself. Here is his picture.

"In this village of Floreston there had lived to an advanced age a miller of the name of Matthew Pollen. His labours and cares, and that far greater portion of his life which had rolled on, while there was any wind stirring, were devoted to and spent in his mill; which of course was a windmill, and of that particular construction called a post-mill.

'The reader must not imagine that the author's intention here is merely to show that old Pollen had long enjoyed an airy position, for that will be evident from the very nature of his machine and his occupation. Windmills, for obvious reasons, are placed in open and generally in elevated situations, and Pollen's mill was so situated as to give him the advantage of looking down on his immediate neighbourhood; of seeing many distant objects; and occasionally he was enabled to feel inspirations of which many persons in lower and stiller life have little or no conception: for though he had not, in the language of the psalmist, been down to the sea in ships, to occupy his business in great waters, he had ascended up into his creaking machine, for purposes no less honourable, and had rode out many a wintry night, with the mighty winds roaring above, and around, and beneath him. His breast had been bared, as it were, to the All-seeing and Mighty One; and he had acquired a steadiness of nerve and of purpose where thousands would have quailed and have blanched with fear.

"Thus he continued to discharge the duties of his vocation, with all Floreston, as it were, spread out under his feet; and scarcely more incessantly did the waves of light and shadow, on a stirring and genial March day, chase each other across the chequered territory of his native township, than were his kindly wishes and ejaculations for the welfare of all his neighbours wafted from the door and the little tottering windows of his mill: in which there was the more merit, perhaps, from the circumstance of his having been a person very frequently complained of for taking rather too much *toll*—a complaint, probably, as ancient as his trade.

"And it must be confessed that the established custom of self-remuneration, by virtue of which the miller takes his toll out of the grists, varying as they do, in size and quality, from the ample sack of the substantial yeoman to the half-peck bag of the lonely widow, *does* require a wholesome exercise of the conscience at the critical moment of dipping in the toll-dish. But we are persuaded that Matthew always remembered *whose* eye was upon him on those occasions; and that when he came to untie the little bag, he remembered that its contents had been picked out, with infinite toil and care, from the hand-lacerating stubbles, and that every kernel of it would appear as a witness for or against him, accordingly as he should deal justly or unjustly.

"Matthew, however, in spite of all such insinuations, had, as already stated, lived long and well; and it would be contrary to all experience to suppose that such a man had not won the esteem of many estimable persons; for his intercourse with his neighbours had been characterised by that habit of returning good for evil, which, when once acquired, and worn to the shape and circumstances of the wearer, sits as easily under the pressure of a calumny, and allows as much latitude for the performance of all the neighbourly duties, as the gossamer of the harvest breeze for the revolutions of a mill's sails. Hence, as his life had been useful, and his mind easy, his body was healthy; and as it is written, 'The end of the upright man is peace,' so now, being old, and full of days, he was revered by many as the Gamaliel of social and domestic life; and his two sons, Walter and David, and his only surviving and unmarried daughter, Maria, heard, from his arm-chair and his bed-side, many most affecting and useful variations of that ancient theme, 'Lo, I die.'

"It is seldom that the whole of what may be called a parent's dying injunctions are delivered in one connected and final charge; for it is a wise ordination of Providence that, in most families, the fruits of experience shall gradually ripen and begin to drop, long before the tree which bears them has arrived at the last stage of decay: nor did the good man in the present instance defer every thing to the latest moment.

"There is in most struggling families—for in families either above or below the necessity for making a struggle, of some kind or other, to acquire, or retain respectability, there is little to be learned that is worth remembering—but there is in most struggling families a kind of oral circulating library of household aphorisms; which, however familiarised by frequent repetition during the lifetime of their utterer, will suddenly appear, with him, to 'shuffle off this mortal coil,' and to 'put on immortality,' and so long as a remnant of the family shall adhere together, will retain their authority. They will even revive, as pious reminiscences, after every temporary separation, and continue to be quoted, with the appended authority, '*As poor father used to say.*'

"In this extended sense should be understood Matthew Pollen's dying injunctions. His residence was down in the village; and he began to find that on the sudden rising of a good stiff breeze, he could not get up to his mill with his wonted alacrity; so that much of what machinists called the 'propelling power' was wasted; it either rushed with bootless fury between the naked ribs of his shivering sails, or by its more subdued moanings would sometimes appear to chide him, though not unkindly, for the tardiness of his age. But his canvas once spread, his sails once briskly revolving, and himself once fairly mounted up into the region of his professional cares and clamours, the seasons long appeared to pass away only to come round again, like the cogs in his wheels; and it was not until an advanced period of his life that he found it decidedly more convenient to stay at home altogether, than to fatigue himself with any more journeys to the mill.

"The news of the entire alienation of the Floreston estate from the Lumsbury family had of course reached the ears of the Pollens; for, as is usual in such cases, every one in the village most disinterestedly held his opinion on the matter very much at the service of all his neighbours. One said a London merchant had bought it, and mentioned the precise sum that had been given for it; another insisted upon it that both Floreston and Kennelsteed had been purchased in one lot, by one of a class of persons remarkable in England for many acres and few affections; another roundly asserted that a fox-hunting lord had bought it, and intended to adorn it with a new range of stables, and a complement of dog-kennels to correspond; and, moreover, that he would erect for himself a 'hunting-box' on the 'property.' The thin-legged and freckle-faced loiterers of the inn-gateways appeared to favour the latter opinion; and began upon the strength of it to take their rum neat, and to embed their chins deeper than ever in their cravats; they even confidently winked of pigeon-matches, dog-fights, and steeple-chases, to 'come off' as soon as his imaginary lordship, or his steward, should 'come down to take possession.' Every doubtful issue was the subject of a wager, and in fool-hardy frolics every thing undesirable was attempted. The attorney sent to his London bookseller in Bell-yard for the latest decisions in cases of horse-warranty, horse-whipping, and other assaults, and for all the statutes and decisions on nocturnal disturbances. The

* Floreston: or the New Lord of the Manor. A Tale of Humanity. Comprising the History of a Rural Revolution from Vice and Misery to Virtue and Happiness. Dedicated to the Landed Proprietors of the United Kingdom. London: Rickerby. 1839.

knacker, in anticipation of my lord's exclusive patronage, bespoke a bran-new poleaxe, sharpened up his professional instruments, and was once or twice seen to smile, in anticipation of better times.

"When Walter and David Pollen were absent from home on their professional business in an evening, which was very frequently, few houses were stiller than the miller's. Old Matthew and his daughter often sat for half-an-hour at a time in that kind of silence during which some minds will get engaged in a world of busy and useful enterprises. The purring of his cat would sometimes reconduct him into one of his best trains of thinking; and, in imagination, he would again look abroad from one of his little mill-windows upon a neighbourhood in which he had long acted a conspicuous part. The clock frequently struck at the root of a capital idea, and in taking up her scissors, Maria would sometimes undesignedly clip off the thread of a generous purpose.

"One evening, a few weeks after the crisis at the rectory, of which an account was given in the preceding chapter, and just as the clock gave warning for eight, Matthew inquired of his daughter how Miss Bolingdon was. Maria said that she had called that day, as usual, to inquire, and found her a little better; but that Mrs. Bolingdon was herself in but very indifferent health. Matthew said he should not give up his hopes of the poor child's recovery, if her good qualities could be duly cultivated; but that humanity sickened, or grew distorted, wherever its innate goodness was repressed. 'Not,' said he, 'that I blame either Mrs. Bolingdon or her husband, who is as far from mental health as she is from bodily; for I believe Mrs. Bolingdon to be a lady of an excellent disposition and understanding, but perverted by her breeding and education, as they call it. And it is not to be wondered at, that Mr. Bolingdon's conduct, as a Christian minister, should have been questionable; nor that his sermons should have been considered dull and inefficient, nor that even the church itself should have been looked upon as an incumbrance in the parish, when we consider that his mind, until within the last few weeks, has been chained down by the fear of offending his wife's relations; and that he has lived in the perpetual fear of being turned out of the rectory; and by those, too, who have neither heads to comprehend, nor hearts to feel, the design and blessing of a truly Christian church, nor to appreciate its minister's qualities: but I know he is a good man, and my heart has been grieved to see him in a state of bondage. Now, however, he speaks out like a man; and we can understand him. The boys both tell me, and you tell me, that his sermons are now what they ought to be; and that he preaches Jesus and Humanity boldly.'

"'Father,' said Maria, interrupting her venerable parent, 'he was better than ever last Sunday.'

"'Very good,' said Matthew. 'So long as he was timid and equivocal, it would have been difficult to render him any service; but now he is a faithful minister of God and man, if smitten, here shall he and his find a home, till they can be provided with a better. I know, my dear child, that every case of distress in our parish is attended to by you, so far as you can and dare render assistance; but pray tell me what has become of Bradley's two little daughters?'

"Maria replied, that both could now read and write, and could work very neatly with their needles; but that their situations were so laborious, filthy, and wretched, that their health was evidently giving way. Mrs. Bolingdon and herself had long wished to remove them; but if they did so before other situations were ready for them, the guardians had intimated that they must both be sent off together to the union workhouse after their father.

"When the clock had struck eight, another silence ensued, which again snapped off as a spark out of the fire sent Maria for a moment from her chair and her work; when Matthew said, 'I wish, after all, that David had gone upon old Ben part of the way to Grimton to-day, with those cakes. It is now getting late.'

"Maria reminded her father that her brother Walter had been obliged to take old Ben with him a bagging; that the grists were very numerous, and some of them so heavy, that it was as much as the poor animal could do to get up to the mill with his load; and that though it was twenty-six miles to Grimton and back, yet David said he would always rather carry the little gifts to our unfortunate neighbours himself, than deprive the poor old horse of his chance of a day's rest.

"'That David is a good boy,' said Matthew Pollen.

"'Yes, father, that he is,' said Maria. 'I should say the best that ever lived, if he had not a brother.'

"'Ay, there is my Walter too. God bless the boys'

"'Amen!' responded the affectionate sister.

"'And then there is the daughter, whom God has given me to be the comfort of my old age, and to do honour in all sorts of ways to my instructions: what shall I say for her?'

"'Oh, father!' said Maria, 'you often tell me I resemble my mother; surely that is praise enough, and, I fear, more than I shall ever deserve.' At this moment her quick ear caught the welcome sounds of her brothers' voices; who, one on his return from Grimton, and the other from the home-circuit of bagging, had met, and by their united exertions were disencumbering old Ben of his bags and panniers; while the wearied old horse stood pushing forward his ears, in anticipation of the mealy luxuries which awaited him in his manger.

"Maria flew to the door, and out went the candle; a signal to which the old Miller instantly responded, by beginning, in the same key that the wind was singing in, to whistle with all his might: as much as to say (if there had been time for any words) To the mill! to the mill! Maria soon came in again, laughing between her fond brothers, and all was bustle to hasten Walter away to the mill. Old Matthew, whose spirits appeared to rise with the occasion, exclaimed, 'It promises to be a stirring breeze, boy; but do not be sparing of your canvas; and take my word for it, if it holds, that by the time David comes to relieve you at four in the morning, the old jade will have done some execution.' After a hasty repast, Walter took the key and departed."

While Walter is absent at the Mill, David tells his adventures, in his expedition of mercy, to visit the "widow and the fatherless" in the Grimton Union Workhouse. He had great difficulty in gaining an order of admission, being bandied from one poor law guardian to another, and only obtained admission through one of those "casual accidents" on which so much frequently hangs—in a novel. Be this as it may, David Pollen's adventures at Grimton were the commencement of events which made an extraordinary alteration in the future circumstances of the miller's family. While he is telling his adventures, Walter, at the mill, is visited by a "gentleman in disguise," who is afterwards discovered to be "the new lord of the manor" himself; but as his present objects and intentions are unknown, the old miller, anxious for his family, and unused to anything but "rack" renting, anticipates much evil. We must, however, let Walter tell the story:—

"'You all know that by the time I could get up to the mill, clothe her sails, and set her going for a few minutes, the wind dropped. Thinking, from some indications over the woods to the westward, that it might stir again, I left the sails clothed, and went up into the mill, where, without procuring a light, I sat down for a little time to rest myself. After considering for a few minutes whose grists ought to have the first turn, in case the wind should revive, I perceived somebody, apparently not much accustomed to climbing, coming up the steps into the mill; and I demanded to know who he was and what was his business. He deferred his answer, however, till he found himself safely landed within the threshold, when he said he only wanted to have a few minutes' conversation with me. So I wiped the flour, as well as I could, with some flour-bags, from the top of the best stool, and he seated himself upon it without further ceremony. "And so, young man," said he, "you have already returned from Grimton." I assured him I had not been to Grimton. "You are the son of Mr. Pollen, the miller," said he, "are you not?" "I am, sir," said I; "but I have a brother." "Oh, then," said he, "it was your brother that called upon the Rev. Mr. Hardwick for permission to enter the union workhouse?" I assured him that I was entirely ignorant of anything that had happened at Grimton to-day.'

"Here Matthew Pollen interrupted his son Walter by saying, that David had already related to Maria and himself every thing that had occurred at Grimton. 'And now,' added the aged miller, 'since you all know every thing that *has* happened, I will proceed, in a very few words, to tell you things that *will* happen, and that will be fully accomplished before this day six months. My children, I already perceive that our rent is to be raised: depend upon it we shall be discharged. As a churchman, I am grieved to say it, but the pluralist and sinecure clergy have ever been most prompt and forward at the call of mischief; and as good men, as many of them undoubtedly are, still better have been spoiled by half their temptations and worldly cares. You now see, my children, that the last words of Hardwick, the clergyman, did not escape my attention, much as I was interested in all the other parts of David's narrative.'

"'But,' father,' said Walter, who had meekly and patiently refrained from interrupting his venerable parent; 'there were none of the usual mischievous features about my visitor; and, in particular, I can assure you, that he spoke not with the broad and harsh rent-raising accent, as you call it, of either Scotland or Yorkshire.'

"'Well then,' said Matthew Pollen, 'I am sorry I interrupted you, so pray go on.' David was about to say something, when Maria interposed with the expression of a wish that Walter could be allowed to tell his own story in his own way.

"'My dear child,' said Matthew, 'your wish ought to be gratified: the boy *shall* proceed, and I will not utter another word till he is done—if I can help it.' Walter proceeded:—

"'The gentleman asked me what rent we paid; [*Matthew Pollen groaned;*] how much for the mill; [*Matthew groaned again;*] how much for the house; [*another groan;*] how much we could grind in a week; [*more groaning;*] what corn was a bushel, and what flour was per stone, with other questions,' (to all of which Matthew responded by similar expressions of disapprobation.)—'At length,' continued Walter, 'seeing some little bags lying amongst the great ones (for I had lighted the lamp), he asked me if we *tolled* the little grists in proportion to the great ones?'

"Here Matthew could hold no longer, but exclaimed, 'My children, you well know, and He who is to be my judge knows, that I have never tolled the little grists at all!'

"'We well know it, dearest father!' responded the devoted children. Matthew continued: 'I have taken what was my due from the large grists; and for many years have been a purchaser of corn, which I have ground for my own sale; and all the neighbourhood can testify that Matthew Pollen's flour is always preferred for its fineness, weight, and quality, to any other. I have ever come forward, so far as I dare, to answer the calls of distress; and have still prospered, by the blessing of God, upon my industry and just dealings; but now, I suppose, the old mill is to be taken from me and mine. You see, my children, that I am right after all; we must turn out.'

"'No, father, no!' said Walter; 'indeed you are quite mistaken. He was very inquisitive, I grant; but when I had procured a light, I became convinced he was not the man for anything nefarious; for though he made the inquiries I have mentioned, he made far more earnest ones concerning the poor, their treatment, their morals, and means of instruction; all which I answered to the best of my ability. He inquired most kindly about yourself, our dear Maria, and my brother David. Then, in looking about, he observed the old mill Bible lying open in its place, close underneath the little window where we stand to read it. He observed your contrivance of the suspended pound weight to set upon the leaves, and keep them from being blown over; and he read your legend round the rim of it, "A just weight and balance are the Lord's, all the weights of the bag are his work." Prov. xvi. 11. He then took up the tolling-dish, and on that he also read your motto of our Lord's words, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." Matt. vii. 11. And as the spindle* of the mill at that time was pointed to the west, the Bible window, of course, looked to the south, so I pushed the slide out of the way, to let him see how you had been enabled to study your Bible, even by the moonlight; with the requisite advantage of what you called your look-out. He appeared not exactly to comprehend the object of such an arrangement, therefore I proceeded more particularly to explain it.

"'In the first place, I told him it was your opinion that every one ought to fix his Bible, for study, exactly *breast-high*: it being your opinion, that if used any higher it was very apt to lead the student into polemical heats and animosities; and, if lower, no less liable to bring in a train of inordinate desires.

"'And then, as to your "look-out," by night and by day, I proceeded to explain the comforts and advantages you derived from it while perusing and studying the sacred writings; impressing upon him, as strongly as I could, your objection to the study of the Bible wholly within dead walls, whenever it could be avoided, as being calculated to give to every body's Bible readings a harsh and narrow interpretation, and, therefore, inadequate to a due conception of the revealed will of the Universal Benefactor. I repeated to him your frequent expression, that the Bible is but the text of human duty, of which the world at large is the stage and practical commentary.

"'I moreover reminded him of the peculiar construction and revolving properties of the machine in which we were standing; and thence explained that your "look out," which must, of necessity be continually varying, brought to your mind every wrong done or received to or from your neighbours in all directions; and secured to you, from every wind that blew, the inestimable comforts of pardon and peace; and concluded with representing to him, that whether your "look-out" were upon our own immediate neighbourhood, or upon fields of corn, or curving slades, or grey fallows, or woods, or hills, or distant spires; or the sun, the clouds, or storms by day, or the moon, or more distant orbs, revealed to the eye in the silent watches of the cloudless night,—all—all had demanded, and had received of you the most devout, the most hopeful, the most liberal, and the most extended interpretation.

"'He reseated himself on the stool for a few minutes in profound silence. He then said he had come to Floreston on some particular business, from a considerable distance, and must immediately return; but seeing the mill slowly revolving in the moonlight, he said, he had been induced to visit it. "As to your father, young man," said he, "I shall feel that I am but a heathen until I can be personally acquainted with him." After another pause, he arose and offered his hand to me; I placed mine within it, and he gave me what you call the squeeze of sincerity. He descended the mill-steps, struck off towards the main road, in the direction of the Lumsbury Arms, and soon disappeared.'

"To all this Matthew Pollen faintly replied, that, like an old and decayed mill, he felt himself at last overstrained by the work of one gusty night. 'I cannot reach you, my children,' said he: 'my Walter, who has so accurately remembered, and so well and truly declared my habits and purposes; my ever-loving Maria, the image of my sainted wife; and my generous boy David—come to me, my children, and receive my benediction. I am better now; but be not grieved when I say I was very unwell while Walter was telling us what happened at the mill.' His children knelt before him, and he placed his enfeebled hands successively upon their heads. When they had arisen, he requested one or other of them to recite different prayers which had been composed by himself during his nocturnal meditations in the mill, and which had been put into writing for family use. He exhorted his children to be united and faithful to each other in all things. He then, with all his strength, besought them, severally and collectively, to consider themselves as of the number of those connecting links which have served in past times, and are serving in the present, to prevent the most ancient testimonies and future beneficent purposes of the Holy One from being rent asunder by the corruptions of the world; and to act up to that character, as if everything depended upon themselves. Being comforted by these devout exercises, and by the filial attentions of his children, he desired them to sing his requiem*, as he called it; to the last 'dying fall' of which he had frequently, during his latter years, retired to his bed.

"They then sang it, and with that mingled and soothing harmony, which is the most natural and elegant solace of minds imbued with philanthropy and ennobled with hope; and, as the closing repetitions, 'long drawn out,' still lingered on the ear and in the heart, the old miller was assisted to that bed, from whence, in his mortal state, he was to rise NO MORE."

The old man did not thus live to see the regeneration of Floreston: but we may whisper to the reader that Maria Pollen becomes the "lady of the manor," and that her brothers rose to be amongst the new and true nobility of this new Utopia.

MUSIC OF HUMANITY.

I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue: and I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts—a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motive and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all object of all thought,
And rolls through all things.—*Wordsworth.*

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* The axis on which the sails revolve.

* "'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.' Amen."

FELLENBERG'S AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL AT MEYKIRCH.

In our 33rd Number, we gave some account of the life and labours of Emanuel Fellenberg, and his experimental schools at Hofwyl. The following very interesting account of the agricultural school he established at Meykirch is extracted from a little work which has fallen into our hands, entitled, "What Fellenberg has done for Education," which well deserves the attentive perusal of all to whom the welfare of the rising generation, and the ultimate amelioration of the human species, are dear.

"When Fellenberg had proved, experimentally, the truth of his ideas by the success of his agricultural school, he proceeded to prove it still more decidedly by the colony of Meykirch, six miles from Hofwyl. In the year 1816 he purchased fifteen acres of woodland. Thither he sent a master with about twelve children. They were to build themselves a house, to clear and cultivate the land, and to employ their leisure time in learning to read and write, and the elements of knowledge. They were supplied with tools and materials from Hofwyl, and with food till they could raise enough for subsistence. In seven years they repaid all the expenses of their outlay, which was about 150*l*., and maintained themselves upon their little territory. Fellenberg calculates that fifteen acres of land would support a colony of thirty children upon this plan, which is the greatest number suited to such a system; and that it might be established upon land not available for the general purposes of cultivation. The only difficulty is, to obtain a superintendant properly qualified by temper, character, religious principles, and a complete knowledge of details.

"This colony was compared very naturally to the story of Crusoe upon the desert island. It drew all its supplies at first from Hofwyl. as Crusoe did his from the ship. The children were delighted at the comparison, and worked at their enterprise with the greatest alacrity and zeal, and became naturally strongly attached to the cottage reared by their own hands, and the land converted from a waste to a garden by their own labour. When these little emigrants arrived at the spot which was to be their future home, they found nothing but a shed on the side of a precipitous mountain, under which they slept upon straw covered with sail-cloth. They had to level the ground, and with the earth and rock to form a terrace in front, which soon became a garden. The cottage they built was of one story, with a basement, which became the kitchen and dairy, which occupied together twenty-five feet in front. Above this was one room, about twelve feet wide, for the day-room, behind which was a dormitory of the same size, and behind this a stable of the same length, and about nine feet wide. An open gallery was in front of the day-room. At each end of the building was a shed about fifteen feet wide, and running back upon a level with the stable. So that the whole front of the building was fifty feet, and the depth thirty-three; and it was finished in about two years. The colony subsists upon milk, potatoes, and bread. Three hours a day are devoted to instruction, the rest to labour accompanied by explanations. The same system is pursued as at Hofwyl:—reading, writing, drawing, singing, natural history, the history and geography of their country, common arithmetic, mental arithmetic, geometry, land-measuring; a portion of botany, so far as relates to agriculture; the nature of soils and manures, and the rotation of crops; platting, sewing, spinning, weaving; social prayer, night and morning; religious conversations; Bible lessons; the feelings and affections roused into action in the midst of their tasks; the duties of life pointed out, as depending upon their relation to one another, and to their heavenly Father; his universal love to his creatures, and the inexpressible glories of his works. In the prayers which the master and pupils offer up morning and evening, they never omit to refer to the advantages and blessings which they enjoy in this asylum, nor to pray that all orphans and destitute children, in all the world, may everywhere find kind protectors who may establish similar asylums for instructing and educating them, so that they may become good Christians and useful members of society.

"This colony is one of the most affecting sights in the world. To behold the happy results of youthful labour, the intelligence of the children, and their contented and grateful dispositions, living upon a fare which most people would despise, and eating nothing but the produce of their own exertions, having converted a wilderness into a garden, and made the desert to blossom as a rose.

"When Meykirch was first established, they wanted water. To attain it they were obliged, under the direction of a skilful workman, to excavate a passage into a sandstone rock five feet in height and 280 in length.

"On Sundays they attend the service at the chapel of Meykirch, and very frequently at Hofwyl.

"An establishment like Meykirch possesses one very great advantage, peculiar to itself, over a large one like that at Hofwyl, which is, that the pupils see the whole fruit of their labours constantly under their eyes. The house they live in, the fields they cultivate, the food they eat, the clothes they wear, are all the produce of their own hands. It is strictly and properly their own. If any articles are brought from other places, they are bought in exchange for their own productions. But in a large establishment this sense of personal production is lost sight of in the multitude of producers, and the ramifications and changes of the produce. We cannot help thinking that there was a period in European history, when the wants of the peasants were supplied very much by domestic manufacture, and when the state of society resembled a good deal that of Meykirch; the children were brought up under the eye of the parent, and engaged in some kind of domestic labour—spinning, or knitting, &c., till they were old enough to go to field-labour. The contamination of towns had not reached the country, and the manners were more pure. If it ever were so, that state of society has passed away, never to return; and the benefits of it upon the character of the young must now be sought for by more artificial methods—by an enlightened and Christian philanthropy anticipating evil habits by a precautionary system, and applying the best improvements of modern art, science, and moral management, to the judicious formation of habits of intelligent labour—in agricultural schools formed after the successful model of Fellenberg.

"'Agriculture,' says Fellenberg, 'seems to be peculiarly fitted by Providence for the education of poor necessitous children. When taught systematically and intelligently, it excites the faculties of observation and reasoning, even among those who learn it only to live by it; but the particular end which an enlightened benevolence proposes to itself will only be fulfilled in proportion as we teach the pupils to delight in assisting and obliging their companions while they are working on their own account. At Meykirch, the pupils are so situated as to perceive that these two objects, the personal and common good, go hand in hand together. If new pupils arrive, their assistance is felt to be useful in completing the common asylum. Their pleasures and enjoyments are in common: industry and Christian feeling are promoted by the same means, and travel together in perfect harmony. Is it going too far to say, that that prayer, "thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth," is here fulfilled?' Destitute and abandoned children, who would otherwise perish as outcasts, here become Christians, and earn their subsistence contentedly, cheerfully, and gratefully. It is in nature, the grand laboratory of the Creator, which is now put in harmony with the gospel, that we must seek for the means and elements of primary instruction and education. Our utmost wishes may be accomplished by placing the rising generation under the care of well-trained instructors, in the midst of nature, safe from the contamination and corruption of the dense and neglected population of towns, which cannot grow up otherwise than vicious.

"When the pupils of Meykirch were made acquainted with the miserable state of Greece, and the multitudes of children which became destitute in consequence, they made a collection of what they could spare for their relief, and petitioned in their prayers that they might meet with the same education and protection which they themselves possessed.

"'It must not be supposed,' says Fellenberg, 'that education consists in removing difficulties from the path of the pupils; it consists rather in teaching them how to surmount them. They must be taught to conquer both external and internal difficulties: to overcome the first by steady labour, well directed; and to master the second, viz., their own passions, by habitual self-command. No occupation is so fitted for this purpose as agriculture, provided it be followed under a kind, judicious, and religious guide, who may direct and moderate the efforts of the pupils, which are sometimes apt to run into excess, as at others they would sink into idleness and disorder.'

"Some years ago, the river Linth overflowed its banks, and converted a considerable tract of country into a useless marsh. An eminent engineer succeeded in draining this by a canal; and it was proposed to establish upon the reclaimed land a colony of poor children, upon the plan of Meykirch. The plan happily succeeded; and while in progress, the children at Meykirch took a lively interest in it, made a collection for it, and offered up prayers for its prosperity."

A RAMBLE INTO IRELAND.

NO. II.

THURLES, where I had to remain a few days, is, in many respects, a very remarkable town. It is seated on the river Suir, by which it is divided into two nearly equal parts. It adjoins the most fertile district of the most fertile county (Tipperary) in Ireland; contains many well-built houses; shops for the retail of almost every kind of commodity; a fine open market-square; a large college, built in an admirable style; a cathedral; two female convents; a very handsome lunatic asylum; court-house and prison; a monastery for monks; several castles and ruins; some five or six schools; a market-house, well designed, which stands in the square; and a palace for the Roman Catholic Archbishop, adjacent to which is a garden, laid out with excellent taste. The religious edifices just mentioned all belong to the Catholics, who count above 9800 of the 10,000 of which the population is composed. There is a church for Protestants—a modest building, whose tapering spire, however, comes out in the general picture of the town with good effect.

At the *back* of the cathedral there is a lofty slender steeple, covered by a cupola. It was placed in that awkward position in order to bring it within the precincts of the archbishop's garden, so as to avoid the penalties enacted in former times against any person who would build or frequent a catholic house of worship with a steeple attached to it in the right place—the more especially if it sustained a bell that could be rung. This steeple, by its locality, appertains to the private residence of the archbishop, and thus, in one respect at least, the law was eluded. When the steeple was finished, however, and the bell suspended, to ring it became a dangerous affair, for the pile being too slender for its height, took a fancy to lean a little, after the fashion of the tower at Pisa. So far as the ringing of the bell was concerned, the law therefore would have altogether failed to apply to this particular erection—for a belfry it *is not.*

Thurles, seen from a distance on a fine day, reminds me much of a Spanish town. Its ecclesiastical edifices, its fine college, and other public buildings—all of which present themselves in conspicuous points of view, its domed and spired steeples, and old castles—standing, too, as it does, with a river winding through it, in the midst of a plain devoid of sylvan ornament, and nearly surrounded by isolated hills and chains of mountains—cause it to exhibit a very striking resemblance to more than one of the towns which I have passed through in Arragon and La Mancha. The long lines of wretched habitations by which Thurles is approached on every side but one, make the resemblance still stronger, except that the Spanish dwellings of the poor are better constructed, and not quite so comfortless.

Thurles was originally called Durlas O'Fogarty, or the "Strong Hold" of the Fogartys. It is a place of great antiquity, and in the tenth century was the scene of a memorable battle between the Danes and the native Irish, in which the former suffered a signal defeat. Soon after the English invasion, the Ostmen of Dublin, on their march to reinforce Strongbow, who was then encamped at Cashel, halted at this place in careless security, when O'Brien of Thomond suddenly attacked and defeated them, with the loss of 400 of their men and their four principal commanders. O'Brien soon afterwards encountered the English borderers, who were extending their power in this direction, and, meeting with them at this place, compelled them to retreat. A castle appears to have been erected here at an early period, which in 1208 was besieged by Hugh de Lacy, and taken from Geoffry Mac Morris, by whom it was then occupied. In 1300, a monastery for Carmelites or Whitefriars was founded here, by one of the Butler family, which at the dissolution was granted, with all its dependencies, to Thomas, Earl of Ormonde. A preceptory of Knights Templars is said to have been also founded here; but no authentic record exists of such an establishment. The principal castle was erected by James Butler, the first Lord Palatine of Tipperary, one of whose descendants was, in 1535, created Viscount Thurles; this castle during the Parliamentary war was garrisoned for the King, but was afterwards taken by the Parliamentarian forces, by whom it was demolished. The college before mentioned was established in 1836, for the liberal education of young gentlemen upon moderate terms, and is a handsome building in a demesne of twenty-five acres, bounded on one side by the river Suir. About 700 children are taught in four public schools, of which the conventual schools are partly supported by a bequest of two thousand pounds, from a former Roman Catholic archbishop, the Most Reverend Dr. Bray, the interest of which he appropriated to the instruction and clothing of poor boys; and the parochial school is supported by the incumbent. There are also thirteen private schools, in which are nearly 700 children—and a dispensary. It is said that till within the last twenty or thirty years there were the ruins of seven castles in this parish; there are still vestiges of two, and also of a large mansion, formerly the residence of the Earl of Llandaff. The remains of the principal castle are situated close to the bridge, and consist at present of a lofty and quadrangular keep, with various embattled walls and gables; the other, which is situated at the western extremity of the town, and is ascribed to the Knights Templars, appears to have been of very small extent; a little to the north of it was an ancient moat. In this part of the town are also the remains of an ancient monastery, consisting of a great part of a strong tower, with some mouldering walls.—Grose, in his Antiquities, states that St. Mary's church, belonging to a Franciscan monastery, founded by the O'Meaghers in the fifteenth century, occupied the site of the present cathedral. Manus O'Fohily, the last abbot, refused to surrender it at the dissolution, and was taken prisoner to Dublin, where he suffered a long confinement. The greater part of the parish is the property of Lady Elizabeth Matthew, sister of the late Earl of Llandaff. Thurles gives the inferior title of Viscount to the Marquess of Ormonde.

The old castle at the foot of the bridge was evidently intended to defend it. The keep, or principal tower, is still nearly perfect. From the summit there is an extensive prospect of the country all round, which is full of picturesque scenery, embracing the celebrated ruins of Holy Cross Abbey; the still more interesting piles which crown the rock of Cashel; several old castles, standing like veteran sentinels in the plain; and hills and mountain ranges (not forgetting the "Devil's Bit") in the distance, which present azure undulating forms of remarkable beauty. The most gracefully moulded eminence I have ever beheld in any country (Greece alone excepted), is one about six miles from Thurles, called Killough Hill. It is characterised by the country people as the garden of Ireland, from its abounding in a variety of herbs which are used by them for medicinal purposes. Here and there, above the ridges of the mountains, peep the conical tops of other mountains farther away, which, by sometimes disappearing in mist, sometimes suddenly presenting themselves as the mist rolls off, give a magical effect to the panorama quite peculiar and enchanting.

Blame me not, "Gentle Reader," for lingering amidst these scenes—to me so full of early and fascinating associations—for it was in Thurles I was ushered into a life that has since proved so replete with variety—and, I ought to add—with enjoyments not often obtained by men even more deserving of them than I have been. I trust that I am not deficient in gratitude to HIM, who gives and takes away—and who when he takes away, often shows his love as much as when he gives most redundantly. Every hill and mountain—every cloud even which caps them—every ripple of that river, winding by the garden where I first heard the hum of the bee and the song of the thrush, and imbibed the fragrance of the rose, brings me back the feelings and freshness of early days.*

* While travelling in Greece it often occurred to me, and from whatever cause it springs I believe the fact to be, that there are

local influences acting on the atmosphere which render it particularly agreeable and salutary in one place, whereas within a very short distance of the same spot where cheerfulness and health prevail, gloom and distemper oppress the mind. I found this particularly the case upon passing the Isthmus into Corinth. As long as I remained on the Attic or Northern border of the Ægean, I may be said to have enjoyed a Paradise. But the moment I entered Corinth, all was malaria and discomfort. I experienced something of this kind in Thurles. It has, as it appears to me, though my judgment may be considered partial, a peculiarly bland climate. From twelve until three or four o'clock, the bridge and its immediate neighbourhood, embracing the gardens of the Ursuline Convent, frequently, even in the depth of winter, exhibit a climate perfectly Neapolitan. During those hours the bridge is the favourite lounge of a very worthy friend of mine, whom, when I was a mere boy, I looked up to as a veteran. I met him lately in his daily haunt, not looking an hour older than he did thirty years ago. This speaks a volume for the salubrity of Thurles.

Ireland certainly is blessed very generally with a climate much milder than that of England. The Irish coast is almost completely girded by lofty mountains, which protect the interior from ungenial winds. The atmosphere is undoubtedly very humid in consequence of this circumstance, as the heights arrest the clouds in their passage from the surrounding seas, and condense them into rivers and smaller streams, which diffuse themselves over the plains and valleys within. But, notwithstanding this humidity, the climate is remarkably pure, owing, I should think, to the soil being, where it is not absolutely bog, almost universally spread upon a couch of limestone. I never experienced, even among the deepest bogs of Ireland, anything like the malaria that almost poisoned me while traversing the Campagna of Rome. On the contrary, the very bog climates of Ireland are not uncheerful.

Would that I could speak with equal favour of its artificial condition! The numberless gifts showered upon Ireland by nature are to a great extent frustrated by the negligence or impotence of its inhabitants; their general want of system; their habit of thinking of one thing while they are trying to do another; their ignorance of the value of time; and the universal tendency to put off to to-morrow, and to-morrow, what ought to be finished at the moment. When you enter even their best-regulated inns, make up your mind to be obliged to ring the bell (if there be one) at least five times before the waiter will make his appearance. He distinctly hears the first as well as the fifth, and knows that sooner or later attend he must. But he puts off the evil moment to the last. He then appears with all sorts of excuses on the tip of his tongue, receives your orders, which he forthwith forgets, and then he resumes for another while his "strenuous idleness."

You are starving for the want of dinner. You are told that a very good dinner is in preparation—and so perhaps it is. An hour after the time you have ordered it, Michael spreads the cloth on the table. In half an hour after that, the usual dinner implements are brought in one by one—now a knife and fork—and then a plate—then the principal dish, mutton or beef, quite hot, and excellent—but before you can get the salt, and the bread, and the potatoes, and the mustard, the beef becomes cold, and the gravy looks like lard. If candles be lighted, the burning blackened wicks are two inches long before a snuffers can be had—and as one pair usually serves the whole house, you are to expect only a momentary loan of that instrument. Off it immediately goes to some other quarter—when you want it again ring six times, and, *perhaps*, you may get it. I would recommend you always to travel with your own snuffers. It would save you much annoyance.

A traveller in Ireland, who wishes to feel comfortable, should also take with him in his portmanteau a hammer, and some hundred or two of small tacks. You smile at this. But you will adopt my suggestion when you hear what happened to me once at Ennis, the capital of the county of Clare. There was a fair going on in the town, and as the rooms below were crowded, in the hotel where I was sojourning, I desired a fire to be lighted in my bed-room, having had some writing to attend to, which admitted of no delay. It rained the whole day "cats and dogs," as they say in Ireland. The turf was wet—the chimney smoked abominably—opening the window made it worse—opening the door did not cure it—I shut them both and called for a pair of bellows.

"*Immadiately*, your honour," said John.

In Ireland "immadiately" usually means at the least a quarter of an hour after the time at which it is pronounced. The fire went out. I rang three times. John at last put his head inside the door—he could get no farther, for the carpet, a very good one, by the bye, which was spread over the floor, was not nailed down, and so it happened that every time the door was opened, the edge of the carpet near it was turned up, and this time the door fairly stuck fast, and would not move one way or the other.

"John, where are the bellows?"

"Plaise your honour, I tould Biddy to bring them."

"Will you fetch me the bellows yourself, and tell Biddy that the fire is out, and that she must bring fresh fire from the kitchen to light it up again."

"Yes, your honour, surely" (running away).

"John, I have another favour to ask of you. You see you can't get in. Now if you will get a hammer and two or three small nails, and nail that carpet down just near the door, it will then open and shut easily."

"Sure enough, your honour, and so it would—but it's the fair to-day, and the very life is worn out of me,"—(running off again).

I shouted after him—"Get me the hammer and the nails, and I'll do it myself."

"*Sartinly*, your honour."

I should have before informed the reader that everybody in Ireland who has a tolerably good coat on his back, is uniformly styled by the waiters—"your honour." By giving him that title they expect that where a secondary sort of traveller would give them only a shilling, "his honour" could not think of presenting them with less than half-a-crown.

Biddy at last came with a shovel full of fire in one hand, and the bellows in the other. But in her efforts to penetrate my chamber, in consequence of the rumpled carpet, she got jammed midway, the shovel fell out of her hand, the fire was scattered, luckily, on the landing outside—and the bellows soon partook of the general confusion. I kept my temper as well as I could, although my day was wasting away most unprofitably. I pulled the door partly open by main force, and then the difficulty was to shut it.

Biddy, by dint of blowing, got up a fire.

"Biddy," said I, as she was going away—"have you got such a thing as a hammer in the house?"

"Will a hatchet do for your honour?"

"Anything—bring me a hatchet, and two or three nails."

Biddy stared. She could not at all guess what I wanted the the hatchet or the nails for. However, she soon re-appeared with a *cleaver*, and a nail as thick as one of the prongs of a pitchfork.

"Will this nail do for your honour—the divil another in the house?"

The case was hopeless. I put on my hat, took my umbrella—with great difficulty, and no small danger, made my way through dense masses of pigs, and horned cattle and horses, to a set of stalls, where I had in the morning seen nails of every kind for sale—bought a pennyworth of tacks—returned to my hotel—by the power of dragging and pushing closed the door—arranged the carpet—used the poker for a hammer—and effected my object.

When I had occasion to order dinner, John came after I had rung my usual number of times. He opened the door and pushed violently, fully expecting it to meet the old impediment; it flew

quite open, and in he tumbled, right head over heels. I could not forbear from laughing—in which he joined. He received my orders, and promised to be punctual; but as he went out he tried the door, backward and forward, with evident pleasure wondering at the change.

"You see," said I, "the virtue there is in two or three nails."

"Ah, then, sure enough, your honour, was it Biddy that did it?"

"No—I went out and bought the nails, and did the job myself."

"Oh, then, God bless your honour; now we can open and shut the *doore*, at any rate!"

I would also recommend any traveller in Ireland, who is liable to catch cold from sitting, and especially from sleeping, in a chamber in which the window panes are far from being all perfect, to examine the said windows before he settles on his room. The chances are, in nine cases out of ten, that in several panes little holes are broken, and that one, at the least, is altogether missing, and has been so for more than a year. This is the case even in many private houses, which otherwise wear a somewhat respectable appearance. Traverse any street you like—I speak of course of the provincial towns—and you will scarcely pass any house, in the windows of which there is not a pane of glass, either partly or wholly fractured. Pass the same house after a year shall have elapsed, and you find it in precisely the same unreformed condition. It would seem as if the glazier was always *non inventus*. At least that is the usual apology.

The Thurles Hotel is rather a favourable specimen of an Irish inn at the present day. The charges are very moderate. The proprietress, a widow, a most obliging, civil, and conscientious woman. You need not ring for the waiter above five or six times. The carpet of my sitting-room had the usual habit of rumpling up every time the door was opened; but I got tired of complaining about it, and so left it to its fate.

I had an opportunity of hearing here Hanigan, one of the best pipers in Ireland. I confess, until I felt the full power of this instrument, as played by him, I always had the strongest prejudice against it. The Scotch bagpipes I cannot tolerate at all. They are, to my ear, a downright nuisance. This may be very bad taste; nevertheless, I am apt to fancy that early associations only could reconcile to its shrill nasal sort of squeak, the ear even of a Highlander. Hanigan has reconciled me to this ancient, and, with many persons, highly favourite bundle of tubes. In fact, under his fingers it is an organ of very considerable power; he certainly does elicit from it more melody than I ever heard from any instrument of any kind before. He treated us to the principal popular airs of Ireland—the most delightful combinations of tones of which any nation can boast. He infused his whole soul into the modulations of the celebrated Irish piece, called the "Fox Hunt." It consists partly of recitative, in which the gathering of the hounds and hunters is described—then the search for the fox—then the first view—the full pursuit—the loss of the fox among the bushes—the search again—the melancholy fears and trepidation of the animal—his fatigue—his schemes for escape—then the discovery of the scent once more—the final chase—the death of poor Reynard—and the galloping home of the triumphant hunters. The animation of Hanigan while engaged in this fine composition is quite contagious. He plays as if the whole scene were before him, and he beheld it, although, like most of his tribe, he is so blind that he is scarcely sensible to the presence of the strongest light.

Hanigan's great ambition is to be permitted to perform before Her Majesty. He has ordered for this purpose a set of new pipes, which are to be finished about Shrovetide; and as he never plays publicly in Lent, he intends to spend a sort of retreat, in the house of a distinguished amateur, a great patron of his, where he is to make himself complete master of all the resources of his new purchase.

It is a curious fact in the history of the blind, that Hanigan can tell with unerring precision, from the sounds of the voices of two men standing together at a little distance from him, which is the taller of the two. I was surprised at this, at first; but upon afterwards making some experiments myself, with my eyes shut, I found it not so difficult as I had imagined. The voices of two persons of different stature, or of two persons, one of whom stands upon higher or lower ground than the other, will undoubtedly reach the ear through different strata of the atmosphere, the higher stratum conveying the voice of the taller speaker, the lower of the other.

It is a great concession to obtain from Hanigan a few dancing tunes. He disdains performances of that description, confining himself principally to the old-established epics and lyrics of the land. However, when he was warmed a little by some of the best whiskey which the cellars of the college could afford, we had him to play for the community. A finer set of youths and young men I have seldom seen assembled anywhere than on this occasion. The boys were remarkably handsome, and two or three of them performed hornpipes in capital style. We were altogether a company of some seventy or eighty persons; and a more healthy, cheerful congregation of vigorous dancers could be produced perhaps in no other country.

One of the finest spectacles I have ever beheld, is that which presents itself in the Cathedral of Thurles, during what is called the last Mass on the Sunday. The main aisle holds at least 3000 individuals. It is always densely crowded at this service, with men, the women retiring chiefly to the side aisles. A great many of these men have their prayer-books, especially those of the younger generations; and it is delightful to observe the serious attention which they pay to the duties they assemble to perform. They are, generally speaking, of the same stature, seldom exceeding five feet seven or eight inches; their frames and muscular energies seem capable of sustaining any fatigue, and their strength looks indomitable. Heaven help the legion of Frenchmen, or of any other men, against whom a regiment of these Tipperary "boys" should be directed to point the bayonet in a charge!

It was my good fortune (for such, indeed, I esteem it) to have been present at the second public meeting held in this town, for the purpose of encouraging what may be truly styled the great moral revolution now going on in Ireland. It is unnecessary for me to observe that the vices most dominant in Ireland have hitherto been distinctly traceable to the immoderate use of ardent spirits. I believe it is no longer a subject of doubt, that the different kinds of atmosphere we inhale, the viands we eat, and the beverages we drink, have each the power of influencing sensation and action in different ways. For instance, the atmosphere of one day will fill the same mind with pleasant thoughts, while the atmosphere of another day will overcome it with gloom to such an extent, as, in some instances, to lead even to suicide. Sir Humphrey Davy composed a gas, the effect of which when drawn into the system was, to produce an inevitable propensity to laughter. Opium is known to awaken varied and curious visions in the mind, and the great virtue of the cigar is to tranquillise the busy thoughts, and bring on a disposition to reverie.

In strict analogy with these effects, it cannot be questioned that the inordinate use of whiskey is to urge the muscles and limbs into angry action. Three or four Irishmen shall sit down together in the best possible temper with each other. They are intimate friends—relations if you choose. They drink whiskey, mixed or unmixed, until the cheek and forehead become ruddy. The period of danger then commences. If they go on much further, the slightest word, the momentary recollection even of a long by-gone offence—the smallest difference of opinion—will be sufficient to kindle a contest between these before "most loving friends," and as in Ireland the hard word instantly leads to hard blows—a battle forthwith ensues. When the temporary effect of the whiskey ceases, these same four men shall feel no hesitation in embracing each other as the best friends in the world, and

shall wonder what it was that made them yield for the moment to such extraordinary resentment. This is no fiction. I have myself more than once witnessed scenes of this kind.

The malignant action of whiskey on the nerves—its potency in urging its victim to pugnacity—never were displayed to me more decidedly, and at the same time more comically, than on one occasion, when I happened to be present at a public breakfast given on Dinas island, in one of the lakes of Killarney, after a most splendid stag hunt which had taken place in the morning. Many of the peasantry of the neighbourhood had of course assembled to participate in the pleasures of the day. When the chase was over, they found admission to the island, formed themselves into groups, which were abundantly served with whiskey by women who had brought with them little wooden kegs of that liquor, and who went about from group to group disposing of their poison. By and by, while we were at breakfast, at which all the gentry of the district had assembled, a row was announced. In a moment the battle became furious, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the combatants were separated by the magistrates who happened to be present.

The whiskey was by this time all consumed, and the very same men who had been so recently fighting against each other, having regained possession of their senses, I saw afterwards congregated here and there, talking to each other as if nothing had happened. I was curious to know the origin of the fight—and the number of broken heads. But the only answer I could get was—"Sure, your honour, it wasn't a fight at all—it was only some *villins* from another parish that came here to make a disturbance!" No traces of ill-will were to be discerned anywhere: no blood to be seen, except that of a rioter, whose ear one of the Kerry magistrates had cut off with a *spade*, while exerting himself to quell the war. It was one of the characteristic occurrences of the day, the use of the spade by a magistrate, as an implement for restoring the peace—the cleaving down of the ear from the offender's head seemed quite an ordinary affair. The whole thing passed off like a few flashes of lightning, and the ladies and gentlemen went on with breakfast.

There was, however, one fellow so tipsy, that he had fallen insensible on the ground at the commencement of the row, after he had given and received a few blows. He came under my notice just as he was emerging from an uneasy slumber. He had a shilela in his hand, with which, as he arose, he struck the air, and finding that he had no other foe to call forth the remainder of his still unexhausted ire, he flung down his hat on the ground, and literally beat it into fragments.

"What is this man at?" I asked of an old woman who was selling apples—"Why is he so angry with his hat?"

"To cool himself, your honour—he'll be sober enough immadiately."

Several persons were on the spot—yet nobody except myself took the least notice of this ludicrous example of the pugnacity produced by alcohol.

The days of whiskey in Ireland are, however, I firmly believe, approaching their end. Upon this subject I shall give the reader information of a highly satisfactory nature in a future Number.

WINE.

Good wine is a cordial, a good cordial, a fine stomachic, and, taken at its proper season, invigorates mind and body, and gives life an additional charm. There can be found no substitute for the fermented liquors that can enable man to sustain the mental and bodily labour which the artificial habits of society so constantly demand. Temperance and moderation are virtues essential to our happiness; but a total abstinence from the enjoyments which the bounteous hand of nature has provided, is as unwise as it is ungrateful. If, on the one hand, disease and sorrow attend the abuses of alcoholic liquors, innocent gaiety, additional strength and power of mind, and increased capability of encountering the ever-varying agitation of life, are amongst the many good results which spring from a well-regulated diet, in which the alcoholic preparations bear their just proportion and adaptation.—*Dr. Sigmond.*

THE BENUAS—THE SUPPOSED ABORIGINES OF THE MALAY PENINSULA.

In a work recently published, and to which we shall probably have occasion again to refer*, a detailed account of the present position of British Interest in the Malay Country, containing a mass of highly valuable information, we find the following very curious account of the habits of the Benuas, a savage, or, as Mr. Newbold terms them, a wild tribe, inhabiting the Malay Peninsula, and supposed by him, with great show of probability, to be the original stock from whence the present race of Malays descended.

"Wherever scattered," says Mr. Newbold, "they live totally apart from the Malays, and differ from them widely in present habits and religion; in short, of a much lower grade in the scale of civilization. Without affecting to decide the question whether the Benuas are to be considered aboriginal inhabitants of the Malayan peninsula, from whom the Malays are in part descended, I would direct the attention of my readers to the following facts. The Malays themselves sometimes class the various tribes under one general and expressive appellation, that of Orang Benua—men of the soil. They denominate the four original chiefs of the Benuas 'Nenek,' or our ancestors: many of their own chiefs derive their descent from them, and bear a Benua title. The elders of the Benuas exercise considerable influence over the elections of Malayan Panghúlus. The Panghúlu of Rumbowe is chosen alternately from a Jakun tribe (the Bodoando Jakun) and a Malay tribe—the names of inland places are chiefly Benua terms. *Mutatis mutandis*, there is a striking resemblance in feature between the Benua and the Malay, and scarcely less in their respective languages. Opinions in favour of the affirmative hypothesis are entertained by many of the Benuas and Malays themselves. But, from what branch of the great family of mankind the Benuas spring, tradition is almost silent. Their general physical appearance, their lineaments, their impatience of control, their nomadic habits, a few similarities in customs, which will be cursorily noticed as we proceed, all point to a Tartar extraction.

"It is stated by the Benuas, and admitted by the Malays, that before the Malay peninsula had the name of Malacca, it was inhabited by the Benuas. In course of time, the early Arab trading vessels brought over priests from Arabia, who made a number of converts to Islam; those of the Benuas that declined to abjure the religion and customs of their forefathers, in consequence of the persecutions to which they were exposed, fled to the fastnesses of the interior, where they have since continued in a savage state."

Of one of these tribes, the Semangs, who did not fall under the personal inspection of Mr. Newbold, but who have been stated to possess the Papuan characteristics, viz. the woolly hair, thick lips, and black skin of the Negro, we have the following particulars:—

"Mr. Anderson states that the Malays possess no tradition of the origin of the Semangs, but he does not appear to have made inquiries on this point from the Semangs themselves. They are numerous in Quedah, and reside generally on or near mountains, such as those of Jerrei and Juru; and are found in Tringanu, Perak, and Salangore. They live in rude huts, easily removed from place to place, constructed of leaves and branches. Their clothing is a scanty covering made of the bark of trees; sometimes a cloth obtained from the Malays. Birds and beasts of the forest, wild roots and yams, constitute their food; they worship the sun. The Malays have an idea, that when a Semang dies, his body is eaten, and nothing but the head interred; a custom which, if it exists, reminds us of one prevalent among the Issedones, a tribe of ancient Scythians, who, after feasting on the body of the deceased, preserved the head, carefully removing the hair. The Semang women, like those of the ancient Massagetæ, and the more modern Tartar Kiĕ-Kia-sse tribes, are said to be in common like their other property. They have chiefs, or elders, who rule the different tribes. The Semangs are expert hunters. Mr. Marsden gives the following account of the manner in which they catch the elephant and rhinoceros. 'Small parties of two or three, when they have perceived any elephants ascending a hill, lie in wait; and, as the animals descend again, which they usually do at a slow pace, plucking the branches as they move along, while the hind

* "Political and Statistical Account of the British Settlements in the Straits of Malacca. By T. I. Newbold, Esq. London; Murray. 1839."

legs are lifted up, the Semang, cautiously approaching behind one of them, drives a sharp-pointed bamboo, or piece of nibong, which has been previously well hardened in the fire, and touched with poison, into the sole of its foot, with all his force, which effectually lames, and most commonly causes him to fall, when the whole party rush upon him with spears and sharp-pointed sticks, and soon despatch him. The tusks are extracted, and bartered to the Malays, for tobacco, salt, or cloth. The rhinoceros they obtain with much less difficulty. This animal, which is of solitary habits, is found frequently in divers marshy places, with its whole body immersed in the mud, and part of the head only projecting. The Malays call it Badak Tapa, or the recluse rhinoceros. Towards the close of the rainy season, it is said to bury itself in this manner, and upon the dry weather setting in, and from the powerful effects of a vertical sun, the mud becomes hard and crusted, so that the rhinoceros cannot effect his escape without considerable difficulty and exertion. The Semangs prepare large quantities of combustible materials, with which they quietly come up to the animal, who is aroused from his reverie by an immense fire over him, and this, being well supplied by the Semangs with fresh fuel, soon completes his destruction, leaving him, also, well roasted for dinner. The projecting horn on the snout is carefully preserved, being supposed to be possessed of medicinal properties, and highly prized by the Malays.'

"The features of all the tribes that have fallen under my observation, viz., the Jakun, or Sakkye, the Belandas, the Besisik, the Akkye, and two other tribes from Salangore, as before observed, bear a common resemblance to the Malays, whose blood has not been much intermingled with that of Arabs or Mussulmans from the coast of India. In stature, they are, on the whole, a little lower than the ordinary run of the latter. Their bodies, from want of proper attention to cleanliness, emit a fetid odour, like that of Hottentots, or wild beasts. Their hair is black, often with a rusty tinge; it is sometimes lank, but generally matted and curly, differing, however, much from the woolly crisp hair of the Hottentot, and from that of the Malay, only in its being more neglected, allowed to grow to a great length, and constantly exposed to the rays of an equatorial sun, against which it forms their almost only protection, when wandering at a distance from the shades of their umbrageous forests. The eye of the Benua surpasses that of the Malay, in keenness and vivacity, as well as in varying expression; nor is it so narrow, nor are the internal angles so much depressed as among the Chinese and Javanese. The forehead is low, not receding. The eyebrows, or superciliary ridges, do not project much. The mouth and lips are large, but often well formed and expressive; the beard is scanty, as among the Tartars. They have the same sturdy legs, and breadth of chest, the small, depressed, though not flattened nose, with diverging nostrils, and the broad and prominent cheek bones, which distinguish that race of men. When we make comparisons between the physical appearances of Malay and Benua, the changes induced by a superior state of civilisation, better species of food, more settled habits of life, the admixture of Arab and Indian blood, must always be taken into calculation.

"Most of the wild tribes possess only faint glimmering ideas respecting the existence of a Supreme Being; but, with the savages of Tartary and North America, they adore a superior power, not in temples made with hands, not in the form of graven, sculptured, or painted images, but through the medium of one of the greatest and most splendid of his apparent created works—the Sun—the Baal of the Chaldeans—the Mithras of the Persians—and the Belphegor of the Moabites. They also entertain a high veneration for the stars, which, from their brilliancy and powerful influence over the face of nature, first excite the attention and claim the adoration of rude nations. Independently of an impulse, mysterious and undefined, that exists more or less in the hearts of all rational beings, to respect the controlling influence of an infinitely superior power, there are two lower, and if I may so speak, secondary impulses, of a more tangible and apparent nature, that stimulate the mind of man, especially in an infant state of society, to look up to a God, and which seem to divide natural religion into two distinct branches; I mean the impulses of veneration and fear. The visible and glorious sources of light, darkness, warmth, and the seasons, fire, and other useful objects, excited the former; while thunder, lightning, whirlwinds, earth- [illegible] they caused, awoke the latter. In the next stage of the progress of a savage to spiritual knowledge, the first impulse prompts him to the belief, that these external agents are each under the guidance of unknown superior powers, who are either worshipped from feelings of gratitude and veneration, or propitiated through fear; hence what has been termed devil-worship, amongst barbarous nations, and the curious invention of fates and furies, by more intelligent theologists.

"The following passage, explanatory of the customs of the Benua, is translated from a copy of an old Malay MS., which was sent to me by one of the Salangore chiefs, and purports to be the answer given by the four chiefs, or Neneks, who were summoned to the presence of Mahomed Shah, king of Johore.

"'We wish to return to our old customs, to ascend the lofty mountain, to dive into the earth's deep caverns, to traverse the boundless forest, to repose, with our head pillowed on the knotted trunk of the Durian tree, and curtained by Russam leaves. To wear garments made from the leaves of the Lumbah, or Terap tree, and a head dress of Bajah leaves. Where the Meranti trees join their lofty branches, where the Kompas links its knots, there we love to sojourn. Our weapons are the tamiang (or sumpitan), and the quiver of arrows imbued in the gum of the deadly Telak. The fluid most delicious to us is the limpid water that lodges in the hollow of trees, where the branches unite with the trunk; and our food consists of the tender shoots of the fragrant Jematong, and the delicate flesh of the bounding deer.'

"Both men and women go nearly naked whilst near their own haunts: they wear nothing but a strip of the fibrous bark of the Terap tree, beaten into a sort of cloth of a reddish-brown colour, called a Sabaring, round their loins; part of this comes down in front, is drawn between the legs, and fastened behind. The men sometimes encircle their heads with a string of Pallas leaves. On visits to Malay villages they generally contrive to appear more decently clad. The women particularly take great pleasure in silver bracelets, rings, and other ornaments. I do not recollect that I have seen any instance of the Benua wearing the skins of wild beasts, as has been alleged. They carry about them little mat pouches, containing generally a small portion of tobacco, a flint and steel, a knife, and a rude bamboo call or whistle. Their arms, as before stated, are the sumpitan, bamboo quiver of poisoned arrows, a small quantity of the dark brown poison in a semi-fluid state contained in a small bamboo, the parang, and a spear with a long shaft. Three individuals belonging to a tribe from the interior of Sungie Rhya, who visited me at Qualla Lingie, amused themselves during the greater part of the morning in shooting their arrows at the monkeys that swarmed among the boughs of the lofty fruit trees around my tent. They evinced a remarkable dexterity in the use of these dangerous weapons, blowing the arrows with great precision of aim, and with such a velocity as to render the transit of the slender dart for a considerable distance from the mouth of the tube invisible. It is propelled by collecting a considerable quantity of air in the lungs, and suddenly emitting it with a sharp noise resembling that occasioned by the discharge of an air-gun. The sumpitans made use of on this occasion were about ten feet long. The range, to take proper effect, is about sixty or seventy feet. They employ three preparations of the Ipoh or Upas poison to tip the arrows, distinguished by the names Ipoh Krohi, Ipoh Tennik, or Kennik, and Ipoh Mallaye.

"The Krohi is extracted from the root and bark of the Ipoh tree, the roots of the Tuba and Kopah, red arsenic, and the juice of limes. The Tennik is made in the same manner as the Krohi, leaving out the Kopah root. The Mallaye poison, which is accounted the most potent of the three, is prepared from the roots of the Tuba, the Perachi, the Kopah, and the Chey; and from that of the shrub Mallaye; hence its name.

"The process of concocting these preparations is as follows: The roots are carefully selected and cut at a particular age of the moon; I believe about the full. The woody fibre is thrown away, and nothing but the succulent bark used. This is put into a quali (a sort of pipkin made of earth) with as much soft water as will cover the mass, and kneaded well together. This done, more water is added, and the whole is submitted to a slow heat over a charcoal fire until half the water has evaporated. The decoction is next strained through a cotton cloth, again submitted to slow ebullition, until it attains the consistency of syrup. The red arsenic (Warangan) rubbed down in the juice of the sour lime, the Limou Assam of the Malays, is then added, and the mixt [illegible] for use. [illegible] some, the juice of the Lanchar, and the bones of the Sunggat fish burnt to ashes.

"A number of juggling incantations are performed, and the spells gibbered over the seething cauldron by the Poyangs, by

whom the fancied moment of the projection of the poisoning principle is as anxiously watched for, as that of the philosopher's stone, or the elixir vitæ by the alchymists and philosophers of more enlightened races. When recently prepared, the Ipoh poisons are all of a dark liver-brown colour, of the consistency of syrup, and emit a strongly narcotic odour. The deleterious principle appears to be volatile, as the efficacy of the poison is diminished by keeping.

"The arrows are very slight slips of wood, scarcely the thickness of a crow-quill, and generally about eight inches long, tapering to a fine point. This is coated with the poison, which is allowed to inspissate thereon for the space of an inch or so. They then cut the arrow slightly all round at the part where the coat of poison ends; consequently it almost invariably snaps off on piercing the flesh of the victim, leaving the envenomed point rankling in the wound. At the other end of the arrow is a cone of light, pith-like wood, which is fitted to the tube of the sumpitan, and assists materially in the propulsion and direction of the arrow. From experiments I caused some of the aborigines to make with these poisoned weapons on living animals in my presence, I am enabled to offer the following results showing the efficacy of the Kennik preparation:—

"A squirrel died in twelve minutes; young dogs in from thirty-seven to forty minutes; a fowl in two hours—one lingered seven hours and a half. Three arrows tipped with the Mallaye preparation, it is affirmed, would kill a man in less than an hour, and a tiger in less than three hours. According to the aborigines, the only remedy against the poison is the recent juice of the Lemmah kopiting, rubbed round and into the wound, and afterwards over the limb into which the puncture has been made. The arrow seldom penetrates farther than an inch, snapping off as mentioned above.

"The huts which I have seen have been invariably situated on the steep side of some forest-clad hill, or in some sequestered dell, remote from any frequented road or foot-path, and with little plantations of yams, plantains, and maize, about them. The bones and hair of the animals, whose flesh the inmates of these scattered dwellings feed upon, strew the ground near them, while a number of dogs, generally of a light brown colour, give timely notice of the approach of strangers.

"The huts themselves are rude edifices, perched on the top of four high wooden poles; thus elevated from fear of tigers, and entered by means of a long ladder, presenting no very satisfactory appearance to the uninitiated, through certain holes which serve as doors. The roofs are often thatched with chucho-leaves. There is but one room, in which the whole family is huddled together, with dogs and the bodies of animals they catch. They are interdicted by one of their singular rules from using any other wood than that of the Petaling and Jambu klat, in the construction of these huts. The huts are so made as to be moveable at a moment's warning; on the appearance of small-pox, or other contagious disorder among them, or deaths, a whole wigwam will vanish in the course of a single night.

"On occasions of marriages the whole tribe is assembled, and an entertainment given, at which large quantities of a fermented liquor, obtained from the fruit of the tampui, are discussed by the wedding guests; an address is made by one of the elders to the following effect:—'Listen, all ye that are present, those that were distant are now brought together—those that were separated are now united.' The young couple then approach each other, join hands, and the sylvan ceremony is concluded. It varies, however, in different tribes. Among some there is a dance, in the midst of which the bride elect darts off, *à la galope*, into the forest, followed by her inamorato. A chase ensues, during which, should the youth fall down, or return unsuccessful, he is met with the jeers and merriment of the whole party, and the match is declared off. It generally happens, though, that the lady contrives to stumble over the root of some tree friendly to Venus, and falls, (fortuitously of course) into the outstretched arms of her pursuer.

"No marriage is lawful without the consent of the parents. The dower usually given by the man to the bride, is a biliong, (Malay hatchet), a copper ring, an iron or earthen cooking vessel, a parang or chopper, a few cubits of cloth, glass beads, and a pair of armlets: the woman also presents a copper ring to her intended. Polygamy is not permitted, but a man can divorce his wife, and take another. The form of divorce is that the parties return their copper wedding-rings; the children generally go with the mother.

"The preparations for funerals are few and simple. The corpse is stripped, washed, and wrapped in cloth of Terap bark, or in a piece of white cloth, and interred, among some of the tribes, in a sitting posture, in a grave from three to six cubits deep; the cooking dish, sumpitan, quiver of arrows, parang, knife, flint and steel of the deceased, are buried with him, along with a little rice, water, and a few rokos of tobacco, to serve the pilgrim on his long and dreary journey to the West. No sort of service is recited.

"The Benuas are celebrated among Malays for their skill in medicines, and, it is said, know the use of venesection in inflammatory disorders. The following is a specimen of their rude recipes. A person with sore eyes must use a collyrium of the infusion of Niet-niet leaves for four days. For diarrhœa, the decoction of the root of Kayu-yet, and Kayu-panamas; for sciatica, powdered Sabtal-wood in water, rubbed on the loins; for sores, the wood Kumbing. If the head be affected, it must be washed with a decoction of Lawong-wood; if the chest, the patient should drink a decoction of Kayu-tikar leaves.

"Such recipes as these, of which there is abundance, are not, however, supposed to be fully efficacious without the incantations of the Poyangs. This triple alliance of religion, magic, and medicine, is remarkable as having prevailed at some period or other in every nation of the globe, and did not escape the observations of Pliny and other ancient writers. Guligas, stones extracted from the heads and bodies of animals, particularly the porcupine, and the Rantei Babi, which is imagined to be endowed with powers equivalent to those of the celebrated Anguinum of the Druids of Gaul and Britain, have been previously alluded to, and hold a high place in the Materia Medica of these rude tribes."

THE EMIGRANT HIGHLANDER.*

Forty years since, the travelling by land from New York to Albany was so toilsome and tedious, that many preferred the precarious chance of going in the small sloops up the North river. These slight vessels were so poorly provided, and the winds often so adverse, that more than a week was frequently occupied in the passage. Every tide, however, set them forward a little, even with the wind ahead: so that the voyage was not hopeless. The writer of this remembers, with singular minuteness, a voyage made in this manner, in the year 1798. One of its occurrences afforded an example of the power of sympathy, more remarkable than he had, at that time, ever witnessed. May it prove useful to others, as he trusts it has been to him!

The sloop in which he embarked had but few passengers, except a large company of Highlanders, who, in their native dress, had taken their station in the hold, with the privilege of coming on deck at their pleasure. They spoke only in their own Highland tongue, and this circumstance kept them aloof for some time from the cabin passengers. One day, the only individual among them who spoke English at all, addressed the writer in respectful terms, and inquired as to the best mode of getting a livelihood in America. In answering so reasonable a question, made in behalf of so many simple-hearted and efficient men just arrived in the country, it was evidently necessary to inquire whither they were going, and what had been their occupation. The reply was, that all intended to stop in Albany, with the exception of one, who wished to go to his brother, living on the Merrimack river, in New England. They were informed that this person ought to have gone to his brother by the way of Boston, as Newburyport was the place of his destination. This being reported to the company, they all gathered round the writer, and, through their interpreter, asked many questions; which resulted in the advice, that on their arrival in Albany, they should find some one to address a letter to their countryman on the Merrimack, and await his reply, which would doubtless contain directions as to the best way of joining him. Moreover, he perhaps himself, on hearing that so near a relative had actually arrived, would come in person, and bring him to his home.

The advice proved satisfactory, especially to the young Highlander, who immediately, and with many gesticulations, denoting great earnestness, begged the writer to frame a letter for him to his brother, that it might be in readiness for the post, as soon as they should reach Albany. It may be supposed, that a request so proper in itself, and so patriotically urged, was not disregarded, especially as there was leisure, and the time hung heavy on the protracted passage. Having learned the names and residence of his parents, and heard him feelingly respond to every inquiry about brothers, sisters, and other friends in his native Scotland, the

* By Bishop Chase, in the American Souvenir for 1840.

latter was duly prepared, and the young Highlander came to hear it interpreted.

And here the writer cannot but pause, and be deeply affected, as faithful memory brings from far-distant years the countenance and gestures of this very extraordinary person, as he drank in the words and felt the sentiments of the simple and affectionate epistle of brother to brother. It seems, he thought it more than human that any one could know the feelings of his fraternal bosom, or having no actual acquaintance with the deaf objects of his affection, describe them in the same lovely features which his own warm heart portrayed. During the process of interpretation, which was probably done in language far more expressive than any which the writer had used, he would seize his hand and embrace it; then, throwing himself on his knees, burst into tears of grateful astonishment, at hearing words which represented so exactly what was at that time passing within his own breast.

This was noted at the time as remarkable, but no thought was entertained of the effect which this excess of passion might produce in case of disappointment. The result will show that our feelings, even those of the tenderest class, need the governing, overruling hand of religion, and the fear of God, to make them subservient to our real good. Like the elements, when governed, they are useful and beautiful; but left to themselves, unsubdued by a holy fear, a devout submission to our heavenly Father's will, they break forth, and with restless force consume or overwhelm all we hold most dear.

Business detained the writer in Albany for several weeks. One day, passing the house of a friend, a native of Scotland, he heard the bell of the church to which that friend belonged tolling a funeral knell. Stepping in, he inquired who of the congregation were dead.

"A young Highlander," was the reply; "he died of mere grief and disappointment."

He then related how he had left the land of his birth to find a brother; had missed the direct route, and come to Albany, instead of going to the Merrimack river, where his brother resided; how some one had written a letter for him to that brother, which he had sent, and long awaited the answer. This ardently-desired letter arrived only two days since, but, alas! instead of being the messenger of good news, it bore tidings that his brother had been dead for several months!

"Oh, sir! this is not all; the poor young man, on hearing that his brother was indeed dead, and that he must never see him more, was so overcome with grief, that he fell dead on the spot. And this is the funeral, which we Scotchmen, who love one another better than you Yankees do, are now called to attend."

So saying, he left the writer to his own sad reflections.

HINTS TO THE LADIES.

WHEN a young girl reaches the age of fifteen or sixteen years, she begins to think of the mysterious subject of matrimony—a state, the delights of which her youthful imagination shadows forth in the most captivating forms. It is made the topic of light and incidental discourse among her companions, and it is recurred to with increasing interest every time it is brought upon the tapis. When she grows a little older, she ceases to smatter about matrimony, and thinks more intently on the all-important subject. It engrosses her thoughts by day and her dreams by night; and she pictures to herself the felicity of being wedded to the youth for whom she cherishes a secret but consuming flame. She surveys herself in the mirror, and, as it generally tells "a flattering tale," she turns from it with a pleasing conviction that her beauty will enable her to conquer the heart of the most obdurate, and that, whoever else may die in a state of "single blessedness," she is destined to become, ere many years roll by, a happy bride.

From the age of eighteen to twenty is "the very witching time" of female life. During that period, the female heart is more susceptible of the soft and tender influences of love than at any other; and we appeal to our fair readers to say whether, if inclination alone were consulted in the business, more marriages would not take place during that ticklish season, than in any by which it is preceded or followed. It is the grand climacter of love; and she who passes it without entering into the state matrimonial, may chance to pass several years of her life ere she is caught in the meshes of Hymen. The truth is, that the majority of women begin to be more thoughtful when they have turned the age of twenty. The giddiness of the girl gives place to the sobriety of the woman. Frivolity is succeeded by reflection, and reason reigns where passion previously held undisputed sway. The cares and the anxieties of life press themselves more on the attention; and as its sober realities become more palpable, they tend to weaken the effect of the sanguine anticipations of unmingled felicity in the marriage-state which the mind had formed in its youthful day-dreams. In short, to use a common phrase, women, after twenty-one, "look before they leap."

Matrimony, however, though not so ardently longed for by the damsel who has passed what we have styled the grand climacter of love, is never lost sight of either by the youngest or by the most aged spinster in her Majesty's dominions. It is a state on which the eyes of the whole female world are turned with the most pleasurable anticipations, and the spinster of forty is as full of hope of one day being married as the damsel of twenty-one. But, sorry as we always are to utter anything which may tend to damp the hopes or to cloud the prospects of a fair lady, truth compels us to say that, when once she has crossed THE LINE, which on the map of love is marked THIRTY, the chances are fearfully against the probability of her obtaining a husband, even of the sedate age of forty or fifty. If she pass many degrees beyond the line, her state becomes almost hopeless, nay desperate, and she may reconcile herself to live and die an old maid. All experience confirms this lamentable truth. No wonder, therefore, that women make a mighty secret of their age, and that they occasionally tell a pardonable fib, in the attempt to induce the men to believe that they are several years younger than they really are. Who can blame them for practising a little finesse on this awful subject, seeing that their age, if divulged, might utterly annihilate the chances of their ever enjoying the blessings of wedded love!

Experience, we have said, confirms the lamentable truth, that females who have passed "the line" seldom reach the harbour of matrimony. Lest any of our readers should lay the "flattering unction to their souls," that, though they have crossed that awful point in the voyage of life, they shall yet escape the rocks on which, if they strike, all hopes of wedlock must be for ever abondoned, we shall present them with a table, which, whilst it will exhibit to females their chances of marriage at various ages, will prove the truth of the positions which have been already advanced on the subject. The table to which we are about to draw their attention is extracted from the "Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Laws respecting Friendly Societies." It was drawn up by Dr. Granville. The doctor, whose attention had been directed to the statistical questions of the increase of population among the poor, thought that the public institutions to which he belonged might be made available in obtaining the information which he wanted. For this purpose he put questions to the females who from time to time came under his care, to ascertain the earliest age at which women of the poorer classes marry. He submitted to the committee the registered cases of 876 women; and the following table, derived from their answers as to the age at which they respectively married, is the first ever constructed to exhibit to females their chances of marriage at various ages. Of the 876 females, there were married—

	Years of Age.		Years of Age.
3	at 13	28	at 27
11	— 14	22	— 28
16	— 15	17	— 29
46	— 16	9	— 30
45	— 17	7	— 31
76	— 18	5	— 32
115	— 19	7	— 33
118	— 20	5	— 34
86	— 21	2	— 35
85	— 22	0	— 36
59	— 23	2	— 37
53	— 24	0	— 38
36	— 25	1	— 39
24	— 26		

It is to be borne in mind, that the females whose relative ages at the time of their marriage are above exhibited, were all of the lower classes. Among an equal number from the middling or the higher classes, we should not probably find as many as 195, or more than one-fifth, married under the age of nineteen; or so few as one-sixteenth part after twenty-eight; or only one-thirtieth part after thirty.

From this curious statistical table, our fair readers may form a pretty accurate judgment of the chances which they have of entering into the holy state of matrimony, and of enjoying the sweets—we say nothing of the bitters—of wedded love. They ought always, however, to remember that such of them as independently of personal charms, possess the more powerful recommendation of property, will be deemed eligible as wives, whatever may be their age.

INCREASE OF RICHES UNDER GEORGE III.

The increase of national riches consequent on commercial prosperity was attended with the natural adjunct of a vast increase in the luxurious arts. Horticulture, architecture, music, painting, and sculpture, were munificently encouraged. Splendid mansions rose in every part of the country, replete with every enjoyment and convenience that wealth, art, and science could produce. It was about the middle of the king's reign that the nobility and successful commercialists, Angerstein, Beckford, Methuen, and Ellis, began to form those magnificent galleries of art that are now the astonishment and admiration of foreigners. The superb collections of some of the French noblesse and of their farmers-general, as well as those of Holland and Belgium, dispersed by political revolutions, found ready purchasers in this opulent country; and the result is, that not only in cabinet pictures, but pictures of all kinds, England is now supposed to be the richest depository of the works of the great masters in the world. Luxury and improvement were rife in everything and among all classes. Private carriages, country-seats, and pleasure-horses, multiplied. The hours of application were shortened; merchants and the better sort of tradespeople, in lieu of their ledgers and counters, devoted the afternoon to wine, music, literature, or the theatres. Employments were more nicely subdivided; and, in easement of their superiors, more superintendants, clerks, overseers, bailiffs, stewards, valets, footmen, and ladies'-maids were kept than formerly. In towns, in-door apprenticeships became less frequent; and in the country there was less of yearly hiring, and the farmer and yeoman no longer sat down in common fellowship, at a common board, with his hind and husbandman. There was also great amelioration during the war in the condition of the labouring, handicraft, and artificer classes. Their clothing, lodging, furniture, and diet, improved. If their masters exchanged the spinnet and harpsichord for the more dulcet notes of the piano or guitar, the treenware, the wooden spoon and trencher, and the pewter-platter disappeared from cottages; and, what is more, that infallible sign of plebeian luxury, the wheaten loaf, after battling against the rye, the barley, and oaten in the South, at last wended its way from the Thames to the Tees, and is now struggling onwards to the Clyde, the Frith of Forth, and John O'Groat's.—*Wade's British History.*

A MUSICAL ENTHUSIAST.

"Dr. Ford, the rector of Melton, was an enthusiast in music, very singular in his manner, and a great humorist. His passion for sacred music was publicly known, from his constant attendance at most of the musical festivals in the kingdom. I have frequently met him, and always found him in ecstasies with Handel's music, specially the 'Messiah.' His admiration of this work was carried to such an excess, that he told me he never made a journey from Melton to Leicester that he did not sing it quite through. His performance served as a pedometer by which he could ascertain his progress on the road. As soon as he had crossed Melton Bridge, he began the overture, and always found himself in the chorus, 'Lift up your heads,' when he arrived at Brooksby Gate; and 'Thanks be to God,' the moment he got through Thurmaston toll-gate. As the pace of his old horse was pretty regular, he contrived to conclude the Amen chorus always at the cross in the Belgrave Gate. Though a very pious person, his eccentricity was, at times, not restrained even in the pulpit. It need not be stated that he had a pretty good opinion of his own vocal powers. Once, when the clerk was giving out the tune, he stopped him, saying, 'John, you have pitched too low—follow me.' Then, clearing up his voice, he lustily began the tune. When the psalmody went to his mind, he enjoyed it; and, in his paroxysms of delight, would dangle one or both of his legs over the side of the pulpit during the singing. When preaching a charity sermon at Melton, some gentlemen of the hunt entered the church rather late. He stopped, and cried out, 'Here they come; here come the red-coats; they know their Christian duties: there's not a man among them that is not good for a guinea.' The doctor was himself a performer, had a good library of music, and always took the 'Messiah' with him on his musical journeys. I think it was at a Birmingham festival that he was sitting with his book upon his knee, humming the music with the performers, to the great annoyance of an attentive listener, who said, 'I did not pay to hear *you* sing.' 'Then,' said the doctor, 'you have that into the bargain.'"—*Gardiner's Music and Friends.*

APPREHENSIONS AND MISAPPREHENSIONS.

The painter Vernet relates, that somebody once employed him to paint a landscape with a cave, and St. Jerome in it. He accordingly painted the landscape with Jerome in the entrance. But when he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of perspective, said, "The landscape and the cave are well made, but St. Jerome is not in the cave." "I understand you, sir," replied Vernet; "I will alter it." He therefore took the painting, and made the shade darker, so that the Saint seemed to sit farther in. The gentleman took the painting, and it again appeared to him that the Saint was not in the cave. Vernet then wiped the figure out, and gave it to the gentleman, who seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he saw the strangers to whom he showed the picture, he said, "Here you see the picture by Vernet, with St. Jerome in his cave." "But we do not see the Saint," replied the visitors. "Excuse me, gentlemen," answered the owner, "he is there—I have seen him standing at the entrance, and afterwards farther back—and therefore I am sure he is in it."

This anecdote reminds us of a story of old Astley, who piqued himself extremely on suffering no imposition of any kind to be practised on the public at his theatre. Having ordered a drop-scene to be painted, representing a temple, he was, on examining the performance, scandalised by observing that his artist had shortened the pillars in the back-ground—in fact, that the pillar was so much the shorter as it was farther removed from the eye of the spectator. Having called the painter to account for this, in his judgment, strange irregularity, and being assured that the rules of perspective required it, he indignantly replied, "Don't talk to me, sir, of perspective—I know nothing of the rules of perspective; but I know the foot-rule, and I know by it that these pillars are not all of a length, as pillars in temples, or what is the same thing, churches, always are; and I won't have the public imposed on or defrauded of full measure of their pillars. They pay their money at the door to see pillars in my drop-scene, and they shall have good measure for their money, or my name is not Astley. Make them all of a size, sir, as I bid you, or I will find some one else that will." The painter did as he was commanded, and all the pillars were painted of such equal measure that the public had no reason to complain of any deception; it was the most candid of drop-scenes—there was no delusion in it. Another time, the same worthy seeing the trombone player in the orchestra doing nothing but patting the music-desk with his fore-finger, while the rest of his brethren were scraping and blowing away as if their lives and souls depended on it, he asked him angrily, "Pray, sir, what is the meaning of this neglect—why are not you doing your duty like the rest of the band?" "Sir," said the man, "there is a pause for my instrument, and I am counting the bars." "Counting the bars!" roared Astley; 'why, I don't pay you to come and sit here *counting bars*—I pay you to play to the public; and if you don't play this instant, I'll discharge you to-morrow morning. The public shan't be imposed on in my house. They don't pay at the door to see musicians counting bars, but to hear them playing notes."

PARADISE LOST.

For years, vext by political intrigue, domestic discord, and the ungrateful labours of the school-room, Milton's poetical powers seemed to be dormant, or the great light within him was evinced only by casual scintillations. But the finger of misfortune then came on him for good: to broken health, disappointed hopes, and shattered spirits, was added at a stroke the calamity of blindness: and thus forced into necessary retirement and contemplation, his mind began to imagine and create new worlds to repay itself for that which his outward eye had lost. So, in the sere autumn of his life, the most wonderful work ever composed by man rose unpremeditated to the dictating tongue of Milton, even as his own descriptions of supernal and infernal architecture, which framed itself complete in sublime and dreamy grandeur. Unlike other poets, whose excellence is often attributable to the "nine years' laying-by," and the continued labour of the file, Milton, in more than a seeming inspiration, would recite for many hours together to those three fair amanuenses whose filial care has so obliged mankind. At a heat, a panoplied Minerva from the head of Jove—the Paradise Lost—sprung in wondrous labour from his brain; and it stands, with nothing to add, and nothing to take away, a miracle of strength, knowledge, and invention.—*Martin Farquhar Tupper.*

EVILS OF RAILROADS.

The New York Gazette gives the following humorous argument which, it says, was used by a canal stockholder in opposition to railways:—"He saw what would be the effect of it; that it would set the whole world a-gadding. Twenty miles an hour, sir! Why, you will not be able to keep an apprentice-boy at his work: every Saturday evening he must take a trip to Ohio, to spend the Sabbath with his sweetheart. Grave plodding citizens will be flying about like comets. All local attachments must be at an end. It will encourage flightiness of intellect. Veracious people will turn into the most immeasurable liars; all their conceptions will be exaggerated by their magnificent notions of distance. 'Only a hundred miles off! Tut, nonsense, I'll step across, madam, and bring your fan!' 'Pray, sir, will you dine with me to-day at my little box at Alleghany?' 'Why, indeed, I don't know—I shall be in town until twelve. Well, I shall be there; but you must let me off in time for the theatre.' And then, sir, there will be barrels of pork, and cargoes of flour, and chaldrons of coals, and even lead and whiskey, and such like sober things that have always been used to sober travelling, whisking away like a set of sky-rockets. It will upset all the gravity of the nation. If two gentlemen have an affair of honour, they have only to steal off to the Rocky Mountains, and there no jurisdiction can touch them. And then, sir, think of flying for debt! A set of bailiffs, mounted on bomb-shells, would not overtake an absconded debtor—only give him a fair start. Upon the whole, sir, it is a pestilential, topsy-turvy, harum-scarum whirligig. Give me the old, solemn, straight-forward, regular Dutch canal—three miles an hour for expresses, and two for jog-and-trot journeys—with a yoke of oxen for a heavy load! I go for beasts of burthen: it is more primitive and scriptural, and suits a moral and religious people better. None of your hop-skip-and-jump whimsies for me."

A NEWSMONGER

Is a retailer of rumour, that takes up upon trust, and sells as cheap as he buys. He deals in a perishable commodity that will not keep; for if it be not fresh, it lies upon his hands, and yields nothing. True or false is all one to him; for novelty being the grace of both, a truth grows stale as soon as a lie; and as a slight suit will last as well as a better while the fashion holds, a lie serves as well as a truth till new ones come up. He is little concerned whether it be good or bad, for that does not make it more or less news; and if there be any difference, he loves the bad best, because it is said to come soonest; for he would willingly bear his share in any public calamity, to have the pleasure of hearing and telling it. He is deeply read in diurnals, and can give as good an account of *Rowland Pepin*, if need be, as another man. He tells news, as men do money, with his fingers, for he assures them it comes from very good hands. The whole business of his life is like that of a spaniel, to fetch and carry news; and when he does it well, he is clapped on the back and fed for it; for he does not take to it altogether like a gentleman for his pleasure, but, when he lights on a considerable parcel of news, he knows where to put it off for a dinner, and quarter himself upon it, until he has eaten it out; and by this means he drives a trade, by rehearsing the past news to truck it for the first meat in season; and, like the old Roman luxury, ransacks all seas and lands to please his palate, for he imports his narratives from all ports within the geography of a diurnal, and eats as well upon the beef and Polander as the English and Dutch. By this means his belly is provided for, and nothing lies upon his hands but his back, which takes other courses to maintain itself, by weft and stray silver spoons, straggling hoods and scarfs, pimping and sets at *l'ombre*.—*Butler.*

LACONICS.

The happiness of mankind is the end of virtue, and truth is the knowledge of the means.—*Coleridge.*

The habit of speaking is the habit of being heard, and of wanting to be heard; the habit of writing is the habit of thinking aloud, but without the help of an echo.—*Hazlitt.*

As there are some flowers which you should smell but slightly to extract all that is pleasant in them, so there are some men with whom a slight acquaintance is sufficient to draw out all that is agreeable; a more intimate one would be unsatisfactory and unsafe.—*Landor.*

Those who live from hand to mouth most frequently become improvident. Possessing no stock of happiness, they eagerly seize the gratification of the moment, and snatch the froth from the wave as it passes by them.—*Coleridge.*

The most irreconcilable disappointments are those which arise from our obtaining all we wish.—*Hazlitt.*

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

WRECK of a warrior pass'd away,
Thou form without a name!
Which thought and felt but yesterday,
And dreamt of future fame:
Stripp'd of thy garments, who shall guess
Thy rank, thy lineage, and race?
If haughty chieftain holding sway,
Or lowlier destined to obey!

The light of that fix'd eye is set,
And all is moveless now;
But Passion's traces linger yet,
And lower upon that brow.
Expression has not yet wax'd weak,
The lips seem e'en in act to speak,
And clench'd the cold and lifeless hand,
As if it grasp'd the battle-brand.

Though from that head, late towering high,
The waving plume is torn,
And low in dust that form doth lie,
Dishonour'd and forlorn;
Yet Death's dark shadow cannot hide
The graven characters of pride,
That on the lip and brow reveal
The impress of the spirit's seal.

Lives there a mother to deplore
The son she ne'er shall see?
Or maiden, on some distant shore,
To break her heart for thee?—
Perchance to roam a maniac there,
With wild-flower wreaths to deck her hair,
And through the weary night to wait
Thy footsteps at the lonely gate.

Long shall she linger there—in vain
The evening fire shall trim—
And gazing on the darkening main,
Shall often call on him
Who hears him not—who cannot hear:—
Oh! deaf for ever is the ear
That once in listening rapture hung
Upon the music of her tongue!

Long may she dream—to wake is woe!
Ne'er may remembrance tell
Its tale to bid her sorrows flow,
And hope to sigh farewell;—
The heart bereaving of its stay,
Quenching the beam that cheers her way
Along the waste of life—till she
Shall lay her down and sleep like thee!

MALCOLM

KNOW THY POWER.

To do any given work, a man should not be greater in himself than the work he has to do; the faculties which he has beyond this, will be "faculties to let," either not used or used idly and unprofitably, to hinder, not to help.—*Hazlitt.*

IRISH WIT.

I gave a fellow a shilling on some occasion, when sixpence was the fee "Remember you owe me a sixpence, Pat." "May your honour live till I pay you." There was courtesy as well as art in this, and all the clothes on Pat's back would have been dearly bought by the sum in question.—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

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A RAMBLE INTO IRELAND.

(CONCLUDED.)

BEFORE I quit the precincts of Thurles, I must tell the reader about a visit which, in company with some dear friends, I paid, in the autumn of 1838, to the residence of an old parish priest at Clonoulty, some few miles from that town. The priest was a very decided political partisan—a great supporter of one of the gentlemen of our party, member for the county of ———, and proprietor of the land on which the priest resided. The good man, for truly a good man he was, has been since numbered among the dead. He was universally beloved—one of the most hospitable of his hospitable order, and as warm-hearted, as single-minded, as religious, and withal as merry, a priest as ever was in the world.

Some partridges and other game having been sent out beforehand in the morning, by way of announcing our intended incursion upon his hermitage, we found him, about two o'clock in the afternoon, in his garden, engaged in walking up and down a terrace, reading his "daily office," as it is called, out of a book entitled the "Breviary." The "Breviary" may be styled in other words an epitome of the New Testament, and of the best writings of the Fathers, interspersed with selections from the Psalms. It is admirably suited to its purpose, which is to keep the mind of a man devoted to the sacred ministry always thoughtful of his duties, and occupied in "prayer and praise" during a certain portion of the morning, afternoon, and evening. It is in the Latin language, and generally printed in a clear, beautiful type, intermingled with rubric notes, and instructions as to the festivals, and other subjects connected with the sacerdotal functions.

The terrace, in the middle of which was an arbour, formed one side of the garden, which was well stocked with vegetables, fruits, and flowers. It was not large, nor quite in such apple-pie order as those we are accustomed to in England. The walks, the terrace only excepted, were not gravelled; nor were the borders closely trimmed; nor were the clematis and jasmine trained with sedulous attention to effect. But although then in its undress, as the advancing season was turning every leaf brown, and had already made sad havoc among the roses and carnations, still its very rusticity was pleasing. It seemed a fit haunt for a plain, pious old man, thinking little of this world, much of the next, and preparing with fervent orisons and a rejoicing heart for the great change which, according to the order of nature, he was soon to undergo. Surrounded by a well-grown hedge, favoured by the southern and western sun, seated upon elevated ground which opened it to pleasant breezes from the neighbouring hills and moors, it afforded many beautiful views of the country, and at the same time was in itself a solitude.

"No wonder," said we, "Father Molowny," (after we had received his blessing and his most cordial greetings of welcome,) "that you should look so well, for this garden and this walk seem the very abode of health." (He did, in fact, then look the picture of a "green old age.")

"Thank God for all his favours!" he replied. "Though now turned fourscore, the heart is as warm as ever, particularly when our beloved friends here (the lord and lady of the soil) come to see the old man. It does indeed delight me to see you all. But why didn't you write me a line yesterday, to say you were coming? for then I could have had a little time for preparation, and some way or other got you a suitable dinner."

"We were pretty sure, Father Molowny," answered Mr. ——, "that at all events you were not without eggs, and bacon, and potatoes; and I know these hills too well to fear that they required fine dishes to tempt the appetite."

"All I can say is, that you are heartily and again and again welcome to whatever my humble home can give; and I'm only sorry it isn't more worthy your acceptance. I'll see what Catty can do."

Cordial as was our welcome, I could perceive, however, that our worthy host was not a little embarrassed in his manner. The cause of this I could not comprehend, for I knew how truly his lips spoke the sentiments of his soul. In the course of a few minutes, however, his nephew, Father John, who was also his curate, made his appearance, and in a mysterious manner requested the ladies of our party to favour him with a moment's private conversation. They could not at all guess what was coming; and when he introduced them into his own bed-room, (blush not, fair reader, for the only sitting-room in the cottage was the parlour, now in active preparation for dinner,) they were still more puzzled.

"The fact is, ladies," said Father John, after a long preface about the respect due to high rank, and how much his uncle valued the great condescension of the principal guest who honoured him that day with his presence—"the fact is, my uncle had invited, a week ago, some few friends and parishioners to dine here to-day, and as your messenger did not arrive until twelve o'clock, we hadn't time to put them off to another day."

"But why think of putting them off for us?"

The answer, couched in mysterious terms, at length made it appear that the good father was afraid the company would not be "good enough" for such a meeting. It is hardly necessary to add that this grand source of embarrassment was soon laughed away by the persons to whom it was addressed, and by Mr. —— also, when made known to him;—one of the last of men to throw away a moment's thought upon such a subject.

This incident was worth notice, as it was characteristic of the esteem—indeed I might say, the veneration—in which the Irish in general hold ancient birth and rank, especially when to these are added great amiability of character, which was the case in the present instance. And, let it be added to that, there are no men, or women either, in any country, of what may be called the secondary classes, who, when called upon by accidental circumstances to take a place in what they might consider "company above themselves," know better how to display that urbanity, ease, and pleasantness of manner, which are habitual to good society. The young Irish ladies are almost universally extremely well-educated, in consequence of the numerous convents in that country belonging to orders of nuns who devote all their time—that portion only excepted which is set apart for their religious duties—to the business of education. Their charges are exceedingly moderate for those who can pay; and for the children of the poor they have separate establishments, in which there is no charge at all. Indeed several of the female conventual order in Ireland are dedicated solely to the gratuitous instruction of the humbler classes of society.

Of the good sense, natural politeness, open-hearted cheerfulness, and minds utterly without guile, or suspicion of wrong, which

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may be pretty generally observed among Irish females, we had on this occasion more than one very agreeable specimen. They all acknowledge that they are fond of "fun;" and they are so to an extent which might shock the nerves of many English maidens of a "certain age." But the "fun" even of what Lady Morgan might designate as a "wild Irish girl," is never of that kind that would tempt any man possessed of the ordinary delicacy of a gentleman to take advantage of it, or encourage him to move one step, even in thought, beyond the line of decorum. In truth, as her cheerfulness is itself the measure of her innocence and virtue, so is it also her most impregnable bulwark. It forbids assault.

Nothing can be more honourable to the females of any nation than the tribute which Mr. Nichols, the chief poor-law commissioner in Ireland, paid to the sex of that country, when, after having travelled through almost every part of it, and noted with a most strict and intelligent eye the habits of every class of its community, he declared that no necessity existed there for a "Law of Bastardy*."

A more serious difficulty than that of "rank" was still to be got over, which in Irish phrase completely "bothered" the two priests. The parlour, by no means a large one, was scarcely sufficient to contain the pre-invited guests; how was room to be found for four more in addition? After due discussion, this matter also was speedily settled by a general agreement that every three persons should occupy only two chairs. And so Catty having informed his "Reverence" that dinner was on the table, we lost no time in repairing to the scene of action, accompanied by all the other friends whom Father Molowny had invited. The chairs being old-fashioned and nearly square, we easily placed them in close juxta-position. One or two, who could not by any process of squeezing be fitted in, and all the tables in the house being in requisition, were obliged to have their plates on Father John's bed, whose Morphean chamber luckily opened into the parlour.

These preliminary arrangements, the adjustment of the thin and the corpulent, the due intermixture of the ladies and the squires, and then some little provision for the motion of hands and arms intent on the good work before them, caused so much laughter, that never did an assembled party sit down with a better disposition to enjoy themselves. And, Heaven knows, plenty there was at our discretion :—a noble leg of mutton boiled, which at the first cut yielded a gush of red gravy, that made the snow-white turnips beneath it blush like a young maiden; next was disclosed to admiration an eighteen-pounder of a turkey—(oh, glorious sight!) boiled also, served with celery sauce, well stored with "stuffing" fragrant of sweet mountain herbs, and attended by a ham fit for the gods, browned in Catty's best style. Besides these good things, there were a princely sirloin of roast beef, potatoes of course, and cabbages, and cauliflowers, in abundance, followed by an immense apple-pie and a delicious baked custard-pudding.

All we wanted to complete the picture of an Irish wedding were a bride and bridegroom. I was impertinent enough to propose an impromptu match between a pretty smiling girl opposite to me, and a marrying-looking young gentleman at Father Malowny's end of the room. Our pleasant host seconded the motion, amidst a peal of laughter—the said laughter being directed against myself, for the banns were forthwith forbidden by a quiet nice little woman on my left hand, and a partner too in my chair, who exclaimed, in the prettiest brogue in the world—"Oh! sir, that won't do at all, for that gentleman is my husband."

Round went the tankards of foaming ale, and black mouldy bottles of old sherry—sherry of those days when no Cape wine was to be found to adulterate it—cheering all hearts, and loosening all tongues, and exciting a sort of conversational riot, amidst which the perpetual clatter of knives and steel forks could only be now and then indistinctly heard.

The cloth being removed, Father Molowny proposed all our healths, not in a speech, but in an old Irish song—that is a song in the Irish language, and though there were few present who understood that tongue, yet such was the native humour and warm-hearted enthusiasm with which the venerable octogenarian gave out the rich tones of his voice, that he made our cheek-bones ache with laughter. Before the uproar subsided, he was called out mysteriously by Catty. He was absent nearly half an hour—which I afterwards learned—not from him—for he said no word about it—was devoted to attendance on the sick-bed of one of his flock, who was supposed to be in the last stage of a severe illness. Merry as were his guests, delighted as he was by their presence, yet was the duty of his ministry dearer to him than all other things. Meanwhile arrived, from some quarter or another, a large square bottle of genuine Inishowen, yellowish with age, transparent as an Italian sky, attended by a posse of jugs of warm water, lemons, and sugar. The gentlemen proceeded forthwith to lessen the contents of the said bottle with amazing rapidity—the temperance societies having been as yet unknown in that region. Nor were the ladies altogether inaccessible to the temptations created by the flavour of the "dear old drop," as a Tipperary man called it the other day on "taking *lave*" of it, as he declared, for ever. I asked my little friend, the partner of my—*chair*, if she would venture on a glass of my compound. "Most certainly, sir," she answered, apparently surprised that I should have felt the remotest doubt on the subject. "Sure, there's nothing in the world I like better!" "What! better even than that gentleman I fixed upon a while ago as a husband for that young lady opposite?" "Ah! that's a different thing," she replied, looking towards him with a radiant smile of genuine affection.

Songs and speechifications followed in uninterrupted succession, until the time arrived for the retirement of the ladies. But whither were they to retire? There was the rub! They had no alternative: they had either to stay or to pack themselves into Father John's sleeping-room, which was almost wholly occupied by his bed. It was proposed that some should go into the bed, and that the remainder should sit upon it, and I believe that it was by some such arrangement they settled their difficulties. What I do know for certain is, that various peals of merry laughter struck upon my ears from that quarter; which said laughter was not at all mitigated by the embarrassment of the tray laden with cups and saucers and a huge tin kettle, sent into the little shrine, for the manufacture of their favourite nectar.

It was unanimously agreed upon our taking leave of our host, who had more and more endeared himself to us all by his animation and his most cordial language to us on this occasion; language more than once accompanied by the "heart's own tear," as he called it, which he could not restrain—that it was ever to be numbered amongst the happiest days of our lives.

A full brilliant moon in a clear azure sky, and the quiet hedges by which we travelled on our return to Thurles from Clonoulty, disposed my party to a state of pleasant reverie—dare I call it sleep?—from which we did not emerge until we found ourselves in a wild sort of bye-road, which we knew we had not traversed during the day. We asked our Thurles postilion, Peter by name, where we were?

"Not far from Holy Cross, your honour."

"Holy Cross! Why we ought to have been in Thurles an hour ago at least." And so we ought to have been, as our watches told us.

* "As far as I had opportunities of observing and inquiring, the Irish females are generally correct in their conduct. I am aware that opinions somewhat different have been expressed, but I feel bound to state that my own impressions of the moral conduct of the Irish females are highly favourable. Their duties appear to be much more laborious than those of the same class of females in England. Their dress, too, is very inferior, and so likewise seems their general position in society; yet they universally appear modest, industrious, and sober. I state this as the result of my own observation merely; and I do so here because, if the Irish females have preserved their moral character untainted under the very trying circumstances in which they are placed (as I believe in the main to be the case), it affords a powerful argument for 'letting well alone.' If it had been otherwise, however, and if the extent of bastardy, and its demoralising influence on public manners, had been much greater, I should still have recommended that the Irish females should be left, as now, the guardians of their own honour, and be responsible in their own persons for all deviations from virtue."—*Nichols's First Report*, p. 50, small edition.

"Oh! and sure your honour wouldn't like to go back by that bad road again?"

"Bad road! We had no bad road."

"Oh, then, 'tis your honour forgets; and no wonder after the merry day you had; the d—l a worse road in all Ireland."

"Well, well, hasten on."

"And that I'll do, your honour; you'll be at home in a *jiffy*, I promise you."

By-and-bye, somthing happened—a trace broke, as Peter said, and off he ran to a little cabin down a lane for a piece of cord to mend the trace. We waited quietly for a while; at length our patience becoming exhausted, I alighted, looked at the traces, and not being able to detect a fracture in any of them, the absence of Peter annoyed us. At that time Tipperary had not the best name in the world, and we were conjecturing all sorts of things when Peter re-appeared, bringing with him a little bit of twine, which he knotted on the trace, and then tied to the cross-bar of the carriage.

"Where has the trace broken, Peter? We could not find it anywhere unsafe, as you say it is."

"Is it the trace, your honour? And sure it isn't the trace, your honour, that's broke at all; it is this hook, don't you see how 'tis bent? and sure it would come out entirely in a few *minits*, if I didn't see it in time."

Off he drove, putting an end to all further inquiry on the subject, and never ceased galloping until we arrived once more at our hotel in Thurles. I could not help looking upon this incident with a little suspicion, which I was resolved to clear up some day or other, and I was not therefore, at all displeased, when, upon my more recent ramble, I found that Peter was to be again my driver.

The Irish post-chaise has been altogether supplanted by the car, at least throughout the greater part of the south and south-west of Ireland. Those who would now think of committing themselves to a post-chaise in all that district, are very little to be applauded for their prudence. They must count upon the windows being all broken, and the frames buried in their cases, without the possibility of getting them up to be mended. The linings are in fragments, the padding torn, the machine rickety all over, the wheels rusted on their axles; and the chances are about ten to one, that he who adventures in one of these old-fashioned vehicles will be overturned three or four times upon a journey of fourteen miles; so no more post-chaises for me. I contented myself with an "inside car;" it was shabby enough, to be sure, but I could not, even if I wished it, get anything else at the hour I was to set out.

There are few more economical vehicles in any country than an Irish car. It is fixed on springs; the seats are benches arranged sideways, with backs and footboards. The backs are sometimes cushioned, the seats always so. Some cars are covered with an oil-skin, lined with drab cloth; others have no cover. The better classes of these machines have also covers of similar material, or of leather, for the knees. The charge is sixpence per mile—the Irish mile, which is considerably longer than that of England. A small gratuity is paid to the driver. There is a great number of public cars in use, in different parts of Ireland. The fares by these do not, upon the average, if I rightly remember, exceed twopence per mile. They are extremely well appointed, and travel with considerable rapidity upon the best roads in the United Kingdom. They afford also the most favourable attitude for observing and enjoying the scenery through which the traveller passes; and no country presents more interesting or more varied prospects than Ireland.

In the car just described, the passengers sit back to back. Had there been any person with me in the "inside car," we should have sat face to face. My purpose was to proceed on my route to Cork, and on the way to visit an acquaintance of my boyhood, and also a very extensive land proprietor who resided near him, with whom I had some business to transact. The evening was setting in apace when I started; but although I was aware of the "bad name" under which my native county laboured, I felt no sort of alarm, having, when I was a boy, and when its name was much worse, traversed many parts of it by night and by day, without ever having encountered the slightest molestation.

My thoughts being much engaged, I had little conversation with Peter, until we arrived near Golden Bridge. My friend resided not far from this place, and having, by dint of inquiry, made out the road leading through two or three fields to his house. Peter drove on through a deep muddy way, being obliged to alight three or four times, to open the ruinous gates on our route.

A squall, accompanied by piercing sleet, suddenly arose as we approached the house. It blew wildly, and I was almost perishing with cold, when we beheld the lights of the dwelling, to which I looked forward for at least a comfortable mutton-chop, and a glass of warm whisky-punch, to be drunk to the renovation of a friendship some thirty years old—for we were known to each other from infancy. Peter got down, and tapped gently at the door with the end of his whip, there being no knocker. Nobody came. He knocked louder; still no answer, although we heard voices and footsteps within. Peter then called out, "Why don't ye open the *doore*?"

"Who's there?"

"Mr. ——; he's come to see the *masther*."

"What does he want?"

"A pleasant question from an old friend!" thought I, while the sleet and rain were pouring down, and the wind was howling as if the heavens were angry with the whole earth.

"Open the *doore*, can't ye?" asked Peter, once more; "sure, don't ye know Mr. ——?"

A council of war having been duly held, the door was at last opened, and in I was very glad to get, not doubting the warm reception I was about to meet. Not a little astounded, however, was I to meet my "friend" armed with a blunderbuss, and ready at a moment's notice to be pointed at my breast, unless I gave a fair account of myself at once.

Admitted with manifest reluctance into the parlour, where were his lady and two or three children seated by a blazing fire, I did not hesitate to take him by the hand, though much surprised that he did not appear even to recollect my name.

After an observation, in which I heard something about such an "unseasonable hour," uttered in a voice very far from being friendly, he asked—"Whom, sir, have I the honour to address—what is your pleasure with me?"

"I am afraid you cannot recognise me," I replied; "it is some time since we have met."

"I certainly have no recollection of ever having seen your face before."

"My name is ——. If you do not remember me, the name, at least, must be familiar to you."

"The name I know well; but how am I to know that you are the person you represent yourself to be?"

As Peter would say, this was a question that completely "bothered" me. It certainly was most unexpected on such an occasion. The gun still retained its hostile position. I hardly knew how I was to prove my identity, until I bethought me of a letter of introduction which I had in my pocket, addressed to the proprietor already alluded to. This I took out, and was preparing to open it, when a fresh question was put—

"How am I to know that this letter you talk of is genuine? It may be all true as you say—but—"

This was enough. After such a parley, it was no longer pleasant to waste another word on the subject; and so, having expressed the extreme surprise which I felt at my reception, I made all haste, through the falling flood of rain and sleet, to my car; and desired Peter to drive on with all his might and main to Golden.

The squall abated as suddenly as it began.

"Well, Peter," said I, "I have travelled in many countries, but this reception is the first instance of anything like inhospitality I have ever met. Can you at all imagine what was the cause of it?"

"I *dar* say, your honour, he 's a man in *arraires*."

"In arrears!—what do you mean?"

"Why, your honour, that he 's a man that owes money, I suppose; and perhaps he thought you came to *sarve* him with a writ, or something of that kind."

"That can't be true at any rate, Peter, for I know he is rather a wealthy man; and certainly his house had every appearance of comfort."

"True enough—and a nice house it is. That's the house in which Mr. —— lived, who, your honour knows, was murdered a year or two ago."

Here was at once the clue to the labyrinth of surprise in which I was involved. That my old friend should not have remembered my face, was natural enough. He had not seen me for thirty years, and more. But for the trepidation in his manner—the manifest exhibition of angry suspicion that I had come to his house with no good intention—that I was a lurking enemy, who had assumed a friendly name, in order to gain admittance to his presence—for all this, and more than this, the utter impossibility which I experienced of winning him out of his sudden and violent nervous excitement, I could not account, until the murder was mentioned. This occurrence had, in fact, turned every gentleman's house in that neighbourhood into a fortress. All were armed, and on their guard. Indeed, I might think myself fortunate that my "friend" had not fired upon me out of his window, without making any previous inquiry, and that I had not received from him a ball or two into my digestive regions, instead of a mutton-chop! Peter was of the same opinion.

Though the evening was dark, it was little more than five o'clock. On arriving at Golden, I went into the inn, or rather tavern—for its principal business was the retail of whisky. Here I found two men by the kitchen fireside; one taking a glass of punch, the other looking on at him very good-humouredly.

"How happens it, my friend," said I, addressing the abstemious man, "that you have no glass before you?"

"Look here, sir," he replied, bringing forth from his bosom a medal, which was suspended round his neck by a black ribbon; "this will show you the *rason*—I am one of Father Mathew's men."

"And I soon will be," observed his companion. "I am now on my way to Cork, and am taking *lave* of the *crathur* by degrees."

Here were, in contrast, a specimen of what Ireland has been, and of what I trust it is to be. Peter was wicked enough to tempt the pledged man to join him in a glass, but utterly in vain. "No," said he, with a solemn emphasis; "no—Father Mathew has me down in his book, and out of that book (please God!) I'll never go—not for all the world! Besides, when I drank I was an *ailing* (sickly) man; but since I gave it up, I hadn't a day's bad health—glory be to God for it!"

My ear, I need scarcely say, was delighted by these sounds. The drinker seemed almost ashamed to finish what was in his glass, and forthwith started to resume his journey. His abstemious friend—under whose advice, it appeared, he was acting—went out with him, tapping him on the back, by way of encouragement. The scene was exhilarating. It fully consoled me for the mortification I had just endured; it was to me, moreover, the foundation of a strong hope, that when next I should come that way, I should not find my "friend" again with his blunderbuss shouldered.

The tavern-keeper declared that his business was altogether gone. "This time last year, sir," he observed to me, "I seldom took less than from 20*l.* to 30*l.* a week for whisky, sold in drams across the counter; and for these last three months, I have not taken as many shillings in the course of the seven days." He said this without making it the subject of complaint. "I know," he continued, (he appeared a very intelligent man,) "that the change is for the benefit of the country; it must do away with those awful crimes which have so long made this neighbourhood, in particular, the terror of the country. So, I suppose, I must now turn my hand to some other way of getting my bread. Curious enough, sir,—and it shows what Father Mathew really is—his own brother has a fine distillery near this place. It must soon be given up; for there will be nobody found to buy his whisky, though it's the very best in Ireland."

Postponing to another occasion my other intended visits in that neighbourhood, I desired Peter to drive on to Cashel, where I should meet the Cork mail. Peter having been a little warmed by some punch he had just taken, I adverted to some matters which were on my mind to his disadvantage; for I began to like the fellow—he was so full of cheerfulness, and had borne the pelting of the pitiless storm with so much philosophy.

"Now, Peter," said I, "on coming out of Thurles to-day, you did not take the straight road;—why did you go out of the usual course, and what cabin was that you popped into before you seemed quite easy in your seat?"

"Ah, then, I'll tell your honour;—'tis there my own little wife lives, and I wanted just to tell her that perhaps it would be late *afore* I could be home to her to-night; and I wanted, besides, to see the baby; and I'm sure your honour won't blame me."

"So, so, Peter, you have got married, then, since I saw you last year—and a baby, too, has come! Well. I'm glad of it. But I hope, when you drive me again to Clonoulty, you will not take me the round-about you did then."

Peter laughed outright.

"Do you know, Peter, I had some queer suspicions about you that night. What's your wife's name?"

"Peggy, *plaise* your honour," (still laughing,) "and as *nate* a girl as you'd see in a day's walk."

"Then I will tell Peggy, if ever I see her, to take care that, whenever you go to Clonuolty again, you shall return home by the straight road."

"Faith, and that I will, your honour. Peggy knows all about it." (Still laughing loudly.)

"What! was there a rival in the case?"

"The divil a bit, your honour; for 'twas Peggy herself that lived in that lane you remember so well. Why, sir, you see," the rascal continued, ready to drop off the car with laughing, "you were all asleep—and the night was beautiful—and I couldn't help going to see Peggy, who I was then *coorting!*"

By the time I arrived at Cashel, I found that I was well prepared for a good dinner, and a capital one I had from my friend Michael, who has been viceroy over all the masters and mistresses of the hotel during the last twenty years. He gave me what he called a "spatch cock;" that is, a fowl cut down lengthways in two equal parts, spread out, and roasted before the fire in a wired case, suspended from the top bar of the grate. When one side was done, the case was turned. There was at bottom a tin receiver for the gravy; and the fowl being thus thoroughly toasted, was served up quite hot, and, with some smoking potatoes, afforded a delicious repast.

The Cork mail soon after drove up. I ensconced myself in a corner seat, and forgetting at once the adventures of the day, I awoke not until I found myself in the second city of Ireland.

I lost no time in visiting Father Mathew, who happens to be one of my earliest friends. I could say much about him, and about the consequences of the marvellous operations in which I found him engaged, but that this article has already extended beyond its due limits. I saw the lower rooms of his humble home crowded with men, from the age of sixteen to sixty, attended by very few women, (another striking proof of the general virtue of the Irish females,) and I beheld him administering the pledge of temperance to these people—only a small portion of the thousands who are constantly flocking to him from all parts of the sister kingdom. He was occupied in this truly apostolic labour every day, from seven o'clock in the morning until ten or eleven, and often twelve, at night; yet he is, to all appearance, unconscious of the mighty revolution which he thus, single-handed, is preparing for his country. When I was with him, there were 70,000 names on his register; since then, this number has been more than trebled.

The prestige attached to Father Mathew's person is such, that a general impression fortunately prevails in consequence, that if an individual who once makes the pledge to him relapse into former bad habits, some dreadful punishment assuredly awaits the offender. So great is the fear of this penalty, that very few cases are said to have occurred of violation of the vow. It is another guarantee for the progress of this wonderful moral change, that the culprit is immediately expelled from the local society in which he is enrolled upon his return home from Cork, and that he cannot be again admitted into it until he shall have renewed his pledge to the "Father." The disappearance, moreover, of the numberless whisky-shops, which lately abounded in every part of Ireland, must very much lessen the temptation to relapse; while the habits of temperance, and the healthy and cheerful feelings arising from it, will, it is to be hoped, strengthen these self-reformers in the virtuous path which, by the mercy of an over-ruling Providence, they have chosen.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT GREENWICH.

Among the many interesting recollections connected with the Royal Palace of Greenwich, whose first foundation is supposed to have dated as early as the year 1300, is the fact that it was there that the fair Anna Boleyn gave birth, on the 7th Sept., 1533, to that illustrious woman, than whom

——"Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue."

Elizabeth was much attached to her birth-place, and often kept her court there. The following account given by the German traveller Paul Hentzner of his visit to Greenwich in 1598, at a time when the Queen graced it with her presence, though perhaps familiar to many of our readers, is so excellent a picture of the behaviour of her of "the lion port," and of the manners of the times, that we do not hesitate once more to reprint it, for the benefit of such of our friends as have not hitherto chanced to meet with it.

"We arrived next at the Royal Palace of Greenwich, reported to have been originally built by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and to have received very magnificent additions from Henry VII. It was here Elizabeth, the present queen, was born, and here she generally resides, particularly in summer, for the delightfulness of its situation. We were admitted, by an order Mr. Rogers procured from the lord chamberlain, into the presence chamber, hung with rich tapestry, and the floor, after the English fashion, strewed with hay rushes, through which the queen commonly passes in her way to chapel; at the door stood a gentleman dressed in velvet, with a gold chain, whose office was to introduce to the queen any person of distinction that came to wait on her: it was Sunday, when there is usually the greatest attendance of nobility. In the same hall were the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of London, a great number of counsellors of state, officers of the crown, and gentlemen, who waited the queen's coming out; which she did from her own apartment when it was time to go to prayers, attended in the following manner: first went gentlemen, barons, earls, knights of the Garter, all richly dressed and bare-headed; next came the chancellor, bearing the seals in a red-silk purse, between two; one of which carried the royal scepter, the other the sword of state, in a red scabbard, studded with golden fleurs-de-lis, the point upwards: next came the queen, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, as we were told, very majestic; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked; her lips narrow, and her teeth black (a defect the English seem subject to, from their too great use of sugar); she had in her ears two pearls, with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown, reported to be made of some of the gold of the celebrated Lunebourg Table. Her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels; her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness; instead of a chain, she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels. As she went along in all this state of magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, whether foreign ministers, or those who attended for different reasons, in English, French, and Italian; for, besides being well skilled in Greek, Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch: whoever speaks to her, it is kneeling; now and then she raises some with her hand. While we were there, W. Slawata, a Bohemian baron, had letters to present to her; and she, after pulling off her glove, gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels, a mark of particular favour: wherever she turned her face as she was going along, every body fell down on their knees. The ladies of the court followed next to her, very handsome and well-shaped, and for the most part dressed in white; she was guarded on each side by the gentlemen pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the ante-chapel next the hall, where we were, petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned the acclamation of 'Long live Queen Elizabeth!' She answered it with 'I thank you, my good people.' In the chapel was excellent music; as soon as it and the service was over, which scarce exceeded half an hour, the queen returned in the same state and order, and prepared to go to dinner. But while she was still at prayers, we saw her table set out with the following solemnity: a gentleman entered the room bearing a rod, and along with him another who had a table-cloth, which, after they had both kneeled three times with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and after kneeling again, they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-celler, a plate, and bread; when they had kneeled, as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady (we were told she was a countess) and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting-knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the plates with bread and salt, with as much awe as if the queen had been present: when they had waited there a little while, the yeomen of the guard entered, bare-headed, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes served in plate, most of it gilt; these dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady-taster gave to each of the guards a mouthful to eat, of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service, were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of this ceremonial, a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who, with particular solemnity, lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the court. The queen dines and sups alone, with very few attendants; and it is very seldom that any body, foreigner or native, is admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of somebody in power.

"Near this palace is the Queen's park stocked with deer: such parks are common throughout England, belonging to those who are distinguished either for their rank or riches. In the middle of this is an old square tower, called *Mirefleur*, supposed to be that mentioned in the romance of Amadis de Gaul; and joining to it a plain, where knights and other gentlemen used to meet, at set times and holidays, to exercise on horseback."

THE ASSAM TEA TRADE.

The following particulars relating to the present condition and prospects of this new branch of commerce, to which the events of each day seem to give increased importance, are extracted from the Report "On the Manufacture of Tea, and on the extent of the Tea Plantations in Assam," by Mr. C. A. Bruce, superintendant of Tea culture, presented to the Tea Committee on the 16th of August last, and published in the 120th and 121st Numbers of the "Asiatic Journal." It will be seen by Mr. Bruce's report, that the principal obstacles to the *exertion of speculators*, are the unsettled state of Assam and the undefined extent of British rights in the adjoining state of Muttuck, a country exceedingly rich in tea. We sincerely hope that Government will vigorously and *immediately* exert itself so effectually as to remove these checks to the extension of a trade which has now become of the very highest importance to the country. Assam is a country lying to the east of Bengal, and comprehends an extent of territory about half the size of England. Mr. Bruce thus commences his report:

"I submit this report on our Assam tea with much diffidence on account of the troubles in which this frontier has been unfortunately involved. I have had something more than tea to occupy my mind, and have consequently not been able to commit all my thoughts to paper at one time; this I hope will account for the rambling manner in which I have treated the subject. Such as my report is, I trust it will be found acceptable, as throwing some new light on a subject of no little importance to British India, and the British public generally. In drawing out this report, it gives me much pleasure to say, that our information and knowledge respecting tea and tea tracts are far more extensive than when I last wrote on this subject; the number of tracts now known amounting to 120, some of them very extensive, both on the hills and in the plains. A sufficiency of seeds and seedlings might be collected from these tracts, in the course of a few years, to plant

off the whole of Assam; and I feel convinced, from my different journeys over the country, that but a very small portion of the localities are as yet known."

He then proceeds to give some account of the various "tea tracts," as they are called, which he has discovered in various journeys. These he describes as occurring very frequently. "I feel convinced," says he, "the whole country is full of tea." After alluding to the difficulties he had had to contend with, from the want of a sufficient number of instructed and efficient labourers, he thus continues:—

"If I were asked, when will this tea experiment be in a sufficient state of forwardness so as to be transferable to speculators? I would answer, when a sufficient number of native tea manufacturers have been taught to prepare both the black and the green sort; and that, under one hundred available tea manufacturers, it would not be worth while for private speculators to take up the scheme on a large scale; on a small one it would be a different thing. In the course of two or three years, we ought to have that number. Labourers must be introduced, in the first instance, to give a tone to the Assam opium-eaters; but the great fear is, that these latter would corrupt the new-comers. If the cultivation of tea were encouraged, and the poppy put a stop to, in Assam, the Assamese would make a splendid set of tea manufacturers and tea cultivators.

"In giving a statement of the number of tea tracts, when I say that Tingri, or any tract, is so long and so broad, it must be understood that space to that extent only has been cleared, being found to contain all the plants which grew thickly together, as it was not thought worth while, at the commencement of these experiments, to go to the expense of clearing any more of the forest for the sake of a few straggling plants. If these straggling plants were followed up, they would in all probability be found gradually becoming more numerous, until you found yourself in another tract as thick and as numerous as the one you left; and if the straggling plants of this new tract were traced, they would by degrees disappear until not one was to be seen. But if you only proceeded on through the jungles, it is ten to one that you would come upon a solitary tea plant; a little further on you would meet with another; until you gradually found yourself in another new tract, as full of plants as the one you had left, growing absolutely so thick as to impede each other's growth. Thus I am convinced one might go on for miles from one tract into another. All my tea tracts about Tingri and Kahung are formed in this manner, with only a patch of jungle between them, which is not greater than what could be conveniently filled up by thinning those parts that have too many plants. At Kahung I have lately knocked three tracts into one, and I shall most probably have to continue doing the same until one tract shall have been made of what now consists of a dozen. I have never seen the end of Juggundoo's tea tract, nor yet Kujudoo's or Ningrew's; I feel confident that the two former run over the hills and join, or nearly join, some of our tracts in the Muttuck country. Nor have I seen the end of Kahung tract, all about that part of the country being one vast succession of tea from Rungagura on the Debrew to Jaipore on the Buri Dehing."

Mr. Bruce declares himself unable to give a decided opinion as to the superiority of high or low land for the cultivation of tea, all the tracts which he has worked lying on the plains; "but," he continues, "with my limited experience, I should say that the low land, such as at Kahung, which is not so low as ever to be inundated by the strongest rise in the river, is the best. The plants seem to love and court moisture, not from stagnant pools, but running streams. The Kahung tracts have the water in and around them; they are all in heavy tree jungles." Great difficulty has been found in getting labourers for plucking the leaves. The Assamese are an effeminate people, degraded by opium-eating, and their work is but poorly performed; women might be advantageously employed, but the natives will not permit them to enter the tea-gardens. Some skill is required in the selection of the proper leaves, but it is seldom that the same set of labourers return the second season, and consequently, the work of instruction must be continually repeated. The height of the Assam plants also makes the gathering more fatiguing than in China, where the plants are low and the leaves are gathered "squatting down," while in Assam a standing position is required, which often brings on swelling in the legs. Mr. Bruce is of opinion that pruning and transplanting will tend to reduce the *too* luxurious growth of the Assam plant.

We cannot follow Mr. Bruce through his very interesting detail of the manufacture of the various kinds of black tea, but we shall transcribe the whole of the process of preparing green tea, more especially as it is accompanied by a suggestion, which we consider of very great importance. We must also admit the following remarks on the tea plant.

"In clearing a new tea tract, if the jungle trees are very large and numerous, it would be as well to make a clean sweep of the whole, by cutting them and the tea-plants all down together: for it would be impossible to get rid of so much wood without the help of fire. The tea plants, if allowed to remain, would be of little use after they had been crushed and broken by the fall of the large trees and dried up by the fire; but admitting that they could escape all this, the leaves of trees from twelve to twenty feet high could not be reached, and if they could, they would be almost useless for tea manufacture, as it is the young leaves from young trees, that produce the best teas. But if all were cut down and set fire to, we should have a fine clear tract at once, at the least expense, and might expect to have a pretty good crop of tea one year after the cutting, or, at farthest, the second year; for it is astonishing with what vigour the plant shoots up after the fire has been applied. And we gain by this process; for from every old stock or stump cut down, ten to twelve more vigorous shoots spring up, so that in the place of a single plant you have now a fine tea bush. I think from what I have seen of these plants, that if cut down every third year they would yield far superior teas. Neither am I singular in this opinion, the green-tea Chinamen have told me that they cut down their plants every ninth year, which may be reckoned equivalent to our third year, taking into consideration the size of our trees and the richness of our soil. Our trees or plants are certainly more than four or five times the size of theirs, and must consequently yield so many times more produce; theirs is the dwarf, ours the giant tea. The size of the leaf matters nothing, in my opinion, provided it is young and tender; even their diminutive leaf, if one day too old, is good for nothing.

"As the green-tea Chinamen have just commenced operations, I will try to give some account of this most interesting process. All leaves up to the souchong are taken for the green-tea. About three pounds of the fresh leaves, immediately they are brought in, are cast into a hot pan (sometimes they are kept over night, when abundance have been brought in, and we have not been able to work all up); they are then rolled and tossed about in the pan until they become too hot for the hand. Two slips of bamboo, each about a foot long, split at one end, so as to form six prongs, are now used to tumble and toss the leaves about, by running the sticks down the sides of the pan, and turning the leaves up, first with the right hand, then with the left, and this as fast as possible; which keeps the leaves rolling about in the pan without being burnt: this lasts about three minutes; the leaves will then admit of being rolled and pressed without breaking. They are now taken from the pan and rolled in dollahs, much the same as the black tea, for about three minutes, in which process a great part of the juice is extracted, if they be fresh leaves; but if they have been kept over night, very little juice can be expressed from them in the morning, on account of its having evaporated. The Chinamen say this does not matter, as it makes no difference in the tea. The leaves are then pressed hard between both hands, and turned round and pressed again and again, until they have taken the shape of a small pyramid. They are now placed in bamboo-baskets or dollahs with a narrow edge, and the dollahs on bamboo-framework, where they are exposed to the sun for two or three minutes, after which the pyramids of tea are gently opened and thinly spread on the dollahs to dry. When the tea has become a little dry (which will be the case in five or ten minutes, if the sun be hot), it is again rolled, and then placed in the sun as before; this is done three successive times. But should the weather be rainy, and there is no hope of its clearing, all this drying is done over the fire in a small drying basket, the same as with black tea. The green-tea makers have as great an aversion to drying their tea over the fire as the black-tea makers. The third time it has been rolled and dried, there is very little moisture left in the tea; it is now put into a hot pan, and gently turned over and over, and opened out occasionally, until all has become well heated: it is then tossed out into a basket, and while hot, put into a very strong bag, previously prepared for it, about four feet long, and four spans

in circumference. Into this bag the tea is pressed with great force, with the hands and feet; from fourteen to twenty pounds being put in at one time, and forced into as small a compass as possible. With his left hand the man firmly closes the mouth of the bag immediately above the leaves, while with the right hand he pommels and beats the bag, every now and then giving it a turn: thus he beats and turns and works at it, tightening it by every turn with one hand, and holding on with the other, until he has squeezed the leaves into as small a compass as possible at the end of the bag. He now makes it fast by turns of the cloth where he held on, so that it may not open: and then draws the cloth of the bag over the ball of leaves; thus doubling the bag, the mouth of which is twisted and made fast. The man then stands up, holding on by a post or some such thing, and works this ball of leaves under his feet, at the same time alternately pressing with all his weight, first with one foot and then the other, turning the ball over and over, and occasionally opening the bag to tighten it more firmly. When he has made it almost as hard as a stone, he secures the mouth well, and puts the bag away for that day. Next morning it is opened out, and the leaves gently separated and placed on dollahs; then fired and dried until they are crisp, the same as the black tea; after which they are packed in boxes or baskets. In China the baskets are made of double bamboo, with leaves between. The tea may then remain on the spot for two or three months, or be sent to any other place to receive the final process. This first part of the green-tea process is so simple, that the natives of this country readily pick it up in a month or two.

"The second process now commences, by opening the boxes or baskets, and exposing the tea on large shallow bamboo baskets, or dollahs, until it has become soft enough to roll; it is then put into cast-iron pans, set in brick fire-places, the same as described in making the Sychee black tea. The pan is made very hot by a wood fire, and seven pounds of the leaves are thrown into it and rubbed against the pan, with the right hand, until tired, and then with the left, so as not to make the process fatiguing. The pan being placed on an inclined plane, the leaves always come tumbling back towards and near the operator, as he pushes them up from him, moving his hand backwards and forwards, and pressing on the leaves with some force with the palms, keeping the ends of the fingers up, to prevent their coming in contact with the hot pan. After one hour's good rubbing, the leaves are taken out, and thrown into a large coarse bamboo sieve, from this into a finer one, and again a still finer one, until three sorts of tea have been separated. The first, or larger sort, is put into the funnel of the winnowing-machine, which has three divisions of small traps below, to let the tea out. A man turns the wheel with his right hand, and with the left regulates the quantity of tea that shall fall through the wooden funnel above, by a wooden slide at the bottom of it. The tea being thrown from the sieves into the funnel, the man turns the crank of the wheel, and moves the slide of the funnel gradually, so as to let the tea fall through gently, and in small quantities. The blast from the fan blows the smaller particles of tea to the end of the machine, where it is intercepted by a circular moveable board placed there. The dust and smaller particles are blown against this board, and fall out in an opening at the bottom into a basket placed there to receive it. The next highest tea is blown nearly to the end of the machine, and falls down through a trough on the side into a basket; this tea is called *Young Hyson*. The next, being a little heavier, is not blown quite so far; it falls through the same trough, which has a division in the middle; this of course is nearer the centre of the machine. A basket is placed beneath to receive the tea, which is called *Hyson*. The next, which is still heavier, falls very near to the end of the fan; this is called *Gunpowder* tea; it is in small balls. The heaviest tea falls still closer to the fan, and is called *Big Gunpowder*; it is twice or three times the size of gunpowder tea, and composed of several young leaves that adhere firmly together. This sort is afterwards put into a box and cut with a sharp iron instrument, then sifted and put among the gunpowder, which it now resembles. The different sorts of tea are now put into shallow bamboo-baskets, and men, women, and children are employed to pick out the sticks and bad leaves: this is a most tedious process, as the greatest care is taken not to leave the slightest particle of anything but good tea. But to assist and quicken this tiresome process, beautiful bamboo-sieves, very little inferior to our wire ones, and of various sizes, are employed. The different teas are thrown into sieves of different sizes, from large gunpowder to dust tea; they are shaken and tossed, and thrown from one person to another in quick succession, making the scene very animating; in this way a great portion of the stalks are got rid of. After the tea has been well sifted and picked, it is again put into the hot pans and rubbed and rolled as before, for about one hour; it is then put into shallow bamboo-baskets, and once more examined, to separate the different tea that may still remain intermixed, and again put into the hot pan. Now a mixture of sulphate of lime and indigo, very finely pulverised, and sifted through fine muslin, in the proportion of three of the former to one of the latter, is added; to a pan of tea containing about seven pounds, about half a tea-spoonful of this mixture is put in and rubbed and rolled along with the tea in the pan for about one hour, as before described. The tea is then taken hot from the pan and packed firmly in boxes, both hands and feet being used to press it down. The above mixture is not put to the tea to improve its flavour, but merely to give it a uniform colour and appearance, as without it some of the tea would be light and some dark. The indigo gives it the colour, and the sulphate of lime fixes it. The Chinese call the former *Youngtin*, the latter *Acco*. Large gunpowder tea they call *Tychen*; little gunpowder, *Cheocheu*; hyson, *Chingcha*; young hyson, *Uchin*; skin-tea, or old leaves in small bits, *Poocha*; the fine dust, or powder-tea, *Chamoot*.

"The black-tea makers appear to me to be very arbitrary in their mode of manufacture; sometimes they will take the leaves of the *Thowung-Paho*, or perhaps *Twasze-Paho*; but if it has been raining, or there is any want of coolies to pluck the leaves quickly, or from any other cause, they will let the leaves grow a few days longer, and turn all into Souchong; which, it must be remembered, takes all the small leaves above it. If it is the first crop, the Souchong and Pouchong leaves may be all turned into Souchong tea; but even if it is the second crop, when the Pouchong leaves ought not to be gathered, they are nevertheless plucked and mixed up with the Souchong leaves. Almost all our black and all the green teas have just been made from one garden. When the green-tea makers complained that the leaves were beginning to get too large for them—that is, they were fast growing out of Souchong and running into Pouchong—the black-tea makers took up the manufacture, plucked off all the leaves, and made excellent Pouchong; so that between the two, there is not a leaf lost. When the black-tea makers have a garden to themselves, they are cruel pluckers, for they almost strip the tree of leaves for the Souchong, and are not at all nice in the plucking; the third and even the fourth leaf on a tender twig is nipped off in the twinkling of an eye; they then look about for more young leaves, and away go the Pouchong and Toychong too, which is the largest leaf of all. But the green-tea men pluck quietly, one by one, down to Souchong. The black-tea men separate all their teas into first, second, third, and fourth crops; but the green-tea manufacturers make no distinction; they prepare all the tea they can, throughout the season, box or basket it up, and when the season is over, they set off for Canton with their produce; at least, all those who do not wish to sell their teas on the spot: the different merchants go in quest of it there. It now indiscriminately undergoes the second process; that is, the different crops are all mixed up together. No old leaves can be mixed in the green, as in the black teas: for the long rolling in the pan crushes them, and the fan blows them away, so that only the young leaves are left.

"In speaking of the trouble and expense attending the second process of the green-tea making, I beg to observe that it appears to me, from what little I have seen of it, that machinery might easily be brought to bear; and as Assam is about to become a great tea country, it behoves us to look to this. The tea half-made, as above described, I am informed by the green-tea Chinamen now with me, is put either into boxes or baskets, with bamboo leaves between; it has to make in this state a long journey by land and water, and then to go one or more months in a boat by sea, before it reaches Canton, where it is laid aside for one or two months more, before it undergoes the second process; making in all about five months from the time it was prepared. All that is required is to keep it dry. Now if all this be true, which I have no doubt it is, I see no reason why we could not send it to England, and have it made up there; I rather see everything in favour of such a plan, and nothing against it. After a year's instruction under Chinamen, it might be left to the ingenuity of Englishmen to roll, sift, and clean the tea by machinery, and, in fact, reduce the price of the green tea nearly one half, and thus enable the poor to drink good unadulterated green tea, by throwing the indigo and sulphate of lime overboard. At all events, the experiment is worthy of a fair trial, and the first step towards it would be to ma-

nufacture the tea at Calcutta; or perhaps it would be better to let the China green-tea makers go direct to England along with it, and have it manufactured there at once.

"The following table will show the size and produce of the tea tracts now worked, and the probable amount of tea for this and the next season.

Names of Tracts fully worked in 1838.	Length and breadth of Tracts.	Number of Plants in each Tract.	Average produce of Single Plants	Produce in 1838.	Remarks.
No. 1 Tringri,	267 by 90	5,000	4 Sa. weight	260 seers	
No. 2 Tringri,	155 by 70	2,340	3-12 Sa. wt	160 ,,	
No. 1 Kahung,	480 by 210	1,36,000	4 Sa. weight	680 ,,	
No. 1 Chubwa,	200 by 160	8,200	4 Sa. weight	410 ,,	
Deenjoy	223 by 171	8,400	2 Sa. weight	210 ,,	The plants are small in this tract, including China plants.
				1,720	
From shady Tracts				390	
				2,160	
The probable increase of the above Tracts for 1839				527	
Probable produce of 1839				2,687 seers	5,274 lbs.

Names of the Tracts to be worked in 1840.	Length and breadth of Tracts.	Number of Plants in each Tract.	Probable produce of one Plant.	Probable produce in 1840.	Remarks.
No. 2 Kahung,	192 by 114	4,720	3 Sa. weight	177	
No. 3 do.	215 by 70	3,440	3 Sa. weight	129	
No. 2 Chubwa,	160 by 70	2,420	3 Sa. weight	90	
Nowholea ..	476 by 160	16,489	3 Sa. weight	618	
Tipun	344 by 331	24,620	3 Sa. weight	922	
Jugundoo ..	400 by 200	17,300	3 Sa. weight	648	The plants in these tracts, now small, will not yield a good crop for two years.
Ningrew	300 by 180	12,260	3 Sa. weight	459	
The probable produce of the above 7 tracts				2,943	
Add the probable produce of the other five tracts ..				2,637	
Probable produce of all the tracts in 1840........				5,580	11,160lbs

"Muttuck is a country that abounds in tea, and it might be made one extensive, beautiful tea-garden. We have many cultivated experimental tracts in it; we know of numerous extensive uncultivated tracts, and it appears to me that we are only in the infancy of our discoveries as yet. Our tea, however, is insecure here. It was but a month or two ago, that so great an alarm was created, that my people had to retire from our tea-gardens and manufacture at Deenjoy and Chubwa, which will account for the deficiency of this year's crop. Things must continue in this state until the government of the country is finally settled; for we are at present obliged, in order to follow a peaceful occupation, to have the means of defending ourselves from a sudden attack, ever since the unfortunate affair at Sudiya. Before the transfer of the tea tracts in this country can be made, it will be necessary, in justice to all parties, to know if Muttuck is, or is to become, ours or not. The natives at present are permitted to cultivate as much land as they please, on paying a poll-tax of two rupees per year; so that if the country is not ours, every man employed on the tea will be subject to be called on for two rupees per annum, to be paid to the old Bura Senaputy's son, as governor of the country. This point is of vital importance to our tea prospects up here. Many individuals might be induced to take tea-grounds, were they sure that the soil was ours, and that they would be protected and permitted to cultivate it in security.

"In looking forward to the advantages which this plant will produce to England, to India—to millions, I cannot but thank God for so great a blessing to our country. When I first discovered it, some fourteen years ago, I little thought that I should have been spared long enough to see it more likely eventually to rival that of China, and that I should have to take a prominent part in bringing it to so successful an issue. Should what I have written on this new and interesting subject be of any benefit to the country and the community at large, and help a little to impel the tea forward, to enrich our own dominions, and pull down the haughty pride of China, I shall feel myself richly repaid for all the perils and dangers and fatigues that I have undergone in the cause of British India tea."

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOUIS-PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH.

THE title of Duke of Orleans, after having been borne by different princes of the blood-royal of France, having lapsed, from failure of issue, was revived in favour of the only brother of Louis XIV., "Philippe de France," from whom the present French monarch is lineally descended. The son of this Philippe de France was the celebrated, clever, and infamous "Regent Orleans," who governed France during the minority of Louis XV.; and his grandson was the also celebrated "Egalité," father of the present French king.

The character of "Egalité" has been much canvassed, but he is in general represented as a dissolute, heartless, intriguing scoundrel, who richly deserved his fate. The Duke of Orleans assumed the name, or nickname, of "Egalité" (equality), to conciliate the French republicans; he voted for the death of his cousin, Louis XVI.; and, ten months after the execution of Louis, he perished himself, on the same spot, and by a similar death. The mob of Paris, with whom he had eagerly sought to be a favourite, reviled him as he was dragged to execution; and the vehicle which conveyed him was stopped for some time opposite to his magnificent palace (now well known as the "Palais Royal"), in the Rue St. Honoré, for the purpose of making him feel the "bitterness of death." He was executed on the 14th of November, 1793, on the Place Louis XV.* Louis-Philippe has attempted, with filial partiality, to rescue his father's reputation. "Mon père," he said lately, "a été le dupe de scélérats; il était, au fond, un honnête homme." "My father become the prey of scoundrels; he was, at bottom, an honest man." Be this as it may, there are many who think that the fine silver thread of finesse, which runs through the nobler qualities of Louis-Philippe's mind, has been derived from the mysterious influence of blood.

Louis-Philippe d'Orléans, now king of the French, was born at Paris, in the Palais Royal, on the 6th of October, 1773. In childhood, the title given him was Duke de Valois; for his grandfather, son of the Regent Orleans, still lived, and his father then bore the title of Duke de Chartres. The latter had two other sons, who bore the titles, respectively, of Dukes of Montpensier and Beaujolais; also a daughter, Mademoiselle Adélaïde d'Orléans, who still survives, a maiden lady of uncommon attainments and sagacity, and understood to be much in her brother's confidence. The famous Countess de Genlis was appointed preceptress of the children of the Duke de Chartres. The first anxiety of this celebrated woman was, that her pupils should become proficient in all manly exercises, filling up their leisure with the elegant literature she was so capable of imbuing their minds with. To familiarise them early with modern languages, Madame de Genlis would allow no language but English to be spoken at the dinner-table, at supper Italian, and their botanical instructor was a German, who knew only his native tongue. Even yet, Louis-Philippe speaks these three languages fluently, and without the slightest foreign accent; he is also tolerably versed in several others. To give their opening minds a taste for the practically useful, this lady often took her pupils to the workshops and manufactories of the capital, and caused them to see and inquire into everything for themselves. Knowledge thus early implanted, the sequel has proved, was well stored up by the sole survivor of these princes, (for the other two did not reach manhood,) and no doubt was the foundation of the commercial knowledge manifested on many recent occasions by the French king. But of all sciences, the one which attracted the attention of Louis-Philippe was that of medicine. He regularly accompanied the medical men in their visits to the patients at the Hôtel Dieu, and frequently assisted at the operations there.

While yet a stripling, as he showed an aptitude for observation, he was sent, as a relaxation from his severer studies, to make the tour of France. One incident has been preserved of his travels. Paying a visit to the state-prison in the fortress of Mont Saint Michel, he found there a cage of iron, constructed by order of Louis XIV. for the reception of the victims of his despotism. In this cage had lived many years, till relieved by death, an unlucky Dutch journalist, who had written some articles disrespectful to

* On this fatal spot, close to a monstrous *plaster* statue of a newly-erected goddess of Liberty, were sacrificed, between January 21, 1793, and May 3, 1795, two thousand eight hundred and sixty victims, of both sexes and every age. Well might the eloquent Madame Roland exclaim, when led to her own fate, "O Liberty, much-abused goddess! what horrors are done in thy sacred name!"

the "Grand Monarque." Disgusted at the sight, Louis-Philippe armed himself and his young companions with hatchets, and demolished it. Although such an instrument of cruel despotism was not likely to be used in the milder times of Louis XVI., still this outbreak of generous youthful enthusiasm was offensive at court; and, as a mark of its displeasure, the decoration of the *cordon bleu*, about to have been bestowed on the young prince, was denied him for a year by special order of the king.

He had attained the age of sixteen when the Revolution broke out. His natural penetration made him foresee that a reformation of prevalent abuses was as inevitable as it would be just; but, in the very beginning, he showed an utter aversion to all precipitate changes: from the bloody excesses that afterwards ensued, he recoiled with horror. Even at that early age, he was the fervent apostle of moderation; and great coolness often ensued between him and his father, on account of the son's want of republican enthusiasm.

The young prince—now become, by his grandfather's death, Duke de Chartres—was appointed colonel of dragoons, and set out for the army. His first destination was to join the troops in garrison at Vendôme. Scarcely had he arrived there when he had an opportunity of signalising his humanity, by saving the lives of two nonjuring priests, whom the jacobins had barbarously beset in the streets of that place. This he did by persuasion only, not having a single attendant. A few days after, while bathing in the river Loir, seeing a poor man miss his footing on the quay, he swam to his assistance, and rescued him: he was the father of five children. For this last action the authorities of Vendôme awarded him a civic crown, which is still preserved at the Tuileries.

In 1792, the Duke de Chartres was appointed *maréchal de camp* —a title involving the duties of a second in command—in the Army of the North, then commanded by Marshal Luckner. After the taking of Courtray, the result of a sanguinary assault, in which Louis-Philippe distinguished himself, he was raised to the rank of lieutenant-general. Being offered the command of Strasbourg, an important fortress, he refused it, alleging his inexperience, but probably dreading the envy his acceptance of such a post (usually bestowed upon veterans, after long services) would draw upon him. He also foresaw the near approach of stirring action in the field, which suited his active temper best, and gave him more frequent occasions of seeking military fame. The two battles of Valmy and Jemmapes soon followed; the former on the 20th of September, the latter on the 6th of November, 1792. They were the two greatest victories in the early revolutionary annals; Marshal Kellerman afterwards owed his ducal title to the first of these brilliant days.

The following extract from the despatch of Kellerman, (published in the "Moniteur,") announcing the victory to the minister at war, will show his strong sense of the merit of the future king of the French:—

"From the head-quarters at Dampierre-sur-Aube, 21st Sept. 1792, nine P.M.—Embarrassed where to choose in the numerous examples of valour and conduct that I should have to report, I confine myself to the mention of the brothers de Chartres and Montpensier, whose extreme youth rendered their steady courage, amid the most terrible fire it has ever been my lot to witness, altogether remarkable.' The Austrians and Prussians here sustained a total defeat.

At Jemmapes, where Dumouriez commanded, one wing of the French army was broken by the Austrians, and would have been utterly routed, but for the chivalrous conduct of the duke, who led the fugitives back to their standards, and secured the victory. Some brilliant affairs, of less note, followed, in all which he added to his laurels.

While Louis-Philippe was thus putting his life to hourly hazard for his country, a decree of the so-called National Convention was issued, to banish from the French territories for ever all the members of the house of Bourbon. An implied exception, indeed, had been made in the case of the Duke of Orleans, who as plain "Egalité" having renounced his hereditary birthright, was supposed to be a simple "citoyen." Louis-Philippe, on the first news of the intended blow at his family, flew to Paris, and did all he could to persuade his father to leave France with him, which he intended to do as soon as an official intimation of its necessity should be forwarded. The father delayed, hoping to secure an exception in favour of the junior Bourbon branch; in this he failed, and about a year after lost his life. Meantime the son returned to the army. On the 18th of March, the young duke, at the head of a division of the army of General Dumouriez, retook the strong post of Nervinde, in Flanders, which had been lost to the French through the imprudence of General Valence. In this attack, the horse that bore him was shot dead.

But all his services were vain: it was a time when to be eminent in any quality, military or civil, was a crime. At a moment when they least expected it, Dumouriez and the duke were commanded to delegate their functions to certain deputies of the Convention, sent on purpose; also to repair to Paris immediately, and give an account of their conduct to "the committee of public safety." They knew that to obey this order, though unconscious of having deserved ill of their country, was to go to meet certain death. They were forced to fly; but Dumouriez meantime took the new functionaries prisoners, and carried them with him across the frontier.

As soon as the allies ascertained that the young duke had quitted the service of France, the brilliant reputation he had acquired led them to offer him any rank he chose to accept under their colours; but he steadily refused all their offers. But this honourable refusal exposed him to calumny and persecution from the adverse faction, the French *émigrés*, who accused him of "patriotism," a term which with them meant everything that was bad. Thus early did he, from adopting the *juste milieu*, the reasonable medium, which has ever been to him a pole-star in guiding his course, expose himself to the animadversions of extreme parties, which continue to beset him up to the hour at which we write.

Proscribed by the republicans—hated and shunned by the royalists—frowned upon by foreign princes, and nearly destitute of money, having never made or thought of a provision for such a contingency, the heir of the richest family in Europe had soon to cast about for the means of gaining needful bread. Hiding under an assumed designation the name that had descended to him from a long line of princes, he applied for and obtained a professorship in the college of Reichemont, in Switzerland. There he taught, during a year, geography, mathematics, and the French and English languages.

On leaving Switzerland, the young prince made a tour of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. He went as far as Lapland, and repassed into Sweden by way of Finland. Russia he did not visit, as the Empress Catherine was too much astounded at the enormities of the French revolutionists, to receive favourably one who had fought in their armies. At Stockholm, being recognised on his return by an ambassador, his presence was made known to the king, who sent for him to court, and treated him with the greatest distinction. This event being noised abroad, the elder Bourbon princes sent him pressing offers to take rank in the invading army of emigrants, to be commanded by the Duke de Condé: he returned a flat refusal. Napoleon did him this justice, in speaking of him at St. Helena—"No: Orleans, at least, has never borne arms against France." The Directory, nevertheless, not knowing his firm determination on this point, made an offer to him of the liberty of his two brothers, then prisoners in France, if he would retire to the United States. He consented to do this; repaired to Hamburgh, embarked there, and had soon the pleasure of meeting his brothers at Philadelphia.

The three young men visited most of the States, observing the manners of the people, and witnessing the operation of their constitution and laws. They even penetrated into the back settlements, and lived for a short time among the Indians. One day, Louis-Philippe being fatigued and feverish, after a long journey with the Indians, fearing the approach of a serious illness, and being far from medical succour, took out his lancet-case, and bled himself in their presence. Seeing that the operator looked all the better for what he had done to himself, they brought him an old man, suffering under some inflammatory disease, and asked the prince to bleed him. He did so immediately, and with the happiest effect. For this service the Indians testified their gratitude in an odd way, but meant to do their benefactor the highest honour. They caused him to pass the night on a mat, between two aged squaws, the grand-mother and grand-aunt of their chief. The lancet which Louis-Philippe used on this occasion is still preserved, and shown in the museum of the Ecole de Médecine*.

During the stay of the young princes in America, their widowed

* So late as the 27th October, 1833, on occasion of the visit of his son-in-law Leopold to Paris, a courier who accompanied him thither fell off his horse, and was run over by one of the carriages. The accident was serious, and every one thought him dead. No medical aid was at hand, and the king, who had gone out in his carriage to meet the party, was advised of the difficulty. He immediately alighted, examined the man's body, and finding no bones fractured, bled him freely, and recovered him sufficiently to have him removed to the royal household, where he soon recovered, and is now in the royal service.

mother, who had escaped from France, was then living in Spain. They applied for permission to join her there, but could not obtain it; Louis-Philippe, however, was permitted to change the place of his exile to England. Arriving there, he found the Bourbon princes enjoying English hospitality, and also many emigrant noblemen, all burning with an ever-renewed desire to force their way back to their native country by plots and invasions. Again he had invitations made him to join in their projects, which he again, as before, firmly refused.

After some little stay in London, he ventured on a visit to Spain, in company with his sister Adelaide, who till then had taken refuge in Hungary, with the Princess de Conti, her aunt. This filial duty performed, he returned to England, and took up his residence at Twickenham. Shortly after his arrival, he lost his two brothers, who sank under the fatigues they had endured in the wandering life they had so long led. The younger (Beaujolais) lingered so long, that his physicians had hope that a removal to a more genial climate might save his life: with this view Sicily, the only part of southern Europe then open to him, was recommended. Thither Louis-Philippe, by permission of King Ferdinand IV., immediately repaired. Being invited to court, and treated with cordiality, then began the acquaintanceship, which soon ripened into love, between him and the Princess Amelia, now Queen of the French. Meantime, he had the mournful duty to perform of closing the eyes of his brother.

The marriage between Louis-Philippe and the princess—then in her twenty-seventh year—took place at Palermo, on the 25th November, 1809. Their son, the present Duke of Orleans, was born in the same city, September 3d, 1810.

Of the stay of Louis-Philippe and his family in England, we have little to say, not having any public events to record. It was passed principally in retirement.

Louis-Philippe was with his family in Sicily, when, on the 23d April, 1814, the news arrived that Napoleon had abdicated, and that the Bourbons were restored. He set out for Paris immediately, with scarcely any attendants, and flew to the Palais-Royal, the never-forgotten scene of his earliest youth. In attaining the inner court of the dwelling of that palace, he fell down on his knees in gratitude, his hands joined, his face bathed in joyful tears. The *concièrge* (keeper), who knew him not, was astonished. The return of Bonaparte, in 1815, dispossessed him for a few months of this domicile of his ancestors. In leaving France, he did not join himself to the exiled family at Ghent, but came to England. On the second return of the Bourbons, he gave them great offence by his liberal opinions, too openly expressed. Amongst other oppositions, he remonstrated with all his might against the useless sacrifice of Marshal Ney. Being then in England, he also addressed himself to the Prince Regent on that hero's behalf, but all in vain.

At length, court-prejudice against him being somewhat abated, he returned definitively to his native country in 1817. Seeing that any participation on his part in politics would be viewed with a jealous eye, and serve no good end 'till the arrival of more auspicious times, he devoted himself entirely to the lettered leisure of a retired life. The château of Neuilly became a resort and retreat for men of letters, poets, artists, and scientific men. There they were always sure of elegant hospitality, and the distinction due to talents and virtue. Casimir Delavigne, deprived of his employments and pension by Louis XVIII., was received in the household of the duke. Not one of these friends of the *prince* but has remained faithful to the *king*. The capital of France had two courts held in it; the one where nobility of mind went for little or nothing, in the other it was everything.

Our readers are aware that Louis XVIII., the brother of Louis XVI., adopted his *number* in consequence of the title of Louis XVII. having been given to his nephew, a fine boy, who died from harsh treatment, in 1795, at the age of ten years. Louis XVIII. governed with considerable moderation, for a man who belonged to the old *régime*, and who was surrounded by prompters, and advisers of the absolute school. But during his reign, and of his brother, Charles X., who succeeded him in 1824, the French were making a great advance; in fact, from 1815 to 1830, the principles of concentrated power and of diffused power were coming into active collision, and perpetually making aggressions on one another. Louis XVIII. had granted the French people a Charter; but in the outset it was assumed that this charter was accorded (*octroyée*) through the mere favour, grace, and pleasure of the monarch, and not because the liberties therein granted were the birthright of the people. The French liberals therefore contended that their Constitution was not one which depended on the will of the nation—on the pleasure of *men*—but on the mere pleasure of *a* man; and that, as their liberties were liable to be taken from them by the power which gave them, they were virtually slaves. To provoke such feelings was a great mistake on the part of Louis XVIII. and his advisers. It set the MIND of the nation debating what it had really gained by the half-century of violence, revolution, despotism, and war, through which it had passed; and though the French had really gained much, and were enjoying much, of which their grandfathers could scarcely have dreamed, still the apparent insecurity of their privileges was galling, and the restless activity of the old absolute and priestly party made them really apprehensive. The two parties thus struggling may be described as composed of the following materials:—The absolute and priestly party numbered in its ranks most of the emigrant nobility and their children, who longed to restore the old state of things, with all those ambitious men who hold as faith that the many are made for the few, along with not a few honest-minded but ignorant zealots, who imagined that ecclesiastical power should ride over all other power, and direct it as it pleased. The movement party comprised men of all grades and characters; honest aspirants, such as those who long for the welfare of their fellow-men, and hold the faith of mental and moral progress; republicans, fired with admiration of some *beau idéal* of their own; profligates, impatient of control, and who wished for change, without much regard to means or end, along with old Bonapartists, and all who heartily hated the Bourbon race.

Charles X., who succeeded his brother Louis XVIII., may, in some respects, be compared to our own James II., who succeeded his brother Charles II. In each case there was a restoration; in each case two brothers in succession mounted the throne; and in each case the second brother, by openly going over to one of the parties that divided the country, roused the other party into activity, and brought about a revolution. From 1824 to 1830, the French movement party was exceedingly active, opposing the court, which now, without measure or concealment, abetted the absolute and priestly party. Charles X. and his ministers moved onwards in their aggressive career on the liberties of the nation. At last, in 1830, the court ventured on *its* revolution, which was defeated by the counter-revolution of the people: for it must not be forgotten that it was Charles X. and his ministers who *began* the revolution of 1830; they issued those famous *ordonnances*, by which, with a few strokes of the pen, the liberty of the press was cut down, and the electorial rights of the people all but swept away. The people of Paris cried out—No! and the sound of the Three Days of 1830 echoed throughout Europe, gave Belgium a king, and accelerated the passing of the English Reform Bill.

We have now arrived at the great event which forms an epoch in the history of the French nation, as well as in that of its present ruler. The vast majority of the French people, by general if not universal acclamation, called upon him to occupy a throne, become vacant by the revolution of 1830. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which his new subjects hailed his acceptance of the proffered crown. Of this event we were ourselves eye-witnesses, the writer of this memoir having been long resident in Paris, before and since; he was, moreover, present at the assault of the palace of the Louvre, the crowning event of a sanguinary though short struggle. Oh! it was an anxious time, those terrible three days, for him—for all. And then, the cause being gained by the triumphant revolutionists, the all-important question still remained—What use were they about to make of their dearly-bought victory?—were they going to set up another monarchy, or erect a republic on the ruins of institutions which a few hours had sufficed to level to the dust?—or, the bands that knit society together being violently rent asunder, was wild anarchy, the immediate precursor of iron despotism, about to exert a terrible, however temporary, sway? Such were the anxious doubts that, during some of the most unquiet days of our existence, occupied men's minds. Suddenly the Duke of Orleans appeared! La Fayette presented him to the French as well skilled to take the abandoned helm, and guide the storm-vexed vessel of a mighty state into the needful calm of untroubled waters.

We were grateful to Louis-Philippe *then*, and we feel the sentiment still. Possibly, however desirous to be impartial narrators of events, we may have indicated a bias towards our subject, in these brief "recollections." We do not say, that we approve of the career of Louis-Philippe since he accepted the now tenfold uneasy honour of wearing a crown, or rather of being "King of the French." That a more *straightforward* policy might have retained much of that affectionate attachment which, between nine and ten years ago, hailed him, as the head of the people, we do not

hesitate to affirm. But let the *character* of the people be well considered before condemnation be passed. Ardent, restless, lively, easily excited, half-enlightened, all reflecting men must have foreseen that disappointment would follow the extravagant expectations which were entertained on Louis-Philippe's accession; and amongst a people, a large portion of whom are deficient in the balancing power of moral and political integrity, *steadiness* of attachment is not to be expected. Still, if Louis-Philippe had been able to conceal that SELF forms a large ingredient in his character, his life, like that of our Oliver Cromwell, would not, at the present moment, be so miserably insecure from the assaults of assassins or conspirators.

Let us hope, however, that the revolution which placed Louis-Philippe on the throne, as it is the latest, so, for many years at least, it will be the last to which France will be subjected; and that Louis-Philippe's great abilities—for he is, questionless, a man of first-rate ability—will yet guide the helm of affairs in France for many years; and that, above all, he will leave his country better than he found it.

ASCENT OF THE RHINE.

The Rhine originates in the Swiss canton of Graubundten, better known by its French name of the Grisons, an extensive Alpine district, whose numerous glaciers supply many streams, which feed the Rhine, the Danube, and the Po. The principal branch of the Rhine rises at the foot of one of the mountains of the canton, whose summits are covered with perpetual snow; it is joined by others, and the united rivers run into the Boden See, or Lake of Constance. This somewhat remarkable lake is claimed as common property by Austria, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, and Switzerland; the territories of all these states approaching its banks. When the Rhine issues from the lake, it is at no great distance from the infant Danube, which, crossing Europe in an opposite direction, falls into the Black Sea, after a course of nearly eighteen hundred miles. The Rhine passes through the canton of Schaffhausen, descending the celebrated Falls of that name, and takes a westerly direction, till it reaches the town of Basel (Basle, the capital of the canton), which it divides into Great and Little Basel, and then takes a northerly direction. Its width, from Schaffhausen to Basel, gradually expands from about 340 to 750 feet.

After quitting Basel, where it turns northward, the Rhine runs along the western frontier of the long, narrow strip of territory, called the grand duchy of Baden, forming, for a considerable part of its course, a boundary between it and France. From Basel till it reaches Mannheim, at the northern extremity of Baden, its course is winding, and the scenery exceedingly varied and beautiful. It has numerous islands, abounding in wood and game; its waters have an abundance of fish, and its bed affords gold dust in small quantities. It receives various tributaries; at Mannheim the Neckar joins it, and the river expands to twelve hundred feet in width. From Mannheim it crosses the territory of Hesse Darmstadt, passing Worms, until it reaches Mainz, or Mayence, which lies a little below the junction of the Maine with the Rhine, and where the latter river becomes 2500 feet broad. The next place of importance which it passes is Coblentz, which is opposite the renowned fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, a stronghold which covers a lofty eminence on the banks of the Rhine, and commands both it and the Moselle, which here joins the former river. From Coblenz it passes onwards to Cologne, Bonn, &c.; and, after going through the Prussian territories, enters the Netherlands. Here all its distinctive characters, as a noble and beautiful river, are gradually lost. It divides into several branches, which, assisted by canals, drain off its waters in different directions. One branch is the Old Rhine, which goes through South Holland, and passing Leyden, falls into the sea a little beyond it; another branch, the Waal, is joined by a branch of the Maas, or Meuse, and forms those waters, generally called the Meuse, which fall into the sea beyond Rotterdam.

Having thus rapidly traced the Rhine downwards from its sources to the sea, we may now prepare to ascend it. The reader may recollect that, in the previous article, we landed him at Rotterdam. Here we may suppose him to have spent a day, looking at the "lions" of this "vulgar Venice." This over, we may now advise him, if his face is set "up the Rhine." On a former occasion we animadverted on the almost universal English practice of making the tour of the Rhine by steam. So partial are our countrymen to this mode of conveyance, that, in nine cases out of ten, they travel from Rotterdam to Cologne by the "Dampfschiff." Nothing can be more ill-judged; and we are only surprised, that of the numbers who go this voyage, more do not return in disgust to Rotterdam the following morning. When we take into account the high-flown notions with which most people are inoculated on the subject of Rhenish scenery, and the stale, flat aspect of the Lower Rhine, such a result might naturally be anticipated. The strong current of the river, makes the upward navigation tedious in the extreme; and the banks of the Lower Rhine—that is, from Rotterdam to Cologne,—travel how you will, are as uninviting in regard to the picturesque as can well be conceived; but seen from the deck of the steam-boat, they are "a blank." The most eligible way to get over this portion of the ground is the *cabriolet* of the diligence: for we would hardly counsel the tourist to walk it, as it will assuredly not repay the trouble. The right bank of the river is decidedly the preferable one; as the traveller may stop, if he feel inclined, at Elberfeld and Dusseldorf. The former town, in a manufacturing point of view, is not without interest; and though Dusseldorf has long since lost the gallery of paintings for which, in bygone days, it was famed, it still boasts the *studios* of various artists, which are well deserving a visit.

Suppose, then, that we have arrived at Cologne by the diligence, and that, having rested and refreshed ourselves in this ancient and famous city, we propose to walk to Bonn. From hence to Bonn is but some four hours' pleasant walking; and having now fairly turned our backs on Cologne, we may as well seat ourselves for a moment on this hillock, to draw breath. That strange-looking circular tower, just outside the wall of the city, and close on the banks of the Rhine, is the so-called "Thurmchen," or Tower. The "Thurmchen," if tradition may be credited, was the handiwork of different artificers. It arose when the streets of Cologne echoed to the tread of the legions of Rome; it now serves as a sort of "black hole," for the confinement of the "Kettenmänner," or "gyved men", of the worst stamp. That massive spire, to the extreme left, in a direct line with the casemate battery before us, is the steeple of the Church of the Apostles; a fine old specimen of Byzantine architecture, erected (so says the inscription on the worthy lady's statue in the transept) by Saint Helena, mother of Constantine the Great. In travels up the Rhine, there are frequent opportunities of observing the good deeds of this excellent empress. Scarcely a town or village but contains some memento of her piety.

Looking towards the heart of the city, we perceive a gloomy-looking building, whose massive and burly proportions might seem to bid defiance to time, and that appears, indeed, more like some ancient baronial keep than a place for the singing of anthems;—it is the church of St. Mary in the Capitol. The ground it occupies is the most elevated spot in Cologne; and here, according to tradition, stood the capitol of the "Colonia Agrippina,"—some remains of which are still pointed out to the inquisitive traveller. Beyond St. Mary's, to the extreme right, and close by the river-side, two light and airy steeples, not of a great height, but particularly graceful in their proportions, adorn the church of St. Cunibert; one of the steeples inclines out of the perpendicular. Not far from St. Cunibert's we may remark a dome-like tower, surmounting a plain-looking sort of edifice; that is the shrine of St. Ursula. The legend assures us she was a British princess, and that her eleven thousand martyr virgin-attendants were our countrywomen. To the left considerably of St. Ursula's, and not a great distance, apparently, from St. Mary's, is the celebrated Cathedral; one of the noblest structures of its kind in Europe, though unfinished. As we scan, even at this distance, the gigantic dimensions of that noble tower, (which yet has reached but *half* the contemplated height) we feel that its founder, Conrad of Hochstetten, had a mind that delighted in the majestic and sublime. We shall content ourselves with giving Wordsworth's

noble sonnet on it; of which it may be praise sufficient to remark, that the subject and the verse are worthy of each other.

"IN THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

"O, for the help of angels to complete
This temple!—angels governed by a plan
How gloriously pursued by daring man,
Studious that HE might not disdain the seat
Who dwells in heaven! But that inspiring heat
Hath failed; and now, ye Powers! whose gorgeous wings
And splendid aspect yon emblazonings
But faintly picture, 'twere an office meet
For you, on these unfinished shafts to try
The midnight virtues of your harmony:—
This vast design might tempt you to repeat
Strains that call forth upon empyreal ground
Immortal fabrics, rising to the sound
Of penetrating harps and voices sweet!"

Meantime, suppose we have been on our way; and that we are now at the village of Hersel, within three miles of Bonn, which, you see, lies before you a little to the right hand. That hill behind it, but still more to the right, and surmounted by a chapel, is the "Kreutzberg," or Mount Calvary. From that point you observe a range of low but beautifully wooded hills, stretching away to the south-west; dotted here and there with country-seats and hamlets, glittering in the sunshine: that is the chain of the "Vorgebirge." In an opposite direction, in the extreme south-east, do you remark those hills, considerably higher than the last mentioned, the lower part of a bright-green tint, the upper more sombre in its hue? These are the "Seven Mountains, the far-famed 'Siebengebirge,'" with their girdle of vineyards and coronal of woods. The one nearest us, surmounted by yon ruin, on which the sunbeams sleep so lovingly, is the "castled crag of Drachenfels." You perceive we begin to approach classic ground.

Vineyards lying, as those now under our eye do, on dead flats, even when loaded with gold and purple fruitage, are but common-looking things. "A potato-garden, in county Kerry, would take the shine out of them, my honey!" was the criticism of an Hibernian, whose opinion we chanced to inquire on board the "Dampfschiff," between Cologne and Bonn; and without going quite this length, we would not ourselves exchange (as regards the picturesque) one of our own hop-gardens for a wilderness of *such* vineyards. But when they are seen terrace upon terrace, investing with all the luxuriance of the most florid vegetation the bleak and barren rock that "frowns o'er the wide and winding" river, and, as far as the eye can reach, empurpling the landscape, the change appears almost miraculous.

Vineyards must be picturesque when the vine is trained to lofty elms; and in modern, as in ancient Italy, this mode is generally adopted. The Germans, however, follow another and a much less picturesque plan, but one also infinitely less troublesome and expensive: they marry the vine not to the umbrageous elm, but to bare naked poles, eight or ten feet long. Of course, in many situations, as where terraces are cut out in the face of the bleak and barren rock (and not a few of the finest vintage of the Rhine are the produce of such localities), elms, or indeed trees of any kind, are quite out of the question. The poles to which the vines are bound are considerably less in height than those employed in our own hop-gardens. Many reasons make it desirable that the vine-poles should be rather short than otherwise; one is, that it is to enable the fruit to be as close to the ground as possible, *in order to benefit from the reflected heat.*

Arrived at the gate of Bonn, called, from its situation, the "Kolnthor," or Gate of Cologne; in five minutes more, the traveller may be relieved of his knapsack and his fatigue in the Star Hotel. We will take a peep, ere evening set in, at the *outside* of the vineyards that lie on the south side of the town. The gate through we are now passing is the "Coblenzerthor," or Gate of Coblenz; so named from its leading to that town. The suburb of Bonn lying in this direction deserves your notice. The ground before us, laid out in walks, and planted with trees and shrubs, is the "Hofgarten," or garden formerly attached to the electoral palace. If you just look behind, you will see this building; for we walked under it as we passed through the archway of the "Coblenzerthor." It extends to a considerable distance on either hand, and is separated from the "Hofgarten" by a wide and handsome carriage-way. Though somewhat weather-beaten, it is, on the whole, a respectable-enough looking edifice. However, it no longer does duty as a palace, the King of Prussia having converted it into a university, when he acquired his Rhenish dominions. In compliment to him, it bears the name of Friedrich Wilhelm, and is a very flourishing seminary, numbering among its professors several names of great repute.

This vineyard on our left hand, close to the wayside, with a sign-board over the doorway leading into it, bearing the inscription "Vinea Domini," was a favourite spot of the last elector, and he erected that pleasure-house (which you see peeping through the linden-trees) the better to enjoy it. It is now converted into a "Weinschenke," or tea-garden; and here the citizens of Bonn repair twice a-week, to sip their coffee and smoke their long-cut, to the accompaniment of the excellent music of the band of the "Uhlanen" regiment stationed in the town.

From hence we have a beautiful view. At our feet, but far below, flows the Rhine, so broad at this part of its course that it seems rather a lake than a river; the slopes of the terrace on which we stand are covered with the vine, almost to the water's edge, or only separated from it by a fringe of willows; and but a little way off, to the right hand, rise the Seven Mountains. Turn where you will, the slopes are clothed with vineyards; and on the opposite bank of the river, between us and the Seven Mountains, we may discern more than one "sweet Auburn" peeping through the leafy screen.

THE LONDON MISSIONARY MUSEUM.

THE arrival of a very old friend from Australia, who had spent upwards of twelve years in that colony, principally in the society of missionaries, and who brought over a letter of introduction to the Rev. W. Ellis, secretary to the Missionary Museum, first induced us to pay a visit to this almost unheard-of collection. The Missionary Museum was first exhibited at Jewry-street, subsequently at Austin-friars, and was removed to the present premises in Blomfield-street, Bishopsgate, in 1835. Although the arrangement of the numerous specimens is at present very imperfect, and no catalogue has been published, we obtained every necessary information from the labels affixed to the different articles, and from the intelligence and attention of the curator. This museum is particularly interesting on account of all the materials for its formation having been collected by pious and indefatigable missionaries, dispersed at various periods over the most distant regions of the earth, where they voluntarily undergo the greatest hardships and privations for the sake of promoting Christianity among the heathen. Many of the objects in the collection, not only particularly illustrate the religious worship of the people among whom they were stationed, but many of them also display the ingenuity of the savages in the manufacture of different articles before their intercourse with Europeans; and others, again, the great advantage they have gained in the progress of the arts and civilisation from the partial labours of the missionaries. Among the former, every one must be struck with the collection of the household gods of Pomare, late king of Otaheite, presented by himself after he had embraced Christianity, "in order," as he said, "that the people of Europe might know Tahiti's foolish gods." These consist of rude carvings of wood, and figures so grotesquely dressed with feathers and pieces of cloth, that to the eye of a European they rather resemble the attributes of the nursery, than the objects of sacred worship of any nation. There is also an extensive collection of Hindoo, Chinese, and Burmese idols, and we were particularly struck with one from the South Seas, somewhat resembling in form the lower part of the mast of a ship, only its exterior is composed of a whitish papery substance, manufactured by the natives, and there is a dark band of the same material twisted round it in a spiral direction, about a foot apart. This idol measures twelve feet high, and having been rescued by Mr. Campbell from the hands of the natives while they were in the act of committing it and many others to the deep, after they had relinquished their idolatrous worship, it was sent over to Britain by Mr. Campbell, as a trophy of his successful exertions in that remote and uncivilised part of the globe. Here are also portraits of native chiefs of the South Sea Islands, and elsewhere, who have embraced Christianity and adopted European costumes; and there are also several frames about two feet square, containing miniature portraits of many of the missionaries, and their no less enterprising wives, among which none proved more interesting to us than those of the Rev. H. Threlkeld, and his amiable lady, having heard so much of their piety and excellent qualities from our old friend who accompanied us, and who had for years been an eye-witness of their unwearied zeal in the cause of truth, and their benevolent exertions in endeavouring to promote the civilisation and happiness of the natives of Australia. This persevering man has not only written a grammar and vocabulary of the

aboriginal tongue, but has translated a considerable part of the New Testament into that language for the benefit of the natives. Our friend related to us many attempts that he made to promote civilisation, but which were not always attended with success. Among others he mentioned that it was very common to see hordes of these savages passing the dwellings of the settlers totally naked, others with only a blanket thrown over them to conceal their nakedness, and from these a little girl was selected, with the consent of her parents, to be brought up as a Christian, and trained in all the habits and customs of the Europeans, with the intention of receiving her services as a household domestic. The child was dressed up in the cast-off clothes of a member of the family, and at first both she and her parents seemed perfectly delighted with so much finery; but upon further trial of her new mode of life, so irksome did the restraint of dress prove to the girl, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could be prevailed upon to wear it; and her parents unfortunately passing that way soon after, the child availed herself of the opportunity, and eagerly effected her escape.

Among the articles which display the ingenuity of the natives of the Society Islands, are beautifully-carved paddles, clubs, &c. executed with a sharp stone as a cutting instrument; and there is a case containing curious Chinese pictures composed of different pieces of cloth, sewed together in such a manner as to give the appearance of a kind of alto-relievo to the different objects represented. There are various specimens of cloth manufactured by the natives from grass and reeds, and the bark of trees, and even one from the fibrous portion of the celebrated Coco-de-Mer, some fine nuts of which occupy a shelf in an adjoining case. Here is also cloth spun by a spinning-machine, sent out by the Society, and woven by the natives in a very creditable manner; some articles of dress made up in the European fashion; and specimens of embroidery which would not disgrace the gentle fair of our own island.

A curious article of dress here is also worthy of notice, as being used in the Sandwich Islands by the nearest relative when a death takes place in the family. It consists of a stiff pyramidal envelope, which is put on like an extinguisher over the body, and bears a close resemblance to the well-known and cumbersome cover of our "Jack in the Green," on May-day, it being fantastically covered with leaves and other articles.

In natural history there are some good specimens of coral, rocks, shells, &c.; and among the latter we descried that curious species of pipe-fish (Hippocampus) better known by the appellation of sea-horse, on account of the great resemblance (in miniature) which its head bears to that of the common horse. The term sea-horse, though often applied to the walrus, is more frequently used to designate this small bony fish, which is found in almost every sea, and lives on small marine insects. It measures five or six inches in length, and the body is compressed laterally, and encased in prominent, bony, rib-like scales. The tail is much smaller than the body, destitute of the terminal fin, tapering gradually to a point, and turns up when dried. The dorsal fin bears a resemblance to a saddle, and the filaments on the back of the neck to a mane.

Among the minerals we perceived a grey iron ore, sparkling like mica, which appeared to us to be the *Sibilo* mentioned by Captain Harris, as used by the natives of Bechuana for ornamenting their bodies and skin-cloaks, and their naturally woolly hair, which he says, "is twisted in small cords, and matted with this substance into apparently metallic pendules, which being of equal length, assume the appearance of a skull-cap, or inverted bowl of steel."

The collection of moths and butterflies is but small, and not in good preservation; but instead of being arranged in cases, in the usual way, the specimens are tastefully and naturally disposed on leafless trees (in miniature) in different attitudes, and underneath, among the mossy turf, are seen beetles and other coleoptera, as if just emerging from the pupa state. Among the orthoptera is seen the well-known fabled praying Mantis, forming the most conspicuous object of this small group. The singular form, and still more singular habits of this insect render it one of the most curious productions of nature. From the manner in which this tribe stretch out their fore legs, they have acquired the reputation of diviners, and because they often rest on their hind legs, folding the anterior pair over their breast, the superstitious have supposed them in the act of prayer; hence they are known in Languedoc, where they are common, by the name of *Prie Dieu*. It is remarkable that this superstition extends to almost every part of the world in which this tribe of insects is found. The Turks regard them as under the especial protection of Allah, and the Hottentots pay divine honours to them. The dry-leaf mantis, commonly called the walking leaf, in its shape and colour is remarkable, invariably suggesting the idea of a dry and withered leaf. The manners of these insects also, in addition to the structure, aid in the delusion. They often remain on the trees or the ground for hours together without motion; then suddenly springing into the air, appear to be blown about like dry le---- Th- Indians of South America, where these insects are ver believe that they really are attached to the tree at firs when they have arrived at maturity, they loosen themselves, and crawl or fly away. In some parts of the East Indies and in China, a species of mantis is kept, like game-cocks, for the purpose of fighting, which is performed with the greatest ferocity.

Among the stuffed animals none is more striking than a fine specimen of the Giraffe, an animal which from its colossal height and apparent disproportion was long classed with the unicorn, and the sphinx of the ancients; a belief prevailing that it rather belonged to the regions of imagination than to the actual works of nature. This extraordinary animal, we are informed by a recent traveller, is by no means common in its native country, and, therefore, it is not remarkable that no very precise notions of its form or habits were obtained till within the last forty years. Its habitat is confined to the Mimosa districts, on the leaves of which it feeds. It is worthy of remark, that the giraffe has no means of defence but its heels, and that it utters no cry whatever: its method of walking is different from that of all other animals; it moves the fore and hind legs on the same side together, instead of diagonally, and this motion has been compared to the pitching of a ship, or the rolling of a rocking-horse, and the switching of the long black tail, and the corresponding action of the neck swinging like a pendulum, is said to impart to the animal the appearance of a piece of machinery put in motion. Its eye is soft and gentle, surpassing that of the oft-sung gazelle of the East, and it is so constructed that the animal can see before and behind without turning its head. The tongue has the power of extension, which enables it in miniature to perform the office of the elephant's proboscis.

Close to this gigantic creature is placed the shapeless two-horned head of the African rhinoceros, about four feet in length. None of the species peculiar to Africa are clad in the shell-like armour, like their Asiatic brethren. In appearance they are a gross caricature of the "half-reasoning elephant," and are about six feet high at the shoulder, covered with a tough hide, an inch and a half in thickness, of which the whips, known by the name of Sjamboks, at the Cape, are made.

Here is also that curious animal from the South of Africa, called gnoo—gnu, by the Hottentots, and *wilde beest*, by the Dutch, an animal by no means common in collections. It has been arranged by naturalists among the antelopes, but in form it partly resembles the horse, the buffalo, and the stag. Both sexes are furnished with horns enlarged at their base like those of the buffalo. They spring from the hinder part of the head, and after bending forward beyond the eye, turn suddenly upwards; but they are perfectly straight when the animal is growing. The gnu is lively and capricious, and is affected by the sight of scarlet, like the buffalo or bull. They feed in large herds, and are often killed on account of their flesh, which is very juicy and more agreeable than beef. When taken young they are easily tamed; but the natives seldom attempt to domesticate them, as they are said to have a tendency to catch and communicate to the other animals a dangerous infection. There are many other animals in the collection more or less worthy of notice; and we were happy to hear that the whole will very shortly undergo a thorough re-arrangement, and that a catalogue will be provided for the benefit of the public.

On taking our departure, we cast another glance at the portraits, and could not help regretting that a likeness of the celebrated Ziegenbalg was not among the number. This was the celebrated German, who was the first Protestant Missionary sent to India by Frederick IV. King of Denmark; and it is remarkable that although the honour of originating the first Protestant mission to India belonged to Denmark, that from its commencement the majority of those who have been engaged in its service have been natives of Germany. It is true that the first Protestant mission of which we have any notice was founded by the Church of Geneva, in 1556, and sent missionaries to America, but it existed but a very short time, and but little good was effected; whereas the Danish mission above mentioned was established in 1705, and its continued prosperity is well known, as may be testified by the labours of the venerable and apostolic Swartz.

EFFECTS OF A DEFICIENT HARVEST.

We extract the following from the January Number of the "Dublin University Magazine." It is a portion of an article, "Banking and Currency—Part I.," which we have reason to believe to be the production of Dr. Longfield, late a Fellow of Trinity College, and professor of political economy, but now a barrister, and professor of civil law. It is an exceedingly able article, written with all the quiet ease which perfect mastery of the subject gives, and, at the same time, so intelligible that a school-boy may understand it. It is pleasing to see an able conservative periodical coming to the assistance of those who wish to rescue the great national questions involved in the discussion from the absurd imputation of being mere political or party subjects; and we may safely affirm, that any man who reads the following extract and is still incapable of making up his mind on the matter, is either incapable of understanding two propositions in English, or determined not to be convinced:—

A deficient harvest exercises a more extended influence over the trade, and even over the currency of the country, than would at first be supposed possible. The first effect of a scarcity of provisions is obvious to the most unthinking. It is to raise the price of food generally through the country, with not much greater difference of price in different districts than would be sufficient to pay the expense of carriage from one part to the other. This consequence of a scarcity no man has ever yet denied, and it is almost the only one on which all are agreed. The effect of a scarcity on the wages of labour is not so obvious as its effect on the price of the provisions on which the labourer subsists, and on this point the most opposite opinions are entertained. Some economists maintain that its effect must be to raise the rate of wages. Their argument has the single merit of being brief and simple. The average wages of labour must, they say, be sufficient to support the labourer and his family in whatever he has been in the habit of considering the necessaries of life. This first proposition is thus proved; for if the rate of wages was less than that above supposed, marriages would become less frequent or less fruitful among the labouring classes. The poorest among them would either be deterred from marriage by the prospect of the privations to which he would be exposed by the burthen of a wife and family dependent upon him for their support; or if any are so improvident as to disregard this prospect, they will generally be unable to rear their children, who will perish from the various diseases produced by neglect and want. Thus the population will diminish until the rate of wages rises to its former level. Such is the argument usually relied upon to prove that the wages of labour depend on the habits of expense contracted by the labouring classes; its unsoundness, however, cannot, we think, escape the notice of any one who gives it an attentive examination. If it proves anything, it would prove that the rate of wages could never fall in any country, for the labourers generally expend all their earnings in the maintenance of themselves and their families; their habits of expense have been therefore settled according to the average rate of wages, and therefore, if the average rate of wages was regulated by those habits, it could never fall: and yet the above argument has been generally adopted by those who maintain that population has a constant tendency to increase beyond the means of subsistence, and to produce a constantly progressing diminution of the wages of labour. But the fact is, that a fall of wages has generally no influence in retarding the increase of population. When wages fall in a country in which the labourers are in the enjoyment of something more than the bare necessaries of life, they will contract their expenses, and forego some of the enjoyments to which they have been accustomed, rather than follow the advice of the political economists, and abstain from marriage. Even if the argument to which we are replying were valid, it would only apply to the average wages of labour, and would not throw the least light on the inquiry into the temporary effect likely to be produced by a casual circumstance operating for a single season. For the reasons we shall presently mention, we believe that the effect of a scarcity is to lower the rate of wages.

The secondary effects produced by a deficient harvest are different according as importation is or is not permitted to supply the deficiency. If importation is prohibited, and the country is compelled to subsist upon the corn produced within itself, the rise in the price of provisions has the effect of transferring a certain sum of money from one set of men to another set. What the consumers lose, the producers gain. In consequence of the desire which every man has to eat as much as before, he will give up some other expense, and spend more than usual upon provisions, rather than do without his usual supply of food. The competition thus created among the buyers will raise the price of corn more than in proportion to the deficiency in the harvest. The quantity consumed must be diminished in proportion to the diminished supply, while the price paid for it exceeds that paid for the greater quantity consumed in years of ordinary plenty. The producers gain by the increase of price that is paid for the entire supply. The consumers lose exactly the same sum, and suffer at the same time the inconvenience of being obliged to subsist upon less than their accustomed supply of provisions. However, this inconvenience produces no general effect upon the state of trade; it is merely a certain quantity of suffering endured by a number of individuals. But the transfer of property from one class to another produces a slight derangement of the balance of profits in different trades. The producers of corn are richer, and able to purchase more—the consumers of corn are poorer, and obliged to purchase less than in ordinary years. Hence those who produce or import goods to supply the wants of the former class, are enabled to raise their prices, and sell more goods, and make a greater profit than usual; while those who produce or import goods to supply the latter class, are obliged, in consequence of the diminished demand for their articles, to lower their prices, make fewer sales, and be content with smaller profits. It is true, that a certain proportion exists between the average profits of different trades, any excess in the gains of one trade inducing numbers to flock into it, until increased competition reduces its profits to a fair proportion with the rest. But it is evident, and the fact is notorious to all, that this does not prevent occasional variations of great magnitude in the profits of particular trades. Few men can change their occupations on a short notice, and many cannot change them at all. Any sudden change in any trade affects, therefore, in the first instance, only those who are engaged in it, by increasing or reducing their profits; and some time must elapse before this increase or reduction can be removed by any increase or diminution in the number of those who are to share the profits. Thus, for example, if the effect of the late change in the rate of postage be to double the consumption of letter-paper, a rich harvest of increased profits will be reaped by those who are at present employed in the manufacture and distribution of the article. The increased business will at first fall principally to those who are at present in the trade. A new person entering into the business would be destitute of the proper skill, and would want the connexions necessary to enable him to conduct it successfully. In a year or two, however, profits will again find their level.

As the consumers of corn, who are not producers of it, form the great mass of the community, including all the artisans and poorer tradesmen, a deficient harvest obliges them to contract their expenses, and to consume less than heretofore of those commodities which are not absolutely necessary to their existence. Hence a slight diminution in the consumption of such articles as sugar, &c. which are the utmost luxuries of the poor. However, as the farmers and land-owners are enabled to increase their expenses by the same amount by which the other classes are compelled to retrench them, no very great derangement of trade is caused by a deficient harvest when the importation of corn is prohibited. But if corn is imported, the case is materially altered: this importation considerably diminishes the individual suffering arising from a scarcity of provisions, at the same time that it produces a serious derangement in the balance of trade. A certain equilibrium exists between our average exports and imports. This is disturbed by the importation of corn. England suddenly demands a large quantity, perhaps six millions' worth of corn. She may be ready to pay for them by her manufactures; but will those who sell it be willing to take those manufactures in exchange? Will the Prussian or Russian land-owner, whose wealth has been suddenly increased, be content to expend his increased wealth in the purchase of an increased amount of English manufactures? We say that the contrary will take place, and that his habits will remain unchanged, and his increase of wealth will be spent in nearly the same manner as his former income, that is to say, not one fiftieth part in the purchase of English goods. His countrymen will, in the first instance, have the advantage of his increased expenditure. It will not be felt in England until after a long time, and passing through

many channels. In this case the English producer does not gain all that the English consumer loses by the deficient harvest; for as six millions are paid for foreign corn, that sum of money is paid by the consumers in addition to whatever sum the producers receive. Thus the English have six millions less than usual to expend in the purchase of the commodities which they are accustomed to consume, while the inhabitants of the corn-exporting countries have six millions more. An effect results exactly analogous to what we have already noticed as taking place on a deficient harvest when no importation is permitted. In this latter case, the producers have more, and the consumers less to spend, and the manufacturers and tradesmen who supply them respectively gain or lose by the altered condition of their customers. But when importation is permitted, Prussia and Russia gain the six millions which England loses. In this respect, those countries may be considered the producers, and the English the consumers of corn. The commodities, therefore, which the Russians and Prussians consume, will rise in price, while those which the English use will undergo a reduction. But a very great proportion, much more than nineteen twentieths of the commodities consumed in any country, are the productions of that country. English manufactures will therefore fall, while Russian and Prussian goods will rise in price. This evil, after some time, works its own cure. The low price of English goods, injurious as it is to the English merchant and manufacturer, leads to an increased exportation, and an increased consumption of them by foreigners. On the other hand, the high price of foreign goods leads to a diminished importation, and a diminished consumption of them in England. Thus the market for the goods of one country is contracted, and that for the goods of the other is enlarged; and this state of things must continue until prices are gradually brought to the level at which they stood previous to the derangement occasioned by the importation of foreign corn.

In the observations which we have made on the effects of a deficient harvest, we have taken no notice of money, or the consequences of using it as an instrument of exchange. The effects which we have mentioned would be produced, if exchanges were all conducted by barter. The demonstration is perfectly independent of any allusion to the instrument of exchange; and the results will be the same whatever be the instrument of exchange in use, and whatever be the system of currency established. It will throw some light upon the subject of this article to examine how this effect is produced by the instrumentality of our present system of currency.

When we require several millions' worth of corn from the Continent, this want of ours does not immediately produce in the inhabitants of the Continent a demand for that amount of English goods in addition to their usual consumption. The balance of exchange is thus deranged; and England, buying more than it sells, becomes the debtor to the Continent for the difference. The exchanges turn against us. A bill on England becomes of less value than a bill for the same sum of money payable on the Continent. The effect of this is to encourage exportation, and discourage importation. If the exchanges are five per cent. against England, the merchant who sends his goods to a foreign port and sells them for a bill for £100 payable there, receives what is in fact equivalent to £105 at home, since his foreign bill for £100 will sell for a bill for £105 payable in England. His profit is increased by the difference of the exchanges, and reserving the usual profits, he can afford to sell them cheaper by that sum than when the exchanges are at par. The reverse of this happens to the importer who loses by the difference of exchange, and who cannot realise his usual profit, unless he adds the exchange to the price at which he usually sells his goods. As the exporting merchant can afford to reduce the price of English manufactures in the foreign market, he is enabled to sell a greater quantity there than before. A diminution of price always leads to an increased consumption. However, this fall of exchange is never so great as to lead immediately to an increase of exportation sufficient to bring it back to par. Every one by his own experience can tell how slight an influence a fall of five per cent. has over his consumption of any foreign article; and in cases where there is a fixed duty which must be paid in the currency of the country, the exporting merchant cannot afford to sell his goods to the consumers at a reduction corresponding to the fall in the exchanges. But while English goods, if exported in too great quantities, will glut the foreign markets, and fall in price so as to entail a loss to the exporting merchant, there is an article which will not fall in price, and which can always be exported in considerable quantities at a comparatively trivial expense. This article is bullion, the raw material of which money is made. The merchant who exports bullion when the exchanges are against us makes a profit equal to the difference of the exchanges, minus the expenses of freight and insurance. These latter expenses are very small. In the evidence upon the Bank of England charter, No. 3560, the expense of transmitting gold from London to Paris is stated to be about one-eighth per cent.; and No. 3359, a profit of one-half per cent. is a sufficient remuneration for the merchant who imports or exports it. The difference of exchange can never much exceed this, and therefore can never exercise much influence directly upon our exports and imports. The excess of English bills must therefore, in the first instance, be paid punctually in gold. This gold will be taken, either from the gold currency of the country, or from the bullion in the possession of the Bank of England. In either case, a reduction in the quantity of the circulating medium takes place. In the one case, part of the circulating medium itself is exported; in the other, the gold is procured in exchange for Bank of England notes, and the notes so exchanged are thereby withdrawn from circulation. This diminished circulation has the effect of lowering prices generally in England. There is less money in the market to pay for goods of any kind, whether imported or produced at home. The currency is diminished in quantity and raised in value. This fall of prices encourages exportation, and checks importation; our exports exceed our imports; the balance is paid in gold, which gradually flows back until the former quantity is restored, and the currency is reduced to its former value. The greater the ordinary trade of the country is, the quicker will be the restoration of the balance, since a smaller proportional increase in the exports and diminution in the imports will be sufficient to repair the derangement caused by the importation of foreign corn.

This process, which has lately taken place in England, naturally suggests some observations. In the first place, the exportation of gold, from this cause, is limited to the value of the imported corn. It is not likely even to reach this limit; for the instant gold begins to be exported, the currency rises in value, and gives the English merchants an inducement to increase their exports. The state of the exchanges also has the same tendency; and this increase of British exports, in part, supersedes the necessity of exporting gold. In short, the same causes which ultimately bring back the gold that has been exported, are in operation from the beginning to retard and diminish its exportation. Hence, in such a case as this, the Bank need not view the demand for bullion with any alarm. It is a limited demand for a certain purpose, and will cease of itself, and the gold will come back without the necessity of any exertions on the part of the Bank, which may continue to discount on the usual terms. A demand for gold from this cause can never be confounded with a demand caused by overtrading and excessive issues. The increased imports, which occasioned it, must ever be a matter of public notoriety; and besides, there is this criterion, which should never be lost sight of:—in the case of a demand for gold, caused by a deficient harvest, this demand will be preceded and accompanied by a fall in the prices of all British commodities, and by what may be called a general stagnation of trade. If the demand for gold is caused by excessive issues and overtrading, it will be preceded, and for some time accompanied, by a rise in the price of British manufactures, and by a general briskness of trade. While we were writing this, we met with a paragraph in the *Dublin Evening Mail*, copied from the *Leeds Mercury*, which we insert as applicable, not only to the present time, but to every season in which a supply of foreign corn is imported.

"We should delude our readers if we encouraged them to believe that the trade of the country this winter would not be universally bad. It will be so. Every department will suffer. The great cotton district is at this moment in severe distress; the great woollen district is not much better: the cutlery of Sheffield; the lace and stocking manufactures of Nottingham; the hosiers of Leicester and Derby; the hardware manufacturers of Birmingham and Wolverhampton; the potters of Staffordshire; the cotton-spinners and weavers of Glasgow and Paisley; the linen-weavers of Dundee; and the great trading communities of London, Liverpool, Bristol, Hull, and Newcastle,—are all labouring under a degree of stagnation, which will destroy the profits of capital, and leave scores of thousands of workmen without work and bread."

This is a natural consequence of their English customers having been obliged to pay six millions of money for foreign corn, and having so much less to give in exchange for the manufactures of their countrymen.



OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

IT could not but be expected that some of our readers would *miss* the intention of the Letter-box; and that, in all honesty, they would prefer questions merely as trials of skill, and not for the genuine benefit of the community who read the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL. Not a few of our correspondents seem to be of the opinion that we have undertaken to

"tell them what
Is Latin for a civet-cat,
A spigot, dunghill, or a fan,
A ladle, or a dripping pan,"

and, consequently, if we fail in unfolding the mysteries of any mare's-nest, we run a chance of falling immeasurably in their estimation. To such correspondents we would say, that we have not the slightest desire to make the "Letter-Box" a medium for displaying wit, learning, or profundity; that we wish to take rank alongside of our readers as humble inquirers on any matter of interest and importance which may occur to thoughtful and intelligent persons; and that we are not aware what object can be answered, in *our* way at least, by questions about Almack's, or the nature of the fruit which Eve ate. Neither are we ambitious of rendering the "Letter-box" the arena of a juvenile debating club, and care but little about the honour of being arbitrator in matters of no moment.

As the "Letter-Box" was "opened" for the benefit of *all* our readers, we hope correspondents will keep its objects distinctly in view. We have certainly no great reason for complaint; for the seriously-solemn letters on foolishly trivial subjects, have hitherto proved to be in the minority. We should like, however, to see their number diminished; and it would gratify us to find that *our* objects are not only appreciated, but fully seconded.

"MR. EDITOR,—I am sadly afraid I am going to ask a favour which, perhaps, you will not feel yourself perfectly justified in answering; but relying upon the general tone of gentle kindness and benevolence of your really worthy and useful periodical, I put my case before you.

"I am a self-educated young man, with an inquiring mind, a spice of enthusiasm, addicted from my childhood to the reading of what fell in my way relating to *science*, which indeed has been, till within these two or three years, the only subject I felt any interest in (next to *poetry*), so that I have a smattering in most of the sciences. From early practice, for amusement, I am a very good cabinet-maker, and can work in iron as well as wood.

"I have an intense desire to live in London, to be nearer those wonders of art and science I have read so much about, to partake of the immense advantages London offers to a steady young man for the improvement of his mind. I am almost wild with desire, when I read or hear of the vast treasures of science and art in the metropolis of my dear country, and I not there to drink my fill of their influence and beauty. But, alas! I am *poor*. I live only from hand to mouth, with an aged mother and a bright-eyed *sister* to support with the scanty proceeds of a clerkship in a lawyer's office, with nothing in the distance to *reflect back* my ardent *hopes*. I now come to the object of my letter, and I ask you, *as* from a *son* to a dear *father* (for such is the feeling with which I always read the 'London Saturday Journal,'—my own father, with his sweet and good counsel is now dead to me), for your opinion whether I, having moderate ability, but a strong desire to improve myself, could procure a subsistence in London in any light occupation, or where I could obtain information as to situations.

"I should not have troubled you, but that I hope you could have penned a gracious answer so as to meet the wishes of other young men in similar circumstances to myself. Your time and space are too valuable to be consumed upon a single individual. With hope for a kind answer, I remain, your most obedient servant,

"WILLIAM."

"William" has not informed us what is to become of his "aged mother and his bright-eyed sister, in the event of his abandoning them and coming up to London. Has he some visionary idea of getting into some fine situation, saving money, and remitting them as much as will keep them comfortably? All young men have a restless tendency, and, within certain limits, this restless tendency is one of the propensities of our nature for a wise purpose. But let "William" beware how he quits his present situation, and ventures into the "great metropolis" without a friend, and *without a profession*, for his amateur mechanical craftship we hold as of little account. After he had seen all the "wonders" of London, and after he had entered upon some situation yielding him—say fifteen or twenty shillings a week, to which he would be obliged to devote day after day, where would be his time and opportunity for benefiting himself by all those treasures of "art and science" of which he is so enamoured? Let "William" remain where he is, *for the present*, and pursue his studies—we shall have some advice for him and others soon.

J. R.—"Whether the national debt has been increased or diminished, and to what amount, during the last ten years?"

The national debt has been increased and diminished during the last ten years, but the precise amount we cannot say. The system of applying simply the surplus revenue to the reduction of the debt, instead of attempting to decrease it by a delusive "sinking fund," came into operation in 1829; and in most of the years since, until recently, there has been an annual surplus, which has been applied to the reduction of the debt. For instance, in 1835, the debt was reduced 3,818,758*l.*, but in the same year it was increased 18,693,325*l.*, borrowed to pay the owners of negroes in our colonies, as compensation for their emancipation. We find the entire amount of the debt, funded and unfunded, on the 5th of January, 1831, stated at 840,814,022*l.*, and on the 5th of January, 1836, 787,638,816*l.* This would show a reduction, in *five* years, of 53,175,406*l.*; but it has not been effected by the actual payment of so much money to the public creditor, but by processes of a complicated character, which we do not distinctly understand, and which could not be distinctly explained in a small compass—such as reductions of the unfunded debt, which is mainly composed of Exchequer bills, and forms a kind of paper-money, alterations in the nominal amount of stock, terminable annuities, &c.

WEATHERCOCK inquires "whether, in these days of weather almanacks, and infallible predictions, we can give him any information as to the true author of the celebrated announcement of 'rain, hail, and snow,' actually fulfilled in July, to the letter, generally attributed to the renowned Francis Moore?" This notable prediction occurred in the year 1780, and is of American origin. Isaiah Thomas, printer at Worcester in Massachusetts, printed an almanack for that year; one of the boys asked him what he should put opposite the 13th of July. Mr. Thomas, being engaged, replied "Anything, anything!" The boy returned to the office and set "rain, hail, and snow." The country was all amazement;—the day arrived, when it actually rained, hailed, and snowed; and from that time Thomas's almanacks were held in the highest estimation.

A correspondent, who, we suspect, knows more of the matter than we do ourselves, asks the following:—

"What is the chemical name of common salt? By what artificial means is it obtained? To how great an extent from the salt mines of England? The yearly consumption in England? The mode of working a salt mine?"

Common salt was called *muriate of soda*, on the supposition that it was a compound of *muriatic acid* and *soda*, the composition of muriatic acid and soda not having been at that time ascertained. It has since been found that muriatic acid is composed of *hydrogen* and *chlorine*, and it is therefore now called *hydro-chloric acid*; that soda is a compound of oxygen and the metal sodium; and that salt is a compound of *chlorine* and *sodium*; so that the proper chemical name of salt is *chloride of sodium*.

Salt is obtained by evaporation of sea-water, and of the water of salt springs. When the water is sufficiently evaporated, the salt precipitates in cubic crystals. Salt is also obtained from mines of rock-salt. In some of them the salt is sufficiently pure to be fit for use when powdered; in others it is so impure as to require to be dissolved and re-crystallised.

The annual consumption of salt in this country has been estimated at upwards of 140,000 tons. In 1834 we exported 11,093,674 bushels. Nearly the whole of this is obtained at home; so that we may estimate the quantity of salt obtained annually in this country at not less than 340,000 tons.

The mode of working a salt mine is very simple. A shaft is sunk (but wider than the shaft of a coal pit) down to the bed of rock salt, which is then cut out with pickaxes or blasted with gunpowder, leaving of course thick pillars of salt to support the roof.

QUERIST says that he remarked a paragraph lately in the newspaper, to the effect that "M. Laurent had been nominated Bishop of Chersonesus *in partibus*." He asks what it signifies. "Where the succession of the Catholic hierarchy has been interrupted, as in England, or never been established, as in Australasia, or some parts of India, the bishops who superintend the Catholic church, and represent the papal authority, are known by the names of *vicars apostolic*. A vicar apostolic is not necessarily a bishop. Generally, however, he receives episcopal consecration; and, as from local circumstances, it is not thought expedient that he should bear the title of the see which he administers, he is appointed with the title of an ancient bishopric now in the hands of infidels, and thus is called a bishop *in partibus infidelium*, though the last word is often omitted in ordinary language."

All Letters intended to be answered in the LITERARY LETTER-BOX are to be addressed to "THE EDITOR of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL," and delivered FREE, at 113, Fleet-street.

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THE

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CHANCES OF LIVING IN LONDON.

THE Japanese apply the complimentary epithet of "the universal theatre of pleasure and diversion" to Osacca, one of their five "imperial" towns. To the French, Paris is also the "universal theatre of pleasure and diversion;" and, though we of England are not so sprightly in our notions, and look as much to the chances of living as the chances of fun, still London has ever been regarded, even by the "natives," as a concentration of all comfort, a combination of all means and appliances to enable life not only to live, but to be spent as pleasantly and as agreeably as possible. We all know how Johnson and Charles Lamb adored London, and how Boswell sighed after it; and though convenience of access to the country, and the thousand improvements of the last half-century, have effected a great change in the feelings of the fashionable and wealthier classes, and they no longer shudder to quit for a season what was, to their fathers, "the universal theatre of pleasure and diversion," still, at the appointed time, they all return, to the joy of the tradespeople of the "West-end," and to the gratification of annuitants, and other respectable people of limited means, who have nothing to do, and to whom the annual half-yearly excitement of politics, court gossip, and the congregation of much people, is necessary, as an essential of existence.

But there is another large class, mostly of the young, who, scattered through the provinces of Great Britain, look towards LONDON with longing eyes, and fancy that it is altogether different from all other places—that it is the "universal theatre," not only of "pleasure and diversion," but of all intelligence, improvement, and exertion: if they were only "up in London," how they would get on! The ready access to London now enjoyed, might, one would think, much diminish the exaggerated notions entertained, by enabling a much larger number of the provincials to report, as eye-witnesses, what London is really like. But the contrary is the result; for, like travellers in all places, the now much-increased number of visitors, having but a limited period to stay, are hurried from "sight to sight," and see "shows" which the regular Londoners have neither time nor inclination to go and see; and so, flying from the British Museum and the National Gallery to the Tower and the Tunnel, rambling in the parks, staring at the endless stream of carriages, carts, equestrians, and pedestrians, which throng along the continued thoroughfare of Cheapside, Fleet-street, and the Strand, and wandering amongst the streets and squares of the "West-end," they go back to their "country quarters," holding up their hands and exclaiming, "What a wonderful place London is, to be sure!"

But take the case of a young man who has come up to London with a pound or two in his pocket, and who calculates on obtaining some employment before his supplies are exhausted. His letters home—perhaps to a mother, or a sister, or a companion—are, for the first week or two, of an excited nature. He, too, marvels over all that he sees; enjoys with eager zest the cheap and comfortable enjoyments of some "dining-house;" gets a glimpse of the "Queen" as she goes to parliament, or to the park, or the theatre; and can give his opinion as to the personal appearance of not a few great people, for whom he has patiently watched; has got into the House of Commons during the daytime, and actually sat down in the Speaker's chair; penetrated to the bar of the House of Lords, and wonders in his inmost heart (for he is afraid, in these intelligent times, of being ridiculed if he should let *this* out), how so many lords should look like so many plain gentlemen; and visiting Westminster Abbey, for which he pays, and the other sights for which he does not pay, he is full of laudation, and echoes the universal, or, at least, all but universal, sentiment, that "London is a wonderful place, to be sure!"

Wait a little: he has not yet got employment, and it is very easy for him to count the remaining shillings in his purse. He has seen everything, and he does not much care to go and see them again. If he had any letters of introduction, they are all delivered, and he is unwilling to go and trouble the kind people, who all faithfully promised that they "would bear him in mind" and "see what they could do for him." He knows nobody, and nobody knows him. His spirits sink rapidly, for he feels that he is in a wilderness of men; and if a dreary, down-dripping day should come on, he goes to bed with the feeling that of all horrible, selfish, and unenviable places, big, monstrous, straddling London is the worst!

For the benefit of our country readers, we will endeavour to state, as impartially as we can, what are "the chances of living in London." No universally general rules can be laid down: of two individuals of the same profession who have come to London together, one might get employment on the morrow which might be of a permanent nature, and the other, after waiting for a month, may only get a situation of a casual and temporary character.

We may, then, commence with the too-generally well-known fact, that London presents a vast field for employment; and that, generally speaking, the common observation may be admitted as true, that it would be strange if, after a time, a clever, steady young man did not, as the phrase is, "get on." We say, "after a time." People do not carry descriptive labels on their foreheads or their backs, indicating their qualifications; and though a good face and a good manner are very good letters of introduction, a stranger must submit to be treated as a stranger until his workmanship and his character gradually bring him under notice. We will not advert to the cases of superior workmen in professions requiring nice mechanical skill and handicraftship. The combinations of intelligence, steady conduct, and nice mechanical skill, in one and the same individual, are, thanks to the "diffusion of knowledge," not so rare as they were: it is not now thought so necessary, thanks to the spread of temperance habits, for a clever workman to manifest his foolish importance by spending three days of every six in the pot-house. No!—workmen begin to understand their own interests a little better. Still, the combination is rare, as compared with the mass of operatives; and, therefore, a clever, ingenious, intelligent, steady mechanic may always be sure of

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forcing his own way in London, especially if his profession be one which requires considerable training and practice, and, to a certain extent, prevents the pressure of competition.

But, beginning with the beginning, we may commence with "authors." Authorship, then, is a regular profession in London, numbering a great many "professors," who truly subsist by their "wits," but who scarcely hold a recognisable place in society, and for whose profession our language has no generally available and descriptive name. With the Bulwers, the Dickenses, the Hooks, the Ainsworths, and the Trollopes, we have nothing to do. These, by the force of ability and the force of circumstances (for generally *both* have to be combined), have "got their names up," and can command, like first-rate artists, clever physicians, and dextrous mechanics, their own terms, or at least nearly so. Nor have we much to say to literary men, who are not dependent on their literary exertions, but, having some little independence, write for pleasure as well as for pence. We speak of the hard-working literary men (and some of them *are* hard worked), who live by the collection and the hammering out of ideas, and to whom words are money. There are of course all ranks and grades amongst them. Some, who affect the genteel style, and like to visit at the "West-end," find it hard enough to make both ends meet and keep up appearances; a few, who care more for realities than appearances, live secluded, attend to their work, and save money. We know one hard-working gentleman, who has no time and less taste for visits and dinner-parties, whose hands are always filled with work, who earns about six hundred pounds annually, and who saves about one-half of it; another, who earns about four hundred, and perhaps saves, on an average, about a hundred. But there are many more who rank literally as "journeymen," and who only earn from one hundred and fifty to two hundred, and, therefore, can save nothing. In the case of regular literary men, "unknown to fame," it is necessary to be permanently connected with some publishing house, as a "*point d'appui.*" Several large publishing houses keep a number of literary "journeymen," who are paid generally by fixed salaries, who stand in much the same position as "clerks," and who are treated with more or less of gentlemanly consideration, according as the temper, taste, or inclination of their employers may incline. These men, if they are quiet, humble, jog-trot compilers, may pursue the "even tenor of their way" without much disturbance; and are only puzzled when they go to register the birth of a child, as to whether they shall inscribe themselves "gentlemen," or indicate their profession by some odd title, such as that of "literary contributor." It is difficult, however, to creep into the ranks of the "journeymen" literati, humble as pay and prospects may be. Like all precarious employments which require no capital to begin with, and for the exercise of which there is no definite qualification or test, beyond the ability "to write" to the satisfaction of the employer, the supply exceeds the demand.

We need not here notice the reporters for the newspapers, and the short-hand writers who haunt the courts and the houses of parliament. Amongst the short-hand writers, in particular, there is a kind of "conventional corporation," by which the supply is in some measure kept down to the demand. Persons wishing to get amongst them must become acquainted with some of the regular members of the craft, and serve patiently as supernumeraries, before they get admitted on the staff. The employment of short-hand writers, like the employment of law-writers, is generally an alternate "burst and a starve;" "all hurry, hurry, at one time, and a large amount of money made within a short space; and then perhaps an interval of days without anything to do.

The "artists" stand in the same position as literary men. The supply exceeds the demand; their profession leads to "genteel" and often wasteful habits; and they are frequently on the verge of starvation, unless they are regularly connected with, or employed by, some extensive firm. We of course exclude all the higher-class artists, as we excluded the higher-class literary men. During the past twelve months, it has been painful to witness the numbers of engravers, many of them possessing great taste and talent, entering, cap in hand, with their specimens, into publishing shops, and sometimes begging for employment on almost any terms. Very clever engravers may earn, on an average, four pounds a week; but we know more than one who, with much sedulous attention, steadiness, and skill, have not earned on the whole, for the last two years, above one hundred pounds per annum.

Quitting the precarious professions, of which we can say little more than that there are too many barristers, physicians, and surgeons in London struggling to put something more than nothing into an empty purse, and far too many lawyers' clerks, all eagerly jostling each other, and rushing in crowds after vacant situations, we may pass on to the "trades." And as we began with authors in the professions, so we may begin with printers in the trades. The compositors employed on the daily morning newspapers receive as weekly wages 2*l.* 8*s.*, and those employed on the daily evening newspapers, somewhat less, or 2*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* The night-work of the morning papers is extremely laborious and exhausting; nevertheless, the competitors for vacancies are always numerous, and many a man has waited for years for such a situation. There are supernumeraries always employed about newspaper offices; and too frequently these rank, in relation to their regularly-employed brethren, in much the same way that the watermen at hackney-coach stands do to the drivers. Steady supernumeraries have, of course, a good chance for stepping in to fill up vacancies.

Amongst the large number of "book-offices"—that is, offices where books are printed, in contra-distinction to newspaper-offices—in London, there must be a considerable number where tolerably snug situations can be procured. But these become fewer every day, while the competitors for vacancies in those that do exist are increased. The time has long since gone by (mourned over by the old men who remember the old state of things) when compositors had their own "frames," or stances, in which quietly to do their work, and whole volumes given to them composedly to compose. Work is now got out with lightning-like rapidity; volumes are transferred from manuscript to type with a celerity which is astonishing; and there is, consequently, no time to think about the personal comfort or convenience of individuals. The slightest delay, neglect, or absence of a compositor, often produces great inconvenience; and so, too frequently, the considerate and the inconsiderate are obliged to be treated alike, and the man who has been waiting all day in his office for "copy," if he goes out in the afternoon, may find on his return that the expected "copy" has arrived, but been given into the hands of another. On the adage that "a cook should not starve in a cook-shop," compositors should be intelligent men; and there are many intelligent men in their ranks. But there are also too many amongst them who have little taste and little intelligence, and who put types together in much the same fashion that one might pitch bricks together. We may, therefore, say that the supply exceeds the demand: for though really good compositors are comparatively scarce, and one such, as soon as he becomes known, may command tolerably steady employment, the entire number are more than sufficient for the work to be done; and the unsteady, the unskilful, and the unfortunate, cannot average

above 1*l.* a week, taking all the year round. Good compositors in regular employment may average yearly about 2*l.* per week; a few, 2*l.* 10*s.*; where weekly wages are given, the fixed sum is 1*l.* 16*s.*

Connected with printers are readers, or correctors of the press. These may be either of the superior order of compositors, whose intelligence raises them to the reading-desk; or individuals, not printers, selected for the purpose. London readers take far higher rank than the printing-office readers of provincial towns; many of them are familiar with several of the Continental languages, and have a smattering of Greek and Latin; a few are really good scholars. Their work is of a close, confining nature, and their pay varies from 2*l.* to 3*l.* per week.

Of the tailors, scarcely anything more may be said than that they absolutely swarm in London. Provincial men come up to spend a season or two in order to improve themselves; and there is a perpetual variety of new faces. A very great number do not get constant employment throughout the year. Still, a superior man, who holds his *head* erect, dresses decently, and can handle his needle and scissors in a decent style, has always a good chance of getting into one of the large establishments at the West-end; and if he is an attentive and sober man, he may calculate on earning from 30*s.* to 36*s.* a week. There are some very good situations to be got, as "foremen," "cutters," &c., which may produce from 2*l.* 10*s.* to 4*l.* per week; but these are the tailors' prizes, and can only be procured by men of good character, good address, and other "superior" characteristics. The usual pay of tailors is 5*s.* and 6*s.* a day. There are many respectable men amongst them, who do very well, but there is also a sad set of careless and indifferent idlers.

Allied to the tailors, are the numerous "assistants" of drapers, silk-mercers, &c. The influence of "large establishments," and the eager competition which exists, is beginning seriously to interfere with the personal comfort of working-men in almost *all* departments: men come to-day and go to-morrow, and there is, too frequently, as little personal attachment and connexion between the employers and the employed, as there would be between a ship and an anchor united by a line of rotten packthread. But it is amongst the drapers and silk-mercers that the influence of large establishments produces its most offensive and degrading results. If we had a son or a brother who was about to select a profession, we would say to him with all earnestness, "Oh, whatever you propose to do, for goodness' sake do not become an 'assistant' in one of those large establishments!" In some of them there are from one hundred to one hundred and fifty young men, who are boarded in the houses, and get about 20*l.* per annum, or rather we should say *at that rate*, for a year's residence is a long time to calculate on. Some of the more clever, who are very sharp in pushing business, may get 30*l.* or even 40*l.* per annum. Scarcely any of them can calculate on holding their situations except at from day to day. Let a lady go into one of those large establishments, and if it happens not to be a very "busy" day, she will be beset by a dozen young men, all of them teazing her, with the most nauseous blandishments, to "buy, buy, buy!" The young men's sales are always balanced; and if the employers think that any one of them has not sold as much as he ought to have done, he will get immediate notice to quit. Porters keep "watch and ward" at night at the doors, after business is over; the moment eleven o'clock strikes, the bolts are entered; and any of the young men who have been out to spend their evening, and who happen to be a few minutes too late in reaching the "barracks," may go and get a lodging where they can, and, very possibly, next morning, if numbered amongst the "missing," may have to seek out for another situation. The influence of all this on the young men is very pernicious. They are stimulated to become proficients in what they fancy to be smartness and politeness, but which, in fact, is only a sort of underbred impertinence; they pique themselves on their coats being of the newest cut, and their cravats put on with the nicest tie; but in the qualities of manly independence and general information they are *compelled* to be sadly deficient. In some of the large establishments, libraries are provided for the young men: but after they have spent an entire day rolling and unrolling, coaxing and entreating, and shouting out "Cash!" we may easily understand that to spend their evening leisure in going out to have a stroll will be more tempting than to sit down and read.

Amongst the smaller establishments, there are some very good situations, especially where the employers are kind and considerate, and can afford the time to become acquainted with their young men. But, as a general rule, the situation of shopman is difficult to procure, and frequently difficult to keep, whether it be with grocers, oilmen, or even booksellers. Superior young men of good address, *intelligent habits*, and active, are unfortunately rather scarce, as compared with the mass of competitors for situations; and these therefore, as we said of superior mechanics, may, after a time, force their own way, and get into good situations, which it will be their own fault if they do not keep. The large grocery establishments rank next to the drapers and mercers in the treatment of young men; much depends on the temper of the employer. We know instances where, on the slightest movements of caprice, men who, some few hours before, had been praised for their exertions, have been "kicked out," like mangy dogs.

Of the condition of the cabinet-makers in London we have no general information. We have been over Seddon's large establishment in Gray's-inn-road (which is the largest, we believe, of the kind in the metropolis), and admired the splendid array of costly furniture in the show-room. The cabinet-makers employed here are rather "select," that is to say, men known to be good workmen. It is, consequently, rather difficult to get employed; as, if the "regular hands" can do the work, they get it all to do. These "regular hands," some of whom have been years in the establishment, are paid by the "job," which, according to its nature, may be very productive or otherwise. Taking the year round, they may average 2*l.* a week.

But our space and our information would fail us were we to attempt to indicate the varied employments of London which afford "chances of living." To take an instance. Mr. Adams, a very intelligent carriage-manufacturer, published, some little time ago, a work on "English Pleasure Carriages," in which he describes the various classes of workmen connected with the building of a carriage. Thus, the workmen employed by coachmakers, out of their own premises, and through the agency of other tradesmen, are, axle-tree makers, spring-makers, wheelwrights, lamp-makers, trunk-makers, blind-makers, joiners, turners, lace-makers, curriers, japanners, ivory-workers, platers, chasers, and embroiderers. Many more workmen are indirectly employed, such as cloth-workers, silk-weavers, glass-makers, screw, nail and lock-makers, metal-workers generally, carpet-weavers and floor-cloth makers, waterproof cloth-makers, cotton-workers, tanners, morocco-dressers, hemp and flax-workers, glue-makers, colour and varnish-makers, and others who do not work exclusively for carriage-builders. The workmen usually employed in the best carriage-factories are—body-makers, carriage-makers, carvers, smiths, trimmers, painters, brace and harness-makers, sawyers, and labourers. Designers, draughtsmen, and herald-painters, come under the category of artists.

Body-makers are skilful joiners, who must be able to draw well, or they cannot work well; must have correctness of eye and skill of hand, and each workman must have a capital in tools varying from thirty to forty pounds. As such men are not numerous, they command high wages. When in full work, very quick workmen will earn 5*l.* per week; but as they seldom have full work the year through, they do not average more than four. Ordinary workmen do not earn more than 3*l.* per week, and on the average less than that.

Carriage-makers are more akin to millwrights in the work they perform; and neatness, not extreme delicacy, of workmanship is required from them. According as the carriage-maker is an indifferent or a good workman, he may earn, *while employed*, from 2*l.* to 3*l.* per week. Carvers are divided into classes, some being artists, furnishing designs as well as executing them, others only working from designs furnished. Their wages therefore vary from 30*s.* to 4*l.* and 5*l.* per week; but, like many other workmen, they are unemployed during several months of the year.

Coach-smiths are the most skilful of all iron-workers. They are divided into three classes—firemen, hammermen, and vicemen. Firemen mostly work by the piece, and earn from 2*l.* to 3*l.* and 4*l.* per week, according to the kind of work. The hammermen earn from 25*s.* to 30*s.*, and the vicemen from 30*s.* to 2*l.*

Trimmers are to carriages what upholsterers are to houses, and, according to their quickness and skill, may earn from 30*s.* to 3*l.*, or even 4*l.*, per week. Then there are the carriage-painters, whose work forms an important branch of the carriage trade; with the other branches, whose names we have given above, and whose earnings vary from 25*s.*, 30*s.*, and 2*l.*, up to 3*l.* and 4*l.* Lace-making formerly constituted an important branch of carriage-building, as skilled workmen were few, and they commanded high prices for their labour. This was when the manufacture

was confined to London; but since the increase of carriages it is made wholesale at Manchester, and other manufacturing towns. The London carriage lacemakers are, like most weavers, miserably poor; as is the case with all trades which are wearing out, or where the mode of operation is changing. On the whole, notwithstanding the apparently high wages earned by the greater part of the workmen employed by carriage-builders, but few of them, and those only amongst the most skilful, enjoy constant work. High wages have produced the common effect of increasing the numbers of the workmen beyond what are necessary for the demand.

Here we pause: but we have much more to say on this extensive and important subject; and one department of it—how far a shilling may be made to go in London—has not yet been touched. We will, therefore, resume the subject in our next Number.

VIEWS OF EUROPEAN MORTALITY.

When in the month of October we see frequent announcements to the effect that the duke or earl of so and so is about starting for Italy, where he means to spend the winter, one not in the habit of inquiring very minutely into statistical details would naturally conclude that Italy, of all other places in Europe, is the most delightfully salubrious—the most favourable to human life. When, on the other hand, we find that Scotch mists and Irish marshes or bogs have passed into proverbs, on account of their density or number, it being a settled point that humidity is a copious source of disease, we as naturally conclude that these countries will be anything but favourable to longevity. These, we say, are the ideas which arise in our minds from a simple statement of facts, without our stooping to inquiry or reflection. Will it be credited that the case is exactly the reverse; that the chances of life are twice as great amid the eternal fogs of Scotland as they are in the sunny clime of Italy "the beautiful?" It would require strong proof to convince us of this; but it is a fact supported and attested by the most unquestionable evidence. It is a very remarkable circumstance, that amongst the nations of Europe who live under the same zone, and present comparatively few differences in point of physical or moral condition, there should be such extraordinary differences in regard to mortality. In some places it is *three* times as great as it is in others. From an elaborate paper on this subject, which appeared in the celebrated French work the "Révue Encyclopédique," it appears that amongst the principal European states the difference of their mortality, compared with their population, is as follows:—

In the Roman states, and the ancient Venetian provinces, there annually dies 1 person in 28; in Italy in general, Greece, and Turkey, 1 in 30; in the Netherlands, France, and Prussia, 1 in 39; in Switzerland, the Austrian empire, Portugal, and Spain, 1 in 40; in European Russia and Poland, 1 in 44; in Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, 1 in 45; in Norway, 1 in 48; in Iceland, 1 in 53; in England, 1 in 58; and in Scotland and Ireland, 1 in 59. It must be borne in mind that data of this nature are to be taken as *approximations* to fact, instead of being actual facts, for the difficulties in the way of obtaining proper returns are very great. Still, even viewing them as mere approximations, no one could have anticipated such results. Who, from mere reflection on the subject, without having recourse to documents, would have placed Ireland so high in regard to health:—a country full of bogs, and where the bulk of the population are kept down at the starving point, potatoes being almost their only fare?

Taking the British isles together, we find that of all the European states they are the most favoured in regard to the chances of life. Of each million of inhabitants they lose only 18,200 annually, whilst the mortality is almost double in the countries washed by the Mediterranean sea. Next to these life is most certain in Norway and Sweden, three dying in the South of France for two in ancient Scandinavia, Denmark, and Germany. Nature and fortune have been as little lavish of the necessaries of life in Russia and Poland as anywhere, yet here the inhabitants spin out their existence nearly one half longer than those of Italy, where "corn, and wine, and oil" run over, and "Plenty leaps

To laughing life from her redundant horn."

The Russian is fed upon a wretched sort of sauerkraut, pickled cabbages and cucumbers, and a remarkably coarse black rye bread, yet he lives exactly twice the length of him who commands all the necessaries and luxuries of the Austrian capital. Remarkable instances of longevity occur in Russia:—in 1821 it was found that in a population of forty-five millions (Asiatic Russia is not included), about one million died. Of these 221 were above 105 years of age, 120 above 110, 78 above 115, 49 above 120, 16 above 125, 5 above 130; one attained the great age of between 145 and 150; and another had tenaciously adhered to life till he had reached the almost antediluvian term of existence, 155 years.

In France, the Netherlands, Prussia, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, and the Austrian empire, the average time of life is nearly the same, one being cut off in forty annually. On the whole it has been calculated, taking one year with another, that in a population of 210,000,000 there occur 5,256,000 deaths every twelve months, the mortality being much greater in the southern than in the northern states, one-fortieth being the average. The former have 1 death in 36 persons, whilst the latter have only 1 death in 44 persons. Of one million of inhabitants in districts situated in the north of France, 22,700 die; in those which lie toward the south, 27,000 die. This is a difference of more than 4,000 deaths, equivalent to more than a two-hundredth part of the population.

Two great causes determine the rate of mortality to the population: these are the influence of climate and civilisation. The climate is peculiarly favourable to the prolongation of life, when it is cold and even rigorous, or when the humidity in the environs of the sea is combined with a low temperature. The smallest mortality on the continent of Europe occurs in maritime countries which are in the vicinity of the polar circle, such as Sweden and Norway. This is also the case in Russia, where climate is not aided by civilisation, which shows that the condition of the atmosphere has by far the most powerful influence over human health. In those southern climes, where a mild temperature and other circumstances seem to promise long life, the human race is exposed to the greatest risks. Under the blue and beautiful skies of Greece, the certainty of life is one-half less than among the frost and snows of Iceland. If we proceed to the torrid zone, the pernicious influence which is exercised over the existence of man by a high temperature is strikingly exemplified. Great variations also take place—the resistance of the vital principle in the tropics differing according to the races of men; the duration of life in some places is for the one double or triple what it is for the others. The following are examples:—Batavia in 1805—Europeans, 1 in 11 individuals; slaves, 1 in 13; Chinese, 1 in 29; Javanese (natives), 1 in 46. Bombay in 1805—Europeans, 1 in 18½; Mussulmans, 1 in 17½; Parsees, 1 in 24. Guadaloupe, from 1816 to 1824—whites, 1 in 23½; freedmen, 1 in 35. Martinique in 1815—whites, 1 in 24; freedmen, 1 in 33. Grenada in 1811—slaves, 1 in 22. This is an immense mortality, and presents a remarkable contrast with that of Madeira, the only colonial establishment within the temperate zone. Here the proportion is about 1 to 50.

The foregoing details relate merely to climate; we shall now examine how far an advancement in social economy has tended to decrease mortality. This is by far the most important part of the subject, because it is that over which man himself has control. He cannot alter the climate, except slightly in some localities by draining and cutting down wood; but his civilisation is entirely in his own hands, and by promoting it he increases his chances of life. The effects produced by improved modes of living, methods of cure, and other causes, on the general duration of existence, are ascertained by comparing the number of deaths which have taken place in a given time at different periods. From tables which have been drawn up, it appears that the mortality has in different countries decreased as under:—

In Sweden, nearly one-third in 61 years; in Denmark, two-fifths in 66 years; in Germany, two-fifths in 37 years; in Prussia, one-third in 106 years; in Wirtemberg, two-fifths in 73 years; in Austria, one-thirteenth in 7 years; in France, one half in 50 years; in Holland, one-half in 24 years; in England, one-half in 131 years; in Great Britain, one-eleventh in 16 years; in Canton of Vaud, one-third in 64 years; in Lombardy, one-seventh in 56 years; and in the Roman States, one-third in 62 years. Thus we see a striking difference in the mortality of countries at the present day from what it was in former times. If, in the same manner, we compare the deaths in the principal towns, the same results will be found to have taken place. The annual mortality has, in Paris, diminished more than one-third in 80 years; in London more than one-half in 178 years; in Berlin, nearly one-fourth in 72 years; in Geneva, three-fifths in 261 years; in Vienna, one-fourth in 80 years; in Rome one-half in 63 years; in Cambridge, two-fifths in 10 years; in Norfolk, one-fifth in 10 years; in Manchester, three-fifths in 64 years; in Birmingham, nearly two-fifths in 10 years; in Liverpool, one-half in 38 years; in Portsmouth, more than one-third in eleven years; in St. Petersburgh,

nearly two-thirds in 40 years; and in Stockholm, more than one-third in 67 years.

The causes of the greatest mortality in the different countries and cities of Europe have been thus pointed out. The marshy humidity of the air, especially in hot countries; the effects of privation on the lower classes of society; the scarcity of the means of subsistence, or at least their rise in price, as compared with the wages of labour; pestilential diseases; unfavourable seasons, especially abrupt changes in the temperature; the closeness, dirtiness, and unhealthiness of private houses, prisons, infirmaries, and hospitals; the excessive use of spirituous liquors, and indulgence in drunkenness; unwholesome or unremitting labour, especially in childhood and youth; lastly war—but less in consequence of battles than forced marches, and frequently the mal-administration of armies. Such are the causes assigned by M. Jonnes. But we are of opinion that all of them, with the exception of the first, climate, are irrelevant to the question as to the causes of the difference of mortality in different countries, and for a very tangible reason. Those countries in which these evils prevail to the greatest extent are amongst the healthiest. Russia may be instanced as one: and here the mortality has remained the same for forty years. The influence of these evils on human life are more applicable to individual cities than to whole states. The causes of the diminution of mortality where civilisation is progressive, are—the draining of marshes, and the embanking of streams and rivers: the favourable division of public wealth, which affords each individual labour and subsistence; the abundance and good quality of the food of the people; the attention bestowed on children from birth, and continued in schools, manufactories, and public establishments; vaccination, and sanitary arrangements, which prevent the importation or development of contagious diseases; the low price of the productions of industry, which places them within the reach of the poor, who can thus provide against the inclemency of seasons; and lastly, the successful measures adopted for diminishing the insalubrity of towns, and especially of colleges, hospitals, theatres, prisons, churches, and other public establishments. In many places, however, these stand in great need of improvement.

In the three great countries of Western Europe, England, France, and Germany, where we may safely assert social amelioration has advanced with the greatest rapidity during the last century, the average mortality has decreased from 1 in 30 to 1 in about 39 or 40; thus, not only is immediate comfort secured by the promotion of civilisation, but the duration of human existence itself is extended by it. What an inducement for us to proceed with vigour in the good course which we are now pursuing! What a mighty influence every generation of men exercises over that which is to follow! This reflection ought to operate as a powerful stimulus to exertion in the way of disseminating knowledge, for by that means civilisation is best promoted.

EFFECTS OF POVERTY ON THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

I PROCEED to another evil of poverty—its disastrous influence on the domestic affections. Kindle these affections in the poor man's hut, and you give him the elements of the best earthly happiness. But the more delicate sentiments find much to chill them in the abodes of indigence. A family, crowded into a single and often narrow apartment, which must answer at once the ends of parlour, kitchen, bed-room, nursery, and hospital, must, without great energy and self-respect, want neatness, order, and comfort. Its members are perpetually exposed to annoying, petty interference. The decencies of life can be with difficulty observed. Woman, a drudge and in dirt, loses her attractions. The young grow up without the modest reserve and delicacy of feeling in which purity finds so much of its defence. Coarseness of manners and language, too sure a consequence of a mode of life which allows no seclusion, becomes the habit almost of childhood, and hardens the mind for vicious intercourse in future years. The want of a neat orderly home is among the chief evils of the poor. Crowded in filth, they cease to respect one another. The social affections wither amidst perpetual noise, confusion, and clashing interests. In these respects, the poor often fare worse than the uncivilised man. True, the latter has a ruder hut, but his habits and tastes lead him to live abroad. Around him is boundless, unoccupied nature, where he ranges at will, and gratifies his passion for liberty. Hardened from infancy against the elements, he lives in the bright light and pure air of heaven. In the city, the poor man must choose between his close room and the narrow street. The appropriation of almost every spot on earth to private use, and the habits of society, do not allow him to gather his family or meet his tribe under a spreading tree. He has a home, without the comforts of a home. He cannot cheer it by inviting his neighbours to share his repast. He has few topics of conversation with his wife and children, except their common wants. Of consequence, sensual pleasures are the only means of ministering to that craving for enjoyment which can never be destroyed in human nature. These pleasures, in other dwellings, are more or less refined by taste. The table is spread with neatness and order, and a decency pervades the meal, which shows that man is more than a creature of sense. The poor man's table, strewed with broken food, and seldom approached with courtesy and self-respect, serves too often to nourish only a selfish animal life, and to bring the partakers of it still nearer to the brute. I speak not of what is necessary and universal; for poverty, under sanctifying influences, may find a heaven in its narrow home; but I speak of tendencies which are strong, and which only a strong religious influence can overcome.—*Dr. Channing.*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

SIR WILLIAM JAMES, BART.

CHAIRMAN OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

INSTANCES of men who, by the force of their natural endowments, unaided by anything but integrity and unwearied industry, have raised themselves from poverty to wealth and honours, are frequent; but such examples cannot be too often set before our eyes. The subject of the present memoir was one of this class.

William James was born at Milford Haven about the year 1721. His parents were of the humblest rank, and in his early years he himself was employed as a farmer's boy; but imbibing a desire for a seafaring life, he at the age of twelve years engaged himself on board a merchant vessel. The particulars of his youthful career have not been recorded; but in 1738 we find him serving under the gallant Sir Edward, afterwards Lord Hawke, in the West Indies: it is suspected, however, from circumstances, that he was not in the way of promotion as a midshipman, but might have acted in some other station which he had obtained rather by good behaviour than interest. Some years after, he procured the command of a ship in the Virginia trade; but he experienced little but misfortune on that occasion. He was taken prisoner by the Spaniards, and carried into the Havannah. From a dungeon in the island of Cuba both he and his men were at length released; but it was only to experience fresh calamities. Having embarked on board a brig for the colony of South Carolina, a very hard gale of wind came on the second day after their departure, and the vessel, which does not appear to have been calculated to encounter the occasional hurricanes of those latitudes, strained so much that the most imminent danger ensued. The pumps were set to work; the people unemployed at them were occupied in baling out the water; every possible exertion was made; but the vessel could not be kept afloat.

At length, Mr. James, and seven of the crew, despairing of any other means of safety, got into the boat with a little bag of biscuits and a keg of water; soon after this, the brig, as had been foreseen, went down. They remained twenty days in the boat exposed to the wind and waves, and experiencing the slow approaches of famine. The supply of fresh water being unfortunately very scanty, was regularly distributed in equal portions from the commander's snuff-box; and their bread was rendered distasteful by being wetted by the sea, which, during two whole days, made a breach over them. Being unprovided with a compass, they had no idea where they were, or towards what part they were driven: the appearance of any land, however, would have been grateful, and they at length enjoyed the delightful prospect on the twentieth day after the brig had sunk. It proved to be Cuba, the very same island whence they had set out, and the spot which they first reached was not ten miles distant from their old prison. But a prison had no longer any horrors for them, and they readily delivered themselves up to the Spaniards, who received them once more into captivity. Notwithstanding the severity of their sufferings, one only out of the eight perished; but all were more or less affected by the hardships they had experienced, and it was long before they recovered the perfect use of their limbs.

Having at length found means to return to England *, he entered into the service of the East India Company in 1747, at which period it was but a petty trading association; the merchants of Leadenhall-street were at that time the feudal tenants of the Mogul, and had not yet dreamed of being sovereigns of Hindostan. In their service he made two voyages as chief mate, and having evinced much good conduct and displayed considerable talents, he was appointed to the command of a new ship equipped for war, and called the Guardian, from the situation in which she was destined to be employed, and which led to his own future fortune and preferment. Soon after this he sailed from Bombay, with orders to protect the trade on the Malabar coast, then greatly annoyed by the depredations of Angria and other pirates.

An extensive tract, reaching nearly from Bombay to Goa, was formerly known as the "Pirate Coast." No situation can possibly be better adapted for the purposes of naval depredation; for although the general outline be apparently straight and uniform, the shore is everywhere niched with bays and recesses. The multitude of small ports afforded a secure asylum, while the elevated inland stations, being favourable to distant vision, fitted this neighbourhood to be the chosen seat of piracy. The shallowness of the harbours, and the strength of the country within, were well calculated to protect the freebooters from extirpation. During the time that the Mogul empire remained prosperous, care was taken to repress the outrages of these men, and Dunda Rajapore was the name of the harbour at which Arungzebe's fleet rendezvoused for that purpose under the command of the siddee, or high admiral.

One of the principal of these fastnesses was called Bancoote or Victoria, the latter of which names it still retains. Severn-droog, Sunderdoo, and Vingorla, are so many rocks situated in lat. 15° 22′ 30″, six or seven miles from the shore. The chief, however, yet remains to be mentioned: this is Gheriah, nearly midway between Bombay and Goa; and it appertained to the most noted freebooter, whose name was Angria, and who lived in a kind of regal state. In short, this was the Algiers of the Indian pirate coast, and had long been the residence of a succession of Angrias, the first of whom, Conageer Angria, an adventurer in the time of Arungzebe, having been entrusted by the Mahrattas with the command of the port of Severn-droog, betrayed his trust, declared himself independent of his master, extended his territories one hundred and twenty miles along the coast, and as far inwards as the Ghauts; while negroes, Mussulmans, and renegade Christians, flocking to his standard, this corsair and his successors became formidable by their power and depredations.

The nature of the service in which Captain James was now employed afforded him almost daily opportunities of ascertaining the strength, learning the habits, and even contesting the power of these marauders. During the two years occupied by him in convoying the merchant ships from Bombay and Surat to the Red Sea and the Gulf of Persia, and along the Malabar coast, from the Gulf of Cambay to Cape Comorin, he was frequently attacked by the vessels of the different piratical states. At one time, when he had nearly seventy sail under his protection, he was assailed by a large fleet of Angria's frigates and gallivats, not badly provided with guns, and, as usual, full of men. Having formed the line with his little squadron, consisting of the Guardian, Bombay Grab, and Drake Bombketch, he engaged the enemy and kept them in close action, sinking one of the largest gallivats, and obliging the rest to take shelter in Gheriah and Severn-droog, while his convoy got safe into Tellicherry.

It may easily be supposed that the fame of this action soon procured additional preferment to the commander. Accordingly, in the beginning of 1751, after a period of only four years' service, and but two from his first promotion to a ship, Captain James was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the East India Company's marine forces, and hoisted his broad pendant as Commodore, on board the Protector, a forty-four gun ship.

The depredations of pirates had rendered the navigation of single vessels extremely hazardous, and the recent capture of a Dutch fifty-gun ship, and part of her convoy, made them more than usually daring. It was resolved, therefore, to commence an immediate attack on this nest of marauders, and destroy some of their principal settlements. Accordingly, on April 2, 1755, Commodore James, on board the Protector, which was a fine stout vessel, with his old ship, the Guardian, the Bombay, and Drake, her former consorts, and a few galliots, sailed from Bombay, on an expedition from which great advantages were augured. Gheriah, the principal fortress and capital of Angria, appeared too formidable for so small a force; but Severn-droog, where his fleet often took shelter and refitted, afforded a better prospect of success, and a certainty of considerable booty to the victors. It was the second port on this coast in point of strength: batteries defended it along the whole extent of the shore, while the mouth of the harbour was protected by a castle mounting seventy pieces of cannon.

After reconnoitring the place, the English Commodore, having the advantage of a leading wind, steered his little fleet close to the walls, and commenced a severe fire on the garrison. The Drake, stationed at a greater distance in the rear, in the mean time threw in her bombs with considerable effect; and in less than three hours, the governor, who was unaccustomed to the horrors of a regular siege, surrendered the castle and the vessels in the harbour. Fort Victoria and four others next day followed the example of Severn-droog.

The success of this expedition served greatly to facilitate another of greater magnitude. On his arrival at Bombay, the usual station of his fleet, the commodore found Rear-Admiral Watson there with a considerable force; and the government deeming this an excellent opportunity to annihilate the power of Angria, consulted that officer on the best means of effecting it; when it was determined that Commodore James should be despatched to reconnoitre Gheriah. Accordingly, he set sail and arrived in the neighbourhood about dusk; stood close in under the walls, and in the course of the night fitted out his boat, in which he himself took all the soundings, examined all the bearings, and made himself intimately acquainted with the various channels leading to this celebrated fortress.

Having effected all this in the course of a few days, he returned to Bombay, and gave in his report to the English Admiral. The attack being immediately determined upon, the necessary troops, stores, &c., were embarked with all possible despatch, and Lieut.-Colonel, afterwards Lord Clive, was appointed to the command of the land forces. The united squadron, consisting of the Company's vessels before enumerated, and three line-of-battle ships, with several frigates, belonging to Great Britain, arrived off the destined port on the 10th of February, 1756, and, after a very short resistance, made themselves masters of this stronghold with the loss of only twenty men.

Tullagee Angria, the last of that name, escaped a few days before the attack, of which he had received intimation; but left behind him his wife and children, who, to the honour of the English Admiral, were treated with great humanity. But if the chief was careless of his offspring and insensible to the fate of his family, he was jealous at least of his wealth, for he carried away all his immense treasure, except about the value of £100,000 sterling, and thus prevented any further contention between the army and navy, who, according to Mr. Pennant, had nearly quarrelled about the division of the spoil before they had obtained it.

After distinguishing himself on several other occasions both as a skilful and intrepid combatant, and an accomplished seaman, and having realised a considerable fortune by his share of the prize-money of Severn-droog, Gheriah, &c., as well as by the gains resulting from his own mercantile transactions, he returned in 1759 to his native country, purchased an estate at Eltham in Kent, and soon after married Miss Goddard, a lady of a very respectable family in Wiltshire. The East India Company, in testimony of his services, presented him with a handsome gold-hilted sword, on the blade of which his exploits were enumerated. He now began to interest himself in the management of the Company's affairs, and being elected as a director, was appointed, first, deputy-chairman, and then chairman; offices of great consideration, and to which considerable influence is necessarily attached. At length, on July 25th, 1778, His Majesty was pleased to confer upon him a Baronetage: he also obtained a seat for a Cornish borough; was elected one of the Elder Brethren and Deputy Master of Trinity House; a Governor of Greenwich Hospital; and whenever he was not obliged to remain out by rotation, he was re-appointed, during more than twenty years, a Director of the East India Company.

Having been accustomed from his early youth to an active life, he was always busied about schemes of general importance. When Louis XVI. took part with the American colonies, and a war in consequence ensued between this country and France, Sir William planned the annihilation of the enemy's power in India, by the capture of Pondicherry, which was accordingly taken in conse-

* It has been reported that about this period Sir William married for the first time, and that his wife kept a public-house in Wapping called "The Red Cow;" but the truth of this story is uncertain.

quence of his suggestions, but restored at the Peace. The Company was so conscious of his merits upon this occasion, that he was presented with a service of plate.

His health now began to decline, and his constitution exhibited symptoms of premature decay, the consequence of the fatigues which he had endured, and the unhealthy climates in which he had resided in early life. Immediately before his daughter's marriage, some presages of apoplexy were discovered; and on the very day that ceremony, which had his full assent, took place at St. Anne's church, he fell down in a fit and expired, December 16th, 1783, aged sixty-two.

His widow erected a monument to his memory in a very conspicuous situation, on the north-west brow of Shooter's Hill.

HOW TO LEARN GERMAN.

As the German language is so generally studied at present and so extensively useful, we think the following "*Hints for learning German*" may not be unacceptable.

Four years ago, when a friend and I had studied German for some months, we were induced, out of respect for a learned German then visiting England, and from whom we had received some instructions in the language, to undertake a pilgrimage from the opposite end of London to Great Alie-street, Whitechapel, for the purpose of hearing him preach in German. On the service commencing, our ears were almost stunned, and our risible muscles in some danger of being excited, by the strange jargon uttered by the clerk, not one syllable of which did we understand, but which we afterwards learned was a portion of the Scriptures. We hoped to be more fortunate when our friend should begin his part of the duty; but though our ears were in some measure accustomed to his voice, and his discourse was delivered with all the graceful polish of an orator, unaccompanied by the nasal twang of the less educated clerk, we were forced to confess, to his no small surprise, and perhaps disappointment, on being asked by him how we liked his sermon, that we only recognised the *Vater Unser* (Lord's Prayer), and understood nothing correctly but the *Amen!*

Anxious as we were to understand German as a spoken language, we were for some time after this discouraged from again entering the walls of a German chapel, on account of our want of success in our first attempt, and in consideration of the waste of time in spending those moments which ought to be consecrated to the service of the Deity in listening to mere sound which conveyed no sense. About this time the first volume of that extraordinary but most fascinating book, "The Doctor," fell into our hands, in which the author recommends students in a foreign country wishing to acquire the language to frequent the national churches, and urging his own experience while studying at Leyden. The example of so great a writer as Southey (for he and no other can be the author of "The Doctor"), seconded by the advice of a kind friend, induced us to make a new effort to understand the German service. For this purpose, having furnished ourselves with a German Bible, we sallied forth in search of the German Chapel Royal, which is situated between Marlborough House and St. James's Palace: here, being comfortably installed in a luxurious pew, we patiently awaited the commencement of the sermon; when, straining every nerve, we were enabled to distinguish the book, chapter, and verse containing the text, to our no small gratification; and having found the place, we were thus furnished at least with the subject of the discourse. As the service is according to that of the Church of England, or nearly so, we next endeavoured to procure a German prayer-book, and readily found one to our mind at Bagster's in Paternoster-row; but although translated by the clergyman himself, we soon perceived that he read from an older version, and we therefore had great difficulty in following him. Our prayer-books, however, have proved of infinite service to us, and continue in use to this day; for as we generally contrive to attend an English church once every Sunday, as well as a German one, such is our love of the language that we always prefer using our German books instead of English ones, though no longer requiring them for the purpose for which they were originally intended.

After a month or two of close attendance at this chapel, and when we were beginning to make some progress, we were surprised, on arriving one Sunday at the usual time, to find the doors closed. On inquiring of the porter, we were informed that the building was undergoing extensive repairs, and that it would not be re-opened for divine worship for some weeks. We had a vague idea of the existence of another German chapel somewhere about the Savoy, and after a few minutes' consultation, we agreed to direct our steps thitherward. On turning down Savoy-street, leaving the elegant little church on the right, (the whole appearing as if transported by magic from the precincts of some noble mansion in the country, and deposited but yesterday in the centre of London,) we found ourselves opposite the "German Lutheran Chapel."

The service was fast drawing to a conclusion as we entered, but we heard and saw sufficient to induce us to return the following Sunday. We were struck the first day by the earnest devotion of the venerable Dr. Steinkopff, who has been for thirty-six years pastor of this church, and who is so well known for his philanthropy, charity, and benevolence. Rapid was the progress which we made under his clear and distinct delivery; and no less exuberant was our delight, a very short time after hearing him, on finding that we were able to comprehend the whole scope of his sermon—it happened to be on prayer. Our days of probation were now at an end; Sunday was hailed (as it ought always to be) as a day of calm enjoyment, and we prepared for our rather long walk, *in almost every state of the weather*, with increased pleasure.

Here I cannot refrain from offering my tribute of praise to the friendliness and civility of the German character; and as a proof of Dr. Steinkopff's benevolence I may mention, that arriving one afternoon at the chapel an hour sooner than the service began, and finding the doors closed, we were about to retrace our steps, at the moment when the worthy Doctor was leaving his own house to visit one of his sick parishioners. Guessing our disappointment, he kindly entered into conversation with us (though not previously acquainted); informed us of the hour at which the service commenced; and on hearing that our knowledge of German was derived chiefly by our own exertions from books, kindly offered us the use of his library, and presented us, at the conclusion of the service, with a volume of his printed sermons, containing his portrait.

At all the German chapels which we have visited—and they are many—we have experienced the utmost readiness in being accommodated with a seat (generally the best in the chapel), in being supplied with hymn-books, and other marks of attention on the part of the hearers as well as officials. How well do we remember the good old sacristan at the Savoy, in the early days of our attendance, welcoming us with a smile; and if, as it did sometimes, though but rarely, happen that we were late, leading the way to our pew, singing the hymn as he went, and courteously pointing out the exact spot on his book as he left us! This cheerful old man, though upwards of 80 years of age, was as active and erect as an ordinary man of 60; and we were much grieved to hear, about two years ago, that he had been thrown down by an omnibus while crossing the Strand, and, though not much hurt at the time, expired in a few days afterwards from the united effects of the accident and the influenza, under which he had been labouring.

It is of infinite advantage to the student of German to accustom his ear to different voices, and we have experienced great benefit from hearing various clergymen. For this purpose, we do not confine ourselves to one church; and though the Savoy may be considered our head-quarters, we occasionally visit the other German chapels of the metropolis, of which the Hamburg Chapel in Trinity-lane claims precedence, being undoubtedly the most ancient; and from the difficulty we experienced in finding out the different German chapels, we hope a short notice of them may not be unacceptable to our young friends.

The Hamburg Chapel was the first Protestant German chapel established in London—as early as 1618. It was rebuilt on the same site in 1774. The present minister is Mr. Weltbaum, from Hanover. There is service only once a day, (quarter to eleven A.M.,) except on sacrament days, when it commences again at three P.M.

The Savoy Church is a branch from this patriarchal stock, which emigrated westwards in 1692. It is the largest German congregation in London. The elegant chapel was built by Sir William Chambers, 1768, on the site of part of the old palace; a Jesuit's chapel belonging to which had formerly been allotted to them by William III. Morning service commences at half-past ten A.M., and at half-past three P.M. Dr. Steinkopff (from Stuttgard) is the clergyman; and he also lectures on Friday evenings at seven o'clock.

St. George's Chapel, Whitechapel, is another branch of the Hamburg congregation; the influx of German artisans (chiefly sugar-bakers) about the middle of the last century rendering a place of worship at the East end of the town absolutely necessary.

Dr. Schwab (from Erfurt) preaches twice every Sunday. The morning service is at a quarter to eleven, and in the afternoon at three.

The German Reformed Church, which differs in some few points from the Lutheran, is situated in Hooper's-square, Goodman's Fields. The present excellent incumbent is Dr. Tiarks, a native of Jever, in Oldenburgh, and the well-known author of a Grammar and other standard elementary works on the German language.

The Chapel Royal, St. James's, was established by Prince George of Denmark, at the instigation of his chaplain, in 1705. It is an elegant building, fitted up with great luxury. The Queen Dowager occasionally occupies a seat in the gallery appropriated to the royal family. It is under the control of the Bishop of London, and the minister is paid by the government. The present incumbent is Dr. Küper (from Hanover), who was formerly preceptor to the Princess Charlotte of Wales. The service (which is only once a day) commences at half-past eleven o'clock.

TIME.

TIME is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of things: the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past, even while we attempt to define it, and, like the flash of lightning, at once exists and expires. Time is the measurer of all things, but is itself immeasurable; and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so if it had. It is more obscure in its source than the Nile, and in its termination than the Niger; and advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain; and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her charms, to bestow them on her picture; and builds a monument to merit, but denies it to a house: it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle yet the most insatiable of depredators, and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all; nor can it be satisfied until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight; and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of Death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise—bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; but, like Cassandra (the prophetess), it warns us with a voice that even the sagest discredit too long, and the silliest too late. Wisdom walks before it, Opportunity with it, and Repentance behind it: he that has made it his friend will have little to fear from his enemies; but he that has made it his enemy will have little to hope from his friends.

THE INFANT AND WATCH.

WHAT 's time to thee, my merry boy,
  That thus thou feign'st to mark his measure?
Thine infant hours are hours of joy,
  And who would note the lapse of pleasure?
What recks it where he points his finger?—
  Morn, noon, or night 's the same to thee;
With thee, dear babe, he scarce may linger;—
  Then give that golden toy to me!

As yet, thou canst not know its worth,
  And idler-like, perchance may'st lose it;
Or—in some freak of boisterous mirth—
  Some mischief-working mood—misuse it!
What! would'st thou ope Time's inmost shrine,
  And gaze upon each secret spring?
Go to!—thou might'st not then divine
  What stays his course, or speeds his wing!

But let a few short years depart,
  Of hope and fear, of joy and woe,
And he will then, unask'd, impart
  Far more than 't will be bliss to know!—
The hidden springs that stir mankind,
  That wring the heart, and rack the frame,—
The "fury passions" of the mind
  Thou dost not even know by name!

Long may'st thou be unwise as now,—
  For who would learn the way to weep!
Long sparkle thus that sunny brow,—
  Those eyes their playful vigils keep!
Nay, struggle not, my merry boy—
  Time hath not aught to do with thee!
'T were vain to count *thy* hours of joy;—
  Then yield that glittering toy to me!

A. A. WATTS.

THE SEALED BOOK.

ON the supposition that the BIBLE is *not* a revelation, it is the most wonderful collection of documents that the world ever saw. No man who believes in the *past*—no man who understands wherefore we receive the poems of Homer as of undoubted antiquity, or believes that Alexander the Great, or Alfred the Great, or Virgil, or Milton, or Shakspeare, once existed—can hesitate, for a moment, to receive some of the portions of the Bible as being the earliest of preserved writings. And no man can look, with a thoughtful mind, at the accumulated mass, written in successive centuries, and handed down with such extraordinary care, without being disposed to reverence the collected works, even if he considered them as mere human productions. The origin and early history of the world; the laws of Moses; the Jews; Palestine; the life and doctrines of Christ; the actions of the apostles, and the history of the early Christian church; the varied characteristics of the different books of the Bible, and the vast amount of human intellect which has been expended on them; the wonderful events related, and the sublime doctrines taught; with all the poetry, pathos, and purity of their contents, make the books of the Bible wonderful now, as they have been wonderful in all past time; and poor and dull must that intellect be, which, even in the act of rejecting them *as* a revelation, does not freely admit that they are interwoven with the history, the feelings, the hopes, and prospects of MAN.

If, therefore, there be any kind of intolerance which we are disposed to tolerate, it is the indignant putting-down of some small-minded creature, who is busy nibbling at some isolated passage, and who seems to consider the Bible evidences as a house of cards—remove but one, and all fall down in ruin! Such a man may just as well take up a straw to fell an elephant, or try to blow down St. Paul's with a pop-gun. What is an apparent discrepancy, or even a positive difficulty, to the weight of centuries and of millenniums? Objectors of the class we allude to we are always disposed (perhaps wrongly) to pass by in silent contempt. We would say to such a one, *read* before you talk; examine before you affirm. Some of these little objections have been answered nine hundred and ninety-nine times; and even if they never were, they no more invalidate the entire mass of evidence, than a pile of dust defaces the records themselves.

But Christians are also to blame in leading individuals to make such objections. *They*, also, too frequently, treat the Bible and its evidences as a house of cards—touch one, and bring down all! Nay, more—they take their own received interpretations of the Bible as if they were as infallible as the Bible itself; and to substitute another interpretation, as more consonant with the original, would be, to them, equivalent to blotting out so much of the Bible itself! Now, as we have repeatedly contended, the Bible has been written for a *progressive* creature; and upon this fact we rest our firmest belief in it, *as* a revelation. Not to mention the prophecies, which must necessarily be dim and dark till their fulfilment, we may take up any portion of it, and show, that while *the Bible remains the same*, the interpretation of it varies from age to age, as new discoveries throw fresh light upon it, and MAN advances in capacity to understand it. Thus, the intercourse which we now enjoy with the East, our increasing familiarity with Oriental manners and customs, and our additional knowledge of the topography and antiquities of Palestine, enable us to explain many passages, which, in the time of our fathers and grandfathers, were either a riddle, or explained in an absurd and ludicrous manner.

All good but unenlightened men shrank with horror from the supposed impiety of Galileo, in affirming that the earth moved;—just as good but partially enlightened men in our day shrink from the idea, that creatures lived upon the earth ages before Adam was called into being. Yet the truths of geology will gradually pervade all current belief, just as the truths of astronomy did: as men get reconciled to the ideas which upset their previously-confirmed notions, they begin to examine; and, lo, it turns out that science never really contradicts the Bible, but that the revelation is a book with many seals, which are gradually unsealed, as men are able to bear it.

There was a grave, good, and very learned man, who died upwards of a century ago (in 1737), who taught that the Old Testament contained a complete system of natural history, theology, and religion. He attacked the doctrine of gravitation, expounded by Newton, as being contrary to Scripture; and having a profound acquaintance with the Hebrew Scriptures, he drew from them a very extraordinary system of philosophy, as well as religion, the adoption of which would bring us to this—that we must either reject all the discoveries of modern science, or else reject the Bible. His works were published, under the title of the "Philosophical and Theological Works of the late truly learned John Hutchinson;" and many adopted his views, to a greater or less extent, and were called Hutchinsonians. Bishop Horne, for instance, the commentator on the Psalms, is said to have been a Hutchinsonian; and other eminent men are named as having embraced Mr. Hutchinson's views.

The idea that the Bible teaches SCIENCE, as well as RELIGION, is beginning to vanish; and as men understand that there is a two-fold MORAL purpose in it,—one adapted to the capacities of those for whom the book or books were immediately written, and another for futurity,—they will see a grandeur in the Bible which no idea of its *fixedness* can possibly convey. Take, for instance, the descriptions of heaven at the close of the Book of Revelations. Does any intelligent, pious-minded Christian believe, that heaven will actually be a city whose walls and foundations are to be of precious stones? that a river, clear as crystal, will actually flow through the midst of it? that there will be in it an actual tree of life, yielding fruit every month? No! every intelligent Christian sees in all this a phraseology adapted to the capacities of the then Orientals, to whose minds the idea of happiness or felicity would be most strikingly conveyed by images drawn from, or connected with, those things the possession of which in the East was supposed to confer happiness; such as glittering precious stones, cool crystal waters, and fruit-bearing trees, ever green, and producing whatever might be considered as most grateful to the palate. Yet we have heard poor ignorant fools laugh at those images of felicity, and sneeringly say that the Christian heaven was, after all, a very gross and literal matter; and we have seen pious Christians puzzled how to reply, because, if they did not actually believe that heaven was to be composed of precious stones, they, at least, believed in something very like it!

We could pursue this subject much farther; but we shall have future opportunities of doing so, and, meantime, we refer such of our readers as take any interest in it to an article, "Progressive Influence of Christianity," which appeared in No. II. of the "LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL." We only repeat our belief, that the Bible is a sealed book, which is gradually unsealing as men advance in understanding and capacity; that while the poorest and most ignorant man, *in any age or period*, can find enough in the New Testament to make him WISE for time and eternity, the gradual and *right* elucidation of the Bible, as a whole, will employ the capacity of the thoughtful and the learned for many future years.

We have put together these observations, as a sort of general answer to several correspondents who have written about points connected with the Bible—such as geology, genealogy, the millennium, the Jews, &c.; not even excepting an application to decide "cases of conscience."

We give the following short extract from a long letter as a specimen:—

"During a short discussion lately between a Socialist and a Christian, it was brought forward, on the part of the Socialist, that the Scriptures were incorrect; and he, to substantiate his assertion, said, it was clear that the evangelists Matthew and Luke gave different genealogies of Joseph, the supposed father of Christ; Matthew saying Joseph was the son of Jacob, and Luke that he was the son of Heli. It was replied, the genealogy in Matthew went to prove Joseph's descent from David, and that in Luke, Mary's, the mother of Jesus. The Socialist said, that if that was stated, where can be found anything in the Bible to corroborate the opinion? for, added he, both of the evangelists distinctly state they are Joseph's."

Our correspondent writes to us in an earnest and sincere spirit, but also as if he were apprehensive that the entire truth or falsehood of the entire Bible rested on this little difficulty! He will find very satisfactory explanations in the notes to the "Pictorial Bible." But supposing no explanation could be given at all, would it then necessarily follow that this apparent discrepancy should overthrow the entire BOOK? Many things in the Bible which were puzzles to our forefathers, are not puzzles to us; and many things about which we have dim, indistinct notions, will become clearer and clearer, as THOUGHT and RESEARCH, digging amongst the ruins of ideas, bring out the buried gems of TRUTH.

THE USE OF OPIUM IN THE EAST.

OPIUM, which is but sparingly administered as an opiate medicine in England, is an article of great consumption in Oriental countries. This drug, the abuse of which entails misery and premature death upon those addicted to its too frequent use, has more than once threatened to cause an entire stoppage of trade between Europe and China, and thus to put an end to the annual circulation of *eleven millions seven hundred thousand pounds sterling* of British capital alone*.

The opium-trade with China is involved in some singular and perplexing circumstances. The Chinese government, combining the most rigid despotism with the patriarchal form, has looked upon the increasing growth of opium-smoking with great alarm. The emperor, who is considered the father of a family, (a large one, for it consists of *three hundred and sixty-one million souls*,) has consequently long since forbidden the importation of the pernicious drug, and imposes the most severe restrictions upon every description of foreign trade, to prevent its being smuggled into the country. But where there is an enormous and increasing demand for an article on the one hand, and a constant and ready supply to be had on the other, precautions, however elaborate or strictly enforced, are always found insufficient for effecting their object.

The opium-merchants stand in a curious predicament. The emperor, although continually fulminating the most severe edicts, is, it is suspected, together with most of his court, an opium-smoker himself; so that, if his own orders were obeyed, he, or at all events the upper classes of China, would be deprived of an enjoyment, which, vicious as it is, has become so inveterate a habit, that it would be next to impossible for them to abandon it. The evil has, however, of late become so extensive and notorious, that the wavering deceitfulness of issuing the strictest prohibitions against the importation of opium, and at the same time conniving at its introduction into China, can no longer be practised; and of late the government has appeared to be really in earnest.

By far the largest portion of the opium smuggled into China is the produce of British India: hence the exchange of commodities between the British and the Chinese exhibits a great moral injustice. We supply a drug which demoralises the Chinese population; while they, in return, freely produce for us the tea-plant, from which we derive a beverage so wholesome and innocuous, that it has almost become one of the necessaries of life. Whatever may be our opinions about Chinese arrogance, and whatever may be the result of the open quarrel between us and the Celestial Empire, there can be no question that our opium-smuggling has

* Statements of the Canton Chamber of Commerce, making that amount to have been circulated between the 1st of July, 1837, and the 30th June, 1838; quoted in the "Bombay Times," May 25th, 1839.

met with a proper check; for our opium-trade stands on the same ground as the slave-trade, destroying the bodies and souls of men for "filthy lucre's sake."

Although many species of the *Cistus* produce the *gum labdanum*, it is the *Cistus creticus*, or Turkish poppy, which brings forth the largest quantities and best quality of that drug. The gum labdanum exudes from the glands of the leaves, from which it was, in ancient times, collected by a curious expedient. Goats were driven among the shrubs, when the substance adhering to their hair and beards was afterwards separated from the animals and purified. Now, however, that much larger quantities are demanded for the supply of an extensive commerce, a peculiar instrument is employed for that purpose; this is a sort of rake, with a double row of long leather straps. The whole process is described by Seiber, in his "Voyage to Crete," and is nearly the same as that employed both in Hindostan and Turkey:—"It was in the heat of the day, and not a breath of wind stirring—circumstances necessary to the gathering of labdanum. Seven or eight country fellows, in their shirts and drawers, were brushing the plants with their whips, the straps whereof, by rubbing against the leaves of this shrub, licked up a sort of odoriferous glue sticking to the leaves; this is the part of the nutritious juice of the plant which sweats through the texture of those leaves like a fatty dew, in shining drops as clear as turpentine. When the whips are sufficiently laden with this grease, they take a knife, and scrape it clear off the straps, and make it up into a mass of cakes of different sizes."

A man who is diligent may gather three pounds per day, or more, for the work is rather unpleasant than laborious; because it must be done in the sultry time of the day and in the deadest calm; for the wind blows dust upon the plants, which, from the glutinous character of the gum, often entirely covers them: hence, in spite of the careful purification it afterwards undergoes, the best opium is not always entirely free from filth. When clarified and made up into cakes, it is packed in chests and exported.

Opium is transported from Benares, Batavia, (which produce the best,) and other districts of British India, in vessels built expressly for that particular service, and called clippers. They are generally about 300 tons burden, barque-rigged, and fitted up in the first style. They are often perfect models of naval architecture, are manned with Lascars, and are reputed to sail very fast. When freighted, they make their way to China in a manner characteristic of their reckless errand. Unmindful of the time of year or state of weather, obliged to "crack on" in spite of either, they are in hourly danger of losing their masts, or of running, during the night, upon some of those reefs which stretch out from the land, in the straits between the Bay of Bengal and the Yellow Sea.

Unable to land their cargoes openly, the opium is transhipped from the clippers into armed receiving vessels, stationed off the coast for that purpose. From thence it is discharged, in the night-time, into native boats, called, from the number of their oars, *centipedes*. These many-footed smugglers have to creep and steal through the narrow channels between the forts, and fight their way, if opposed by the mandarin or government boats, which are always lurking in every corner. Desperate affrays sometimes take place; but in general the "centipedes" go in a body of twenty or thirty, and brave all opposition *."

Immense quantities of opium are consumed in China. The Rev. Mr. Gutzlaff says, "There is, perhaps, in the whole history of commerce, no instance of the increased consumption of any article equal to that of opium. The hundreds of chests have become as many thousands, and these, again, are becoming as many tens of thousands; and where will the quantity cease to increase, if it goes on at the same progressive rate?" The manner of consuming it is by boiling it in water, and then smoking it in peculiarly-constructed pipes, like tobacco, whilst the wretched debauchee lies down. He very soon falls asleep, and on awaking takes a cup of tea, and again has recourse to his fatal pipe. This process is repeated till the smoker loses all consciousness, and he remains in a sort of trance until the powers of the drug have been exhausted upon his system.

The habitual opium-smoker might be recognised amidst a multitude. He is a walking shadow; his eyes stare with a want of expression, as if they were always gazing on vacancy; his limbs tremble, and his gait is tottering; his whole bodily frame is deranged, and his mental powers prostrated. Few opium-smokers in China reach the age of forty. The vice is not confined to one particular class, for all who can procure the drug make use of it; neither do they scruple to employ dishonesty to obtain it. The rich are, of course, the chief consumers; but, despite the almost universal extent of the vice, when once a man gets a character for indulging in the habit, he is looked upon with distrust, and loses his respectability.

In other parts of the East, particularly in Turkey and Egypt, opium-*eating* is practised to a melancholy excess. In a market-place near the mosque of Solymania, at Constantinople, are situated the coffee-houses where many who indulge in the pernicious habit resort. Seated on a bench outside the door, the *Theriaki*, or opium-eaters, await those reveries, those unnatural excitements of the imagination, which the drug produces on their minds. The dose varies from three grains to a drachm; but those who are confirmed in the practice greatly exceed the latter quantum. The effects produced are, of course, violent in proportion to the quantity taken. An ordinary dose does not take effect before two hours, but lasts for four or five.

Excited by the action of the drug upon the brain, the opium-eater begins to talk incoherently; his features become flushed, his eyes exhibit an unusual brilliancy, and the whole countenance assumes a wild expression. The after-debility, both moral and physical, is in proportion to this unusual excess of spirits. The appetite is soon destroyed; every fibre of the body trembles; and the nervous system is so completely disordered, that the victim is wretched until the hour arrives for taking his daily dose. When its delightful influence begins, he is all fire and animation.

Some opium-eaters compose excellent verses, and others address the bystanders with animation and eloquence. At Cairo, opium is compounded with conserves and aromatic spices, so as to produce different effects upon the taker, varying with the drugs with which it is mixed. One kind, it is said, causes the person who swallows it to manifest his pleasure by singing; another preparation will make him chatter; a third excites to dance; a fourth particularly affects the vision, in a pleasurable manner; while a fifth compound is simply sedative. The use of opium, though frequent in Egypt, is unlawful, and those who indulge in it are looked upon with the same degree of disgust as the habitual drunkard is regarded in England *.

Dr. Madden, while in Constantinople, resolved to experience the effects of the opium-dose, by taking it himself. "I commenced," says he, "with one grain. In the course of an hour and a half it produced no perceptible effect; the coffee-house keeper was very anxious to give me an additional pill of two grains, but I was contented with half a one; and in another half-hour, feeling nothing of the expected reverie, I took half a grain more—making in all two grains in the course of two hours. After two hours and a half from the first dose, I took two grains more; and shortly after this dose, my spirits became sensibly excited. The pleasures of the sensation seem to depend on the universal expansion of mind and matter. My faculties appeared enlarged—everything I looked on seemed increased in volume. I had no longer the same pleasure when I closed my eyes which I had when they were open; it appeared to me as if it was only external objects which were acted on by the imagination, and magnified into images of pleasure; in short, it was the 'faint exquisite music of a dream' in a waking moment. I made my way home as fast as possible, dreading at every step that I should commit some extravagance. In walking, I was hardly sensible of my feet touching the ground; it seemed as if I slid along in the street, impelled by some invisible agent, and that my blood was composed of some ethereal fluid, which rendered my body lighter than air. I got to bed the moment I reached home: the most extraordinary visions filled my brain all night. In the morning I rose pale and dispirited; my head ached; my body was so debilitated, that I was obliged to remain on the sofa all the day, dearly paying for my first essay at opium-eating."

To return to China. During the year 1837, no fewer than 16,916 chests of opium were exported to Canton. Each chest containing 120 pounds, makes the gross weight of opium sold to the Chinese during that year amount to 2,029,920 lbs.; for which were paid to the Bengal merchants two millions and a half sterling.

We perceive, from a newspaper paragraph, that it is affirmed that opium eating has increased so much in Great Britain recently, that the insurance societies are beginning to take the alarm, as the habit of opium eating has a most destructive influence on life. It is affirmed, also, that this increase of a bad habit may be traced to the spread of temperance societies. We should like to see this assertion disproved or confirmed.

* "The Fan Qui in China," by C. T. Downing, Esq. 8vo. 1839.

* See "Lane's Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians," vol. I. p. 124; vol. II. p. 40.

WHAT EDUCATION IS.

Education does not mean merely reading and writing, nor any degree, however considerable, of mere intellectual instruction. It is, in its largest sense, a process which extends from the commencement to the termination of existence. A child comes into the world, and at once his education begins. Often at his birth the seeds of disease or deformity are sown in his constitution; and while he hangs at his mother's breast, he is imbibing impressions which will remain with him through life. During the first period of infancy, the physical frame expands and strengthens; but its delicate structure is influenced for good or evil by all surrounding circumstances—cleanliness, light, air, food, warmth. By and by, the young being within shows itself more. The senses become quicker; the desires and affections assume a more definite shape. Every object which gives a sensation—every desire gratified or denied—every act, word, or look of affection or of unkindness, has its effect—sometimes slight and imperceptible, sometimes obvious and permanent—in building up the human being; or, rather, in determining the direction in which it will shoot up and unfold itself. Through the different states of the infant, the child, the boy, the youth, the man, the development of his physical, intellectual, and moral nature goes on; the various circumstances of his condition incessantly acting upon him. The healthfulness or unhealthfulness of the air he breathes; the kind and the sufficiency of his food and clothing; the degree in which his physical powers are exerted; the freedom with which his senses are allowed or encouraged to exercise themselves upon external objects; the extent to which his faculties of remembering, comparing, reasoning, are tasked; the sounds and sights of home; the moral example of parents; the discipline of school; the nature and degree of his studies, rewards, and punishments; the personal qualities of his companions; the opinions and practices of the society, juvenile and advanced, in which he moves; and the character of the public institutions under which he lives;—the successive operation of all these circumstances upon a human being from earliest childhood, constitutes his education; an education which does not terminate with the arrival of manhood, but continues through life—which is itself, upon the concurrent testimony of revelation and reason, a state of probation or education for a subsequent and more glorious existence.—*The Educator.*

SINGAPORE,

AND THE OTHER BRITISH SETTLEMENTS IN THE STRAITS OF MALACCA.

The settlement of Singapore, and our other possessions in the Straits of Malacca, are, although their names may be familiar to the ear, comparatively but little known to any, save those who, by commercial or professional relations, have been led to pay attention to these outposts of British authority. Indeed, the immense advantages that might be derived from a more extended traffic among the countless islands of the Indian Archipelago have been much neglected, and the long-permitted monopolies of the Dutch seem almost to have paralysed the efforts of the free trader. The recent infringements by the Dutch of the treaty of 1824, to which we shall presently allude, and their undisguised attempts to check our Eastern trade as much as lies in their power, are beginning to excite considerable interest in the commercial world, from which we augur very favourable results, as likely to lead to the development of resources as yet unexplored. A very excellent Political and Statistical Account of the British Settlements in the Straits of Malacca has in good season been put forth by Mr. Newbold *. We last week extracted from it a very curious account of the Benuas, or wild tribes of the peninsula of Malacca; and we shall now avail ourselves of it to lay before our readers some particulars of the present state of Singapore, and our other Malayan possessions.

"The Straits of Malacca to the north," says Mr. Newbold, "and the Straits of Sunda to the south, are the two great channels of intercourse between China, the Indian Archipelago, Continental India, and the Western world. The Straits of Malacca immediately connect the Bay of Bengal with the China Seas, and are formed by the island of Sumatra and the Malay peninsula—the latter stretching out from the great continent of Asia in a south-by-easterly direction, and terminating within a degree and a half of the equator, constitutes the eastern limits; while the northern part of the great island of Sumatra, taking an almost parallel direction, constitutes the opposite or western boundary. Geographically speaking, these straits lie between the equator and the 9th degree of north latitude, and the 94th and 104th degrees of east longitude.

"Below the northern entrance, close to the Malayan peninsula, and nearly parallel with Achin Head, the northern point of Sumatra, lies the small island of Pinang, the site of our first settlement; 260 miles farther down the Straits, on the coast of the peninsula, stands our next establishment, Malacca; 120 miles below Malacca, close to the south-eastern extremity of the peninsula, and almost commanding the entrance into the China Seas, stands our latest and most thriving settlement, Singapore, on an island separated by a narrow strait from the mainland.

"With the exception of a small extent of territory on the peninsula, opposite Pinang and around Malacca, the coasts on both sides are in possession of Malay chiefs, who are generally notorious for their encouragement of piracy; and the numerous jungly inlets are the resort of professed buccaneers or needy fishermen.

"The Malayan peninsula, properly so called, extends from latitude 8° 9' N. to latitude 1° 22½' N., where it terminates at Point 'Romania,' or, more correctly speaking, Ramúnia, the most southerly land of continental Asia. To the north it is connected with the great continent of India, by the isthmus of Kraw, which, according to Forrest, in its narrowest part does not exceed ninety-seven miles across from sea to sea. He states, that by this isthmus an overland intercourse, for the conveyance of letters to and from China, might be established, which would obviate the necessity of going round Point Ramúnia, by the Straits of Malacca and Singapore; there being a navigable river on the west side, where the portage is but six hours from another river, called the Tomfóng, which falls into the Gulf of Siam, near the Larchin Islands. Natives of this part affirm that a canal might easily be made across the peninsula, connecting the Bay of Bengal with the China Seas, by joining the two rivers. This is a subject well worthy the attention of government.

"Prior to the close of the last century, Great Britain had no settlement in the Straits, beyond petty factories at Achin [Sumatra] and Quedah [on the mainland to the north of Pinang]. In July, 1786, the island of Pinang was transferred by Captain Light to the East India Company; an establishment was formed, and Captain Light judiciously placed at the head of it. At this time the Dutch were in possession of Malacca and of Rhio, on the island of Bintan, near Singapore. Malacca was occupied by the British in 1795; and, lastly, Singapore in 1818. Malacca was restored to Holland at the peace of Amiens in 1801; again taken at the recommencement of hostilities in 1807; restored after the peace in 1818, and resumed a third time in 1825 by the British, in whose possession it still remains."

The population of the Straits is of a mixed character. The Malays constitute about one-half, the Chinese one-sixth, of the whole. Settlers from continental India rank next in number; and the remainder is made up of Europeans, Siamese, Caffres (slaves), Javans, Burmese, Bugis, and Balinese, and a few Arabs, Jews, and Armenians. The total, in 1836, amounted to 153,230.

Mr. Newbold gives some particulars concerning the Chinese part of the population, which are curious. "The Chinese," he says, "it is well known, are emigrants from China. They are widely scattered over the principal islands of the Eastern Archipelago, and the Ultra Gangetic nations, including Siam, Tonquin, Cochin China, Cambodia, Laos, and the Malayan peninsula, where their number is estimated at nearly a million. In the British settlements in the Straits, their number is not less than 28,854. Some persons have ascribed their emigration to the influence of European protection, but this can hardly be the case, since it is known by the natives to have continued from a very remote period. The early European navigators found colonies of Chinese scattered over Java, Borneo, and other islands. They are also located in states removed from the pale of British dominion;

* Political and Statistical Account of the British Settlements in the Straits of Malacca—viz. Pinang, Malacca, and Singapore; with a History of the Malayan States of the Peninsula of Malacca. By T. J. Newbold, Esq., Lieut. 23d Madras Light Infantry, &c. &c.—Two Vols. 8vo.—Murray, 1839.

in those of Siam, Borneo, Tringanu, Pohang, and in numberless others.

"Wherever money is to be acquired by the peaceful exercise of agriculture, by handicrafts, by the opening of mines of tin, iron, or gold, amidst savage hordes and wild forests, there will be found the greedy Chinese. The *auri sacra fames* is with them a ruling passion: the certainty of being subjected to extortion by the native chiefs, the probability of encountering robbery, and even death, have scarcely any influence in deterring them from the eager pursuit of gain. The cause of emigration is almost invariably pecuniary want or political necessity. The dense population of the Celestial Empire embraces a large proportion of paupers, who are a burden to the state. To disencumber itself of this burden, the government throws few obstacles in the way of the poorer classes of its subjects quitting the country (a practice, however, diametrically opposite to its ancient laws); but takes care to provide for the future increase of its revenue, by encouraging, as much as possible, the return to their native country of all who have enriched themselves with the spoils of 'barbarian lands.' To this object tends the strict inhibition of the egress of females from the ports of China. Men who have left wives and children behind, naturally desire to revisit their homes; while the unmarried are induced to return, in order to take unto themselves wives from the tiny-footed daughters of Han. All classes, too, are imbued, by early education, with a deep veneration for the ashes of their ancestors, to which the tenets of their religion bind them to pay stated visits. Some few, however, of the many settlers, who live in a state of concubinage with the females of the places in which they are located, and their descendants, remain permanently fixed."

Mr. Newbold observes upon the great drainage which these active birds of passage make from the funds of the countries they visit. As an instance of the great extent to which it is carried, he quotes the statement of Capt. Low, who says, "that when Pinang contained only 3000 Chinese, the annual remittance to China from the proceeds of *gambling alone* was estimated at 10,000 Spanish dollars." Mr. Newbold thinks that this systematic drainage should be checked, and, if possible, the greater part of the stream turned to account in the country whence it derives its source. This we fear it would be difficult to achieve without putting a stop to the emigration altogether; and it is evident that such a course would be very disadvantageous to the interests of those who at present employ the Chinese, who are far better workmen, and infinitely more industrious than any other labourers to be found in the straits. "The wages of the three following classes," says Mr. Newbold, "for ordinary labour, will afford some idea of their relative industry and usefulness. A Chinese gets from four to six Spanish dollars a month; a Kling (Hindoo), from three to four and a half; and a Malay from two and a half to four and a half. The Panghulu, or headman, should have at least from five to seven dollars. A Chinese carpenter will earn about fifteen dollars a month; a Kling, eight, and a Malay, only five. Malay women and children employed in weeding get from three to eight cents per diem.

"The emigrants in the Straits are chiefly from Canton and Fokien, and from Macao. They follow the occupations of agriculturists, pepper and spice planters, shoemakers, goldsmiths, blacksmiths, gunsmiths, carpenters, bakers, or miners. A few, in most instances natives of Fokien, rise to be merchants, in which capacity they exhibit a strong propensity to speculate largely—a spirit probably identical with that of gambling so commonly evinced. The Canton emigrants are the best miners and artisans."

Mr. Newbold gives the following character of the Chinese, which we have good reason for believing to be a very fair estimate of that singular nation. The secret fraternities which he refers to, bear a strong resemblance to those trade associations which are common with us, by whose means the mechanic who "seeks to better himself" may traverse the kingdom armed with his "Secretary's pass," or by whatever other name the mystic symbol of initiation may be known, certain of a "fraternal" reception wherever he may wander.

"The character of the Chinese," says Mr. Newbold, "may be summed up in a few words. They are active, industrious, persevering, intelligent, educated sufficiently to read, write, and to use the swampan or reckoning-board. They are entirely free from prejudices of caste and superstition, which are grand stumbling-blocks to the natives of India. On the other hand, they are selfish, sensual, ardent lovers of money, though not misers, inveterate gamblers, and often addicted to smoking opium. The Chinese will expose himself to all dangers for the sake of gain, though he would not stir a finger to save a drowning comrade. They make bad soldiers, it is said; but the experiment has not, I believe, been yet properly tried under British authority. They are capable of any crime, provided they run no direct personal risk. In small bodies, when well looked after, and ruled by the strong hand of power, they form an excellent class of subjects; but when the reins of Government are slack, they are apt to turn refractory and rebellious.

"The secret fraternities, in which they enrol themselves, for mutual protection and support, prove powerful engines for political combinations, as the Dutch have repeatedly experienced during their long administration in Java and in the Malayan states. In China itself these societies are deemed so dangerous to the government, as to be interdicted under penalty of death. At Pinang, in 1799, they set the administration at defiance, and strong measures were necessary to reduce them to obedience. Even in the present day, the ends of justice are frequently defeated both at Pinang, Malacca, and Singapore, by bribery, false swearing, and sometimes by open violence, owing to combinations of these fraternities formed for the purpose of screening guilty members from detection and punishment. In European settlements they are under the general control of an officer or headman, styled 'Capitan,' who receives a salary from government, and is responsible, in some measure, for the orderly conduct of his countrymen, whose representative and official organ he is. Their interior affairs, disputes, and private interests, are arranged by the heads of their respective Kongsis, or fraternities."

We have allowed ourselves to occupy a greater space than we otherwise should have done with these particulars concerning the Chinese character, since all that relates to that singular people is at present possessed of peculiar interest. We shall now proceed to give a brief glance at the recent conduct of the Dutch in relation to Eastern affairs, and then touch upon the important settlement of Singapore.

In the year 1824 a treaty was concluded with the Dutch, by which England, in her eagerness to obtain one desired object—the consolidation of her Eastern dominions—bound herself, perhaps inconsiderately, in too strict conditions. The Dutch were in possession of the twice-conquered Malacca, and of some decayed factories on the continent of India; we had settlements on the rich island of Sumatra, and everything seemed to favour the extension of our influence over many other places among the southern archipelago, now shut out from our colonisation, which would have gone far to upset Dutch monopolies. Prospective advantages, however, appear to have given place entirely, in 1824, to immediate convenience; and as the price of Malacca, and the Dutch-Indian factories, together with the gracious permission of his Dutch Majesty to occupy Singapore, of which we were already in full and free possession, under a treaty with the native owners, we surrendered all our settlements on Sumatra, and entered into an agreement that for the future no British settlement should be formed on that island; that no treaty should be concluded by British authority with any native prince, chief, or state therein; that no British establishment should be made on the Carimon islands, or on the islands of Battam, Bintan, Lingin, *or any of the other islands south of the straits of Singapore*, nor any treaty concluded by British authority with the chiefs of those islands. This sweeping clause politically shuts us out from the richest part of Borneo, the tin mines of Banca, the islands of Billiton, Madura, Bali, Bombah, Sumbawa, Flores, and nearly the whole of the Celebes, in addition to the loss of Achin and the rest of Sumatra. The Dutch still retain Java and the Spice islands; and until the odious monopoly of the very valuable produce of these islands be abolished, free trade can hardly be expected to exist in the archipelago.

By the provisions of the treaty it was mutually stipulated by the contracting powers that their subjects should be reciprocally admitted to trade with each other on the footing of the most favoured nations, and that the duty charged should in no case exceed double the amount levied upon the subjects of the power imposing the duty. The Dutch have, within these few years, grossly infringed these conditions, and have almost undisguisedly shown their desire to exclude us entirely from any participation in the benefit of traffic with the Southern Archipelago. Their conduct in some respects resembles that of the dog in the manger, for so far from themselves seeking fully to develope the resources of these islands, they do all in their power to discourage the natives from any further exertion than just suits their own purposes, and instead of seeking to extend the blessings of civilization, they look upon it as inimical to the monopoly they would fain establish. These observations may appear very harsh, but they are

fully borne out by the account of the state of many of these islands given in the "voyage of the Himmaleh" noticed in the 19th Number of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

"In the commencement of 1834," says Mr. Newbold, "the Batavian government took upon itself to increase the duty of 35 per cent. (also illegal), imposed since February, 1824, upon all imported cotton and woollen goods of British manufacture from Singapore, to the exorbitant height of 70 per cent. And, not satisfied with this, towards the close of the same year, it actually passed a resolution, dated 14th November, prohibiting in effect the importation from Singapore of these articles into *any* of the Dutch possessions and dependencies in the Eastern Archipelago, saving only the three principal ports of Batavia, Samarang, and Surabaya, in the island of Java, by enacting that importations should not take place into any other than the said three ports, unless the goods were accompanied by a certificate from the Comptroller of Customs at Batavia, Samarang, or Surabaya, that they had first been imported into and exported from one of these ports. This act has not only blighted the profitable commerce of Singapore in these articles with all the ports of Sumatra, Banca, and the vast islands of Borneo and Celebes, which are under the control of the Dutch, but has driven away much of the native craft that used to frequent the harbour of Singapore into Dutch ports; thus infringing also the 4th article of the same treaty, which stipulates that nothing shall be done to impede a free communication of the natives of the Eastern Archipelago with the ports of the two governments respectively, or of the subjects of the two governments with the ports belonging to native powers."

A petition to Council has been forwarded from Singapore, setting forth the conduct of the Dutch, but nothing, or at least nothing effectual, has yet been done to remedy the evil; and by the latest advices from Singapore, we learn that the Dutch still adhere to their unjust policy, and not content with their other infringements of the treaty, are actively engaged in pushing their conquests in Sumatra, with the avowed purpose of excluding us from the trade, yet more effectually, by their occupation of ports hitherto in the hands of natives, and consequently open to us.

It is surely time that a lesson upon the law of nations should be read to these monopolists, and since Captain Dalgetty's favourite maxim, "*Fides et fiducia sunt relativa*," is on all hands allowed to be strictly applicable to commercial treaties, they will have "no just cause to blame us," if we consider this obnoxious treaty as virtually annulled. Until this shall be declared to be the case, the islands of the Archipelago will never emerge from barbarism; it is Dutch policy to perpetuate ignorance, and not until British capital and intelligence have free play will these rich and fertile countries enjoy the benefits of moral or physical culture.

Quitting this disagreeable subject, let us turn to Singapore, a most remarkable example of the effects of a liberal and enlightened policy (we quote from Mr. Newbold's book). "Singapore, or, more properly speaking, Singhapura, is an island situated near Point Ramúnia, or Romania, the southern limit of continental Asia, at the extremity of the Malayan Peninsula, from which it is divided by a narrow strait, in many parts not exceeding half a mile in breadth. This channel was formerly used by navigators sailing between India and China. The average length east and west of the island is twenty-five miles, by eleven in breadth, giving an area of 275 square miles. About nine miles south of the island runs a chain of islets, under British sway, frequented by fishermen and pirates; the whole within a circumference of about 100 miles. The channel flowing between them and the island just described, forms the present strait of Singapore—the great thoroughfare of Indian, European, and Chinese traffic. A narrow passage, called New Harbour, has lately been discovered to the west of Singapore, through which vessels can pass and avoid the circuitous route by St. John's.

"Singapore, and most of the islets in the vicinity, are covered with luxuriant jungle to the water's edge, presenting to the eye of the voyager a scene that has repeatedly excited the most rapturous admiration. The surface of the island of Singapore is low and undulating, in some parts rising into rounded hills covered with jungle; the intervening flats, and some low tracts near the coast, are swampy. The soil of the flats is generally blackish, from the great proportion of the decayed vegetable matter it contains; while that on the hills is red of various shades. The climate resembles that of Malacca *; though, from the circumstance of its not having such regular alternations of the land and sea breezes, it is said to be much hotter, and not so healthy. The thermometer, Fahrenheit, ranges from 71° to 89°. Singapore being nearer the equator than Pinang and Malacca, the influence of the monsoons is even less felt there than at either of those settlements. The island is kept in a state of perpetual verdure by frequent tropical showers.

"There appears to be little doubt that the alluvial soil of Singapore, lying as it does on the face of a country in most parts well supplied with the requisite temperature and moisture, provided it be of sufficient depth, is fully capable of producing, with profit to the cultivator, nutmegs, pepper, sugar, cotton, coffee, and gambier †. Cloves have been attempted, but the trees have generally died away at the age of five or six years. Nutmegs have succeeded, as well as coffee and pepper. The latest accounts state, that so confident are the Chinese of success in this article (coffee), that they are everywhere extending their plantations, and there are now several with 2000 to 3000 young plants coming up. The produce of the Chinese pepper-gardens, in 1836, is estimated at 10,000 piculs. Speculations in the cultivation of cotton have been entered into by several European public-spirited individuals with every prospect of success. For rice, the staff of life in the East, Singapore is dependent on Java, Bengal, and Sumatra: for fruits, pigs, poultry, and cattle, in great measure on Malacca. The coral reefs and shoals, in the vicinity of Singapore, furnish that delicate fern-like sea-weed, called by the Malays *aggar-aggar* (the *Fucus saccharinus*), in abundance. It forms an article of considerable export to China. The Chinese use it in their glues and varnishes. It is made into a very fine jelly by Europeans and native Portuguese. The average produce annually is 6000 piculs, at three dollars a picul."

The British flag was first hoisted at Singapore in 1819. When Malacca was given up to the Dutch in the preceding year, the want of another British settlement in the States was very forcibly felt, and it was at first proposed to occupy the isle of Rhio, about sixty miles from Singapore, where the Dutch had formerly had an establishment, which they had abandoned. But when the British Commissioners (Sir Stamford Raffles, with Colonel Farquhar and Captain Ross,) reached the Straits, they found the Dutch had been beforehand with them, and had again obtained possession of Rhio. "Nothing, therefore," says Mr. Newbold, "was left for the Commissioners but the occupation of some eligible island in the vicinity. Singapore was the island wisely selected. Thus Rhio has been the means of giving birth to a rival who has not only absorbed most of her trade, but who has totally annihilated the ambitious dreams entertained by Holland of monopolising the rich commerce of the Eastern seas. There cannot exist a stronger contrast than that presented by these two ports, the benefits of free trade on one side, and the deleterious effects of taxation on the other. The Dutch latterly, finding their harbour almost deserted, have either taken off or reduced very materially the heavy taxations.

"The population of the island of Singapore, in 1819, amounted to about 150 fishermen and pirates, living in a few miserable huts: about thirty of these were Chinese, the remainder Malays. It rapidly increased in less than one year to nearly 5000, principally Chinese; and, in November, 1822, we are informed by Sir Stamford Raffles, that the population of the town of Singapore amounted to at least 10,000 inhabitants of all nations, actually engaged in profitable commercial pursuits, and land rapidly increasing in value. In 1836-7, its population amounted to 29,981.

"The junks from China bring annually a large number of Chinese settlers. The censuses include neither the military, their followers, nor the convicts—the number of whom may be estimated at about 1200 ‡,—and the Europeans and Chinese constitute the wealthier classes. The Europeans are for the most part merchants, shopkeepers, and agents for mercantile houses in Europe. Most of the artisans, labourers, agriculturists, and shopkeepers, are Chinese. The Malays subsist chiefly by fishing, collecting sea-weed, and cutting timber: numbers are employed as boatmen and sailors, a mode of life peculiarly congenial to Malay habits. The Bugis are almost invariably engaged in commerce, and

* The climate of Malacca is justly celebrated for its salubrity; though, as is the case with the climates of all countries near the equator, it is found fault with, not unreasonably, on account of its moistness and occasional closeness.

† The inspissated juice of the Nauclea Gambir: it is used largely by most of the nations of the East with their betel, and by the Chinese for tanning leather. It is used in Europe under the names of Terra Japonica, or Catechu, as an astringent medicine.

‡ Convicts are sent from the Continent of India to Pinang, Malacca, and Singapore.

the natives of India as petty shopkeepers, boatmen, servants, &c."

An Anglo-Chinese college is established at Malacca, of which we have the following account:—"Its objects are mainly the reciprocal cultivation of Chinese and European literature, and the diffusion of Christianity. European tutors are appointed to instruct the Europeans in Chinese; and to instruct the Chinese, with other ultra-Gangetic nations reading Chinese, in European literature. There are also two native Chinese teachers. Provision is made for instruction in the Malay language and in ultra-Gangetic literature, but as subordinate objects. To European students, the Chinese language is taught, either for religious, literary, or commercial purposes; and to the Native students, geography, history, moral philosophy, and Christianity. The resources of this institution are fees paid by European and native students who are able to maintain themselves, and voluntary contributions. Students eligible for admission are persons from any nation in Europe, or from America; persons of any Christian communion, bringing with them proper testimonials of their moral habits, and of the objects they have in view; persons from European or other universities, having travelling fellowships; persons belonging to commercial companies; and persons attached to the establishment of official representatives of foreign nations. Also native youths, belonging to China and its tributary kingdoms, or to any of the islands and countries around, who either support themselves, or are supported by Christian societies, or by private gentlemen, who wish to serve them by giving them the means of obtaining a knowledge of the elements of English literature." Attached to the college* is an English, Chinese, and Malay press, and also a library.

A similar institution, to which it was proposed to remove the Malacca establishment, was projected at Singapore, and 15,000 dollars were expended on the erection of suitable buildings, which still remain unfinished; but, "from causes too long for detail," says Mr. Newbold, "the scheme fell through, and the unfinished building has been fast going to ruin, though lately, I understand, it has undergone some repair. The Company liberally bestowed a donation of 4000 Spanish dollars, and a monthly allowance of 300 Spanish dollars, upon the Chinese and Malayan schools. The Singapore institution, as it exists at present, consists of three schools, English, Malay and Tamul. It receives the support of Government to the amount of 200 rupees per mensem, but is principally supported by subscriptions. The number of scholars amounts to upwards of seventy. A Chinese school on a large scale is contemplated when the building is ready for its reception. A number of Chinese youths are to be admitted as students to reside at the institution and to receive instruction in both English and Chinese for a term of four or five years."

We are sorry that our limits do not permit us to go into details upon the subject of the trade carried on at Singapore, or the state of Pinang and Malacca, for which ample materials are furnished by Mr. Newbold; but we are warned to conclude, and will do so with the following brief view of the rapid progress of Singapore, which, be it recollected, is to be regarded more as an emporium of the productions of other places than as trading in its own commodities:—

"The first free port of modern times, in which the principles of free trade have been carried into practice, is Singapore. In little more than a twelvemonth after the adoption of them, its harbour presented a pleasing prospect of future prosperity; besides ships, brigs, prows, &c., we are informed by Colonel Farquhar, the then resident, that upwards of twenty junks, three from China, two from Cochin China, and the rest from Siam and other quarters, were lying at anchor. Merchants of all descriptions were congregating so fast, that nothing was heard of in the shape of complaint, but the want of more ground to build upon. According to Sir Stamford Raffles, its exports and imports by native boats alone exceeded four millions of dollars in the year; and during the first two years and a half, no less than 2889 vessels entered and cleared from the port, of which 383 were owned and commanded by Europeans, and 1526 by Natives, their united tonnage amounting to 161,000 tons, giving a total amount of about eight millions of dollars as the capital turned. In the year 1822, the tonnage amounted to 130,689 tons, and the total value of exports and imports to upwards of eight millions of dollars; in 1824, to more than thirteen millions; and in 1835-6, to upwards of fourteen millions."

* This institution owes much to the exertions of the late Dr. Morrison, who gave 1,000*l.* towards the erection of the college, and endowed it with 100*l.* annually for the next five years.

IMPORTANCE OF THE ARTS.

This is, indeed, not more a display of the triumph of the fine arts, than of the deep interest which the most distinguished classes of the community take in their progress; and well they may! Of those pursuits, what has not been said, what panegyrics not pronounced, hundreds, almost thousands, of years ago, by the most eloquent of tongues! That they are the ornament of prosperous fortune and the solace of adverse—give a zest to our daily toil, and watch with us through the sleepless night—enliven the solitude of the country, and tranquillise the bustle and turmoil of the town,—all this is true, but it is not the whole truth. All this they do, and much more. The fine arts are great improvers of mankind; they are living sources of refinement—the offspring, indeed, of civilization; but, like her of Greece whose piety they have so often commemorated, nourishing the parent from whom their existence was derived—softening and humanising the characters of men—assuaging the fierceness of the wilder passions; substituting calm and harmless enjoyment for more perilous excitement—maintaining the innocent intercourse of nations, and affording one more pledge of peace, their great patroness and protectress, as she is of all that is most precious and most excellent among men. It becomes us all, then, most diligently to foster them. It is the duty of the Government, it is the interest of the country. No station is so exalted, no fortune so splendid, as not to derive lustre from bestowing such patronage—no lot so obscure as not to participate in the benefits they diffuse.—*Lord Brougham.*

TREASURE-FINDING IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The following letter, addressed to the great Lord Burleigh, is a curious specimen of the superstition still prevalent in the days of "good Queen Bess."

"Leave your lordship to understand that there is a castell in the parish of Skemfryth, in the countie of Montgomery, your lordship graunt full authoritie unto mine own selfe, I am a poore subject of the queen's, if there be any treasure there, your lordship shall know it, for by the voice of the countrey there is treasure. No man in remembrance was ever sene to open it, and great warrs hath been at it; and there was a place not farr from it whose name is Gamdon, that is as much as to say *the game is down.* Pray you, good my lord, your letter to the castle, craving your lordship's free authority to open, and if treasure be there, I will use it as it ought to be, and I will stand to your lordship's to give me what you please. For the countrey saith there is great treasure. The voice of the countrey goeth there is a dyvell and his dame, one sits upon a hogshed of gold, the other upon a hogshed of silver; yet, nevertheless, with your lordship's full power and authoritie, they shall be removed, by the grace of God, without any charge to the quene and your lordship. If that treasure be there, then I will look for something at your hands. So praying your lordship's answer for the present despatche, so I bid your lordship farewell. From the Tower of London, this 28th of April, 1589. Your lordship's to commande,

"William Hobbye.

"Your lordship's owne hand write the Lord Treasurer underneath this petition, as for example—

"The Lord Treasurer."

—*Queen Elizabeth and Her Times.*

PREROGATIVES OF ENGLISHWOMEN.

Peter Heylin, in his "Cosmographie," 1652, says—"The women of England, generally more handsome than in other places, are sufficiently endowed with natural beauties, without the addition of adulterate sophistications. In an absolute woman, say the Italians, are required the parts of a Dutch woman from the girdle downwards; of a French woman, from the girdle to the shoulders; over which must be placed an English face. As their beauties, so also their prerogatives are greater than any nation; neither so servilely submissive as the French, nor so jealously guarded as the Italian; but keeping so true a decorum, that, as England is termed the Purgatory of Servants and the Hell of Horses, so is it acknowledged the *Paradise of Women.* It is a common by-word among the Italians, that *if there were a bridge built across the narrow seas, all the women in Europe would run into England:* for here they have the upper hand in the streets, the upper place at the table, the thirds of their husbands' estates, and their equal share of all lands—privileges with which other women are not acquainted."

HUMAN FRIENDSHIPS.

When ivy twines around a tree,
And o'er the boughs hangs verdantly,
Or on the bark, however rough,
It seems, indeed, polite enough;
And—judging from external things—
We deem it there in friendship clings:
But where our weak and mortal eyes
Attain not, hidden treachery lies;
'T is there it brings decay unseen,
While all without seems bright and green:
So that the tree, which flourish'd fair,
Before its time grows old and bare;
Then, like a barren log of wood,
It stands in lifeless solitude!—
For treachery drags it to its doom,
Which gives but blight, yet promised bloom.

Thou, whom the powerful Fates have hurl'd
'Midst this huge forest call'd the world,
Know that not all are friends whose faces
Are habited in courteous graces;
But think that, 'neath the sweetest smile,
Oft lurk Self-interest, Hate, and Guile;
Or, that some gay and playful joke
Is Spite's dark sheath, or Envy's cloak.
Then love not each who offers thee,
In seeming truth, his amity;
But first take heed, and weigh with care,
Ere he thy love and favour share;
For those who friends too lightly choose,
Soon friends, and all besides, may lose.

BOWRING'S *Batavian Anthology.*

FAULTLESSNESS.

It is well that there is no one without a fault, for he would not have a friend in the world; he would seem to belong to a different species.—*Hazlitt.*

EXAMPLE BEFORE PRECEPT.

It is commonly found that the general behaviour and conversation of parents produce a decidedly deeper impression on the minds of the young, than any formal instructions, however in themselves excellent. When children are addressed directly, their minds recoil, or at least their attention is apt to flag; but their own shrewd observations on what they see done or hear said by others, on the estimates which they perceive their parents to form of things and characters, and on the governing principles by which they judge their conduct to be regulated, sink deep into their memories, and, in fact, constitute by far the most effective part of education.—*Bishop Wilson.*

LADY JANE GREY.

She had the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, and the death of a malefactor. Her writings when in prison prove her to have added the resignation of a martyr, and the constancy of a heroine, to the faith and duty of a Christian.—*Tupper.*

WISE IGNORANCE.

As there is a foolish wisdom, so there is a wise ignorance, in not prying into God's ark—not inquiring into things not revealed. I would fain know all that I need, and all that I may: I leave God's secrets to himself. It is happy for me that God makes me of his court, though not of his council. *Bp. Hall.*

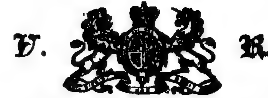
MUTABILITY.

He who expects a constancy here, looks for that which this world cannot give. It is only above the sun that there is no moon to change.—*Feltham.*

CONSTANCY.

Art thou, then, desolate,—
Of friends, of hopes forsaken? Come to me!
I am thine own. Have trusted hearts proved false,—
Flatterers deceived thee? Wanderer, come to me!
Why didst thou ever leave me? Know'st thou all
I would have borne, and called it joy to bear,
For thy sake? Know'st thou that thy voice had power
To shake me with a thrill of happiness
By one kind tone,—to fill mine eyes with tears
Of yearning love? And thou—oh! thou didst thr
That crush'd affection back upon my heart;
Yet come to me!—it died not.

F. HEMANS.



OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

We have received a number of interesting communications relative to MUTUAL INSTRUCTION SOCIETIES, and will be obliged by receiving more, as we propose making use of them.

Several of our correspondents have suggested subjects which require *articles* rather than *answers*; and, which we will attend to as we can overtake them. The present Number contains more than one article originated by letters received. We also have to acknowledge a communication, and pamphlet, on "The Chronology of the Ancient World; a Lecture delivered at the Mechanics' Institution, Ipswich, by William Henry Alexander.—London. Harvey and Darton."

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.
"FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

"Taking it for granted that you are interested in the welfare of Ireland, and also that you are inclined to make public the means whereby she has attained her present comparative prosperity, I beg leave to send you the following brief account of a 'naturalised' Irishman, who, by persevering assiduity, has gained for himself the gratitude of his countrymen.

"Carlo Bianconi, availing himself of the peace of Amiens to fly from the conscription which was so rigidly enforced in Italy by Bonaparte, came over from Milan to Dublin, when quite a youth, friendless and unprotected, to gain his bread in a foreign land. On his arrival in Ireland, he commenced his career as a seller of prints, when, perceiving how much time he lost in walking from town to town—there being no public conveyance cheap enough for those in moderate circumstances,—he determined, if ever he should have the means in his power, to remedy this inconvenience, first for himself, and then for the public. Accordingly, having by dint of hard labour mustered a little sum of money, he started a stage-car from Clonmel to Cahir, a distance of about ten English miles, and soon afterwards a second to Thurles; but the novelty of his plan not being at first duly appreciated, the support which he received from the public was so small, that the attempt had almost proved abortive.

"A commencement so discouraging would have damped the ardour of any man less resolute than Bianconi. This was in the year 1815; but he still continued running his car day after day, until the people gradually perceiving the benefits which were thus placed within their reach, his project was at length crowned with complete success. From that time to the present, his progress has been one of uninterrupted prosperity; and he who at one time *hawked* about his prints, is now the respected proprietor of seventy stage-cars.

"Of this one individual it is not too much to say, that he has done more practical good for the South of Ireland than almost all the landed proprietors from the banks of the Suir to Dingle Bay. He has opened regular and rapid communication with places, many of which were before almost unknown; and his earnest desire is to make all who serve him participate in the advantages which he himself derives from his own industry. His is no spurious popularity, but the result of substantial services which speak for themselves on all the highways and byways of Munster. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

"LECTOR."

JUVENIS.—"As I have a wish to acquire the *Greek Language*, I should be extremely gratified if you could inform me what Grammar would be the most likely to shorten my labours, and to enable me to arrive at a successful termination of them."

Does Juvenis remember that saying—"Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it?" It is very applicable to young men, in their eager desire to learn everything *all of a heap*, and who fancy that they have but to devote an hour or two of their leisure, in the evenings, to learn Greek, Latin, German, mathematics—anything and everything! Far would we be from throwing a wet blanket over the smoking fire of a generous and ardent enthusiasm! But when young men think of commencing a study, they should "count the cost, whether they have sufficient to finish it." In plain words, Juvenis should ask himself, what use Greek will be to him in his particular calling; and he should test his powers and his patience—otherwise he may give up, after long study, and discover that he has spent his time in acquiring a knowledge of little more than the letters of the alphabet; a very barren result!

If Juvenis is really determined to attempt to acquire a *knowledge* of Greek by his own exertions, we would recommend him, before he begins, to get some preliminary information:—such as, to try to procure an "Introductory Lecture

delivered at the University of London, by Professor Long, on the Study of the Greek and Latin Languages;" or an article by the same gentleman, "What are the Advantages of a Study of Antiquity at the present time?" in the third volume of the Central Society of Education, Taylor and Walton, Gower-street.

H. R. CLACKMANNAN.—Who destroyed the Alexandrian Library—the Arabs or the Christians?—It would appear to be unquestionable that Alexandria contained a splendid library of MSS. down to the period of its being taken by the Saracens, A.D. 640; and that afterwards we know nothing about it—so that it must either have been destroyed or gradually dispersed. The common story is, that they were destroyed, on the decision of the Caliph Omar, to whom Amrou, the conqueror of the city, had referred the matter. "If these writings of the Greeks agree with the Book of God [the Koran], they are useless, and need not be preserved: if they disagree, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed."—"The sentence," says Gibbon, "was executed with blind obedience: the volumes of paper or parchment were distributed to the four thousand baths of the city; and such was their incredible multitude, that six months were barely sufficient for the consumption of this precious fuel." Gibbon, though he tells this story, on the authority of Abulpharagius (an Arabian annalist, who lived six hundred years after the event), throws doubt on its truth, and, with some probability, endeavours to show that the library perished rather by successive accidents, carelessness, &c., in the lapse of time, than by a rigid execution of a sentence which might never have been issued The truth may lie between. Suppose London to be conquered by the Emperor of China, and that his peculiarly celestial majesty expressed great contempt for all the books of the barbarians which did not agree with the maxims of Confucius; what would become of the library of the *British Museum*, if, in consequence, it were left exposed, or the books turned out, to make room for a Chinese officer? and how many Londoners would be patriotic enough to abstain from assisting the Chinese, in converting the books into wrappers for sausages?

The following letter, which bears the post-mark of Arbroath (Aberbrothwick), is only one out of many which we have received on the all-important subject of EMIGRATION. Some general advice on the subject will be contained in our next Number.

Forfarshire, 13th January, 1840.

TO THE EDITOR.

"Sir,—As the penny-post has now come into operation, I take the earliest opportunity to benefit myself by this boon, by addressing you, and craving your advice upon a subject of vital importance to me. I am encouraged to do so by the invitation you have given your readers in your Letter-Box Prospectus, and from the conviction that you have the welfare of your fellow-creatures at heart, and that you are unbiassed by any mercenary motive.

"I hope you will favour me by attending to the following brief outline of my life, occupation, and views.

"I am thirty-five years of age, tall, muscular, and of sound constitution; a linen-weaver by trade, at which I have applied since ever I could handle a shuttle. In our family the most rigid economy was practised, and instilled into me from infancy. By unremitting toil and perseverance, I scraped together as much as purchased a dwelling-house and garden attached, which, together with my household effects, may be worth about 200*l.* I reside in the suburbs of a manufacturing town in our county; my wife is thirty years of age; I have been married two years, and have one child. Owing to depression of trade and a superabundance of workmen, our wages have been gradually reduced, until I find I can go no further a-head. We receive for working a web 3*s.* 6*d.*; it is hard work to make out four a-week—the average is three and a half, from which we have to deduct gas and loom-rent. Our working hours to attain this are from six o'clock until half-past eight or nine o'clock. Should my family increase, it is impossible my wife could wind my yarn for me, which would cost me an additional 6*d.* each web. I receive 3*l.* 15*s.* for a part of my house let to a tenant. I manage to cultivate vegetables for my family use, in my garden; our food is potatoes twice a-day, and oatmeal porridge in the morning; butcher-meat seldom graces our table.

"Now, sir, my question is this—whether you think I should better myself by emigrating to any of the settlements of New South Wales, Port Philip, or New Zealand? I have always had a desire for a rural life, and am a tolerable gardener; and, from my present locality, I have become a little versed in agricultural affairs. Privations of no ordinary kind, I am aware, would have to be struggled with for four or five years; but if a moderate competence would crown my labours, I should rest content. At my present occupation I feel I cannot strive as I have done—Nature already warns me, by severe pains in my legs after a hard day's work, that I am overstretching the bounds which she has set: and in the course of eight or ten years, my strength will be greatly diminished, my family still unfit to do anything for their support, and I should be unable to give them even a moderate education. You will oblige me by answering this as soon as convenient, and state which of the settlements you consider best suited for my little capital, or whether you consider me qualified for such an undertaking; and oblige your constant reader, "K. J."

A POLITICIAN begs us to state "the true, strict, and literal meaning of the word pamphlet." Where etymologists disagree it is not for us to decide; all we can do is to point out the various etymologies which have been offered for this contentious little word, and our correspondent must take his choice, which will probably be of that which best suits his purpose. Johnson derives it from the French *par un filet*, held together by a thread—leaves stitched together. Pegge from *palme feuillet*, a leaf to be held in the hand. Webster refers to the Spanish *papelon* (applied either to a pamphlet or a bill posted), derived from *papel*, paper; thus *papaleta*, a slip of paper, on which anything is written. Skinner, in his Etymologicon Linguæ Anglicanæ, suggests the Dutch "*pampier*, or *papier*, as if mere paper uncovered or unbound." All these etymologies make near approaches to the modern application of the word, which is applied to one or more sheets of printed paper, uncovered and unbound, and if exceeding one usually stitched together. If to the Dutch *pampier* we add *vlietan*, fleeting, we may perhaps approach nearly to the correct meaning of these quickly circulating, and quickly forgotten, publications; but if our correspondent is still dissatisfied, we must refer him to Myles Davis's "Icon Libellorum, or a Critical History of Pamphlets," (quoted in Mr. D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature), where he will find some very learned etymologies.

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THE PEOPLE, AND THEIR OPINIONS.

THOUGH our personal stake in this country is small indeed, we have a heartfelt interest in the peace and prosperity of "the tight little island." We look back upon all the vicissitudes and changes it has undergone during the whole period of the Christian era, with a feeling far stronger than that of curiosity; we love the country for what it has been, and for what it is; and we trust that, under Providence, Britain—with her free institutions, her unparalleled combination of capital and skill, her energy, her intelligence, and her moral power—will long continue to diffuse divine and human knowledge, to spread the arts and the sciences over the earth. We firmly believe, that anything which would upset the stability of the government and laws of Great Britain would be a calamity to the whole human race—a calamity whose disastrous influence would be felt through many future ages.

Actuated by these feelings, our readers will not be surprised to learn that we have been exceedingly solicitous to ascertain, as far as lay in our power, the actual temper of the PEOPLE, without reference to mere party questions or political strife. To this purpose we have devoted a considerable portion of time during the last few months; endeavoured, in a quiet and unobtrusive way, to elicit opinions from all sorts of people; tried to test these opinions, by ascertaining, if it were possible, whether they were the produce of thought and deep-seated feeling, or merely the idle gossip of the moment; and, avoiding all reference to the names of political parties or public men, contrived to gather "voices" on many public matters. At some personal inconvenience, we have endured the effluvia of taprooms, and the genteeler but frequently as little endurable atmospheres of tavern parlours; talked in coffee-rooms and in stage-coaches; and always made an effort to get into circles in steam-boats or otherwise. We have acted the "spy," unquestionably, but it was for an honest purpose; and our readers may give us credit for the affirmation, that the following summary of results is honestly drawn up from no small number of "observations."

One thing we are quite satisfied about, if people speak their minds on this topic, that there is no danger to be apprehended from any *general* insurrection; and that, amongst all the more intelligent of the working class, and more especially amongst those immediately above them, there is no sympathy with attempts to subvert law and authority by violence. That there is a large number amongst the working classes, who, if not ready to join efforts to overthrow government by force of arms, do yet more or less sympathise with such attempts, is unfortunately too true. But these are chiefly congregated in particular districts; and even amongst them are large numbers of thoughtful and intelligent working men who deprecate "physical force," and are feelingly alive to the injury inflicted on their cause by the reckless conduct of half-enlightened and violent individuals. Owing to the number of half-enlightened workmen in particular districts, conjoined with the fact that a small number might easily throw an entire community into confusion, there is and has been danger: but venturing to reason from small to great, it may be stated as an absolute fact, that the PEOPLE—that is, the majority of working men, middle men, and, taking in all ranks and classes, a very large proportion of the grown-up people of this country—would, if polled to-morrow, give their honest and hearty votes for peace, order, submission to law and authority; and would, as with a voice of thunder, repudiate the insanity which would threaten the stability of whatever is dear and precious in our institutions.

And yet, in connexion with this very topic, there is a strong feeling on the subject of CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS. Men turn away from the idea of persons being put to death, even though, by their conduct, they should have led to the deaths of others, and put much life and property in peril. "No, no, no!" is the all but universal sentiment; "no hangings, no beheadings, no brutalities!" This is matter for unfeigned thankfulness; it shows that the feeling of mercy is entering deep into the hearts and sentiments of the mass of the people; that they feel that LIFE is too precious to be wantonly extinguished, as it used to be, in the times of our ignorance; and that other measures must be taken, to reclaim from vice, from crime, and violence, ignorant and unhappy men, than by depriving them of that existence given by Almighty God. Assuredly, the changes in the punishments awarded by our criminal laws did not precede a change of opinion on the part of the people, but rather lagged behind it. When will that hideous monstrosity be swept away, which directs that the bodies of certain kinds of criminals are to be divided into quarters? Every individual has felt its shocking incongruity in a recent case; and because it is difficult to dissociate the idea of a fair and beautiful young woman from her "kingly" office, people have turned away with loathing from those terms, in which SHE, to whom the general voice wishes long life and happiness, receives power to dispose of the mutilated fragments of men's bodies in such a manner as SHE shall direct! True, everybody knows that this portion of such a sentence is a nullity—but why does it stand in the BOOK? We have *seen* execution for treason in this free and enlightened country—GOD grant that we may never even *hear* of another! In this we know that we have the hearty *Amen* of almost every man amongst "the People."

It is no mere figure of speech—no mere empty declamation—to say that reverence for institutions, simply because they are *ancient*, has all but crumbled into ruin in the hearts and feelings of the People. The process has been long going on; but we have had abundant proof that the ruin is nearly complete. What may arise out of such a state of *sentiment* we do not know; but anxiously do we hope that the warnings and advice given, from time to time, by deep-thinking men, who are standing aloof from mere party association, will be heedfully regarded by our statesmen. If you use the words "Tory," "Whig," "Conservative," or "Radical," or pin your faith to the sleeve of a public man's reputation, and speak out in a mixed company, as if you were a decided partisan, you may immediately provoke a collision of opinion, or a war of words, and immediately it may appear as if parties were determinedly united, and eager to swallow one another up. But talk in a quiet way with Conservatives or Whigs, or Radicals—that is, with men who take these names as badges, but have no direct association with any particular party—and you

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will elicit much which tends to show that party names are losing their force and significance. It is entering, in great power, into the hearts of the *People*, that GOVERNMENT is a mere machine for their benefit, which may be fitted, adjusted, mended, or improved, according as it works well or ill. The great mass of the hard-working people—we are not writing rashly or unadvisedly—care very little about Magna Charta, Bill of Rights, or Act of Settlement; and their ideas or reasoning may be truthfully expressed in the following manner:—Here we are; our forefathers are dead; we must live; we want to live and let live; how is this to be effected? Certainly, they say, not by blindly adhering to the prescriptions or advice of our forefathers, who did not know under what circumstances we might be placed, *but by taking care of ourselves.* We do not say that these very words have been used in our hearing; but we do say that it expresses a very universal sentiment, and that we have heard such opinions coming from the lips of men, who, if questioned as to their political creeds, would have attached themselves, by name, to very different parties. We rest perfectly satisfied, that in the course of a very few years—and how much has been done in the last ten!—that mass of the People whom we may term the MILLION will have it as an all-abiding and all-operative portion of their political faith, that GOVERNMENT exists solely on account of its rationality, and not at all because of its antiquity; and that they will put forth hands to mend or mar, according to the degree of their intelligence or their ignorance. Chartism is a signal proof of this; and let no man hug himself into the belief that it is extinguished. Like the whale of the Southern Ocean, it has received the harpoon, and for a season may run down into the deep: but it may reappear once more on the surface, and even if it dies, may still, in its dying agonies, sweep destruction around it. Oh, that our public men were wise! that they would drop party strife and personal animosities, and unite to pour the benefits of a just and a generous education through the entire mass of the People! But the thing is apparently hopeless, at least in our day; and all true friends of the People, instead of wasting their time and strength in application to Parliament, should work as they best can in the instruction of their fellows. If Britain is to flourish long and well, it must be by the combined and conjoined intelligence and moderation of her middle and working classes; and we are not without strong hope, that a sad and foolish dissociation of interests will be discarded, and wiser counsels prevail in their stead.

Connected with the ideas of government, there are certain words or phrases which still linger amongst us like the ghosts of past existences. One of these is the word LOYALTY. It has been much used of late. Towards the QUEEN, personally, there seems, on the whole, to be a very excellent feeling pervading the mass of the People. We do believe that the most violent "physical force" man—unless he were a mere ruffian—would not stand by to suffer a hair of her head to be injured. The great mass of the People seem to have a strong regard for her; her youth, her beauty, and her marriage, are all favourite topics. But if you were to ask any one of the People, if he were a *loyal* man, he would be apt to laugh in your face. One person in a working jacket, to whom we casually put the question—he was really an intelligent operative—repeated the word two or three times: "Loyal, loyal, loyal—why what's the use on't?" We at first thought he went on the *quid pro quo* principle; that he was animated by the spirit expressed by Rochester, when, alluding to Blood, who stole the crown from the Tower of London, and was afterwards rewarded, whilst the man who rescued the crown was neglected, he exclaims:—

"Since loyalty does no man good,
Let's steal the king, and outdo Blood!"

But we found that he was inquiring as to the *rationale* of loyalty; and we afterwards found the disposition to ask "the use on't" to be very strong; or, as one man drolly said, "to make it stand on its legs to be looked at." It seemed to be considered as a matter with which the bulk of the People had nothing to do; that it was all very well for folks who were in the way of visiting her, or seeing her, or of getting some reward or mark of distinction from her, to talk about their loyalty, or personal devotedness: but that, as to the People, the word loyalty was fudge or humbug. We are not expressing this view of the matter too strongly; the disposition to treat loyalty as humbug is very general.

An *economical* principle, in relation to government, is exceedingly strong and exceedingly universal. The private character of an illustrious widow is spoken of, by those who have opportunities of knowing, as very amiable, kind, benevolent,—in fact, as being composed of all that can adorn the private life of a worthy and wealthy lady. Yet we were partially astonished to find that the mention of her name always produced irritable feeling. No man amongst the struggling classes—be his political principles what they may—whom we heard open his mouth on the subject, ever dismissed her name without alluding, in terms of anger or even of disgust, to the enormous amount of annual income assigned her. We mention this with great reluctance, and would not have done so, if we did not find the sentiment to be absolutely universal. In the same way, an intense anxiety was felt to know the amount of income which would be assigned to a young man, who comes amongst us under very favourable circumstances, the impressions current respecting his character and qualifications disposing everybody to wish all manner of happiness, and to look hopefully forward. The economical feeling to which we allude is something very different in degree from the good old habit of grumbling for which John Bull is proverbial. It is rather the result of a kind of sober, deliberate calculation; a comparative estimate of value given and value received, the measure of which is the now greatly-increased difficulty of obtaining comfortable and easy existence in this country. People in easy circumstances, and who are not subjected to the torturing processes of raising cash to meet demands, can have no idea of the amount of easily-irritated feeling—call it *envy*, if you will—which can be roused in struggling people's minds, whenever they are led casually to make a comparison between the amount and security of certain incomes, and the variable, uncertain, and insecure nature of their own. The severe pressure which has existed, and will exist, in trade and commerce, has roused into activity a spirit of depreciating comparison, the extent of which would startle any one who has not been in the habit of listening to the casual talk of all manner of strugglers. And more than that, it is stirring into painful operation habits of intellectual exercise and investigation. People who, when trade was good, and labour in demand, would have turned away from political economy, as from a "bore," and to whom the subjects of corn and currency were abstruse and mysterious, now endeavour to comprehend the arguments on these vexed questions; they feel themselves distressed, and likely for some time to remain so, and they begin to ask, with earnestness, what *is* the cause of it?

That amongst the mass of hand-workers for bread, the primary cause of distress is considered to be political inferiority, nobody need question, for it is obvious enough. Whether rightly or wrongly they urge their demands—whether they argue skilfully or unskilfully—whether they have clear conceptions of the nature of their claims, or confused, dim, indistinct notions of improvement or equality—no man need hesitate to doubt, for a moment, that amongst the hand-working MILLION there prevails a deep-seated and intense conviction that they are unjustly held in a state of political inferiority. This stands as one of the FACTS of our day and generation, which no appeals to the past can charm away, and no threats for the future can awe down into quiescence. There it is, fermenting in the popular MIND, and which will, and that before very long, produce a spirit potent enough to overthrow all barriers, unless restrained by wisdom, prudence, and skill. Much might be done to abate the force of this sentiment, in opening up channels, through which the crowd of struggling labourers might see their way from mere existence to something better than mere existence. But it is not our present purpose to suggest remedies: we are merely stating *facts*; and this one and all-important fact, familiar as it is to every person's mind, cannot be repeated too often, that amongst the "million" there prevails a deep-seated,

intense conviction of political injustice, by which they are held in a state of political and social inferiority; and that from having no share, or little share, in the construction, management, or administration of government arises primarily all their distress, and all their wrongs.

This is immediately, though not mediately, the fruit of political agitation and "diffusion of knowledge." Those who opposed or sneered at the "diffusion of useful knowledge," on the ground that it would unsettle people's minds, were so far consistent and prophetic. It were impossible to call on an ignorant people, bidding them claim their intellectual birth-right, and to ascend to the level of all the great minds of the past and the present, without sowing the seeds of bitter but immortal fruit. The spirit that now animates the mass of the working people of Great Britain may be enlightened, it may be guided, it may be advised, but it will never die.

Another matter which provokes the idea of political injustice and inferiority is that of EMIGRATION. In spite of ourselves, we are local creatures; and all intelligent people who have quitted their native localities have had a greater or lesser struggle with local habits, sympathies, and associations. No wonder then that the question should be so often put—Why should WE quit the land of our nativity? What crime have WE committed that we should be compelled to turn exiles, and undergo all the penalties of departure, and all the miseries of a new settlement? If EMIGRATION were practised on a grand scale, rightfully planned, rightfully conducted, and on conditions worthy of an empire, much, very much, of this feeling would be dissipated; Hope would not shrink back, from fear of disappointment, nor shudder to make the experiment: and as large ventures have the best chance of large returns, extended emigration might yet nobly repay a nation which can afford to give twenty millions to planters, and spend its thousands annually on solitary individuals.

There are many agitated questions which do not find their way into the *popular* mind, but revolve in certain circles. For instance, the mass of the people know as little about the "Oxford theology" as they know about the creed and catechism of the man in the moon. The great body, too, of the *English* people know very little about the ecclesiastical strife now agitating Scotland. As little did they know about the question between the courts of law and one branch of the legislature, until the perpetual repetition of the matter in the newspapers began to accustom them to the idea, and gradually to see its nature. Yet all these questions are fruitful in future results. They all work their way downwards, and produce both their good and their ill.

For ourselves, we may close this paper by a dim outline of our own political faith. We reverence the past, because the past is full of experience for the future; we reverence existing institutions, because under them millions of our accountable fellow-men and countrymen have lived and died, and gone to add all their moral histories to that vast amount, the summary and the moral of which will be given on the great DAY OF AUDIT. But we do not reverence the past, if it is to bind us for the future; we know of no law, no right, and no necessity, by which ancestors can load descendants, or by which those who are not so far advanced as ourselves can prescribe the conditions of existence for those who are much beyond them in that summary of wisdom—*experience*. As man was not made for the sabbath, but the sabbath for man, so the people were not created for government, but government for the people. And as the end or object of government is the protection of the people, the people should never change or alter their form of government without high and sufficient reasons, and a decided conviction on the part of the great majority that a change is necessary, and will be beneficial. Above all, do we think that changes for MORAL purposes should be effected by MORAL means; order and harmony reign in the dominions of the KING OF THE UNIVERSE; and all who reverence the "God that is above," nay more, all who are guided solely by the lowest dictates of common sense, will pause ere they seek for better government by the shedding of blood, or the destruction of property.

NEW ZEALAND AND EMIGRATION.

IN No. 54 of the "London Saturday Journal," we gave some account of the Islands known by the general title of New Zealand, and intimated our intention of pursuing the subject, more especially as regards the probable success of emigrants to that country. This we are the more desirous of doing, as we have, through the medium of our "Letter Box," received very numerous requests for information and advice regarding Emigration to New Zealand and other places, to which the remarks we purpose making in the course of this article may be considered in the light of a general reply. But as our observations will at present be particularly directed to the situation and prospects of New Zealand, it will be necessary, in the first place, to enter into some details respecting its climate, soil, productions, population, &c.

The New Zealand group consists of two large islands, called the Northern and Southern—a smaller island called Stewart's, to the extreme south, and several adjacent islets. The group extends in length from north to south, from the 34th to the 48th degrees of south latitude, and in breadth from east to west, from the 166th to the 179th degree of east longitude. The extreme length exceeds 800 miles, and the average breadth, which is very variable, is about 100 miles. The surface of the islands is estimated to contain 95,000 square miles, or about 60,000,000 of acres, being a territory nearly as large as Great Britain, of which, after allowing for mountainous districts and water, it is believed that two-thirds are susceptible of beneficial cultivation. A chain of lofty mountains intersects the whole of the Southern, and a great part of the Northern Island. Some of these reach the height of 14,000 feet above the level of the sea, and are covered with perpetual snow. Besides the chain, which forms as it were the back-bone of the islands, there are outlines, and subordinate ranges of hills, covered for the most part with wood up to the verge of the continual snow, but in some instances clothed with a species of fern. This plant grows in great profusion all over the country; the roots are eatable and are frequently used as food by the natives, who roast or bake it, and it also serves as excellent fodder for cattle. Thus, as Capt. Fitzroy observed in his evidence before the Lords' Committee, "no one can starve in New Zealand."

New Zealand is considered to be of volcanic origin, and among the mountains several volcanoes are yet burning; but eruptions and earthquakes are unknown, even traditionally. The soil, in many places, bears a striking resemblance to the volcanic regions of Italy and Sicily, and is represented as singularly adapted to the cultivation of the vine. The soil, generally speaking, is very good; it is described as chiefly a rich loamy soil, with fine vegetable mould in some places; as very productive—a fact evidenced by the luxuriant growth of the forest trees, and the perfect success which has attended the cultivation of wheat, potatoes, and every other plant or fruit whose introduction has hitherto been attempted. Mr. Yate, a missionary of the Church Missionary Society, thus describes it. "We have every variety of soil. Large tracts of good land, available for the cultivation of wheat, barley, maize, beans, peas, &c., with extensive valleys of rich, alluvial soil, deposited from the hills and mountains, and covered with the richest vegetation, which it supports summer and winter. We have also a deep, rank, vegetable mould, with a stiff, marly sub-soil, capable of being slaked or pulverised with the ashes of the fern. All English grasses flourish well, but the white clover never seeds: and where the fern has been destroyed, a strong native grass, something of the nature of the canary-grass, grows in its place, and effectually prevents the fern from springing up again. Every diversity of European fruit and vegetable flourishes in New Zealand."

The insular position of New Zealand and the presence of high mountains, preserve the atmosphere from oppressive heat, and occasion frequent showers, which support vegetation. Mr. Earle, the draftsman to the surveying-ship, the Beagle, who spent nine months in New Zealand, thus expresses himself, "Although we were situated in the same latitude as Sydney, we found the climate infinitely superior. Moderate heats, and beautifully clear skies, succeeded each other every day. We were quite free from those oppressive feverish heats, which invariably prevail in the middle of the day at Sydney, and from those hot, pestilential winds which are the terror of the inhabitants of New South Wales; nor were we subject to those long droughts which are often the ruin of the Australian farmer. The temperature here was neither too hot or too cold—neither too wet nor too dry." This statement is fully confirmed by other writers; but our limits preclude us from indulging in long extracts.

The chief natural productions of New Zealand are timber and flax. Of the former there are many varieties, several being excellently adapted for ship-building. One of them, the cowdie, a species of pine, is excellently fitted for masts and spars for large ships. The Board of Admiralty has lately been in the frequent habit of procuring supplies of it by contract for the use of the Royal Navy. Establishments have been formed for the purpose of procuring spars for shipping, as well as timber for house-building, and several vessels have been built in the New Zealand rivers by English merchants, assisted by the natives.

Flax, or the *Phormium tenax*, grows wild in all parts, and appears to be indigenous and inexhaustible. It is of a good quality, and never fails in the European market, except from the improper manner in which it is dressed by the natives, who have no machinery, and satisfy themselves with separating the fibres of the vegetable, and rolling them upon the thigh with the hands. The fibre is in fact twice as strong as that of the common flax, and very nearly equal in tenacity to that of silk. At Sydney, it is manufactured both into cordage and canvas; and if proper machinery were introduced into New Zealand, there can be little doubt that persons living upon the spot, and superintending their own establishments, would produce a very marketable commodity.

So little has hitherto been done towards obtaining a perfect knowledge of the country, almost all European enterprise having been heretofore confined to the northern part of the Northern Island, that all its resources, especially those of the Southern Island, which is comparatively unknown, cannot be expected to be yet developed. The mountains are probably rich in metallic ores, and among the mineral productions actually discovered, are iron in abundance, coal, bitumen, freestone, marble, and the purest sulphur. The natives use a blue pigment, probably manganese, and a valuable green stone is found exclusively in the Southern Island. This substance is soft when first dug up, but by exposure to the air, becomes as hard as agate, and semi-transparent. The whole country abounds in clay fit for brick-making and other purposes.

No native quadrupeds exist, but those which have been introduced have thriven. The first pigs were left by Captain Cook, and the stock being increased by the visits of whaling vessels, there are now numerous herds running wild in the woods, besides numbers reared by the natives and settlers, for the supply of the numerous vessels which frequent the coast. Dogs abound, especially at the Bay of Islands, and are employed by the natives in hunting down the wild hogs; but they are supposed, from the Spanish name *pero* assigned to them, to have been introduced by Juan Fernandez. The cat (*puhihi*, New Zealand for *pussy*) is eaten by the natives, and its skin is highly prized. The New Zealand rat, which is also an article of food, was probably imported by European vessels. Both cattle and sheep have been introduced, and have succeeded well; the samples of wool which have been exported are of a very excellent quality; but, it is not as a grazing country that New Zealand must be expected to excel. There is quite sufficient variety in the land to afford opportunities for raising sufficient live stock for home consumption, and for exportation to a limited extent; but it is not as a pastoral, but as a manufacturing, commercial, and agricultural people that her future inhabitants must look for success.

Closely approximating in its relation to the countries of the southern hemisphere, with that of Great Britain to those of the northern; like it, surrounded with harbours, and intersected with navigable streams; possessing a soil as generous, and a climate more equable and temperate, New Zealand will probably become "the great country of that part of the world," a term used by Mr. Montefiore in his examination before the Lords' Committee in 1838, and in our opinion very justly applied.

There is one point in which the colonisation of New Zealand must necessarily assume a very different character from that of any other of our emigration fields, and this is the character and position of the natives. These people widely differ from the wretched tribes who are scattered over Australia, and from the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands, who are too much influenced by the enervating effects of climate. The New Zealanders, although still savages, possess all the mental and bodily requisites needful for a quick progression in the scale of humanity. They hail the approach of European civilisation; are most anxious to avail themselves of its benefits; but being at the same time perfectly aware of the evils of a lawless community, are no less anxious for the establishment of a sufficient curb on the licentiousness of those who have already done them too much mischief. Mr. Ward, the Secretary of the New Zealand Company, in a small volume entitled "Information relative to New Zealand," * which contains a very fair and candid exposition of all the points most necessary for the guidance of the emigrants, gives the following account of them, which we extract, as containing much in a few words, and being perfectly accordant with the accounts of other writers, may be regarded as free from any imputation of partiality.

"There is a natural politeness and grandeur in their deportment, a yearning after poetry, music, and the fine arts, a wit and eloquence, that remind us, in reading all the accounts of them, and in conversing with those who have resided among them, of the Greeks of Homer. Their language is rich and sonorous, abounding in metaphysical distinctions, and they uphold its purity most tenaciously, although they had no knowledge of writing until the missionaries reduced their dialect to a grammatical form. It is radically the same with that of Tahiti, and of the kindred nations. They have an abundance of poetry of a lyrical kind, of which we have seen many specimens, in a metre which seems regulated by a regard to quantity, as in Greek and Latin. They are passionately fond of music. Mr. Nicholas (in his "Narrative of a Voyage to New Zealand in 1817,") speaks of "a plaintive and melodious air, which seemed not unlike some of our sacred music in many of its turns, as it forcibly reminded me of the chanting in our cathedrals." They excel in carving, of which their war canoes, carrying one hundred men, are specimens.† They display their natural talents also in their pursuit of astronomy. Mr. Nicholas assures us that "they remain awake during the greater part of night in the summer season, watching the motions of the heavens, and making inquiries concerning the time when such and such a star will appear. They have given names to each of them, and divided them into constellations, and have likewise connected them with some curious traditions, which they hold in superstitious veneration. If the star they look for does not appear at the time it is expected to be seen, they become extremely solicitous about the cause of its absence, and immediately relate the traditions which they have received concerning it." Baron Hugel, a distinguished botanist, who visited the country, affirms, as do the missionaries, that there is not, in the Northern Island at least, a single tree, vegetable, or even weed, a fish, or a bird, for which the natives have not a name; and that those names are universally known. Baron Hugel was at first incredulous about this; he thought that with a ready wit they invented names; but, on questioning other individuals in distant places, he found them always to agree.

"The most striking of their social institutions is that of chieftainship. Society is divided into three principal gradations: the Areekees, or chieftains; the Rangatiras, being the gentry or middle class, and the Cookees or slaves. The Rangatiras are bound to serve the Areekees only in war; but the Cookees are held in complete slavery by the combination of the other two orders. Prisoners taken in war, if permitted to live, are reduced to the condition of slaves. The ransom of a slave is easily effected, but slavery is, notwithstanding, a source of grievous evils to the lower classes of natives, which the introduction of British laws appears to be the only effectual mode of suppressing. The upper classes, whilst they have a certain feeling of honour, often treat their inferiors with great barbarity, against which there is at present no adequate control.

"The habitations of the natives are in little villages, or groups of huts, scattered thinly among the coasts and harbours, the mountains of the interior not being inhabited. The villages are sometimes on the top of a hill or promontory, and within a rude fortification called a *pah*. Wars are constantly occurring between the different tribes, and when once begun they pass from one tribe to another till the whole country is in an uproar. Feuds are prolonged

* Information relative to New Zealand, compiled for the use of colonists by John Ward, Esq., Secretary to the New Zealand Company. Second edition, corrected and enlarged. Parker, 1840. Price Two shillings.

† Mr. Earle, an artist of no mean pretensions, speaks warmly of their excellence in this art, displayed not only on their canoes, but their houses; and he also mentions, with true professional enthusiasm, the remarkable talent shown by a celebrated tattooer, Aranghie; "I was astonished," he says, "to see with what boldness and precision Aranghie drew his designs upon the skin, and what beautiful ornaments he produced; no rule and compasses could be more exact than the lines and circles he formed." He adds, "he copied so well and seemed to enter with such interest into the few lessons of painting I gave him, that if I were returning from here direct to England, I would certainly bring him with me, as I look upon him as a great natural genius." This man was but a Cookee or slave, but by the exercise of his art had acquired considerable property, which he was allowed to enjoy unmolested. Such a fact is certainly an evidence of a superior moral condition.

by the custom of every chief exacting payment in kind for the relatives which he may have lost in battle. There is however an officer, bearing the venerable character of a herald or peace-maker, whose mediation is employed to bring about reconciliations."

It is evident that such a people as have been described above, possess all the natural requisites for forming a very valuable part of a civilised community. They have always cordially co-operated with the missionaries in all their schemes for their social improvement, and Europeans have universally met not only with hospitality, but aid and protection in the prosecution of useful designs. The New Zealand Company has set an example which we trust will be followed, and by a scheme for the amalgamation of the native and emigrant population, which promises the very best effects, have opened a new era in the annals of civilisation.

We extract the Instructions on this head given to Colonel Wakefield, the Company's principal agent, in command of the expedition which sailed in May last, and with them must for the present conclude, but in our next Number we shall resume the subject.

"In one respect, you will not fail to establish a very important difference between the purchases of the Company and those which have hitherto been made by every other class of buyers. Wilderness land, it is true, is worth nothing to its native owners, or worth nothing more than the trifle they can obtain for it. We are not, therefore, to make much account of the utter inadequacy of the purchase-money, according to English notions of the value of land. The land is really of no value, and can become valuable only by means of a great outlay of capital on immigration and settlement. But at the same time it may be doubted, whether the native owners have ever been entirely aware of the consequences that would result from such cessions as have already been made to a great extent of the whole of the lands of a tribe. Justice demands, not merely that these consequences should be as far as possible explained to them, but that the superior intelligence of the buyers should also be exerted to guard them against the evils which, after all, they may not be capable of anticipating. The danger to which they are exposed, and which they cannot well foresee, is that of finding themselves entirely without landed property, and therefore without consideration, in the midst of a society where, through immigration and settlement, land has become a valuable property. Absolutely they would suffer little or nothing from having parted with land which they do not use, and cannot exchange; but relatively they would suffer a great deal, inasmuch as their social position would be very inferior to that of the race who had settled amongst them, and given value to their now worthless territory. If the advantage of the natives alone were consulted, it would be better perhaps that they should remain for ever the savages that they are. This consideration appears never to have occurred to any of those who have hitherto purchased lands from the natives of New Zealand. It was first suggested by the New Zealand Association of 1837; and it has great weight with the present Company. In accordance with a plan which the Association of 1837 was desirous that a legislative enactment should extend to every purchase of land from the natives, as well past as future, you will take care to mention in every *booka-booka*, or contract for land, that a proportion of the territory ceded, equal to one-tenth of the whole, will be reserved by the Company, and held in trust by them for the future benefit of the chief families of the tribe. With the assistance of Naiti*, who is perfectly aware of the value of land in England, and of such of the more intelligent natives as have visited the neighbouring colonies, you will readily explain that, after English emigration and settlement, a tenth of the land will be far more valuable than the whole was before. And you must endeavour to point out, as is the fact, that the intention of the Company is not to make reserves for the native owners in large blocks, as has been the common practice as to Indian reserves in North America, whereby settlement is impeded, and the savages are encouraged to continue savage, living apart from the civilised community—but in the same way, in the same allotments, and to the same effect, as if the reserved lands had been purchased from the Company on behalf of the natives.

"A perfect example of this mode of proceeding will occur soon after your departure from England. As respects a territory purchased from the natives by Lieut. M'Donnell, the late British resident at Hokianga (who is well known to some of the chiefs of the tribe occupying both sides of Cook's Strait), and from him purchased by the Company, we intend to sell in England, to persons intending to settle in New Zealand and others, a certain number of orders for equal quantities of land (say 100 acres each), which orders will entitle each holder thereof, or his agent, to select, according to a priority of choice to be determined by lot, from the whole territory laid open for settlement, the quantity of land named in the order, including a certain portion of the site of the first town. And one-tenth of these land-orders will be reserved by the Company, for the chief families of the tribe by whom the land was originally sold, in the same way precisely as if the lots had been purchased on behalf of the natives. The priority of choice for the native allotments being determined by lot as in the case of actual purchasers, the selection will be made by an officer of the Company expressly charged with that duty, and made publicly responsible for its performance. Wherever a settlement is formed, therefore, the chief native families of the tribe will have every motive for embracing a civilised mode of life. Instead of a barren possession with which they have parted, they will have property in land intermixed with the property of civilised and industrious settlers, and made really valuable by that circumstance. And they will thus possess the means, and an essential means, of preserving, in the midst of a civilised community, the same degree of relative consideration and superiority as they now enjoy in their own tribe. This mode of proceeding has been fully explained to Naiti. He perfectly understands that if the Company should purchase lands, and establish a settlement in the island which belongs to his family, then his father and brothers, and himself, would share equally with all purchasers of land from the Company to the amount of a tenth without purchase, including a tenth of the site of a town. He is quite alive to the advantages of possessing land where land has a high value, and will have no difficulty, we believe, in explaining them to his people. You are aware of the distinctions of rank which obtain amongst them, and how much he prides himself on being a *rangatira*, or gentleman. This feeling must be cultivated if the tribes are ever to be civilised; and we know not of any method so likely to be effectual for the purpose, as that which the Company intends to adopt, in reserving for the *rangatiras* intermixed portions of the lands on which settlements shall be formed.

"The intended reserves of land are regarded as far more important to the natives than anything which you will have to pay in the shape of purchase-money. At the same time we are desirous that the purchase-money should be less inadequate, according to English notions of the value of land, than has been generally the case in purchases of territory from the New Zealanders. Some of the finest tracts of land, we are assured, have been obtained by missionary catechists and others, who really possessed nothing, or next to nothing. In case land should be offered to you for such mere trifles as a few blankets or hatchets, which have heretofore been given for considerable tracts, you will not accept the offer without adding to the goods required, such a quantity as may be of real service to all the owners of the land. It is not intended that you should set an example of heedless profusion in this respect; but the Company are desirous, that in all their transactions with the natives, the latter should derive some immediate and obvious benefit from the intercourse."

* A native of New Zealand who went out in the first vessel despatched by the Company, as interpreter.

HOME-BREWED WINES.

"It is estimated," says Morewood, an excise officer, who published a work on Inebriating Liquors, "that one-half of the port, and five-sixths of the white wines, consumed in London, are the produce of the home presses." Many thousand pipes of spoiled cider are annually brought into London from the country, for the purpose of being converted into fictitious port-wine."—*Wine-Drinker's Manual*, 1830.

A Frenchman, making the tour of London, writes to his friends in Paris to the following effect:—"There is a liquor sold in this country which they call wine (most of the inhabitants call it wind); of what ingredients it is composed, I cannot tell; but you are not to conceive, as the word seems to import, that this is a translation of our word *vin*, a liquor made of the juice of the grape; for I am well assured there is not a drop of any such juice in it. There must be many ingredients in this liquor, from the many different tastes, some of which are sweet, others sour, and others bitter; but though it appeared so nauseous to me and my friend that we could not swallow it, the English relish it very well; nay, they will often drink a gallon of it at a sitting. Sometimes in their cups (for it intoxicates) *they will wantonly give it the names of all our best wines.*"

THE MAN WHOM EVERYBODY LIKES.

MEN who are generally liked, men who are much liked, and men who are well liked, are not very rare; they are to be found everywhere, and have nothing very marked about them. But the man whom everybody likes, against whom there is not one dissentient voice, is not often to be met with; he is a rare bird. However, there are a happy few who attain this pre-eminently felicitous position in the world. These favoured persons are not numerous; they move in distinct orbits, each in his own, and wide apart from one another; for there cannot be such a thing as two men whom everybody likes in the same neighbourhood—hardly in the same town, unless it be a large one; the laws of nature forbid it. They are, therefore, scattered widely over the face of society, and to be found only at remote distances from one another.

One reason why men whom everybody likes are thinly spread over the social surface is, that no given locality could support more than one of these happily-conditioned persons at a time. We say, support him, because the man whom everybody likes is in a great measure supported at the public expense; for what else, when we take it in the aggregate, is the constant and unremitting series of private hospitalities of which he partakes—the incessant and endless round of dinners and suppers to which he is invited—but public expenditure?—voluntary, indeed, but not the less what we have named it on that account. No moderately wealthy community, then, of small dimensions, could possibly support more than one of these favoured persons without great inconvenience.

The man whom everybody likes is invariably a jovial, jolly, good-natured soul, with a round florid face, expressive of great contentedness of mind and of much benevolence of disposition, with a little—a very little—touch of imbecility. Perhaps that is rather too strong a word—we had better say weakness. He is not a bright genius, that is certain; the man whom everybody likes never is. Indeed, he could not be that man if he were; for if he had any talent, those who had less would envy him, those who had equal would be jealous of him, and those who had more would despise him; and thus would the harmony of that system which revolves so smoothly around him, and of which he is the centre, be disturbed and distracted. As it is, things go on pleasantly; there is no rivalry, no jealousy, no contempt.

Some people may suppose that it is a very easy thing to attain the enviable character which we are just discussing; but it is by no means so; on the contrary, it is very difficult. Only think of the amount of good-nature required—the forgiveness of spirit, the forbearance, the patience, the ever-watchfulness not to offend, the constant flow of animal spirits, the eternal good-humour, let the world wag as it will. Only think of all this, and we have no doubt you will at once acknowledge it is no easy matter to become a universal favourite. Then, again, to retain this ticklish position, a man must be everything to everybody; he must refuse no requests, at whatever cost of trouble or inconvenience to himself; and he must make none that may be in the slightest degree disagreeable to any one. Above all things, he must never attempt to borrow money; any approach to this would instantly hurl him down from his high place. On the other hand, he must be too poor to lend; too poor to admit of any one dreaming of borrowing from him; because applications for loans, and refusals of these loans, would equally operate against his popularity. He must, then, be just rich enough to keep him out of other people's pockets, and poor enough to keep them out of his.

The man whom everybody likes is, as already hinted, of a jolly presence; he is always in excellent bodily condition—fat as a whale. This in part proceeds from his own good-nature; but in part, also, from the excellent living to which his character of universal favourite introduces him. He is one of those pets of the world whom it delights in feeding well—it battens him like a stalled ox. It does not think of bestowing honours on him of any kind, but it takes great pleasure in gorging him with savoury and substantial food; it gives him dinners and suppers, as many as he can set his face to, and sometimes a great many more; he has often, indeed almost always, more invitations than he can possibly overtake, notwithstanding a capacity for eating and drinking which falls to the lot of few men; for with such is the man whom everybody likes most especially provided. It is one of his qualifications for the happy position he is placed in, and without which he never could attain it. It is, in truth, amazing the quantity of work of this kind which he has to go through, and not less amazing the quantity he *does* go through. His presence is as certain at every merry-making within the limits of what may be called his district, or locality, as mine host's self; besides this, he has to undergo a good deal of eating and drinking—a sort of skirmishing it may be called—without the pale of his own particular circle, to oblige those new friends whom he is from time to time meeting at the tables of the old.

Would it be believed, however, that the final end of the man whom everybody likes is almost uniformly tragical?—killed with kindness, he usually dies of apoplexy.

THE HIGHLAND BOYS.

IT is now many years since a Highland family came to reside in my neighbourhood. They had once been in a respectable way, but a series of misfortunes had reduced them to a state of great poverty and destitution. The house which they now came to occupy, then, was one proportioned to their decayed circumstances—mean and low-rented. I had two or three times remarked a tall, stout, elderly man, indifferently dressed, passing and repassing my window. There was something in his appearance that struck me; it was respectable, despite the shabbiness of his apparel; he was evidently, in short, one of those who have seen "better days." His grave face, too, saddened by misfortune, had an expression of intelligence and melancholy thoughtfulness about it that was exceedingly affecting; his was, but too plainly to be seen, a crushed and broken spirit. He was too far advanced in life to hope ever to accomplish any improvement in his condition; and the heart-withering conviction of this mournful truth seemed to be pressing him to the earth. His stout, almost gigantic frame, was fast bending; and even in his slow and measured tread there was something sad and solemn.

Interested by this man's appearance, I made inquiry regarding him, and found that his name was Donald Cameron. A little further inquiry put me in possession of the information briefly stated at the outset of this little history.

Here for some time the matter rested, when another circumstance revived my interest in the poor Highland family. I had frequently remarked, amongst the youngsters in our vicinity, two boys, in whose looks and manner there was something totally different from those of the other lads with whom they associated. The latter were coarse, boisterous, and vulgar; the former, mild, modest, and gentle, yet presenting, in every lineament of their fine open countenances, indications of a latent firmness and manliness of character, which was wholly wanting in those of their more noisy and obstreperous companions.

Struck by these appearances, I made inquiry regarding the boys also, and found that they were the sons of Donald Cameron. The difference, then, I had remarked in the manner and bearing of these lads was national. It was the Highland character developed under circumstances that rendered it peculiarly striking. I at once recognised it, for it was well known to me, and marked, with increased confidence in former convictions, the strong contrast between the mild, gentle, yet manly looks of these poor boys, the natural politeness of their manner, the evident kindliness of their dispositions, and the noisy, vulgar, blackguard bearing of their lowland, town-bred associates.

From this moment I kept an eye on the two young Highlanders, showed them some little kindnesses, encouraged them to frequent my house, and to become the playmates of my children; the modesty and gentleness of their manners rendering them most desirable companions for the latter, who, I saw, had not to fear from them the contamination to which an intercourse with the

other boys of the street exposed them. My young Highlanders were given to no vices; their behaviour was ever quiet and composed, and their language ever marked by the most perfect modesty and propriety. The lads used occasionally to take my younger children abroad, and I never felt more at ease with regard to their safety, when absent, than when told that they were under the protection of John and Donald Cameron.

Mild, gentle, and inoffensive as my two Highland boys were, I knew well, from knowing well the character of their race, that a brave and manly spirit reposed beneath that quiet and still exterior; a spirit which circumstances could in an instant call into strong display. Knowing this, then, it did not much surprise, although it certainly at first did somewhat vex me, to find, one day as I was going home to dinner, my young friend, Donald Cameron, just closing a desperate combat, in which he had been engaged in the street, with a boy much bigger and older than himself. Donald's antagonist, who had undergone some severe punishment, as his eyes, and mouth, and nose bore witness, had just given in as I came up to the scene of action.

On reaching Donald, who was so excited that he had not observed my approach: I seized him by the arm. The boy turned round in alarm, gazed on me doubtingly for an instant, and burst into tears.

"What's the meaning of this, Donald?" I said, somewhat sternly. "I did not expect to find *you* in a situation of this kind —fighting with blackguard boys in the streets. It is not like you, and I am sorry for it."

"I am sorry for it, too, sir," replied the boy, wiping his eyes, "but I could stand it no longer."

"Stand what, Donald?" said I.

"That boy's ill-usage, sir. For a long time past he has been in the habit of twitting my brother and myself with our poverty, and calling us all sorts of bad names, insulting our country, and mocking our accent. He thought we were *sumphs*" (his own expression) "because we submitted so long to his insolence without resenting it. But," added the boy, with unwonted animation, "I have taught him another lesson, I'm thinking; he'll not twit my brother and me again with either our poverty or our country, I fancy."

I subsequently made inquiry into the case, and found it to be precisely as Donald had stated; with this addition, that it was John who first dared the insulter to mortal combat, and that Donald had insisted on taking his place, on the plea of being the elder and the stouter. The boys had borne long and patiently with the insolence of the heartless young rascal, whom they had at length so severely but justly punished.

Shortly after this, the Camerons removed to a distant part of the city, and for about four years I neither saw nor heard more of them. At the end of that period, I was one day somewhat surprised by the intimation that two young Highland soldiers were at the door, and desired to see me. Thinking, after a moment's reflection, that the men had been billeted on me, I desired the servant to show them in, that I might settle terms with them. The two lads walked into the apartment where I was, and two finer looking men I had never seen. "All plaided and plumed in their tartan array"—for they wore the full Highland military garb, they indeed looked splendid.

"Well, my lads," said I; "a billet, I suppose?"

The young soldiers smiled and blushed. "You don't know us, sir, I dare say," said one of them, in a quiet and modest tone.

"Bless me! Donald and John Cameron!" I exclaimed, extending a hand to each. "I did not indeed know you in that martial dress. So, you have listed—you have turned soldiers?"

"Yes, sir," replied Donald, in his usual quiet way. "There are a number of our friends in the —th regiment, (the regiment to which we belong,) and we thought that, on the whole, we could not do better than join them. We have always had an inclination that way; at any rate, most of our male relations have been in the army."

The young men now proceeded to inform me that their regiment was under orders for the Peninsula—the war was then raging; that they were to march to the point of embarkation on the following morning, and that they could not think of departing without bidding me farewell.

Next morning, at an early hour, I witnessed the departure of the gallant regiment to which my young friends belonged. It was a stirring sight: the level sun struck full upon the forest of bayonets that bristled over the close and steady ranks; the colours of the regiment floated on the morning breeze; and the martial music of the band, playing a lively Scottish strathspey, completed the effect of the warlike display. I placed myself close by the line of march of the corps, in order to interchange a parting salutation with my young friends. I recognised them marching gravely and steadily, side by side, in the front rank of the leading company; they were amongst the flower of the regiment. They saw me, too. I nodded. They returned the sign of recognition by a rapid stolen side glance and faint smile; military subordination would permit no more. They moved on, others followed, and in a few minutes the entire regiment had defiled past the spot on which I stood.

At this point in this little story I have a long leap to make—a leap of no less than eight years.

This period, then, had passed away, when as I was one day entering a hotel for the purpose of inquiring for a friend, whose arrival in town I was daily looking for, I encountered two military officers; they were apparently just going out. We passed each other, but had hardly done so when the two gentlemen suddenly stopped and turned round. Aware of this movement, I turned also, and we looked at each other for a second in the embarrassed manner of uncertain recognition. This feeling, however, was entirely confined to them; for I had no recollection whatever of having ever seen either of them before. At length one of the gentlemen, disengaging himself from the other, advanced towards me, and with a polite bow, and well-turned prefatory apology for putting the question, asked if my name was not ——. In some surprise at this knowledge of my name by persons whom I deemed utter strangers to me, I replied that it was.

"So I thought," said the querist, smiling. "John," he added, turning to his friend, "I was right; this is Mr. ——."

The person addressed came forward.

"You are at a loss, I see, sir," resumed the former.

"You have indeed the advantage of me," I replied.

"You don't, then, recognise in the two persons before you a certain pair of graceless lads, to whom you showed much kindness at a time when few were kind—to whom you were a friend when friends were scarce."

"Can it be possible?" I exclaimed, under a suddenly awakened recollection of the countenances of the young men; "Donald and John Cameron!"

"The same and no other," replied the former, smiling. "Here we are, you see, safe and sound, after having both taken and given a good many hard knocks, one way and another."

Need I describe the shaking of hands that followed, or the mutual hospitalities that succeeded?—it is unnecessary.

The two brothers were now captains; a rank to which they had raised themselves by repeated instances of singular bravery and by general good conduct; both of which, fortunately for them, had chanced to come under the special notice of the Duke of Wellington, who had promoted Donald to an ensigncy on the field of battle, and John, shortly after, to the same rank, for his gallantry in leading on a forlorn hope, after its commanding officer, all its subalterns and non-commissioned officers, had fallen killed or wounded.

Let me not omit to add, that these warm-hearted lads were, when I met them, just leaving the hotel, at which they had arrived but the evening before, to call upon me. They had not even yet forgotten the trifling kindnesses I had shown them in the season of their youthful adversity. Their father, it is gratifying to say, lived to see his boys with epaulettes on their shoulders, and to enjoy the heartfelt gratification, which none but such a parent can feel, of witnessing the advancement of his manly children.

CHANCES OF LIVING IN LONDON.

NO II.

LONDON, as we remarked in our preceding paper, is the most varied and extensive field for labour of any city in the world; and so, also, it presents the most varied and extensive field for expenditure of any place on the earth. Nothing too costly which cannot be procured at the all-powerful command of wealth; nothing too mean or trivial to be sold or purchased. The word "annihilation" is unknown in the London vocabulary of TRADE. Men may spend years in our metropolis, and fancy themselves well acquainted with it; and yet a newly-arrived stranger may inform them of branches of business carried on of which they had been utterly ignorant. All grades of rank, wealth, and character are, in our streets, perpetually *crossing* each other. The merchant, strong on the Exchange, may not be distinguished from the poor clerk; the comfortable official, who can look forward to something more than bread and water being made sure to him for a long life, shakes hands with the man whose thoughts are filled with intense anxiety about bills coming due; the snug annuitant jostles the exquisite; and the exquisite turns away from the beggar. In one house men are dining at the rate of ten shillings or a guinea; not far from it is a place where hundreds feed at the rate of from eightpence to a shilling. Nothing for nothing is the motto in London; a "consideration," or "value received," enters into the idea of all services rendered; and those who cannot afford to yoke a horse or an ass to their vehicles, get their cat's-meat drawn by dogs.*

The keen competition which exists causes a degree of obliging civility to pervade the manners of shopkeepers, which, perhaps, is hardly to be equalled all over the world, except in Paris. Coppers wrapped up in paper for you; petty purchases obligingly sent home; directions given with care and precision; and showers of thanks when accounts are paid. Add to this, that London is the *cheapest* market in the world; not the cheapest in the respect of the mere amount of money paid for provisions, but the cheapest, taking into account the variety, excellence, and quantity supplied. Management, however, is required in taking advantage of this comparative cheapness: for while the best of choice things is picked out, and hurried away to the "West-end," to be sold at an enhanced price, those of the middle and working classes who live in the neighbourhoods of the great markets have a considerable advantage over those who live in the suburbs.

Our country readers are aware that there are various quarters in London abandoned to the poorest orders of the people; that these quarters are composed of old houses, where hordes of the rat and the bug dispute, or at least share, possession with swarms of human beings; and that the poor honest labourer, the knavish beggar, the thief, the coiner, and other degraded characters, take shelter in them. Several of these quarters have different characteristics, such as Spitalfields for silk-weavers, St. Giles's for Irish, &c. &c. A kind correspondent has favoured us with a description of one of these localities, which we here introduce, as it may let some of our readers know what are "the chances of living" in one spot, not far from the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and Buckingham Palace.

Westminster, with all its aristocratic associations, its splendid mansions, and corresponding wealth, has still withal its dark spots; and although the favoured abode of royalty itself, yet not an arrow's flight from the perfumed chamber and gorgeous saloon may be seen the dreary dwelling of misery and wretchedness. The scene, indeed, of the present sketch is not more than a quarter of a mile from the palace.

Among the streets in Westminster, formerly occupied by the aristocracy and gentry, Orchard-street was once conspicuous; and the houses in which Oliver Cromwell and Mr. Pitt once lived are still to be seen: but its glories are all faded, and rooms which have been honoured by the presence of the statesman and the courtier, now echo the sounds of low revelry or misery. The lodging-house, to which we propose introducing our readers, is in this street we have mentioned. Its exterior presents a dingy face of crumbling brick, begrimed by the soot and smoke of years. The elevation consists of four stories, the first two of which are lighted by windows whose heavy sashes denote antiquity. Amusing are the methods employed to refuse the wind and the rain admittance—tattered garments; crowns of old hats; brown paper, and paper rendered brown; and not unfrequently, some culinary utensil, are all pressed into the service of stopping a hole; and so varied are the contrivances for this purpose, that the several windows seem more like a rag-merchant's shop than anything else. A board is attached to the wall on the right-hand side of the door, on which appears in rude letters — "Lodgings for single men; beds, 3d. a night."

On entering we found the door open, and the hall spacious and panelled, as is the case in most of the houses in Westminster. We proceeded until we came to a room on the right; and on knocking at the door, were desired to enter, when a Babel of tongues was silenced by our unexpected appearance, and a scene as extraordinary as can be conceived presented itself. The apartment was full of men and women, though the former predominated. Some were seated on broken chairs and stools, round a filthy table, eagerly devouring all kinds of messes, washed down by tea and coffee, (for the meal was breakfast,) porter, ale, and gin. Others, again, were on their knees before the fire, broiling a red herring, or slice of fat bacon. Some appeared to have just left their beds, or, as is more probable, being obliged to quit them, had descended to the common room in a state of *dishabille*, and were proceeding to attach their tattered rags to their persons in the best way they could. There were females endeavouring to make a stocking perform its duty one day more—others, combing their dishevelled hair, or fastening their ragged dresses: and running along one side of the room was a bench, on which were seven men smoking and drinking. The total number of individuals in the room, which was about twenty feet square, amounted to twenty-four, of which eighteen were males and the rest females.

The furniture was of the most meagre description, and consisted of one table, some half-dozen broken-backed chairs, and a couple of benches. The walls were dotted with gaudily-coloured prints, the subjects of which were of a licentious nature; and over the fire-place was a board, on which appeared a set of rules, of which the following is a copy:—

"*Beds 3d. a night.*
No man to leave the house without paying for his night's lodging.
No smoking allowed in the bed-rooms.
No Licker *above a pint allowed at a time.*"

It would be difficult to convey anything at all like a correct idea of the effluvia of this room. It reeked of all kinds of villanous compounds. Rusty bacon, salt herrings, fried onions, (a vegetable greatly in favour with the lower orders,) gin, porter, and tobacco, sent forth their powerful odours, and vied with each other in concocting one abominable whole. Such was the scene which the room common to the nightly lodgers exhibited; and having remained as long as was necessary to our purpose, we gladly left it to pursue our investigations elsewhere; when, though poverty alike met us, yet was it surrounded by a less tainted atmosphere.

The lodging-house consisted of twelve rooms, of which number six were set apart for nightly lodgers; and the remainder, with the exception of the common receiving-room, occupied by families renting one or more rooms. Those destined for nightly lodgers were prepared to receive twenty-four persons, four beds being in each room; but it frequently happens that a greater number are congregated together, as the beds are often shared by persons too poor to be able to afford even 3*d*. a night for the luxury of having a bed to themselves. The beds were of the most

* The writer of this forgot, for the moment, that, by the New Metropolitan Police Act, dog-carts are prohibited, under a penalty, after the 1st of January, 1840. They have, therefore, already disappeared.

miserable description, mere pallets, the threadbare and ragged covering on which failed to conceal the wood and straw beneath. Two chairs in each room completed the furniture, and the boards of the floor seemed to have had no acquaintance with the scrubbing-brush for years.

The rooms occupied by the families were furnished by themselves, and boasted a few more comforts. In three were a chest-of-drawers, a comfortable-looking group of chairs, some books, pictures, and a clock; and the beds were of a very superior description to those appropriated to the nightly lodgers. Of the five rooms thus occupied, two were in the possession of one family, who paid six shillings a week; and the remaining three were rented by the same number of families for the sum of three-and-sixpence each. These families consisted of twenty-three individuals, eight adults, and fifteen children—thus, at the time we visited this lodging-house, there were forty-one persons huddling together, without taking into account the six females seen in the common room, who are not included, for the reason of having been reported to us as non-residents.

It may be interesting to those who are ignorant of the high rents paid by the working classes, to show the total amount for one year as paid weekly by the lodgers, and the rent of the house by the landlord:—

	£.	s.
24 beds at 3d. per night, for one year	109	10
5 rooms { 2 at 3s. / 3 at 3s. 6d } 16s. 6d.—for do.	42	18
	152	8

the sum received by the landlord, presuming his house to be full, (which is generally the case,) whilst his annual rent, including all, is £60! It may be supposed that we have instanced an extreme case, but we can assure the reader to the contrary; the rents mentioned are a fair average of those paid by the working classes in Westminster; and indeed, it may be observed, 4*d.* a night is the more common charge for a bed.

It would be extremely difficult to arrive at any just conclusion of the occupation of the nightly lodgers. They describe themselves, for the most part, as from the provinces, in search of work; and seldom remain above a week, and frequently not more than a single night. Without hazarding any opinion concerning the truth of the foregoing account of themselves, it may be safely said, that the standard of morality is very low. Indeed, it was only necessary to hear a few words of the conversation in the common room to be assured that all decency and restraint were thrown-aside, and that vice, in its worst and most degrading form, was allowed to revel free and uncontrolled.

Thus far our correspondent; and we quit this painful portion of our subject, by merely reminding our readers, that such is a specimen of scenes which take place daily and nightly within a stone's throw of the venerable Abbey, and of that assembly representing the Christianity, the honour, the benevolence, the public spirit, the influence, and the wealth of Britain; and within a quarter of a mile of Buckingham Palace!

As might naturally be expected, London abounds with lodging-houses and boarding-houses of all kinds and grades, from the low haunts of which we have just given a description, to the more stately mansions of the "West-end." We are not alluding to *public* houses, hotels, inns, taverns, &c., but to *private* houses. That much money is made by the owners of some of those houses there can be no question. For instance, in Ironmonger-lane, amongst the warehouses of that part of the "City," there are two or three houses thrown into one, forming a kind of private hotel or lodging-house, which is said to be able to make up sixty beds, and is much frequented by commercial travellers, who seek the cheap accommodation of a room in a private house, without being exposed to the too glaring accommodations of an inn. The owner of this house makes out of it a very good annual income. There are several houses of a similar description in the "City," on the Paddington Road, and other places, and a great number of a more "stately" character and pretensions at the West-end. But the easy facility with which a person can turn to this sort of business, causes great numbers to resort to it; and we have but to glance at the perpetually standing columns of board-and-lodging advertisements in the "Times," to feel assured that there is enormous competition in this "line." Many persons come to London with a few hundred pounds in their possession, take houses, for which they pay annually from £100 to £150 (rent and taxes) and furnishing them, fancy that they will soon realise a very good income. Some do; but the great majority exclaim, that of all precarious modes of obtaining a livelihood, a genteel lodging-house is the worst.

From the statements given in our preceding paper, some idea will be obtained of the salaries or wages of different professions and trades. We will now, in order to show how far certain amounts of wages will go in London, select one or two cases, and trace the expenditure of individuals. The salaries of many young men, who are compelled to keep up a genteel appearance, (or else they will not be able to get or keep situations,) vary from £50 to £80 per annum. But let us take the case, not of a banker's or merchant's clerk, but of a working man, a mechanic, who, we will say, earns about £80 per annum, or about £1 10*s.* per week. In the particular case we select, we give an actual little "history."

A young man came to London, and was reduced to his last penny before he procured a situation. But at last he was installed in what was considered a good one, yielding him 30*s.* a week. He resolved to practise strict economy, and endeavour to save money. Accordingly, he took a bed-room in a decent private house, for which he paid 5*s.*; he took breakfast in a coffee-shop, for which he generally paid about 6*d.* daily; his evenings were also frequently spent in a similar place, costing him a similar sum; and, taking one day with another, Sundays included, he found he could not dine comfortably under the average of 1*s.* His living, therefore, cost him weekly 15*s.*, his washing, 1*s.*, and his bed-room, 5*s.*; in all, £1. 1*s.* With all his care, he found that he could not keep himself in clothing—including hats, shoes, linen, &c.—under £13 per annum, or say 5*s.* per week. Any little *enjoyments* were included under this head, but they were few in number, and chiefly confined to an occasional excursion. At the end of the year he was master of £14; and at that very period, he lost his situation, employment having become scarce; and before he obtained a regular situation again, his £14 had dwindled down to £1. Discouraged, but not disheartened, he set to work once more; and in another year was master of £10. Then a thought struck him. He had no HOME; his lonely bed-room presented no inducements to him to spend an evening in it; and being of a cheerful, lively temper, the perpetual attractions of London made him undergo a continual crucifixion, in resisting temptations to spend money. So he resolved to take a wife, reasoning thus with himself—"Two can live as cheap as one!"—and his wife, whose only dowry was a good person, a pleasant temper, high spirit, and industry, agreed with him in opinion.

How to spend the £10 was now matter for grave consideration. It was "unanimously" resolved, that any foolish expenditure would be highly irrational, and unworthy of two sensible folks, who cared more for one another, than all the world cared for them. They could visit no upholsterer, and give their stately orders; and they vowed not to waste even a fraction on "bride's-cake"—no "marriage tables" would be furnished forth by them. So they went to an humble house, rented by a brother of the bridegroom's "craft," and selecting two unfurnished apartments, at £13 per annum (the very price the bachelor paid for his lonely little room), they sallied forth to a haunt of furniture-brokers, determined to exert their sharpness and ingenuity in buying good articles cheap. They got a very good japanned bedstead for £1; feather-bed, £2 10*s*; palliasse, 16*s.*; a small deal table, 5*s.*; three rush-bottomed chairs, 7*s.*: sheets and blankets, about £2; which, with small sums for crockery and cooking utensils, made up about £8 10*s.* They were married in the morning, and the husband went to his employment for the rest of the day.

The first six months were exceedingly happy. The couple lived far more comfortably on the same sum, or a little more, which it had cost the bachelor to live singly; and the domestic comfort he enjoyed made, he said, another man of him. The birth of a child did not detract much from this comfort; they had, of course, a "doctor" and a "nurse" to pay: the surgeons and accoucheurs who attend the working-classes generally charge a fee of £1—a few 10s. 6d.—but this is very low, and does not include medicines, which sometimes the larger fee does; a nurse attending people in the same walks of life charges 5s. or 6s. per week, with board, and is generally retained about a fortnight. Still the man was truly happy; for the infant made him more attached to his little "home."

At the end of three years, two children composed his family; the hooping-cough invaded his premises; the wife had a slight fever, induced by fatigue; and the man was once more thrown out of employment. By the end of three months they were in a deplorable state of distress; and when returned health and employment enabled the little family once more to hold up their heads, the husband confessed that his spirit was broken; regretted he had married, "For, not only," said he, "have I been the means of bringing down suffering on a wife and children whom I love, but if I had been a single man, I might have once more recovered myself, whereas bare existence, with an increasing family, is all I may look for now!"

A man in a situation which yields him about £100 per annum, or a working man earning about £2 a week, may live tolerably comfortable, if they take care to manage: but if there be a family, nothing can be saved out of this, unless by peculiar contrivances or exertions. Working men, and people in situations, earning at the rate we have mentioned, generally look out for small houses, which are rather scarce, but which in Southwark, Lambeth, portions of Brompton, Chelsea, Islington, Kingsland, and other suburban districts, may be procured at from £20 to £24 rent, or, with taxes, water-rates, &c., from £24 to £28 or £29 per annum. These houses usually contain six apartments, all small, but which may be classified as a kitchen and wash-house, two parlours, and two bed-rooms. If the parties are willing to submit to some inconvenience, the parlours may be let off to a young married couple, for which from £12 to £16 may be obtained, if occupied all the year round, which is seldom the case. But if the family is numerous, it may not be convenient to let off any portion of the small house; and thus we may strike £30 off the £100 for the conveniences of shelter, water, &c. There remain £70, or about 27s. per week; and every penny of this sum will be required in London for the maintenance of a family of five or six persons, and that, too, with the practice of most rigid economy. Here, then, it is clear, no money can be saved by a family man, who earns £100 per year: for even if an addition be made to the family income when the children become youths, the additional and increasing wants of the growing individuals will absorb every sixpence of the addition.

Mechanics, who earn about £3 per week, are better off than clerks and others who receive £150 per annum. The latter are constrained, by the necessity of their position, to keep a good coat on their backs, and generally, also, to look out for a house in a more "genteel" situation; their families, moreover, cannot do as the families of mechanics may do, for even those who may despise all affectation of "gentility," must uphold some show of it; a respectable poor man cannot *afford* to go shabby, or otherwise resist the public opinion of his class. Here, then, we are brought into a higher scale of expenditure; a small house in a genteel neighbourhood cannot be got under £30, and taxes will raise it to £36; a servant is kept, whose wages may vary from £6 to £8; the family doctor must have a higher fee; the nurse, when obliged to be called in, has a sneer on her countenance if everything is not liberal and "genteel;" and, unless the females of the family have the sense and the fortitude to resist "London pride," the £150 may be oftener exceeded than otherwise. On the same ground, while the few able and skilful mechanics in London, who earn £4 a week, are perfect gentlemen; the "gentlemen" who receive £200 find it little enough to do with, and certainly can save nothing.

We have once more exhausted our space without exhausting our subject: but we may have other opportunities, under different forms, for returning to it.

SECOND THOUGHTS BEST.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

"It is a common saying, that no individual profits by another's experience:—there are few, we believe, that profit by their own; few to whom may not be justly applied that striking saying of Coleridge, that 'experience is like the stern-lights of a ship, which only illuminate the way that is passed.' But, of all the scholars I have ever known in this ever-open school of experience, my friend Mrs. Dunbar is the most unteachable. With a fair portion of intellect, with a quick observation, and fifty years' acquaintance with the world, she is as trustful, as credulous, and as hopeful as when, a child, she believed the rainbow was a rope of *substantial* woven light, with a golden cup at the end of it; that there was a real man standing in the moon, and that the sky would, one of these bright days, fall, and we should catch larks. Being of a benevolent and equable temperament, her credulity has the most happy manifestations. Her faith in her fellow-creatures is implicit, and her confidence in the happiness of the future unwavering; so that, however dark and heavy the clouds may be at any given moment, she believes they are on the point of breaking away.

"I have known but a single exception to the general and pleasant current of my friend's life. One anxiety and disappointment crossed her, which even her blessed alchymy could not gild or transmute. Her husband lost all his fortune; this was not *the* cross. Mrs. Dunbar said, she saw no reason why they should not take their turn on Fortune's wheel; she did not doubt they should come up again, and, if they did not, why, her own private fortune was enough to secure them from dependence and want. Her husband had none of her philosophy, or, rather, happy temperament;—philosophy gets too much credit. He had an ambitious spirit, and his ambition had taken a direction very common in our cities; an aspiration after commercial reputation, and the wealth and magnificence that follow it. Mr. Dunbar had mounted to the very top round of the ladder, when, alas, it fell! and his possessions and hopes were prostrated. A fever seized him in the severest hour of disappointment, and the moral and physical pressure killed him. But this was not *the* cross. Mrs. Dunbar loved and honoured her husband, without having any particular sympathy with him. He imparted none of his projects to her, and neither interfered with nor participated her quiet every-day pursuits and pleasures; so that no harmonious partnership could be dissolved with less shock to the survivor. Mrs. Dunbar, beside the common-place solaces on such occasions, such as 'We must all die,' 'Heaven's time is the best time,' had a particular and reasonable consolation in being relieved from the sight of unhappiness that she could not remove or mitigate. This was not selfishness, but the necessity of her nature, which resembled those plants that cannot live unless they have sunshine, and plenty of it.

"Mrs. Dunbar had one son, Fletcher, a youth of rare promise, who was just seventeen at his father's death. He most happily combined the character of his parents,—the aspiring and firm qualities of his father, and the bright spirit of his mother. His education had been most judiciously directed by his father; and his mother, without any system or plan whatever, had, by the spontaneous action of her own character, most happily moulded his affections. At seventeen, Fletcher Dunbar seemed to me the perfection of a youth; with a boyish freshness and playfulness, and a manly grace, generosity, and courtesy. Much more attention than is usual in our country had been given to the adornments of education; but his father, who had all respect to the solid and practical, had taken care that the weightier matters were not sacrificed; and he had a prompt reward. So capable and worthy of trust was Fletcher at his father's death, that the mercantile house in which he was clerk offered him, on advantageous terms, an agency for six years in France and England. Mrs. Dunbar consented to his departure. But this parting of the widow from her only son, her only child, and such a child, was not *the* cross. 'There was nothing like throwing a young man, who had his fortune to carve, on his own responsibilities,' she justly said. 'Fletcher would get good, and not evil, wherever he went. She should hear from him by every packet, and six years would soon fly away.' And they did; and this brings me to the story of that drop that diffused its bitterness through the cup my friend till now had preserved sweet and sparkling.

"The six years were gone; six years they had been to Fletcher of health, prosperity, and virtue. I need say nothing more for a young man who had been exposed to the temptations of London and Paris. The happy day and evening of his arrival had passed

away. Uncles, aunts, and friends, had thronged to welcome him, and gone to their homes; and Mrs. Dunbar was left alone with Fletcher and Ellen Fitzhugh.

"I have said that Mrs. Dunbar had but one child; but, if it be possible for the bonds of adoption to be as strong as those of nature, Mrs. Dunbar loved Ellen as well as if she had been born to her. This instance was enough to prove that there may be the happiness of a maternal affection without the instincts of nature, or the feeling of property in the object, which more selfish natures than my friend's require. Ellen was the child of a very dear friend of Mrs. Dunbar, who, from a goodly portion of nine daughters, surrendered this, the fairest and best, to what she then deemed a happier destiny than she could in any other way secure for her.

"I do not believe Mrs. Dunbar could have told which she loved best, Ellen Fitzhugh or her son; in truth, they were so blended in her mind that they made but one idea. When she saw Ellen, Fletcher was in her imagination; when she thought of Fletcher, Ellen was the present visible type through which her thoughts and affections went out to him.

"Now he had returned; they were under the same roof;—Fletcher was three-and-twenty, with a handsome fortune to begin the world with; and Ellen was just eighteen, with

'a countenance, in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.'

Never was there a fitter original for this beautiful description of the poet than Ellen Fitzhugh; and could there be anything more natural than Mrs. Dunbar's firm belief, that Fletcher would set right about weaving into an imperishable fabric the golden threads she had been spinning for him!

"The first evening had passed away; the old family domestics had received from Fletcher's hand some gift 'far-fetched,' and enriched with the odour of kind remembrance; and Mrs. Dunbar and the young people lingered over the decaying embers, to talk over the thousand particulars that are omitted in the most minute correspondence. 'Pray tell me, Fletcher,' asked Mrs. Dunbar, 'who was that Bessie Elmore you spoke of so frequently in your last letters?'

"'Bessie Elmore! Heaven bless her! She was the daughter of a lady who was excessively kind to me the last time I was in London. She bore a striking resemblance to Ellen, so I called her *cousin*,—a pretty title to shelter a flirtation;—I should inevitably have lost my heart, but for the presumption of asking her to give up her country.'

"'Was she very like Ellen?'

"'Excessively; her laugh, too, always recalled Ellen's. She was a charming little creature!'

"Ellen blushed slightly, and Mrs. Dunbar's happy countenance smiled all over as she said, 'Ellen is very English in her looks.'

"'Yes, aunt, a "rosy, sturdy little person," as English Smith used to call me.'

"'Not too sturdy, Ellen,' said Fletcher, 'and not too little,—just as high as our hearts, mother, is she not?'

"'She has always just filled mine,' replied the delighted mother, who had already jumped to the conclusion that the affair was as good as settled; and the wedding, and the happy years to follow, floated in rich visions before her. She ventured on one question she was anxious to have settled: 'You have no occasion to go abroad again, Fletcher?'

"'None. A happy home, in my own country, has long been my "castle in the air," and now, thank Heaven, I can give it a terrestrial foundation.'

"'Ellen is not the person to relish this "taking for granted,"' thought Mrs. Dunbar; 'Fletcher should be more reserved.'

"Fletcher soon turned the current of her apprehensions. 'Pray,' he asked, 'what is the reason, Ellen, that you and my mother have so seldom mentioned Matilda Preston in your letters of late?'

"'We have seen much less of her than usual the winter past. Matilda cannot

"To a party give up what was meant for mankind."

I suppose you know she has been a "bright and particular star" this winter,—a belle?'

"'Has she? I am sorry for it!'

"'So is not Matilda. She enjoys her undisputed reign. She has, to those she chooses to please, captivating manners, and you know she is talented. The beaux, of a score of years' standing, declare there has been nothing like her in their time. She is beset with admirers and lovers. She says she is obliged, when she goes to a ball, to keep an ivory tablet under her belt, with a list of her partners. Some wag pasted up on Carroll-place, where the Prestons live, "*Apollo's-court*," on account of the perpetual serenades there. Poor Rupert Selden told me, he had thrown away a half-year's commissions on bouquets and serenades to her, which, in his own romantic phrase, had "ended in smoke." She is said to be engaged.'

"'Engaged!' Fletcher bit his nails for two or three minutes in deep abstraction, and then added, 'To whom is she engaged?'

"'Pray don't look so distressed, cousin; I only reported it as an *on dit*,—I forgot your flame for Matilda.'

"'Pshaw, Ellen! but who is the person?'

"'The pre-eminent person at the present moment is Ned Garston.'

"'Ned Garston! a monkey,—impossible!'

"Oh, he is much improved by foreign travel, and, if still a monkey, a romantic monkey, a monkey *en beau*. He has put himself into the hands of some Parisian master of the science of transforming the deformed, and has come forth the *tableau vivant*, copied after a famous picture of some troubadour in the Louvre.'

"'What do you mean, Ellen?'

"'I mean, that Ned Garston's very pretty black hair hangs in hyacinthine curls over the collar of his coat,—that he wears tresses like a girl's, on each side of his face, and mustachios and whiskers that would befit a grand sultan. The girls call him "the Sublime Porte."'

"'And is it possible that Matilda Preston, that gifted, beautiful creature, is going to throw herself away upon this jackanapes?'

"'How wildly you talk, Fletcher!' interposed his mother; 'you have not seen Matilda Preston since she was a mere child.'

"'But a rare child, my dear mother; Matilda Preston at thirteen was a fit model for sculpture and painting. She moved like a goddess, and her faculties were worthy such a form. Lord bless me, what a sacrifice!—is it a sacrifice to Mammon, Ellen?'

"'Do not insist that the sacrifice is certain.'—

"'I have no doubt it is his fortune,' said Mrs. Dunbar, for the first time, I believe, in her life, turning a scale against an absent person that might have been struck in her favour; 'that is to say, fortune and style. Garston has the most showy equipage in the city, and his family, you know, are all in the first fashion.'

"Mrs. Dunbar retired for the night. Ellen, after despatching some trifling home affairs, was following her, when Fletcher, who had been leaning abstractedly on his elbow, said, 'Ellen, do not go; I have something to say to you.' Ellen turned with a beating and foreboding heart. 'Tell me, Ellen, honestly, is it your belief that Matilda Preston is engaged to Garston?

"'I do not believe she is.'

"'Why are you in such haste? sit down,—there, thank you; but do not look as if I had murder to confess,—I have only to tell you the weakness and the strength of my heart. You know, my dear Ellen,—cousin,—sister, I should rather call you—for, without any tie of blood, no sister was ever dearer—there is no one but you to whom I can communicate my feelings, projects, and hopes,—from whom I can take counsel. To begin, then; when I left America, you and Matilda Preston were very intimate. I do not find you so much so now; what is the cause of this alienation?'

"'There is no alienation, Fletcher; we are intimate still.'

"'Affectionately intimate?'

"'Matilda is very kind, very affectionate to me.'

"'And you not so to her? I am sure you never repelled affection with coldness. There must be some reason for this. My mother, too, seems to have a prejudice against Matilda; pray be frank with me, Ellen.'

"Frankness was Ellen's nature. She was one of the few beings in this world, who are thoroughly and habitually, by nature and by grace, true. For the first time a cloud had passed over her clear spirit. She began to speak, faltered, began again, and finally said: 'It may be more mine than Matilda's fault that we are less intimate than formerly. Our circumstances, our tastes are different. I think, Matilda is much what she was when you left us,—that is—that is, allowing for the difference between a school girl and a belle, Fletcher.'

"'A belle!—how I hate the term! But how could it be otherwise in a city atmosphere, with Matilda's beauty, talents, and accomplishments? I see she is not quite to your taste, Ellen; I am sorry for it, but this is better than I feared. Now for my confession, in brief. When I left you I was a reserved boy. Neither you nor my mother, probably, ever suspected my predi-

lection, but for two years I had been desperately in love with Matilda Preston. I believed she loved me. We exchanged many a love-token, many a promise. It is true she was a mere child, I a mere boy: but there are such childish loves on record, Ellen. The germ of the fruit is in the unfolding bud. It may, after all, have been on her part a little innocent foolery, forgotten long ago; but, if so, I was coxcomb enough to take it all in dead earnest. Through my six years of absence I have cherished, lived upon, these remembrances. All my projects, all my successes, have blended with the thought of Matilda: and, blessed by Heaven in my enterprises, I have now come home determined to throw myself at her feet, if I find her what memory and a lover's faith have painted her.' Fletcher fixed his eye on Ellen. Hers fell. 'Will you not—*can* you not, Ellen, give me a "God speed?"'

"The flush on Ellen's cheek faded to a deadly paleness. After a moment's hesitation, she summoned her resolution, and, raising her eye to meet Fletcher's, replied with a tolerably steady voice, 'Do not ask a "God speed" of me now, Fletcher;—wait till you have seen Matilda, and studied her character, as you ought to study that on which the happiness of your life is to depend; and then, if your ripened judgment confirms your youthful preference, you shall have my'—'God speed,' she would have said, but her honest tongue refused to utter the word to which her heart did not answer; and, adding 'my earnest wishes,—my prayers,' she burst into irrepressible tears, and, horror-struck at what she feared was a betrayal of her true feelings, she fled, without even a 'good night,' to her own apartment.

"The truth did once flash across Fletcher's mind. 'It is a phenomenon to see Ellen in tears, save at some touching tale or known grief,' he thought; 'Ellen, with her ever bright, buoyant spirit,—her "obedient passions, will resigned." Has my dear, imprudent mother, with her equal fondness for us both, been kindling a spark of tenderness in Ellen's heart?' The thought was no sooner conceived than rejected. There was no latent vanity in Fletcher's mind to please itself with cherishing it. It was happily improbable, and it soon gave place to thick-coming and most pleasant fancies. But one cloud hovered over them,—Mrs. Dunbar's and Ellen's too evident distrust of Matilda. 'I will "study" her character," and abide by the decision of my "ripened judgment,"' resolved Fletcher. Alas for the judgment of a young man of three-and-twenty as to a talented beauty of nineteen, with the desperate make-weight against it of a long-cherished love!

"Ellen had often sat with her loving friend, Mrs. Dunbar, over the dying embers, reading and re-reading the passages in Fletcher's letters where he dwelt on the fond remembrances of home. Every mention of Ellen—and the letters abounded with them—his mother repeated and repeated, and always with an emphasis and smile, that sometimes made Ellen's blood tingle to her fingers' ends. And yet, simple as a child, the good woman never dreamed that she was communicating her faith and hopes, and awakening feelings never to sleep again. This she knew, as a matter of principle and discretion, would not be right; and, while she never said to Ellen, in so many words, 'My heart is set on your marrying Fletcher, and I am sure his is, even more than mine,' she did not suspect she was conveying this meaning in every look, word, and motion. And even now, when the pillars of her 'castle in the air' were tumbling about her head, she had no apprehension that Ellen would be crushed by them. They were to meet now for the first time, with the most painful feeling to loving and trusting friends, that their hearts must be hidden with impenetrable screens; but such was the transparency of dear Mrs. Dunbar's heart, that put what she would before it, the disguise melted away in the clear light;—to tell the truth, Ellen's was little better; her safety was in the dim sight of the eye to be eluded.

"She washed away her tears, called up all the resolution she could muster, and repaired to Mrs. Dunbar's apartment, whom she hoped she might find by this time in bed, and get off with her 'good-night kiss;' but, instead of this, she was pacing up and down the room, not a pin removed.

"'Dear aunt, not in bed yet?'

"'No, my dear child,—I did not feel like sleeping the first night, you know, of Fletcher's being here;—it's natural to have a good many wakeful thoughts of past times, and so forth.' While saying this, she had turned her back, and was busying herself at the bureau, the tone of her voice, and the frequent use of her handkerchief, conveying the state of her feelings as precisely to Ellen as her streaming eyes would, had she shown them.

"'I see,' cried Mrs. Dunbar, her tears gushing forth afresh, 'that Fletcher has the most unexpected, incomprehensible, unreasonable, unfortunate, strange, dreadful, wonderful, and amazing interest in Matilda Preston. I had never so much as thought of it,—it's insanity, Ellen,—he is as blind as a beetle.'

"'It is a blindness, aunt, that is not like to be cured by the presence of Matilda Preston.'

"'That's just what I feel, Ellen. Men are always carried away with beauty. I thought Fletcher was an exception; but he is not, or he would tell the gold from the glittering.'

"'But, aunt, you do Matilda and Fletcher injustice. She has fine qualities; and if what you now expect should happen, you will look on Matilda with very different eyes.'

"'Never, Ellen, never in the world,—she will always seem to stand between me and—I mean,—I can't tell *you*, Ellen, what I mean. But this I will say, come what will, no one can ever take your place to me,—you are the child of my heart,—you have grown up at my side,—I can never love another daughter;—whomever you marry, Ellen, wherever you go, your home shall be my home.'

"'No, no, aunt,' said Ellen, hiding her tearful face on the bosom of her faithful friend, 'I shall never marry,—*never*.' And before Mrs. Dunbar could reply, she gave her good-night kiss and left the room.

"'Is it possible she could have understood me?' exclaimed Mrs. Dunbar. After a little reflection, she quieted her apprehensions with the thought that she had a hundred times before spoken just as plainly, and Ellen had not suspected what she meant. She was like the child who, shutting his own eyes, fancied no one could see him.

"'Ought I not,' Ellen said, in her self-examination, 'to have obeyed the first impulse of my heart, and when Fletcher appealed to me, to have told him frankly my opinion of Matilda?' After much meditation, the response of her conscience was a full acquittal. She had done all that the circumstances of the case and her relations to the parties allowed, in withholding her 'God speed' till Fletcher's ripened judgment should authorise his decision. She reflected that Matilda's character had seemed to her to have the same radical faults six years before that it had now, and that, in spite of them, Fletcher loved her then. Perhaps she judged those faults too strictly. Perhaps her judgment was tinged by her self-love; for she was conscious that, in the points so offensive to her, she was constitutionally the opposite of Matilda Preston.

"With all Matilda's fine taste, with her susceptibility to opinion, and her eager desire of praise, she was no favourite. Her intense selfishness would penetrate all disguises, her consciousness of herself was always apparent,—there was never a spontaneous action, word, or look. In all this she was the very opposite of Ellen, who, most strictly watchful of the inner world, let the outer take care of itself. This gave a freedom and simplicity to her manners, and a straightforwardness to all her dealings, that inspired confidence. Matilda, in the midst of her most brilliant career, had, whenever silent, an expression of care and dissatisfaction,—a rigidity and contraction of the upper lip (often criticised as the only imperfection of her beauty), that betrayed the puerile anxieties in which she was involved, the web she was perpetually weaving or ravelling. There is no such tell-tale as the human countenance; or rather we should say (with more reverence), God has set his seal of truth upon it, and no artifice has ever yet obscured the Divine impression. Ellen Fitzhugh's lovely face was the mirror of truth, cheerfulness, and affection.

"'There is no use,' thought Ellen, as she pursued the meditations in which we left her, 'in trying to conceal my feelings: I cannot,—I never did in my life,—I must just set to work and overcome them. Dear Mrs. Dunbar, all those sweet fancies that you and I have been so busily weaving, the last six years, must be sacrificed at once and for ever; and I must just learn to think of Fletcher, as I did when a little girl,—as a dear, kind brother;—that should be,—it *shall be*, enough.' This resolution was made with many showers of tears, and sanctified with many prayers, ejaculated from the depths of her heart; and, once made, she set about with most characteristic promptness, contriving the means for carrying it into execution."

Here we are reluctantly compelled to pass over all the incidents of a costume ball, and other events, by which Fletcher and Matilda met and revived their old admiration, and their pledge was mutually renewed. Meantime Fletcher, in inspecting some of his deceased father's papers, discovered a fact of which he had not previously been aware:—that his father had died involved in debt to Ellen's father, Selden Fitzhugh, who had behaved on the occasion of the failure with a noble and confiding generosity to the

broken-hearted and dying man. This debt Fletcher felt himself constrained, by the impulse of a high-minded, honourable spirit, to discharge; and he made Matilda his confidant, fully expecting her generous sympathy with his intention. But he miscalculated and misunderstood her character.

"Matilda, after much agitating self-deliberation, called her mother to her counsel. Mrs. Preston was the prototype of her daughter, save that what was but in the gristle with the daughter, had hardened into bone with the mother, and save that Matilda, from having had an education superior to Mrs. Preston's, had certain standards and theories of virtue in her mind's eye, that had never entered the mother's field of vision. Matilda, too, from having been all her short life in fashionable society, did not estimate it at so high a rate as her mother, who had paid for every inch of ground she had gained there.

"Matilda related her last interview with Fletcher, and showed his note. 'Do you believe,' said Mrs. Preston, after reading it, 'that Fletcher Dunbar will be so absurd as to adhere to this plan?'

"'I am sure he will. He is perfectly inflexible when he makes up his mind to what he thinks a duty, however ridiculous it may appear to others.'

"'Of course, my dear, you are absolved from your engagement.'

"'If I choose to be.'

"'If you choose! My dear Matilda, you know how much it was against my wishes that you should form this engagement,—that you should give up the most brilliant match in the city for what, at the very best, would be merely a genteel establishment. But the idea of your going into the shade at once, giving up everything, and living perhaps at lodgings, or setting up housekeeping with two servants that you must look after all day, and spend your evenings making your husband's shirts, by a single astral lamp, ride in an omnibus (you might ride in that splendid carriage), and treat yourself, perhaps, to one silk gown a-year,—and all for what? To humour the notions of a young man, who is in no respect superior to Garston, except that he is rather taller, and has a straighter nose, and darker, larger eyes—not much larger either.'

"Mrs. Preston had struck a wrong note. Matilda shrunk back from the path her mother was opening, as the images of her two lovers passed before her.

"'Oh, mama, there is a horrid difference between them; and if I only could persuade Fletcher to abandon this notion'—

"'Well, my dear, in my opinion, if he loves you, he will; if he does not, why then you lose nothing, and gain everything. Luckily your engagement is a secret as yet, and you have taken no irretrievable step. Garston was here this morning,—a look could bring him back to you.'

"'But, mama, to give up what I have been so long dreaming of!'

"'Yes, and what every young girl dreams off, and wakes up betimes to pretty dull realities. How should you like, for instance, to wash the breakfast things, and stir up a pudding,—to wash and dress your children, and make a bowl of gruel for your dear mama-in-law?'

"'Oh! detestable!' Matilda pondered for a few moments, and then said, 'I really think, if Fletcher loves me, he will sacrifice his feelings to me. I am sure he owes it to me, after the sacrifice I made to him;—I have certainly proved myself disinterested, but I do not like to be treated as if I could be set aside, and wait for the working of any fancy that comes up. I will tell him so,—I am resolved. He must take the responsibility of deciding it.'

"The evening came, and, when the clock struck nine, Fletcher entered Miss Preston's drawing-room, his fine countenance beaming with the serenity and trustfulness of his heart; but Matilda's first look sent a thrill through it, that was like the snapping of the chords of a musical instrument at the moment it is felt to be in perfect tune. She advanced towards him, and gave him her hand as usual, and she smiled; but it was a mere muscular movement—the expression was anything but a smile. Her beautiful face had all the rigidity that a fixed and painful purpose could give to it; but it was a purpose that depended on a contingent, and to that contingent the smile and the responding pressure of her hand were addressed.

"Her eyes were red and swollen, and, for the first time, her dress was not elaborately arranged.

"She spoke first—'You do not love me, Fletcher!'

"'Not love you, Matilda! God only knows how tenderly I love you.'

"'No, Fletcher, you do *not* love me,—the truth has broken upon me with irresistible proof.'

"'What do you mean, Matilda? What have you heard? Surely it is not—it cannot be'——

"'*It is*, Fletcher. Your note has nullified our engagement. I have judged you by my own heart. I have questioned, examined that, and I am sure that no fancied duty—no *absolute* duty, could have forced me—much less persuaded me at its first intimation, to expose the happiness that was just within our grasp to the hazards of time.'

"Fletcher poured out protestations and prayers, and concluded with assuring Matilda that, 'if she would share with him at the present moment his abated fortune, if she would at once risk the uncertainties that he must encounter, he should be a happier and prouder man than all the wealth in the world could make him.'

"Matilda burst into tears. 'It is not right—it is not generous,' she said, 'to put what you consider a test to me. It is none. You must acquit me of any grovelling care for money. You have but to look six weeks backward to remember, that the first fortune in the city was waiting my acceptance, and fashion and brilliant family connexions. I sacrificed all, without a shadow of regret, to you; and now I am thought very lightly of in comparison with a fancied duty.'

"'A *fancied* duty? Good Heaven!'

"'A real duty, then; but so questionable, that nine men out of ten would pronounce it no duty at all. It is *not* the money. I care as little for that as you can; but it is the terrible truth you have forced on me,—you do not love me.'

"'Matilda, you wrong yourself,—you wrong me.'

"'Prove it to me, then, Fletcher. Let our relations be what they were yesterday,—burn those letters, and forget them.'

"'Never!' cried Fletcher, indignantly, 'so help me God,—never.'

"'Then the tie that bound us is sundered,—our engagement is dissolved.'

"'Amen!' said Fletcher, and he rushed from the house,—his mind confused and maddened with broken hopes, disappointed affection, and dissolving delusions.

"There is one painful but sure cure for love. The slow-coming, resisted, but irresistible conviction of the unworthiness of the person beloved.

* * * * *

"A little more than two years had passed away, when one bright morning, at the hour of ceremonious visiting, a superb carriage, looking more like a ducal equipage than one befitting a wealthy citizen of a republic, drew up at Mrs. Dunbar's door. The gilded harness was emblazoned with heraldic devices, and a coat of arms was embroidered in gold on the hammer-cloth, and painted on the panels. The coachman and footman, in fresh and tasteful liveries, were in the dickey, and the proprietor of the equipage (in appearance a very inferior part of it) was seated on the box with a friend. Within the coach was a lady magnificently dressed in the latest fashion. She seemed

'A perfect woman, nobly plann'd
To warn, to comfort, and command;'

but she had thwarted the plan,—she had extinguished the 'angel light,'—she had herself closed the gates of Paradise, and voluntarily circumscribed her vision to this world. She had foregone the higher element for which she was destined; but the wings she had folded for ever betrayed by their fluttering her disquietude with the way she had chosen. The face that turned heavenward, would have reflected Heaven, was fixed earthward, and the dark spirits of discontent and disappointment brooded over it.

"There is a baser traffic going on in this world of ours, than that which the poet has immortalised in his history of Faust, carried on under the forms of law, and with the holy seal and superscription of marriage.

"The lady alighted from the coach, and was on the door-step, awaiting her husband. He did not move. The footman had rung the bell, and Mrs. Dunbar's servant stood awaiting the *entrée*.

"'Are you not going in with me, Ned?' she asked.

"'Not I,—I hate bridal visits.'

"'Oh, come with me, I entreat you,' she said earnestly.

"'It's a bore! I can't. Bob and I will drive round the square, and take you up as we return.'

"The lady looked vexed and embarrassed; but there seemed no alternative.

"'Is there much company in the drawing-room, Daniel?' she asked.

"'None, ma'am. Miss Ellen, that is, Mrs. Dunbar, the bride,—Miss Ellen that was,—don't see company in a regular way, as it were.'

"'No? I heard she did. I'll leave my card now.'

"While she was taking it from her card-case, the door opened, and Fletcher Dunbar, with a manner the most frank and unembarrassed, advanced, and offered her his hand. 'Pray, Mrs. Garston,' he said, 'do not turn us off with a card; we are at home, and, like all happy people, most happy to hear congratulations.'

"Matilda Garston had not been under Mrs. Dunbar's roof since the memorable morning when she found Fletcher at his father's desk. How changed was life now to all parties! Fletcher had awakened from the dream of boyhood to a reality of trustful love, to which his 'ripened judgment' had set its seal.

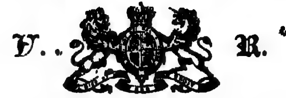
"Ellen, who had resigned her hope of reigning in Fletcher's heart, was now its elected and enthroned queen. She looked like the embodied spirit of home and domestic love and happiness. The two young women contrasted like the types of the spiritual and material world.

"Our good friend, Mrs. Dunbar, was at the acme of felicity. It would have been in vain for her to try to repress the overflowing of her heart, and try she did not. It sparkled and ran over like a brimming glass of champagne.

"'I am truly glad to see you here again, Matilda,—Mrs. Garston, I mean,' she said; 'I really am, my dear. And now we have met, old friends together, I will tell you, that I never had one hard thought—no, not one—at your breaking off with Fletcher. It was providential all round. Fine pictures should have fine frames;—you, my dear, just fit the one you are set in, and our little Ellen was made to be worn, like a miniature, close to the heart. I used to be a believer in *first love*; now I think "*second thoughts best*."'"

ROGER BACON.

Notwithstanding many obstacles to the discovery and diffusion of knowledge, there was a visible intellectual progress, to which that great luminary of the thirteenth century, Roger Bacon, most effectually contributed. This prodigy of his age recommended his contemporaries to interrogate Nature by actual experiments, in lieu of wasting time in abstract reasonings. "No man," says he, "can be so thoroughly convinced by argument that fire will burn, as by thrusting his hand into the flames." Bacon himself spent two thousand pounds (a great sum in those days) in constructing instruments and making experiments, in the course of twenty years; and it is a well-known fact, that by these experiments he made many discoveries which have excited the astonishment of succeeding ages. He despised magic incantations and other tricks, as criminal impositions on human credulity, and affirmed that more surprising works might be performed by the combined powers of art and nature than ever were pretended to be performed by magic. "I will now," says he, "mention some of the wonderful works of art and nature in which there is nothing of magic, and which magic could not perform. Instruments may be made by which the largest ships, with only one man guiding them, will be carried with greater velocity than if they were full of sailors; chariots may be constructed, that will move with incredible rapidity without the help of animals; instruments of flying may be formed, in which a man, sitting at his ease, and meditating on any subject, may beat the air with his artificial wings, after the manner of birds; a small instrument may be made to raise or depress the greatest weights; an instrument may be fabricated by which one may draw a thousand men to him by force and against their wills; as also machines which will enable men to walk at the bottom of seas or rivers without danger." Most of the wonders here indicated have been accomplished in modern times, though by means probably very different from those imagined by Roger Bacon. —*Wade's British History*.



OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

As we have no present means of answering the writer of the following letter, we put it before our readers, on account of its own nature, and also in the hope that it may be instrumental in drawing attention to the matter, and enabling us to procure information of a satisfactory nature:—

"Mr. Editor,—In the year 1836, my attention was called to one means of making a provision for a time when I should be less able to work, by an article in the 'Household Almanack,' under the head of 'Savings-Bank Annuities;' in which it was stated that, by paying 3*s*. 6*d*. a week into a savings-bank for twenty-one years, a man may secure an annuity of 20*l*. a year for the remainder of his life; and that if the purchaser, from any cause, should afterwards be unable to continue his payment, he might have the whole of his money returned, upon giving three months' notice; or, if the purchaser should die at any time before the period at which the annuity should commence, the whole of the money would be returned to his family. This I thought excellent, and just the thing for a working man like myself, with a wife and one child, and nothing but the wages of my labour to depend upon. I consequently made application at the office of a savings-bank in an adjoining county-town, where I then resided, and was disappointed to find the managers would not be troubled with that part of the business. I have since made inquiry at savings-banks in one or two smaller towns, and always received an answer to the same effect. Thus my 'good intentions' were frustrated, (and good intentions, somehow or other, are more apt to be frustrated than bad ones,) and I find myself four years older, with two more children to support, and bread double the price it was then; consequently, I am less able to make such a provision against age, illness, or misfortune. But, however, I am very anxious to do something now; as the old proverb says, 'Better late than never.'

"I have read many papers lately, in yours and Chambers's Journal, and one in a late Number of the 'Quarterly Review,' on Life Assurance, but I am inclined to think better of a deferred annuity as a resource for men in my situation. A broken limb, rheumatism, loss of work, or a thousand chances in the course of years, may make me unable to continue the payment of the premiums; and then all I had paid would be forfeited, and the policy lost to my family. But there is one, the National Loan Fund Society, which effects these deferred annuities in a similar way to the savings-bank, and they have their agents in almost every town. I had made up my mind to deposit two or three shillings a week in this society, when I chanced to drop on the article in the 'Quarterly;' which, in cautioning one against a parade of names, (the first is the Duke of Somerset,) and to distrust any society that promised too many benefits, placed me in doubt and uncertainty again.

"Now, Mr. Editor, if you can inform me where and how I may endeavour to purchase one through the savings-bank—for I suppose it is to be done—in London, if nowhere else—and with the New Postage the money can be transmitted without much expense—or whether the National Loan Fund Society is conducted by 'cautious, clever, discriminating actuaries, and prudent, honourable, and accumulating but not grasping directors;' you will confer an obligation on one who may live to bless the day you first opened your 'Literary Letter-Box.'

AN OPERATIVE."

E.—"Some time ago, in one of the public journals, I noticed some observations respecting Light, the tendency of which was to prove the materiality of it by its effects on solutions of muriate and prussiate of potassa, when placed in a situation to be crystallised. I am perfectly conscious that the crystallisation of these salts may be produced at any time at the will, by allowing the light to enter into the vessels containing these solutions: but I certainly cannot come to the conclusion that these facts in any way go to prove its materiality, but only that light possesses an influence of some nature upon certain bodies, but truly not a material one. If you will favour me with your opinion (through the medium of the 'Literary Letter-Box') upon this subject, it will greatly oblige me."

We do not understand why our correspondent supposes that light is not *material*. It is true that it cannot be weighed, and it may possibly have no weight; but surely this does not prove it to be immaterial. Weight is a property of every substance which our own limited senses and powers afford us means of weighing; but there may be substances of which weight is not a property, or, still more likely, substances whose weight is so inconceivably small that it cannot be appreciated by any means which we at present, or ever

may, possess. It has, we believe, been *demonstrated* that light consists of rays of different colours; that it travels at the rate of about 192,000 miles in a second; that in vacuo, or in a uniform medium, it moves in straight lines, but that when it enters another medium, it is bent or diffracted at different angles, according to the nature of that medium; that, when it strikes a reflecting body, it is thrown back at different angles, according to the manner in which it strikes that body; and so on. Now, if these properties of light do not show that the substance to which they belong is a *material* substance, we cannot imagine in what sense our correspondent uses the word *material*.

T. F.—"I understand that the fossil remains of plants and animals found in the various strata of rocks which compose the crust of the earth, are always in a *petrified* state. Now what *is* petrifaction? *how* or *by what process* is it that a bone or plant turns into *stone*, and *what proof is there that such is the case?*—When geologists discover a stone of the shape of a branch of a tree, or of the skeleton of an animal, is it merely from the FORM of such a stone, or pieces of stone, that they conclude them to have been plants or animals; or if not, from *what premises* do they draw such conclusions?"

"Petrifaction" is one half from the Greek, and the other half from the Latin; but as the Latins had adopted the Greek half into their language, both portions of the word probably came to us immediately from the Latin. The *latter* portion of the word, from the Latin *facio*, "to do, make, cause," &c., is in too familiar use to need remark; but there is much interesting matter connected with the former half, πέτρα—whence the Latin *petra*,—which is preserved, with more or less modification, in all the languages derived from the Latin: it means *a rock*, or, in strict propriety, *a projecting rock, a cliff*. Hence the Greeks gave the name of Petra to several cities built upon rocks, or in rocky situations: among these it was applied, with peculiar propriety, to the famous city—excavated in the tall cliffs of Wady Mousa—of Edom.

The word was applied figuratively to denote a man of firmness and energy—one like a rock; and hence was given by Christ to the famous apostle who had previously borne the name of Simon, in the masculine form of Πέτρος, our Peter. This was in conformity with a custom of the Jewish rabbins, in imposing new and significant names on their disciples; and the name Peter was probably given to him on account of the boldness and usual firmness of his character. This gave occasion to the celebrated allusion which contains the essence of the whole controversy between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants; the peculiarity of which is lost in all the languages which have not preserved the word in its original meaning. Speaking to Peter after his noble declaration, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," Jesus said to him, "Thou art Peter (*petros*, a rock), and upon this rock (*petra*, a rock) I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matt. xvi. 18.) The double allusion is well preserved in the Latin—"Tu es *Petrus*, et super hanc *petram* ædificabo ecclesiam meam;" and as well, or better, in the French—"Vous êtes *Pierre*, et sur cette *pierre* je bâtirai mon église," &c.

As this is the usual word for a rock, or stone, it occurs in Scripture whenever a rock or stone is mentioned.

To return to the word *petrifaction*—it may be observed, that although one half of it is found in Greek, and both halves in Latin, it does not exist *as a whole* in the latter language, (except as a modern fabrication, *petrifacio*,) nor, of course, in the former. The usual meanings of the word *petrifaction* are well known, but may be mentioned—1, the act of turning to stone; 2, the state of being turned to stone; 3, that which is made stone.

The word petrifaction was applied to those fossil remains (*fossil* meaning anything dug out of the earth) which began to attract attention at the dawn of the science of geology. But though a large proportion of fossils are petrifactions, they are not all so; some are only partially petrified, and many actual bones have been dug out of the earth: the bones of an extinct species of elephant have been found in such quantities in Siberia as to be exported as ivory. The words "organic remains" are now employed as the more correct designation of fossil plants and animals. An animal body putrifies before it petrifies; the softer parts are all evaporated, and only the harder remain. Plants leave their mark, stamp, or shape; trunks of trees have been found actually turned into stone; and bones—sometimes nearly an entire skeleton—have been found imbedded in stone. Coal has been proved to be of vegetable origin; that is, plants buried in the earth at some remote period have been gradually mineralised, or converted into the mineral called coal. Our correspondent must acquire some outside knowledge of chemistry, before he can have a guess as to the process of petrifaction; but if he knows that a large portion of organic remains are found in limestone; that his own bones contain carbonate of lime; that stones are often formed in the human body, by the deposition of earthy matter; and that millions of little creatures go to the formation of coral reefs, and that the work of their formation is perpetually going on, he may attain an indistinct idea of the matter.

As to how geologists understand the character or nature of fossil bones, that is done by comparative anatomy, by which men of marvellous sagacity have attained to such a knowledge of the principles or laws by which the bodies of animals are constructed, that they can decide upon the character of a creature never seen alive by mortal man, and of whose remains perhaps only a few bones have been found.

K. L. M., KIRRIEMUIR.—"Can you inform me, and your other readers who are equally ignorant, of the reason that, at different periods since the properties of the loadstone were discovered, and its application to the mariner's compass, its variation from the true magnetic poles has at different periods been found to be very different, *in the same latitude*. For instance, that 250 years ago, the variation of the compass at a given place was very different (being, I believe, then east, instead of west as at present, in the latitudes of Great Britain) from what it is at the present time."

The true cause of the variation alluded to is yet among the undiscovered secrets of nature. The immediate cause of the variation of the magnetised needle has been satisfactorily ascertained to be the change in the position of the attracting axis, or, as it is termed, the magnetic pole, which, it appears, regularly revolves at the rate of 4° 14′ in the space of ten years. In the year 1658 or 1660—it is not quite certain which—the magnetic needle pointed at London due north: and from that time till 1818, when it reached its extreme limit of variation, 24° 30′, it continued to approach the west. Since 1818, its annual progress has been towards the east.

Various hypotheses have been proposed, explanatory of these magnetic phenomena, but the facts hitherto *ascertained* are too few to establish any theory on a certain basis. A very great difficulty is presented by the local attraction caused by the irregular form and consistence of the globe itself, which is so great that the compass does not turn to precisely the same leading point in any two places in the world. Another obstacle to those exact observations which are necessary to arrive at the truth is, that many must necessarily be taken on shipboard; and these are liable to error, from several causes.

One object of the expedition recently sent out under Captain J. C. Ross, is the establishment of permanent magnetic observatories at different points, where a series of well-conducted experiments may, it is hoped, ultimately establish such facts as may lead to a satisfactory solution of the great question of the cause of the variation of the compass.

Our correspondent may not be aware that, besides the annual variation, there is also a diurnal one, on which, for a series of years, very interesting observations have been made by Colonel Beaufoy, and published in the "Philosophical Transactions." This seldom exceeds 15′ in the course of the day, and appears to be caused by the action of the sun, and to be dependent on the relative position of that body with the magnetic meridian. It commences early in the morning, moving westward, returning in the evening, and remaining nearly stationary at night. It is greatest in June and August, and least in July and December.

BURNTISLAND.—"A constant reader and admirer of the 'London Saturday Journal' would be happy if, through the medium of the above-mentioned periodical, you could inform him what the mottoes were that were borne or inscribed upon the Roman and Grecian standards."

The invention of standards began among the Egyptians, who bore an animal at the end of a spear; but among the Græco-Egyptians, the standards either resemble at top a round-headed table-knife, or an expanded semicircular fan. Among the earlier Greeks, it was a piece of armour at the end of a spear; though Agamemnon, in Homer, uses a purple veil to rally his men, &c. Afterwards the Athenians bore the olive and owl; the other nations the effigies of their tutelary gods, or their particular symbols, at the end of a spear. The Corinthians carried a Pegasus; the Messenians their initial M, and the Lacedemonians Λ. Dr. Meyrick gives the following account of the Roman standards:—

"Each century, or at least each maniple of troops, had its proper standard and standard-bearer. This was originally merely a bundle of hay on the top of a pole; afterwards a spear with a cross piece of wood on the top, sometimes the figure of a hand above—probably in allusion to the word *manipulus*, a handful—and below a small round or oval shield, generally of silver or of gold. On this metal plate were anciently represented the warlike deities, Mars or Minerva; but after the extinction of the Commonwealth, the effigies of the emperors or their favourites. It was on this account that the standards were called Numina Legionum, 'the Gods of the Legions,' and held in religious veneration. The standards of different divisions had certain letters inscribed on them, to distinguish the one from the other. The standard of a legion, according to Dio, was a silver eagle with expanded wings, on the top of a spear, sometimes holding a thunderbolt in its claws; hence the word Aquila was used to signify a legion.

The place for this standard was near the general, almost in the centre. Before the time of Marius, figures of other animals were used, and it was then carried in front of the first maniple of the Triarii. The *Vexillum*, or flag of the cavalry (that of the infantry being called *Signum*), was, according to Livy, a square piece of cloth, fixed to a cross-bar on the end of a spear. The Labarum, borrowed by the Greek emperors from the Celtic tribes, by whom it was called Llab, was similar to this. The Dragon was also used as a standard by the Romans, who borrowed it from the Dacians. It may be seen represented on the Trajan Column and the Arch of Titus, at Rome. Vegetius mentions *Pinnæ*—perhaps aigrettes of feathers of different colours, intended for signals or rallying-points. Animals fixed upon plinths, with holes through them, are frequently found; they were ensigns intended to be placed on the end of spears. Ensigns upon colonial coins, if accompanied by the name of the legion—but not otherwise,—show that the colony was founded by the veterans of that legion."

PAISLEY.—"Are the Jews allowed to possess land, and enjoy all the privileges of other citizens in the United States of America?"—Yes. A Jew born in the United States *may* become President of the republic.

All Letters intended to be answered in the LITERARY LETTER-BOX are to be addressed to "THE EDITOR of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL," and delivered FREE, at 113, Fleet-street.

RESEMBLANCE OF THE DANISH LANGUAGE TO THE LOWLAND SCOTCH.

The modern Danish appears to be directly sprung from the Norse, or ancient Danish language. The resemblance which many Danish phrases bear to broad Scotch is very striking. A native of Angusshire, who has long resided in Denmark, told us that when he first settled at Copenhagen he made a very liberal use of his native dialect, and always found that good Scotch made bad (that is, intelligible) Danish. The sound of Danish, as spoken by all classes, is exceedingly like that which characterises the Scotch of the lower classes of Edinburgh.—*Bremner's Denmark.*

CRITICISM.

Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst, the cant of criticism is most tormenting! I would go fifty miles on foot—for I have not a horse worth riding on—to kiss the hand of that man whose generous heart will give the reins of his imagination into his author's hands,—be pleased, he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.—*Sterne.*

DANGER.

"Think there's any danger, Mister Meanaggeary-man, from that boy-contractor?"—"Oh, no," said the man; "the sarpent don't bite, he swallows his vittals whole."—*Yankee Miscellany.*

LACONICS.

Is there any station so happy as an unconnected place in a small community, where manners are simple, where wants are few, where respect is the tribute of probity, and love is the guerdon of beneficence?—*Landor.*

It is more honourable to the head as well as the heart, to be misled by our eagerness in the pursuit of truth, than to be safe from blundering by contempt of it.—*Coleridge.*

When an insect dips into the surface of a stream, it forms a circle round it, which catches a quick radiance from sun or moon, while the stiller water on either side flows without any: in like manner, a small politician may attract the notice of the king or the people, by putting into motion the pliant element around him; while quieter men pass utterly away, leaving not even this weak expression, this momentary sparkle.—*Landor.*

We must get at the kernel of pleasure through the dry and hard husk of truth.—*Hazlitt.*

Absence is the invisible and incorporeal mother of ideal beauty.—*Landor.*

There are proud men of so much delicacy, that it almost conceals their ride, and certainly excuses it.—*Landor.*

The fault of the old English writers was, that they were too prone to unlock the secrets of nature with the key of learning, and often to substitute authority in the place of argument.—*Hazlitt.*

Imagination is little less strong in our later years than in our earlier. True, it alights on fewer objects; but it rests longer on them, and sees them better.—*Landor.*

The height of all philosophy, both natural and moral, is to know thyself; and the end of this knowledge is to know God.—*Quarles.*

A conversation with a young Irishman of good natural abilities (and among no race of men are those abilities more general) is like a forest walk; in which, while you are delighted with the healthy fresh air and the green unbroken turf, you must stop at every twentieth step to extricate yourself from a briar. You acknowledge that you have been amused, but that you rest willingly, and that you would rather not take the same walk on the morrow.—*Landor.*

A WARNING FOR TOURISTS IN "RHEINLAND."

YE tourists and travellers, bound to the Rhine,
Provided with passport, that requisite docket,
First listen to one little whisper of mine—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Don't wash or be shaved—go like hairy wild men,
Play dominoes, smoke, wear a cap, and smock-frock it;
But if you speak English, or look it, why then
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll sleep at great inns, in the smallest of beds,
Find charges as apt to mount up as a rocket,
With thirty per cent. as a tax on your heads—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll see old Cologne—not the sweetest of towns,—
Wherever you follow your nose, you will shock it;
And you'll pay your three dollars to look at three crowns:
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll count Seven Mountains, and see Roland's Eck,
Hear legends veracious as any by Crockett;
But, oh, to the tone of romance what a check!—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Old castles you'll see on the vine-covered hill;
Fine ruins to rivet the eye in its socket—
Once haunts of baronial banditti, and still
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll stop at Coblenz, with its beautiful views;
But make no long stay with your money to stock it:
Where Jews are all Germans, and Germans all Jews,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

A fortress you'll see, which, as people report,
Can never be captured, save famine should block it;
Ascend Ehrenbreitstein—but that's not their *forte*,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll see an old man, who'll let off an old gun,
And Lurley, with her hurly-burly, will mock it:
But think that the words of the echo thus run—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You'll gaze on the Rheingau, the soil of the vine!
Of course, you will freely Moselle it and Hock it;
P'rhaps purchase some pieces of Humbugheim wine—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Perchance you will take a frisk off to the baths,
Where some to their heads hold a pistol, and cock it;
But still mind the warning, wherever your paths,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

And friendships you'll swear, most eternal of pacts,
Change rings, and give hair to be put in a locket;
But still, in the most sentimental of acts,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

In short, if you visit that stream, or its shore,
Still keep at your elbow one caution to knock it;
And where Schinderhannes was robber of yore,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

HOOD'S "*Up the Rhine.*"

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CATLIN'S INDIAN GALLERY.

THERE are some, not unenlightened individuals, who still hesitate to admit the demonstrated fact, of races of creatures having flourished and become extinct before the appearance of man; and who, while disposed to believe in the pre-existence of the earth itself, feel a violence done to their sense of fitness or congruity in the idea that LIFE existed and perished in ages anterior to Adam. A little relief may be obtained from the strength of this prejudice, by directing the attention to the present state of things. Some races of creatures coeval with man have disappeared, and others are fast verging to extinction. The same causes which have rooted out the bear and the wolf from Britain must be expected, in due course of time, to narrow the field of existence for all the larger wild animals; and we may reasonably conclude, that many creatures familiar to us will be known only to future generations by name and description.

But we must confess that we share in the feeling of painful incongruity, when we turn our attention to the fact of the extinction of races of men. Believing that, notwithstanding the difficulties which attend the consideration, the whole human family form but one genus, and but one species; believing that the Creator has written perpetuity and increase upon the nature of man, so long as the present world is to endure; we turn away, with something like the bitterness of disappointment, from the idea that certain races of men—our "kinsmen according to the flesh"—are doomed to be blotted out of humanity's book of life. In various parts of the old world and the new—in Mexico, in Ireland, and in the United States—indications, palpable, plain, and yet mysterious, are found, of the existence of men in distant ages, of whom we know far less than we do of those wonderful creatures who lived on the earth before it was adapted for the habitation of our race. We only know this much, that men far more civilised than those who came after them have flourished in and disappeared from certain parts of the world, where their memorials are still to be found: but whence they came, and whither they went, and how civilisation should disappear before barbarism, are puzzles for the ingenuity of the learned and the wise.

Far easier is it, alas! for us to explain how barbarism disappears before advances of even an imperfect civilisation. Still, there is a difficulty here; for we have to explain how the negro flourishes under oppression, and how the red man of the American wilderness melts away, like snow in April, before the footsteps of white men, many of whom have been but a little more civilised than himself. By looking a little closer we may get over the difficulty. Instances are before our eyes that it has been *possible* to civilise the American Indian—to break him down from his wild habits into the orderly character of a settled being. Yet even here, though we might have preserved races from extinction, the *Indian* must have disappeared. The wild state, so often called the natural state of man, is wholly unnatural, and contains within it all the seeds of death. The civilised state, so often termed the *artificial*, is the true state of man, because it perpetuates him. By civilisation, we mean roads, cities, steam, gaslights, arts and sciences, paintings, printing, books, luxuries, &c.: by the wild or uncivilised state, we mean the forest, the hunter, the wild beast, the prairie, the tent in the wilderness, courage, acuteness, ingenuity, and endurance. The one cannot possibly exist within arm's reach of the other. Rude and imperfect is our civilisation, when compared with what it might be: rank weeds abound in the social state of all civilised communities, and in none more than in our own; but these arise, not from civilisation itself, but from its obstructions: and who, for one moment, would seriously prefer the uneasiness, the insecurity, the privation, and the reckless life of the noblest savage, with the comparative comfort which *may* be made to circulate around the poorest individual in this country?

These are the ideas which we consider naturally to arise from a visit to Mr. CATLIN's "Indian Gallery." In visiting it, indeed, the town-bred admirer of the freedom and grandeur of "savage life" might find somewhat, at first sight, to feed his sentimental fancies. Round the room, on the walls, are portraits of Indians, remarkable specimens of the true ANIMAL MAN; arrayed in their holiday dresses, tricked out in all the variety of savage fancy, and many of them as evidently and consciously "sitting for their portraits," as the most pedantic and affected superficialist of civilisation. With these we have many glimpses of the scenery and state of existence connected with "life in the wilds." The far-stretching prairie; the noble river, with its "reaches," and "bluffs," and water-floods; the shaggy bison, whose tremendous aspect makes him fearful, even in the stillness of a picture; the more terrible grisly bear; the Indian "at home," and the Indian "abroad;" with stirring hunting scenes, enough to rouse one's blood, and to make an unfledged adventurer long to dash away, and try one's skill and courage in an encounter with horned monsters, or even that "ugly creature" before whom the "strongest bull goes down."

But if ever we felt satisfied with London comforts and conveniences—if ever we felt soothed with London pavements, or happily resigned to the guardianship of London police, it was after a leisurely survey of "Catlin's Indian Gallery." One might be apt to say, that there is "a great gulf fixed" between savage and civilised existence; that the savage man and the civilised man cannot belong to the same stock of humanity. But pause a little ere you pronounce judgment: here are all the lineaments of MAN, but it is man in his natural freedom, and man (even the noblest specimens of wild men) in humiliation and degradation. Oh, give us civilisation!—the wild man, with all his courage, acuteness, energy, endurance, and strength, is but a mere brute beast; and city-bred man, even with all his city vices, city weaknesses, and city helplessness, rises immeasurably above him, whom some twaddling and poetic fools have pronounced to be the only true man, the lordly lord of the wilderness!

But some of our readers may think that we ought first to tell them something about this "Indian Gallery." Well, then, it is an exceedingly interesting exhibition, recently opened in London, of which we do not know that we can give a better general description than by quoting the characteristic preface to the "Catalogue:"

"I wish to inform the visitors to my Gallery, that having some years since become fully convinced of the rapid decline and certain extinction of the numerous tribes of the North American Indians, and seeing also the vast importance and value which a full *pictorial history* of these interesting but dying people might be to future ages, I set out alone, unaided and unadvised, resolved (if my life should be spared), by the aid of my brush and my pen, to rescue from oblivion so much of their primitive looks and customs as the industry and ardent enthusiasm of one lifetime could accomplish, and set them up in a Gallery, unique and imperishable, for the use and benefit of future ages.

"I have already devoted more than seven years of my life ex-

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clusively to the accomplishment of my design, and that with more than expected success.

"I have visited with great difficulty, and some hazard to life, forty-eight tribes, residing within the United States and British and Mexican territories; containing about 300,000 souls. I have seen them in their own villages, have carried my canvas and colours the whole way, and painted my portraits, &c. from the life, as they now stand and are seen in the Gallery.

"The collection contains (besides an immense number of costumes and other manufactures) 310 portraits of distinguished men and women of the different tribes, and 200 other paintings, descriptive of Indian countries, their villages, games, and customs; containing in all above 3000 figures.

"As this immense collection has been gathered, and every painting has been made from nature, *by my own hand*—and that, too, when I have been paddling my canoe, or leading my pack-horse, over and through trackless wilds, at the hazard of my life; the world will surely be kind and indulgent enough to receive and estimate them, as they have been intended, as true and fac-simile traces of individual and historical facts, and forgive me for their present unfinished and unstudied condition, as works of art.

"The entire collection is now arranged in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, covering the walls of a room 106 feet in length.

"GEO. CATLIN."

The collection is, indeed, an exceedingly interesting one, and of which Mr. Catlin has no small reason to be proud. Here stands, at full length, Red Jacket, the famous chief of the Senecas, "very great in council and in war," who died in 1831; there the no less redoubtable Black Hawk, with his sons, the Whirling Thunder and the Roaring Thunder, accompanied by distinguished warriors, who signalised themselves in the "Black Hawk war," carried on with the United States in 1832-3; John Ross, the chief of the semi-civilised Cherokees, "a civilised and well-educated man," whose coat, and neckcloth, and *humanised* aspect, appear to remove him quite out of the sphere of his brethren, skin-clad, painted, and feathered, with their much-prized necklaces of grisly bears' claws. Some of the female portraits are very striking; and, altogether, the names, looks, attitudes, &c. of these "*wild*" men and women are full of remarkable peculiarities.

One of the most painful ideas excited by gazing on these portraits and story-telling pictures, thus brought together, is the uncertainty of savage existence, and the ease with which it is extinguished. Here, now, is an instance. Look on these three men, and read what Mr. Catlin tells us was the cause of their deaths. "These three distinguished men were all killed in a private quarrel, while I was in the country, occasioned by my painting only *one half* of the face of the first; ridicule followed, and resort to fire-arms, in which that side of the face which I had left out was blown off in a few moments after I had finished the portrait; and sudden and violent revenge for the offence soon laid the other two in the dust, and imminently endangered my own life." Or here is another. Look at this man—on one side in all the savage dignity of an Indian warrior's garb, on the other in a smart colonel's uniform, and sporting an umbrella! What was his fate? "He was taken to Washington, in 1832, by Major Sanford, the Indian agent; after he went home he was condemned as a liar, and killed, in consequence of the *incredible* stories which he told of the whites!" Or this melancholy-looking young pair. "This boy and girl, who had been for several years prisoners among the Osages, were purchased by the Indian commissioner; the girl was sent home to her nation by the dragoons, and the boy was killed by a ram the day before we started. They were brother and sister." Or this shocking scene, which Mr. Catlin has termed the "Conqueror conquered." It is the pictorial memorial of a story, such as has been too common in the history of the Indians. One tall fellow steals upon two unsuspecting men, within stone-throw of their village, and *scalps* them. A third man saw the transaction, and rushes out, armed only with a knife; but the tall conqueror gets him down, and is about to add a third scalp to his fresh and reeking trophies. But the prostrate man, lying on his back, seizes the tuft of the conqueror, as he stoops over him, and the picture represents the scene at the moment when the conqueror is conquered!

The brief details which Mr. Catlin gives respecting the different tribes are also very painful. Take, for instance, this note on the Mandans:

"A small tribe of 2000 souls, living in two permanent villages on the Missouri, 1800 miles above its junction with the Mississippi. Earth-covered lodges, villages fortified by strong picquets eighteen feet high, and a ditch. This friendly and interesting tribe all perished by the smallpox and suicide, in 1837 (three years after I lived amongst them), excepting about forty, who have since been destroyed by their enemy, rendering the tribe entirely extinct, and their language lost, in the short space of a few months! The disease was carried amongst them by the traders, which destroyed, in six months, of different tribes, 25,000!" Or this, about the "Black Feet, a very warlike and hostile tribe of 50,000, including the Peaguns, Cotonnes, and Gros-ventres des Prairies, occupying the head-waters of the Missouri, extending a great way into the British territory on the north, and into the Rocky Mountains in the west. Rather low in stature, broad-chested, square-shouldered, richly clad, and well armed, living in skin-lodges; 12,000 of them destroyed by smallpox within the year 1838!" Or this, again, about the tribe of the "Sem-i-nó-lee (Runaways); 3000, occupying the peninsula of Florida, semi-civilised, partly agricultural. The government have succeeded in removing about one half of them to the Arkansas during the last four years, at the expense of 32,000,000 dollars, the lives of twenty-eight or thirty officers, and 600 soldiers."

Mr. Catlin's Gallery is, in truth, a record of existences, manners, and customs, which are disappearing almost as rapidly as if a flood had submerged the American continent, and swept away the beings of a former era. It exhibits, also, how utterly helpless the noblest forms of barbarism are, whenever they come in contact even with an imperfect and vicious civilisation; the wild man must either change his nature, or perish! And the existence of the brutes who share the vast wilds with their *fellow* man, is just as much exposed to waste and destruction. Look at this pair of pictures—"White wolves attacking a buffalo [bison] bull," and "ditto, ditto, a parley!" In one, the tremendous beast is tossing, goring, and trampling on his pack of assailants, in all the wild fury of his strength; in the other, they are grouped around him, howling for assistance, while he stands, exhausted, yet resting, and warily watching the slightest symptoms of a fresh onset. Wasteful, too, is savage man of the life, both of his fellow-men and his companion brutes. Here is a bison chase, where Mr. Catlin says he saw 300 of these noble animals killed in a few minutes, with arrows and lances only! In other pictures we have striking instances of the thoughtlessness of the Indian, in slaughtering the bison with reckless profusion, now killing them in great numbers for their skins, or leaving them to strew their blood and their bodies over the prairies.

We cannot quit Mr. Catlin's Gallery without noticing four pictures in gilt frames, illustrative of what he terms "Mandan Religious Ceremonies." These are at once so singular and so horrific, that while we can scarcely avoid describing them, no description can be available without the pictorial illustrations. They represent an annual ceremony, affirmed by Mr. Catlin to contain an actual "Mystery," representing the "Flood," and during which all the young men who were anxious to get their "savage diplomas," and rank amongst the warriors of their tribe, submitted to a process of "voluntary torture," the sight of which makes one's flesh to creep. They are seen suspended by splints passed through their flesh, and continue hung up till they faint; the little finger of the left hand is chopped off; and they are dragged through the dirt, until weights attached to their bodies are disengaged by tearing the flesh out! These torturing processes last through three days, during which dances are performed, &c., of one of which we shall copy Mr. Catlin's description:—

"To the strict observance of the Bull Dance they attribute the coming of buffalo to supply them with food during the season. This scene is exceedingly grotesque, and takes place several times in each day, outside of the lodge, and around the curb or 'Big Canoe,' whilst the young men still remain in the lodge, as seen in

the other picture: for this dance, however, the four sacks of water are brought out and beat upon, and the old medicine-man comes out and leans against the big canoe, with his medicine-pipe in his hand, and cries. The principal actors in this scene are eight men dancing the buffalo dance, with the skins of buffalo on them, and a bunch of green willows on their backs. There are many other figures whose offices are very curious and interesting, but which must be left for my Lectures, or notes, to describe. The black figure on the left they call O-kee-hee-de (the evil spirit), who enters the village from the prairie, alarming the women, who cry for assistance, and are relieved by the old medicine-man, and the evil spirit is at length disarmed of his lance, which is broken by the women, and he is driven by them in disgrace out of the village. The whole nation are present on this occasion, as spectators and actors in these strange scenes."

This "Big Canoe," which makes such a conspicuous figure in the above, is thus described, in the note in the Catalogue to the picture of the Mandan Village.

"In the middle of the village is an open area of 150 feet in diameter, in which their public games and festivals are held. In the centre of that is their 'big canoe,' a curb made of planks, which is an object of religious veneration. Over the Medicine (or mystery) Lodge are seen hanging, on the tops of poles, several sacrifices to the Great Spirit, of blue and black cloths, which have been bought at great prices, and there left to hang and decay."

A stout believer in the Jewish origin of the North American Indians would at once trace a connexion between this "big canoe" and the ark of the Israelites, which occupied the centre of their camp when in the wilderness. But, alas, the Mandans, as we have already mentioned, have been all swept away!

THE USEFUL FAMILY.

On removing, some time ago, to a new quarter of the town, where I was an entire stranger, one of my first businesses was to look out for a respectable grocer, with whom we might deal for family necessaries. With this object in view, I, one day, shortly after our settlement in our new domicile, sallied out on an exploratory expedition, through our own and some of the adjoining streets, in order, in the first place, to see what like the general run of shops in our neighbourhood were. The result of this tour was to narrow the matter of selection to three shops of respectable appearance; which of these, however, I should eventually patronise, I did not at the moment determine, as I always like to do things deliberately. This deliberation, then, rendered another tour of observation necessary.

On this second excursion, seeing nothing, even after a very careful survey, in the externals of either of the three shops to decide my final choice, I resolved, in the conceit of a pretty ready appreciation of character, on being guided by the result of a glance at the general personal appearances of the respective shopkeepers. On pretence, then, of examining a certain box of Turkey figs that lay in the window of one of the shops in question, I took a furtive peep of the gentleman behind the counter. I didn't like his looks at all; he was a thin, starved, hungry-looking fellow, with a long, sharp, red nose, and, I thought, altogether, a sort of person likely to do a little business in the short-weight way with those who dealt with him. I thought, too, from the glance I took of his head, that there was a deficiency in his bump of conscientiousness. Him, therefore, I struck off the list, and proceeded to the next.

This man was, in all personal respects, the very opposite of the other; he was a fat, gruff, savage-looking monster, from whom I did not think much civility was to be expected; nor did I like the act in which I found him, when I peeped through the window—this was throwing a loaded salt basket at the head of his apprentice. Probably it was deserved, but I did not like the choler it exhibited—so I passed on to the third. Here was a jolly, pleasant, matronly-looking woman for shopkeeper. I was taken with her appearance, so in I popped, and we soon came to an understanding. I opened negotiations by the purchase of a couple of pounds of tea, a proportionable quantity of sugar, and several other little odds and ends, for which I had a commission from my wife. We found the articles excellent, our worthy, jolly *groceress* civil and obliging; and all, therefore, so far as this went, was right.

The grocer, however, although a most convenient sort of personage, cannot supply all the wants of a family; there is another, still more essential, inasmuch as he is necessary not only to our comfort, but almost to our existence—the baker. We still wanted a baker; having hitherto bought our bread in a straggling sort of way. What we wanted, then, was a regular baker; and not knowing well where to look for one, we applied to our obliging groceress. The worthy woman seemed delighted with the inquiry—we wondered why; she thus solved the mystery. "Why, sir," she said, "my son's a baker: his shop is just a little further on. He will be very happy to supply you, and I undertake to warrant his giving you every satisfaction."

Well pleased to find that our little expenditure would—at least so far as the addition of bread went—be still kept in the family, we proceeded forthwith to the shop of the baker. It was a very respectable-looking one, and the baker himself a civil, obliging fellow; so we settled matters with him on the instant.

It was, I think, somewhere about three weeks after this, that our servant-girl brought, along with a quantity of butter for which she had been sent to Mrs. Aikenside's—the name, by the way, of our worthy groceress—a very handsome card, which ran thus:

"Miss Jane Aikenside begs to intimate to her friends and the public, that she has begun business in the millinery and dress-making line, and that every care and attention will be bestowed in the execution of all orders with which she may be favoured." At the bottom of the card—"Availing herself of this opportunity, Miss Mary Aikenside takes the liberty of announcing, that she continues to instruct young ladies in music, on the terms formerly advertised, namely, two guineas per quarter, of three lessons per week."

"Aikenside!" said I, on perusing the card; "who are they, these Misses Aikenside?"

"Relations of our grocer's, I dare say," said my wife. We inquired, and found they were her daughters.

"Very fortunate," said my wife; "I was just at a loss where I should go with the girls' new frocks and my own gown. We can't do better than give them to Mrs. Aikenside's daughters."

I thought so too, and, moreover, said so; but, being a matter not within my province, I interfered no further in it. My wife, however, lost no time in calling on Miss Aikenside, who carried on her business in her mother's house, which was immediately over the shop. The interview was satisfactory to both parties. My wife was much pleased with both the appearance and manners of Miss Aikenside, and with the specimens of work which she submitted. The children's frocks and the gown were, therefore, immediately put into her hands. The work was well done; my wife said she had not seen more accurate fits for a long time; so, from this date, Miss Aikenside got all our millinery to do.

The intercourse which this brought on between the female members of the two families afforded my wife and daughters an opportunity of hearing Miss Mary Aikenside's performances on the piano—for she, too, resided with her mother,—with which they were all delighted; she was, they said, an exquisite performer; my wife adding, that as it was now full time that our two eldest girls had begun music (of which, indeed, we had been thinking for some time previously), we might just send them at once to Miss Aikenside. I offered no objection, but, on the contrary, was very glad that we could yet further patronise the very respectable family whose services we had already found so useful; so to Miss Mary Aikenside our two daughters were immediately sent, to learn music; and very rapid progress they subsequently made under her tuition.

It was only now—that is, after my two girls had begun music with Miss Aikenside—that I began to perceive the oddity of the circumstance of having so many of our wants supplied by one

family; for I may as well add, the baker, who was unmarried, also lived with his mother. But this was an oddity to be rendered yet more remarkable.

"Mrs. Aikenside, my good lady," said I, on dropping one day into the shop, "you were good enough, besides furnishing us with what you dealt in yourself, to tell us where we could be supplied with what you did not deal in. You told us where to find a baker; now, can you tell us where we shall find a shoemaker—a respectable shoemaker?"

Mrs. Aikenside laughed. "My husband, sir," she said, "is a shoemaker, and will be much obliged to you for any employment you may be pleased to put in his way."

I now laughed too; for the idea was becoming, I thought, exceedingly amusing. "A shoemaker, is he?" said I; "that's odd, but fortunate too. Where is his shop? where does he work?"

"Oh, he has no shop, sir; shop-rents are so high. He works up-stairs in the house; he has a small room set apart for the purpose. Will you walk up and see him, sir, if you please?" she added, pointing to an inside stair, which conducted from the shop to the story above.

I did so; and found Mr. Aikenside, a very respectable-looking man, hard at work in the midst of two or three journeymen and apprentices. He had seen me several times in the shop before, so he knew me.

"Mr. Aikenside," said I, "I want a little work done in your way."

"Most happy to serve you, sir," said Mr. Aikenside.

"It is but a small matter, though—hardly worth your attention, I doubt; but better things will probably follow."

"Don't matter what it is, sir—don't matter how trifling. Glad and ready to do anything in my way, however small; always thankful for employment."

"Then, sir, we shall deal," said I. "There's a parcel of my youngsters' shoes at home that stand in need of repairing."

"Send them over, sir, and they shall be done to your satisfaction; or I'll send one of these lads for them directly."

Here was an active, prompt, thorough-going tradesman then—one who seemed to know what he was about, and who, I had no doubt, would do his work well; just, in short, such a man as I wanted.

I was altogether much pleased with the man, and could not help laughingly remarking to him the oddity of my finding so many of the wants of life supplied by one family. "There," said I, "is the grocer, the baker, the milliner, the teacher of music, and the shoemaker, all in one family—all living together."

"Ay, but you have forgot one—there's another still to add," said Mr. Aikenside, appreciating the humour of the thing. "We can furnish you with a tailor, too; and as good a hand, I will say it, though he be my own son, as any in town, be the other who he may."

"Bless my soul, a tailor too!" said I; "where is this to end? Pray, where does he hang out?"

"Why, sir, in the next room;" and he went to the door, and called out, "Jim, Jim, I say, come here a moment."

Jim came—a smart, and, although in the loose deshabille of his calling, genteel-looking lad.

"Here," continued Mr. Aikenside, addressing his son—"here is a gentleman, who doesn't say he wants anything in your way just now, but who may, probably, do so by and by."

Jim bowed politely, and not ungracefully, and saying he would be proud of any little share of my employment which I should think fit to afford him, put a handsomely embossed card into my hand, with his name and other particulars relative to his business.

The children's shoes were sent to the father; they were promptly and well done, and the consequence was, that we henceforth employed him both to make and mend for us.

The experiment of a suit for one of my boys was soon after made of the son's skill as a workman; it was satisfactory—more than satisfactory. He, therefore, was instantly dubbed our tailor, and from this time given all our work, both old and new.

So, good reader, there we are. This single family of the Aikensides, one way and another, get at least three-fourths of our entire income; and right welcome are they to it, for they give full and fair value in return.

GOLDSMITH.

THE wretched post of usher to an academy was at one time his refuge from actual starving. Unquestionably, his description was founded on personal recollection where he says, "I was up early and late; I was browbeat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to seek civility abroad." This state of slavery he underwent at Peckham Academy, and had such bitter recollection thereof as to be offended at the slightest allusion to it. An acquaintance happening to use the proverbial phrase, "Oh, that is all holiday at Peckham," Goldsmith reddened, and asked if he meant to affront him. From this miserable condition he escaped with difficulty to that of journeyman, or rather shop-porter, to a chemist in Fish-street-hill; in whose service he was recognised by Dr. Sleigh, his countryman and fellow-student at Edinburgh, who, to his eternal honour, relieved Oliver Goldsmith from this state of slavish degradation. The person and features of Dr. Goldsmith were rather unfavourable: he was a short, stout man, with a round face much marked with the small-pox, and a low forehead, which is represented as projecting in a singular manner. Yet these ordinary features were marked by a strong expression of reflection and of observation.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

DERBY FOOT-BALL, ON SHROVE-TUESDAY.

"Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather,
And if by mischance you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,
And life itself is but a *game at foot-ball.*

"And when it is over, we'll drink a blithe measure
To each laird and each lady that witness'd our fun,
And to ev'ry blithe heart that took part in our pleasure—
To the *lads* that have *lost*, and the *lads* that have *won.*"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ONE of the most popular amusements of Derbyshire, on Shrove Tuesday, is the athletic game of foot-ball; a game which lays fast hold of the affections of the Peakrill, and is followed with enthusiasm by every man who can pronounce the Shibboleth of his country, the name of Darran.

As played in the northern, and in fact in the greater, part of Derbyshire, foot-ball resembles the pastime of the same name in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the adjoining counties; that is, two sides are formed of the players, who adjourn to some large open field, mark out the distance of the *goals* of the respective parties, and producing a leather ball, filled up plump and rendered elastic by an inflated bladder, each player endeavours, by kicking it with his foot, to impel it to the goal of his own party, which is as obstinately resisted by the players of the other side, till, after a succession of kicks and bruises, of tugs, of wrestlings, and of falls, frequently lasting for many hours, one of the contending parties drives the ball through the opening, and becomes the victor of the day. This is a slight sketch of the common game of foot-ball, as it is most generally played; but in Derby (the county-town), and in Ashbourne (thirteen miles distant), this game assumes a very different character.

The inhabitants of Derby are born *foot-ball players*;—the game seems interwoven with their existence; they have drunk it with their mothers' milk, and it animates them through their lives. Enthusiasm is but a cold word for their attachment to it; on Shrove Tuesday it is a passion irresistible, which bears down before it every obstacle, and defies the law, the magistracy, the police. Nor is it confined alone to the lower classes—the gentry, the respectable tradesmen, have all, in some part of their lives, been foot-ball players; and they encourage it now by their countenance and their subscriptions; they remember their own feats, and they view with pleasure the exertions of their successors. Young and old, matrons and maids, are alike transported with its delights, and "All Saints'" and "St. Peter's" are the war-cries of the day.

The game is a contest betwixt two of the five parishes of Derby,

St. Peter's and All Saints'; the former joined by St. Werburgh's and St. Michael's, the latter by the remaining parish of St. Alkmund; and both reinforced by volunteers from various villages in the surrounding country. All Saints' has its goal at an extremity of the town nearly a mile from the market-place, in the dam of the Nunnery Mill; St. Peter's at another extremity at nearly the same distance, on the precise spot of ground where, before the introduction of the New Drop, formerly stood the gallows; both, some twenty years ago, completely in the country, but now considerably within the boundaries of the new-built town. The ball, an enormous sphere of leather, stuffed with shavings, is dropped—none knows from whence—in the market-place, exactly as the town-hall clock strikes two, amidst an assembly of many thousands, so closely wedged together as scarcely to admit of any locomotion. The principal players form a body in the centre of the crowd, and are distinguishable by being stripped to their shirts, and, instead of wearing hats or caps, having in general their heads bound round with handkerchiefs of various colours; but as no particular badge is worn, a stranger finds it difficult, if not impossible, to form a satisfactory idea of the conflicting parties; a Derby eye alone can point out a St. Peter's or an All Saints' man.

The ball, on being let fall, is not struck at or kicked with the foot, but is, as soon as possible, picked up by one of the players, who, if he can, passes it immediately to his associates; this, however, is opposed by his adversaries, who endeavour to take the ball away. And now commences the interest of the game; one party resolves to keep possession, the other to become master of the prize; their hands are elevated above their heads, their palms open towards the centre, ready to receive the ball in its passage; and the shouts of "St. Peter's!" "All Saints'!" the clapping of hands, the cheers, the waving of handkerchiefs and encouraging motions from the upper windows and roofs of the surrounding houses, is altogether such a display of interest and enthusiasm as is rarely witnessed, even at a horse-race; the excitement of an election, even at the closing of the poll, is apathy compared to it; the existence of the town might be depending on the issue of the contest.

It should have been premised, that on this afternoon all business is at a stand, and every shop shut up, and the lower windows of every house in those streets where there is a probability of the ball being taken are all closed; entrance-gates are fastened, gardens barricadoed, and every method taken to secure property; for foot-ball is lawless, and its partisans acknowledge no barrier which cannot resist their united force! Houses become public roads when they offer a nearer way to meet the ball; and no one grumbles, no one scolds! Each feels an interest in the game, and each gives every assistance to his favourite parish.

The intent is to convey the ball, spite of all obstructions, to one of the goals; walls must be scaled, fences removed, gates broken down, rivers forded or swum across—everything must give way to this important point! It is a complete trial of strength in each party—the one to make way, the other to prevent it; every nerve is strained to the utmost, every exertion made to facilitate or retard progression. The pressure is immense, but systematic; Derby men, from long experience, well knowing how to improve human power, either in resisting or aiding the density of a concentrated crowd.

After a struggle of perhaps an hour, the ball is carried or forced from the market-place, but not before many of the antagonists are reduced to all but a state of perfect nudity, and some put *hors de combat*, by the dislocation of a limb, the breaking of a bone, or the trampling of the crowd. It is now forced on the street, till coming to St. Peter's bridge, it is thrown over the parapet into the Martin-brook*, where, in expectation of such an occurrence, a swarm of players from both the contending parties are standing breast-high in the water, in readiness to seize it. A Peter's man has got it! See! he swims with it under the arch, and carries it along the culvert, pursued by a host of opponents, chin-deep in water, towards the Derwent! Alas, he cannot reach it! The opposing party have met him at the outlet, have driven the ball into the rolling-mill yard, have closed the gates upon their adversaries, and begin to rejoice in the prospect of a speedy victory. These hopes, however, are fallacious! St. Peter's men scale the walls, force the gates off their ponderous hinges, and dripping with the half-frozen water from the culvert, renew the contest in the inclosed court. These strive to gain the river, those to take the ball back into the town. It is now on an islet, guarded by two Peter's men, divested of every article of clothing, but so wrapped up in their devotion to the game as to be perfectly unconscious of their appearance and situation; while two others, nearly naked, lie upon and secure it, till an opportunity offers for removing it with safety. It is again in the water; another bridge is dived under, and the poor ball, with two or three scores of its followers, is now in the middle of the Derwent!

* This brook is now covered by a new culvert, and forms a wide street.

Thus is the contest kept up, till darkness puts a period to the struggle; the players become exhausted, the opposition more and more feeble; reinforcements arrive, the contenders assume new life, the game recommences, and the ball is finally taken to the goal. St. Peter's, this year, is the winning party, and the church-bells announce the conquest. He who had the honour of last delivering the ball is the champion of the night, and, mounted on the shoulders of two of his friends, with another before him carrying the ball, he is borne in procession from house to house, soliciting a something from every inmate for a "poor St. Peter's lad!"

Happy would it be for the town if this trial of skill and strength could be carried on without accidents, but life and limb are too often in jeopardy in every annual encounter; yet so infatuated are the players, that a life lost or a limb fractured is passed by almost unnoticed. On Shrove-Tuesday, 1835, one young man was taken out of the crowd to the surgeon's, with a dislocated shoulder; it was with great exertion, and on his part with the most intense suffering, replaced, and he resumed his play as if nothing had occurred. Another was nearly trampled to death; and numbers, by suddenly plunging, when violently heated, into the almost frozen river, on one of the roughest and coldest of winter-days, caught such colds as will leave their visible effects for every succeeding year of life.

Such is the Derby foot-ball play! It is much censured, and it is also as highly commended. The title by which it is held can only be *prescription*, and prescription can never legalise a riot. Be this as it may, it is still practised, without any effectual interference of the municipal authorities to put it down; in fact, every member of the borough, from his worship the mayor to the lowest burgess, is or has been a foot-ball player; and it would seem ill-natured to prohibit the present generation what in bygone years has afforded them a high gratification.

Of the origin of this singular pastime we can do nothing more than form conjectures. No one can remember its commencement; it has been the amusement of our ancestors in those times of which we have no account. It is undoubtedly the remains of one of those hardy sports which formed the solace of our early progenitors, and improved their strength, their agility and address; and this may be said in its favour, that even at the present day it is entered into without mercenary motives, and carried on without any quarrel—the sole object being the honour of beating the competitor, and carrying away the ball. Something of the kind was formerly practised in the city of Chester, by the shoemakers and drapers; but in 1540 it was abolished, and a foot-race on the Roodee, on every succeeding Shrove-Tuesday, established in its stead.

The game to which this foot-ball makes the nearest approach is that formerly played in Wales, under the name of Knappan; but knappan seems to have been a much more noble amusement—one part of the players being mounted on fleet and active horses, and having for the theatre of contention an extensive open country.

This foot-ball is not confined to Shrove-Tuesday alone; it is also played on the following day, but generally by a younger set, the aspirants for future fame; and at Ashbourne the same rule is observed, the contending parties, as at Derby, being the representatives of two particular parishes.

THE HAMMER.

The principle of the permanence of the force of communicated motion, so far as any cause within the moving body itself is concerned—that is, of its absolute permanence—except in so far as it is counteracted by some external and opposite force, whilst it lies at the very foundation of all just views of the theory, is sufficiently shown, by many examples, to be a most important element in the practice of mechanics. What is it, in fact, but this which constitutes the giant force of impact, and makes the hammer a weapon more powerful than any other—irresistible—in moulding and submitting the various objects around him to the uses and purposes of man? There is no machine comparable to the hammer. The force of heat, indeed, insinuates itself between the pores and interstices of bodies, and operating there separately

upon their particles, breaks them up in detail; but the hammer encounters the accumulated force of their cohesion and overcomes it. The hardest rocks and the most unyielding metals submit to it. If man reigns over inanimate matter, shapes out the face of the earth to his use or to his humour, and puts the impress of his skill and his labour upon the whole face of nature, it is chiefly with the aid which this mighty force of impact gives him. It is this that clears away for him the trees of the forest—that shapes for him the materials of his dwelling—that beats out for him the instruments of tillage—that digs and hoes up the earth—that, after having cut for him his corn, threshes it, and crushes it into flour—that tames for him his cattle, shapes and binds together his wagons and carts, and makes his roads: in short, there is no use of society for which this force of impact does not labour, and there is no operation of it which does not manifest this tendency of communicated force of motion to permanence. Were there no tendency to permanence in the force of motion which his hammer acquires in its descent, its power on the substance which the artificer seeks to shape out would only be the same as though he were to lay it gently down upon it; its impact would be no greater force than the pressure of its weight. So far, however, is this from being the case, that, as it is well known to the workman, a slight blow from the lightest hammer is sufficient to abrade a surface, which the direct pressure of a ton weight would not make to yield. There is no force in nature comparable to that of impact.—*Moseley's Illustrations of Science.*

HUNGARY AND TRANSYLVANIA *.

By referring to the map of Europe, the reader will better understand the importance and value of the two volumes whose title we have given below, and be led to take an interest in their subject. It is, indeed, somewhat humiliating that we, in Britain, know so little about a portion of Europe whose past history, confused as it may be, is frequently of the most exciting nature, and whose present condition and prospects are of great importance to the politician, the merchant, and all who care about the progress and improvement of their fellow-men. "Our ignorance," says Mr. Paget, "of Hungary is bitterly complained of by the Hungarians. 'You are more interested in England about the cause of the South Sea Islands than about us Protestant constitutional Hungarians; you know more of the negroes in the interior of Africa than you do of a nation in the East of Europe.' 'This is undoubtedly true, but how can we help it?' was my answer. 'Neither your newspapers nor those of Germany dare give us any information on your politics; for if they do, they know that their Austrian circulation is lost, as they are stopped at the frontiers; and besides the difficulties of travelling in the country, it is by no means easy to procure a passport at Vienna for that purpose.' We both regretted that, between two nations who had each so much that the other required, such mutual ignorance should prevail, and we could only hope that steam-navigation would break down the barrier which had hitherto been found insurmountable."

Contrast our ignorance of Hungary with the interest felt about us in the minds of intelligent Hungarians.

"Bulwer's 'England and the English' is known everywhere, and Pückler Muskau has helped to spread an acquaintance with our manners. For politics, the *Allgemeine Zeitung* is the authority. It is wonderful how eagerly every one asks for information about our parliament; and I could not help thinking that if some of the honourable members who occasionally make such melancholy exhibitions there, could guess how far and wide their reputation is spread, they would sometimes think twice before they speak. Many seemed to think that the House of Commons must needs be the favourite resort of every one; and I have heard young men declare, that they would toil and slave a life-long for the pleasure of once seeing, and hearing the debates of that house. Not a single great name in either chamber but was familiar to our host. How did Lord Grey look? What would the Duke of Wellington do? How could Peel hold with the ultra-Tories? Was O'Connell an honest man? Did Stanley really believe all he talked about church property?

"The name of O'Connell, throughout all Hungary, we found a watchword among the liberal Catholics, and many were the questions we were asked about his eloquence, talent, and appearance. He seems to be considered a living testimony that Catholicism and even ultra-liberalism are by no means inconsistent."

Nay, more, the very Jews in Hungary—*one*, at all events—know something about us.

"While we were waiting," says Mr. Paget, "for fresh horses before the little '*Juden knipe*,'—for by this contemptuous epithet, answering to 'Jew's pot-house,' Stephan always designated an inn kept by a Jew,—at the station next Tyerhova, one of the tribe of Israel came up and asked us if we would like to see some curious rocks, only a quarter of an hour from the village. As we followed him to the spot, he asked those questions as to where we came from, what we were doing, and whither we were going, so common in most countries except our own, where they are avoided, as though every one was doing something of which he was ashamed, and which he desired to conceal. On hearing that we were English, he asked very earnestly if one Walter Scott was yet living, and expressed the greatest regret when he learnt his death. Surprised at such a sentiment from such a man, and suspecting some mistake, I inquired what he knew of Scott; when he pulled from his pocket a well-thumbed German translation of Ivanhoe,—the very romance of persecuted Judaism,—and assured me he had read that and many others of his works with great pleasure. I do not know that I ever felt more strongly the universal power of genius than when I found the bard of Scotland worshipped by a poor Jew in the mountains of Hungary."

Hungary, then, is a portion of that extensive country which, in past history, has been the "border" or "debateable land" of Europe; the nursery of swarms of hardy barbarians who tried the arms and skill of the most active of Roman emperors, and more than once made imperial Rome tremble; and which is memorable in the history of the great struggle between Christianity and Mohammedanism, during that period when the Turkish power, in its strength, seemed destined to subvert Europe. This extent of country may be considered as lying between Turkey, Austria proper, Russia and Poland, and as stretching from the Adriatic to the Black Sea. It belongs to Turkey, Russia, and Austria; the latter empire containing Hungary, and Transylvania, the subjects of the volumes before us. The Danube, on its way to the Black Sea, flows through the heart of Hungary, thus giving a rich and fertile country the benefits which may be derived from the use of a noble river, and on which steam is now in active operation.

Politically considered, Hungary stands somewhat in the same relation to the arbitrary power of Austria, that Ireland did to Britain before the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act. It was finally delivered from the Turkish yoke about the beginning of the eighteenth century; but though united to Austria, it still considers itself as an independent kingdom, having a constitution which the Hungarians regard with jealous attachment, and laws and privileges, the operation of which has been, and still continue, a source of great trouble and offence to the Austrian court. "The crown of St. Stephen" is preserved with religious care. "It is almost impossible for a foreigner to conceive with how deep a veneration the Hungarians regard this crown as an emblem of national sovereignty, and its removal was considered, as indeed it was intended, to be a mark of the reduction of Hungary to the state of an Austrian province. Pope Sylvester II. sent the crown to Stephen, first King of Hungary, in the year 1000, on the establishment of Christianity in the country, whence it has received the title of 'Holy and Apostolic Crown.' It has at various times been seized by usurpers to the throne, been hidden for years, removed to foreign countries, but always eventually brought back, and more proudly regarded than ever. It is now placed in the castle of Buda; two of the highest nobles of the land are appointed its guardians; and it is watched and guarded with even more care than the holiest of relics. The reign of Joseph II. is, by Hungarians, regarded as a kind of interregnum, because he never placed this crown on his head.

"From the æra of the conquest of the country the Hungarian nobles claim to date the origin of their rights and privileges; but the legal act by which they were secured, and by the terms of which the present monarch at his coronation swore to maintain them, was executed in 1222.

"The English reader can scarcely fail to be struck by the

* Hungary and Transylvania: with Remarks on their Condition, Social, Political and Economical. By John Paget, Esq. With numerous illustrations from sketches by Mr. Hering. London, John Murray. 1839.

singular coincidence of two countries, so far apart as England and Hungary, having obtained, within seven years of each other,—the English in 1215, the Hungarians in 1222,—through the weakness of their monarchs, the great charters of their liberties. Nor, if he looks a little further, will he be less surprised to find that at that time the Hungarians were equal to, if not before us, in enlightened notions of personal freedom, of civil right, and of political privilege. It would be out of our province to investigate the causes which have produced the different results which we observe at the present moment; but I suspect a fair estimate of them would give us little cause for the indulgence of national vanity. The accident of geographical position has often worked mighty results in our favour and against the Hungarians."

Having thus got a glimpse of Hungary, we may now accompany Mr. Paget from Vienna.

"It was about the middle of June 1835, that we shook the dust of Vienna from our feet, and bent our steps towards the confines of Hungary. Full of the hope of adventure, with which the idea of entering a country familiar only in history or romance fills even older heads than ours, we had been for some days impatient at the dull delays of the Austrian police, and were commensurately rejoiced at their termination, and the actual commencement of our journey.

"The reader would certainly laugh, as I have often done since, did I tell him one half the foolish tales the good Viennese told us of the country we were about to visit. No roads! no inns! no police! we must sleep on the ground, eat where we could, and be ready to defend our purses and our lives at every moment! In full credence of these reports, we provided ourselves most plentifully with arms, which were carefully loaded, and placed ready for immediate use; for as we heard that nothing but fighting would carry us through, we determined to put the best face we could on the matter. It may, however, ease the reader's mind to know that no occasion to shoot anything more formidable than a partridge or a hare ever presented itself; and that we finished our journey with the full conviction that travelling in Hungary was just as safe as travelling in England.

"Why or wherefore, I know not, but nothing can exceed the horror with which a true Austrian regards both Hungary and its inhabitants. I have sometimes suspected that the bugbear with which a Vienna mother frightens her squaller to sleep, must be an Hungarian bugbear; for in no other way can I account for the inbred and absurd fear which they entertain for such near neighbours. It is true, the Hungarians do sometimes talk about liberty, constitutional rights, and other such terrible things, to which no well-disposed ears should ever be open, and to which the ears of the Viennese are religiously closed. Worthy people! How satisfied must the old emperor, *der gute Franzel*, have been with you! When a certain professor once remonstrated with him on the censorship of the press, and represented it as the certain means of checking the genius of his people, he was answered, 'I don't want learned subjects—I want good subjects.' As regards the first part of his wish no man had more reason to be contented than the late Emperor of Austria; for a more unintellectual, eating and drinking, dancing and music-loving people do not exist, than the good people of Vienna As long as they can eat *gebackene Hendel* at the Sperl, or dance in the Augarten, and listen to the immortal Strauss, as he stamps and fiddles before the best waltz-band in Europe, so long will they willingly close their ears to all such wicked discourses; and, despite the speculations of philosophers or the harangues of patriots, nothing will ever induce them to desire a change.

"The reader must not imagine that he is about to visit one people on entering Hungary, but rather a collection of many races, united by geographical position, and other circumstances, into one nation, but which still preserve all their original peculiarities of language, dress, religion, and manners. The Magyars *, or Hungarians proper, the dominant race, and to whom the land may be said to belong, do not amount to more than three millions and a half out of the ten millions at which the whole population is estimated. The Sclavacks may be reckoned at two millions; other members of the Sclavish race, but differing in religion and dialect, at two and a half; the rest of the population, being made up of Wallacks, Jews, Germans, Gipsies, &c. There is scarcely less difference of religion than of origin in this motley population. The Catholics are predominant, as well in number as in power; but the two sects of Protestants, the Lutherans and Calvinists, and the members of the Greek church, both united and non-united, are numerous, and enjoy nearly the same rights as the Catholics. The Jews are tolerated on the payment of a tax, but cannot exercise any political functions."

* It may be as well to remark at once, that the word Magyar should be pronounced Möd-yör.

The Danube enters Hungary at Presburg; and in this city the sittings of the Diet—the Hungarian Parliament—are held, on account of its proximity to Vienna. But the Hungarians are anxious for its sittings being held in Pest, or rather Buda-Pest; for these two cities, lying opposite each other, on both sides of the Danube, must be considered as one city, the capital of Hungary. Let us therefore descend the river, and endeavour to "discover" it, like that "learned countryman of ours," of whom Mr. Paget so pleasantly tells us.

"I believe," says he, "I must say something as to the whereabouts of the place, more especially as it was only this spring that a learned countryman of ours, whom spleen or the fidgets had driven so far from his usual haunts about Westminster Hall, declared with open eyes and gaping mouth that he had discovered Pest! Here was a city, Buda-Pest, of more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, of which this learned gentlemen was, up to the time of his visit, entirely ignorant.

"For one hundred and forty-five years did the Turks remain masters of Buda: yet almost the only evidences of their former dominion are some baths near the Danube, and the tomb of a saint; the former of which are still used by the Christians, and the latter is sometimes visited by a pious Moslem pilgrim. The Turkish baths, which are supplied by natural sulphur-springs, are small-vaulted rooms, with steps leading down to the bottom, along which the bathers lie at different depths. If I might judge from my feelings merely, I should say that the steam which arises from these springs is much hotter than the water itself; for, though it was quite painful to support the heat of the steam, the water appeared only moderately warm.

"It is not easy to imagine a more perfect contrast than is presented by the environs of Pest and Buda; the one, a bare sandy plain; the other, hill and valley, beautifully varied with rock and wood. Hitherto this romantic neighbourhood has been sadly neglected: but as the taste for the picturesque is extended, and the wealthy citizens of Pest begin to desire the imaginary importance conferred by landed possessions, and the real luxury of country-houses, the hills of Buda will be as well covered with suburban villas and mimic castles as Richmond or Hampstead. At present, the taste for the picturesque is, perhaps, as little felt in Hungary as in almost any country in Europe. The negligence with which the position of a house is commonly chosen, the absence of gardens and parks, or, if present, the bad taste with which they are laid out, and the carelessness with which they are kept, are strong evidence of this deficiency.

"The stillness of Buda contrasts very strongly with the active bustle of Pest. Buda is the residence of the bureaucracy of Hungary, and there is always about these gentry a certain sedateness of air, and not unfrequently a pompous vacancy of expression which has nothing analogous to the haughty look of the rich noble, or the quick glance of the enterprising merchant of Pest; and Buda seems to have caught the complexion of its inhabitants. The royal palace, occupied by the Palatine, the residence of the commander of the garrison, and the houses of two or three great families, give an air of dignity, but not of life, to the town: and as we walked round the ramparts, and admired its beautiful position, it was quite a relief that the establishment of a permanent bridge would soon restore to Buda its share of life and prosperity, of which its young and lusty rival seemed in danger of robbing it entirely.

"The railroad from Vienna through Raab to Buda, not dreamed of at the time of our visit, though now in active preparation, will do much to raise the importance of Buda still higher. Since 1836 no less than four or five lines of railroad traversing Hungary in every direction have been proposed, and some of them actually undertaken. The success of steam navigation has given a stimulus to enterprise and speculation in Hungary, from which the country will eventually reap a golden harvest.

"One hundred and fifty years ago, Pest, now so beautiful and flourishing, was a mere heap of ruins; its mud walls broken down, its houses destroyed, and its few inhabitants flying from the desolation around them. At that time, too, a Turkish Pasha sat in the fortress of Buda, and nearly half of Hungary was subject to his sway. In one hundred and fifty years, then, has this place

grown to its present size; from a miserable ruin, it has become one of the capitals of Europe! Nor does Pest owe its rise to the fiat of a monarch, who could raise a Potsdam or a Carlsruhe from the desert, but to the energy of the people and its own natural advantages. Situated nearly in the centre of one of the richest countries in the world, on the banks of a river which traverses more than half of Europe, surrounded by a population requiring a supply of almost every article of luxury from abroad, chosen by fashion as the metropolis, with a good climate, and capable of unlimited extent on every side, it requires but little sagacity to foresee a brilliant future for Buda-Pest. No one can wish its prosperity more sincerely than the author of these pages; for he believes that with it is closely associated the prosperity of all Hungary, and perhaps too the independence of the east of Europe."

Before quitting Buda-Pest, we must introduce our readers to one of the "noble spirits" of Hungary, Count Széchenyi.

"Count Széchenyi István is the third son of the founder and benefactor of the museum of Pest, a scion of the same house which produced two of the most distinguished archbishops of Hungary. For seventeen years Széchenyi served in the Austrian army; and it was not till the peace had rendered it an idle life, and removed all chance of distinction, that he determined to quit it. Perhaps, disgusted with the system of favouritism, or the personal enmity which had kept him down to the rank of captain; perhaps moved by that spirit of regeneration which, from the mountains of Transylvania, spread over the plains of Hungary, and was felt even at the gates of Vienna itself; or, it may be, warned that the freedom with which he had dared, under the influence of this spirit, in his place as an Hungarian Magnate, to address the upper chamber, was inconsistent with the uniform he wore;—such have been suggested as among the causes which may have driven him from the army, and which soon placed him in the foremost rank of Hungarian patriots.

"The leisure which he now enjoyed was occupied in foreign travel. England particularly fixed his notice. Our manners, our institutions, our commerce, were objects of his study, and offered him useful hints for the improvement of his native land. The causes which impeded the introduction of commerce in Hungary, and the great development of her natural resources which must result from their removal, first occupied his attention. At home, he found a government and people mutually distrustful. The Hungarians complained to him that foreign—so they called Austrian—jealousy and oppression were the sole causes of all their misfortunes; while, beyond the Carpathians, he heard his countrymen described as a tyrannical, ignorant, and turbulent nobility, the oppressors of a poor, idle, and slavish peasantry;—the one class who would not, the other who could not, effect anything for the common advantage of their country. On all sides, a reform in Hungary was declared impossible.

"Széchenyi was not to be turned from his object. His plan was cautiously laid down, and has been so far steadily followed up,—to labour incessantly at improvements, and to pursue such only as the strength of his means gave him a reasonable hope that with unwearied perseverance he might carry through. In common with others, he has always striven for the great objects of reform in the laws and institutions of the country, an extension of the rights of the lower classes, and a more equitable and just government; but his great and peculiar glory is in the path which he has marked out alone, and which, in spite of all obstacles, he still follows with the greatest success,—namely, the improvement of the material condition of Hungary.

"The system so long and so ably followed up, of Germanising Hungary, had succeeded to such a degree as to destroy, to a considerable extent, the feelings of nationality among the higher nobles: most of them were ignorant of the language; few of them took any interest in the affairs of Hungary, except in the preservation of their own privileges; and some even affected to despise their countrymen, because of a little outward rudeness, of which the absenteeism pursued by the more polished and wealthy was the main cause. Fortunately the well-wishers of Hungary knew how influential a principle the spirit of nationality is in the regeneration of a country; nor did they forget how strongly the language of one's childhood, with which man's earliest and dearest associations are connected, acts in exciting that spirit.

"The restoration of the Hungarian language was therefore the first object. Széchenyi himself, from disuse, was no longer master of it: he made himself so, and became one of the most influential in its diffusion. He was the first in the chamber of Magnates who spoke in Hungarian; till then Latin was always used in the debates, as, we have seen, it still is by the Palatine and by the court party. Few thought of reading Hungarian; still fewer, except some poets, of writing in it: Széchenyi published several political works in the language, and Hungarian authorship has become fashionable. Among men it is now the medium of conversation; at public dinners, toasts and speeches in German would not be listened to; and at Pest, whatever may be the case at Vienna, Hungarian gentlemen are now ashamed to be thought ignorant of the Hungarian language.

"The establishment of a society for the development of the Hungarian language was proposed by Széchenyi in the diet, and was, as usual, met by innumerable objections, of which the want of funds was the most cogent. 'I willingly contribute one year's income' (6000*l*.), said Széchenyi; 'I second it with 4000*l*.,' said Count Károlyi György: the example was catching, and 30,000*l*. were soon subscribed.

"I have some hesitation in speaking of the writings of Count Széchenyi, for I have never been able to master the difficulties of the language, and we all know that translations, even the best, convey but indifferently the spirit of the original. Many of his works, too, have not been translated, and of these I can only give the title-page. It would be, however, too great an omission not to speak of what has produced so great an effect; and I shall therefore give a short analysis (from the German translation) of his 'Hitel,' or 'Credit,' the work which has been most extensively read, and which has gained him the most fame.

"The 'Hitel' is an inquiry into the causes of the want of commercial credit in Hungary, with suggestions for their removal. In the introduction, Count Széchenyi attacks one of the great drawbacks on Hungarian progress,—the want of a common purpose, and a common opinion. 'All are anxious to build,' he writes, 'and every one at the same building; but unfortunately each wishes to lay his foundation-stone in a different spot, and begin his work in a different style. Many would like to commence in the middle, and some seem to think the best plan of building a house is to begin with the roof. Few set themselves to work at the foundation. 'Oh! if the Ludovica road in Croatia were but toll-free!' says one.—'Give me rather a suspension-bridge between Buda and Pest!' answers another.—'First of all, let us lay out a promenade along the banks of the Danube, and plant it with trees; and while they are growing up, we shall have time to'—'No, no; I say a Magyar theatre, and the Magyar language: that will keep up our nationality!'—'Ah!' says another, 'if our rich Magnates would only come and live at home, instead of spending all their money in foreign lands, and take a part in our county meetings!'—'Tut, man!' grumbles a neighbour, 'that's all nothing; if they would not bring those nasty foreign fashions into the country,—those shoes and stockings, instead of stout Magyar boots,—and those great hairy—how do they call them?—*colliers Grecs*, in which they hide their honest Magyar faces!'—'The paper-money is our ruin, friend!' observes one; 'if we could only get hold of Kremnitz ducats, and keep Hungarian gold and silver within the boundaries of Hungary; then—' 'Nay,' answers a second, 'but the salt-tax! if the salt-tax was but lower!' and so on to the end of the chapter. Every man believes his own plan so much the best and wisest, that, without it, no step can be made in the march of Hungarian improvement.'

"Others again, he adds, lay all the blame on government; others lament that Hungary's glory is past, and mourn the olden time. To all he answers, 'Seek what is practical, depend on yourselves for your reform, and keep well in mind that the star of Hungary's glory has yet to shine.'

"In Hungary, a want of unity between the different ranks of the nobility, an absence of a common feeling, and of something like a general opinion, have been long among the most acknowledged causes of inaction. Every class discusses apart the subject of immediate interest, forms its own opinion of public events, and its own plans for public reforms: the accordance which gives strength and force to action is wanting. This deficiency was universally acknowledged; but without a free press, and with a Diet sitting but rarely, and then at a distance from the capital and centre of the country, without reports of the debates, without even a national literature, and in the midst of the bitterest jealousies of caste and class, what remedy could be proposed? Széchenyi had seen the clubs in London; and with that singular talent, which he eminently possesses, of appropriating and adapting whatever he finds good in other countries to the wants and deficiencies of Hungary, he at once perceived how useful their organisation might be made to effect a greater purpose than that of serv-

ing as mere pride-protectors for poor gentlemen, or of furnishing the selfish enjoyment of the greatest luxury at the cheapest rate. A club, or—to avoid a name associated on the Continent with certain reminiscences of the French revolution—a Casino, while entirely free from any political scheme, would afford to all the upper classes an opportunity of meeting, and becoming better acquainted with each other's good qualities; it would harmonise and generalise opinions, and improve the manners and the tone of feeling, besides affording opportunities for reading all the journals of Europe—an advantage which few private individuals could command.

"At Pest, accordingly, a Casino was established on a most magnificent scale, as we shall see hereafter; and now no less than one hundred exist in different parts of Hungary and Transylvania.

"One of Széchenyi's favourite plans is the embellishment and aggrandisement of Pest. For this purpose he has laboured to have the Casino on so handsome a scale; to build a national Magyar theatre; and, more than all, to raise a permanent bridge between Pest and Buda. At present there is only a bridge of boats between the two towns, which is taken up during six months in the year; and the whole communication during that period is carried on by means of ferry-boats, or over the ice. At certain times, particularly during the freeze and thaw, not to speak of storms and fogs, this produces much inconvenience, and is often attended with great danger.

"To remove so great a drawback to the prosperity of the two cities, Széchenyi has proposed to build a bridge across the river, either of stone or iron as may appear best; and, as the width is only a quarter of a mile, it would not appear so difficult an undertaking. Of course, it was declared impossible: one said the Danube was too wide, another found it too deep, and a third declared that if the bridge was all finished, the first winter's ice would carry it away. English as well as German engineers have thought otherwise; and it is a certain fact, that Trajan's Bridge, three hundred miles lower down, stood firm enough till Hadrian destroyed it.

"These, however, were not the greatest impediments to be overcome. Count Széchenyi had a still greater object in view than the improvement of Pest in the building of this bridge; he proposed to teach the Hungarian nobles the advantage of paying taxes. The bridge was to be built by money raised in shares; the interest on which was to be paid by tolls, to which every one, noble or ignoble, should contribute. What! an Hungarian noble pay taxes? A hornet's nest is a feeble comparison to the buzz these gentlemen raised about Széchenyi's ears. It was no matter: he inveighed against them at the Diet, he wrote at them in the journals, he ridiculed them in private, and in the end he conquered them; a bill passed both chambers, by which the legal taxation of the nobles in the form of a bridge-toll was acknowledged. The Judex Curiæ shed tears on the occasion, and declared 'he would never pass that ill-fated bridge, from the erection of which he should date the downfall of the Hungarian nobility.'"

The construction of this "great work" has been entrusted to W. Tierney Clarke, Esq., and a view of it adorns Mr. Paget's second volume. But the exertions of this illustrious nobleman do not close their amount with the suspension-bridge.

"One of the greatest of Széchenyi's achievements is the steam navigation of the Danube. This is his own in idea and in accomplishment. It is now about six years since he first undertook the voyage from Pest to the Black Sea. A comfortable decked boat, a good cook, and a pleasant companion, with the means and appurtenances for shooting, fishing, sketching, and rowing, were not bad preparations against the fatigues and dangers to which he expected to be exposed. The comparative ease and safety of the navigation, the magnificence of the scenery, the size and importance of the tributary streams which poured their waters into the Danube, and the richness of the country on its banks, were secrets revealed to a mind which felt their full force, and happily knew how to employ them. Of course, the timid set him down as mad for undertaking such a journey; but when he returned and ventured to whisper the possibility of steam navigation, even his best friends shook their heads. 'Steam in Hungary! yes, indeed, in another century!' said those who never think the present the time for action. 'Steam, indeed, in the shallows and rapids of the Danube! No; if we must have steam, why not take the plains? Nature has laid them out for rail-roads,' said others, who oppose everything practicable by proposing something impracticable. Széchenyi let the first wait their time: to the second he recommended a speedy commencement of the rail-road, that the country might derive advantage from one, if not from both of their schemes.

"In pursuance of his own plan, Széchenyi went over again to England, studied carefully the principles of steam navigation; brought over English engineers; and, when at last certain of the practicability of the scheme, formed a company and purchased a steam boat. It was in October 1830 that the first steam-boat plied between Semlin and Pest; the communication is now complete from Vienna, and will soon be so from Ratisbon to Smyrna. Thirteen vessels are employed, and a number more building."

Here for the present we conclude; but in our next number we will draw still more upon the interesting volumes of Mr. Paget, and endeavour to complete our view of Hungary with a glimpse of Transylvania.

ALLIGATORS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

COUNTED thirty-nine alligators, all of which were lying close together in one extended line. Some of them were very large. It is really horrible to witness them devouring that large fish called the *bagre*, for which they lie in wait in the current and eddies of the river. They bring their huge jaws together upon their prey with a great noise and splashing, and then raise their heads out of the water in order to devour them, which occupies more time than would be expected in such a monster. Should they happen to seize upon the fish crosswise, they have great trouble in placing it in a straight position that they may swallow it; the blood running all the time over their hideous jaws. They sleep a great deal in the sun, with their mouths wide extended. Our boat would frequently get within an oar's length of one without waking it up; and at this short distance, once or twice I poured a whole cargo of duck-shot directly into his throat; but whether he survived or not, I could not determine, as it invariably got to the water again. When we were about half a league from Los dos Caños, we stopped for the night; the Bogas stretched their straw mats on a beautiful *playa* (sand-bar) of white sand. These mats, with their *toldas* over their heads, are the only beds they have. Moving around a large fire in the night, cooking their supper, with the white toldas raised around, they would form an excellent tableau for a painter. These fires are also essential for warding off the attacks of the tigers and other wild beasts, whose tracks are to be distinctly traced on every playa in the river. All night long the splashing of the *caymans* is to be heard as they pounce upon the unlucky fish; and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could pacify the women, and convince them of the impossibility of those animals reaching their heads above the gunwale and lugging them off.—*Steuart's Bogota.*

MANCHESTER MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

THIS institution was established in the year 1824, "for the purpose," as settled at a general meeting of the honorary members, held the 28th day of July in the same year, "of enabling mechanics and artisans, of whatever trade they may be, to become acquainted with such branches of science as are of practical application to the exercise of that trade; that they may possess a more thorough knowledge of their business, acquire a greater degree of skill in the practice of it, and be qualified to make improvements, and even new inventions, in the arts which they respectively profess."

At the commencement of its career of usefulness, a room was opened for the purpose of furthering its avowed objects. It was soon found, however, that it would be advisable, in order to attain the ends for which the institution was established, to provide a larger, more suitable, and convenient building. Accordingly it was determined that one should be erected; and we learn from a statement made December 24th, 1827, that it was completed at a cost of 7019*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.* The building is divided into 11 shares of 634*l.* 15*s.* each, which sums, together with 37*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.* interest, were the means by which the first building, built avowedly for a Mechanics' Institution in England or elsewhere, was erected. From the report of the directors of 1828, which is the first to which we have access, we learn that the number of subscribers then on the books, who had paid their subscriptions up to Midsummer in that year, was 471; that the number of books delivered to the subscribers during the year, to be read at their own houses, was 10,927; in the preceding year, 6639.

The first delivery of prizes to the most proficient members of the various classes, was on the 12th January, 1829, on which occasion Sir George Phillips, Bart., who had always been a sincere

and liberal friend to the institution, delivered an address to the members, in which was contained the following piece of strong advice, although by some it may be condemned as otherwise.

"There is one recommendation which I would take the liberty of suggesting to such persons as are desirous to profit by the means of instruction held out by this institution. If the nature of their employments, and their own inclinations, or a peculiar aptitude, which is now and then shown, for any particular art or science, should lead them to cultivate it, let them give to such art or science the whole of their leisure, and concentrate upon it all the powers of their understanding. A near relation of the late Mr. Watt once told me, that his advice to him when a young man was, to make himself master of one subject, and to learn as much of others as he could. This is the proper advice to be given to all persons in every rank and station in life."

The next distribution of prizes occurred on the 14th January, 1834, on which occasion Viscount Morpeth was present, and delivered an appropriate address to the successful competitors.

It is to be regretted that distributions of prizes are not of more frequent occurrence; why such should not be the case every year, it is difficult to assign a reason. The expense of so doing, some twelve or fifteen guineas, would be but a small amount, if weighed in the scale with the ultimate good which would accrue to the classes, the members of those classes, and consequently to the institution itself. By making it a rule to have annual distributions of prizes to the most proficient members of the various classes, the directors would instil in the breasts of the members of the institution generally a spirit of emulation for excellence, which, whilst it would exalt their characters in the eyes of their neighbours, teach them the benefit and advantage, to say nothing of the pleasure, in excelling in some particular art or science, and raise their moral and intellectual endowments, would also prepare them to fill the various offices of trust in the institution, when the present officers shall have retired, either from the infirmities of old age, or any other of the many causes by which they may be removed. We do not say that these are the only benefits likely to arise, but we contend that they are advantages which alone would justify the adoption of the custom. The state of literature at the present day, it cannot be denied, is such, as will do anything but stamp, in future times, the taste of the present generation as refined or intellectual. It is then the duty of directors of all institutions, having for their objects the advancement and diffusion of knowledge, by every means in their power to infuse into the breasts of the rising generation, whose rights they, for the time being, are elected to protect, such a spirit of emulation and desire for the obtaining and advancing of knowledge as will raise them, in point of moral and intellectual culture, above the general class of men at the present day. In the distribution of prizes, this institution has led the way, at least in Manchester, and we sincerely hope, ere long, to see the plan followed up by every institution of a like nature in the kingdom. We have been led into this expression of our opinion, from the very strong feelings which we have of the good which the adoption of the custom may be the means of effecting.

On the 21st July, 1835, the institution was honoured by a visit from Lord Brougham, who addressed the members in a most friendly yet earnest manner. His Lordship, after his address, accompanied by the directors and several of the earliest friends of the institution, visited the several class and apparatus rooms, in which he appeared to take great interest; and, before departing, expressed himself highly gratified with the general arrangements of the institution, and with the kind reception the directors had given him.

The debt on the building had long been felt as a great drawback on the objects for which the institution was established; accordingly strenuous endeavours have been made to liquidate it. The first step to that desirable end was the opening of an exhibition of works of art, &c., in the Christmas of 1837; a second was held in the Christmas of 1838; and a third is about to be held in the ensuing Easter week. The success of the *first* exhibition (for it was the first ever held for such a purpose), has been the means of encouraging directors of other institutions to have them; and with what success is known to every one who is at all conversant with the passing events of the present day. A second step to the liquidation of the debt was converting the honorary subscriptions of 1*l*. 1*s*. per annum to life subscriptions of 10*l*. 10*s*.;—a number of gentlemen, honorary members, immediately acceded to this proposal. A third step for the like end was holding a bazaar for the sale of fancy, useful, and ornamental articles: it was held in the course of last autumn, and was most successful. The debt at present remaining it is hoped will be soon liquidated; the endeavours of the directors to do so have hitherto been most praiseworthy.

The number of subscribers to the institution at the close of 1838 was 1161. The following is a classification of their respective employments:—

Principals, engaged as merchants, manufacturers, and machinists	263
Mechanics, millwrights, and engineers	104
Overlookers, spinners, and other mill hands	33
Building trades	89
Sundry trades, chiefly handicraft	105
Warehousemen	173
Clerks	86
Artists, architects, engravers, &c.	47
Professional men	8
Schoolmasters	12
Shopkeepers and their assistants	69
No profession	12
Ladies	8
Youths	152
	1161

The evenings set apart for lectures are Monday and Friday. It is the opinion of several of the older members of the institution that in this department there is room for extensive improvement; they complain that the nature of the lectures has not been of a sufficiently popular character to hold any inducement to the members for regular attendance; be this as it may, great credit is due to the directors in catering for the taste of the members to the best of their judgment and means.

The library is a great attraction to the members. At the close of 1838 it contained 5036 volumes, classified as below. The works are of the most approved authors in the various departments of literature.

	WORKS.	VOLS
Pure sciences	216	312
Mixed sciences	737	1635
History	463	1167
Polite literature	587	1853
Parliamentary reports	10	15
Pamphlets bound	24	26
Appendix unclassified	18	20
Further additions		8

The deliveries of books for reading for the 12 months ending February, 1839, were 42,451 volumes; and judging from the condition in which a great number appear, we may justly infer that they are well read.

The reading-room is opened daily from half-past nine a.m., to half-past nine p.m. During the evenings there is a large attendance of members. There are a great number of the most popular and instructing periodicals of the present day placed on the tables, to enumerate which would occupy too much room; as a specimen of the whole, we may mention—Edinburgh Review; London and Westminster Review; Quarterly Review; Jameson's Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal; Blackwood's Edinburgh M Bentley's Miscellany; Fraser's Magazine; Tait's Magazi don and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine; Monthly C London Saturday Journal; Athenæum; Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, and the Mirror. There are, in the whole, 51 magazines.

The various classes are in general well attended, commencing at half-past seven, and concluding at ten o'clock. The reports of the masters each contain gratifying accounts of the pupils. Occasionally the members meet (more especially those classes carried on by mutual instruction) and take coffee together in the institution, at which meetings much information and instruction is conveyed by the conversation which takes place in the course of the evening; some popular question on a science, or branch of a science, being introduced in a short paper by a member of the class. The adoption of this custom, so well adapted for binding the members in one harmonious mass, is attributable, we believe, to the suggestion of the right worthy and generous president of the institution, Sir Benjamin Heywood, Bart. The following is a list of the classes:—

Grammar; architectural drawing; arithmetic, elocution and composition; mechanical drawing; chemistry (mutual instruction); landscape and figure drawing; vocal music; mutual improvement society; natural history (mutual instruction); writing; algebra, geometry, and mensuration; French; instrumental

music. There is also a select class for the study of logic and mental philosophy on the plan of mutual instruction.

The subscription is 1*l*. per annum, payable yearly, half-yearly, or quarterly. Ladies are admitted as members on the same terms.

Such is a short and condensed account of an institution which has already conferred lasting and innumerable benefits on the working classes; it has taken its stand as one of the foremost in point of regular and disciplined government, and as containing advantages rarely to be met with in any institution of a similar nature, and on the like terms. It is inferior we believe to none save those at Glasgow and London *, and we fervently hope it may long keep its place, and still continue to afford that knowledge to the working classes of Manchester, which will enable them to pass through life, with credit to themselves, their kinsmen, and their country.

* For an account of the London Mechanics' Institution, see the 26th Number of the "London Saturday Journal."

THE PHYSICIAN'S LEVEE.

There is a certain atmosphere of gloom and sunshine, of hope and fear, of meek expectancy and impatience, of curiosity and abstraction, of calm and restlessness, which pervades the antechamber of a skilful physician, and which never fails to have its effect on the spirits of a visitor.

Some years ago, circumstances brought me, among many others who were in search of health, into an apartment such as I have alluded to. On entering the room, the stillness which prevailed was almost death-like. I seated myself on the first vacant chair, and as, happily, the cause of my visit to Dr. D. was not one of absorbing interest, I suffered my mind and my eyes to rove as they listed, and endeavoured to while away the time by translating, as it were, the characters and feelings of my companions. Sometimes a whisper of slight impatience met my ear; sometimes a sigh from a solitary individual, who appeared ashamed of the weakness, and whose short cough betrayed his nervous sensations. Opposite to me sat an interesting girl, of about eighteen, attended by a lady, who watched her young charge with an anxiety truly maternal. The hectic flush which mantled on the fair cheek of the youthful invalid bespoke that cruel disease, consumption. When the summons came for them to go to the physician's private room, the face of the elder lady became pale, and her voice trembled as the words "Come, my love," passed from her lips.

I was musing on the early doom that seemed to await this gentle maiden, when she and her companion returned. The bright smile of hope illumined both their countenances, and they appeared unconscious of any witnesses of their feelings. "Dr. D. considers me much better, dearest aunt; so now you must not be uneasy any longer," said the younger lady. Her aunt looked at her fondly, and replied that her mind was greatly relieved—that she felt quite happy. "God grant thou mayest be spared, since thou art so much loved!" ejaculated I mentally, as the fair girl quitted the room.

My attention was now directed to the solitary person whose stifled sighs had told me that his sufferings were real, and patiently borne. He was scarcely in the prime of life, but his cheeks were sunk and wan. His eyes were too bright and sparkling for one whose visage was so mournful; his apparel hung loosely on his attenuated limbs. He sat there, waiting his turn, without speaking to any one, absorbed apparently in his own thoughts. "Has he no mother, no sister, no wife?" said I to myself; for with the idea of illness, that of a female comforter seems always associated. But the door opened—the invalid slowly tottered towards it, and before it closed again, an aged man, whose garb, though extremely clean, bespoke penury, walked meekly into the room, and sinking down into a chair close to the door, held his worn hat between his knees, casting his eyes down to the ground. A few white locks strayed over his broad, high forehead, and the expression of his face was full of intelligence. It was evident that he was not an invalid himself, but was anxious about some one who was. I saw him put his hand into his waistcoat pocket, and take from it a very small paper parcel; he looked at it, pressed it between his fingers, as if to ascertain that its contents were safe, and then replaced it in his pocket. "It is the physician's fee," thought I; "but Dr. D. will not take it from one so poor as thou."

Near to this venerable man sat a young mother and her infant child. How tenderly she pressed the little sufferer to her heart, and how sadly she seemed to gaze on its fair countenance! Ever and anon she parted the sunny locks that waved with natural grace over its snowy forehead, and frequently her lips moved, as she raised her tear-filled eyes to Heaven. She was praying for her child.

There was little to be remarked in the remaining individuals who were waiting the doctor's summons. Some carelessly turned over the leaves of the books that were lying on the table; some examined the paintings that decorated the apartment; and all seemed impressed with a solemn consciousness that they were surrounded by suffering humanity.

By degrees the room became cleared, and I found myself alone with the old man whom I have before described. When the summons came for me, I perceived a flush pass across his venerable face; he half-rose from his seat, pressed his hand to the corner of his waistcoat pocket, then sat down again, and his features resumed their former patient expression. I could not resist the impulse I felt to speak to him. "You are, perhaps, more pressed for time than I am," said I; "pray go now to Dr. D. and say that I can wait. Give him this card, and he will attend to *you* first."

"Heaven reward you, sir!" replied he. "My only child, the sole joy of my old age, lies dangerously ill, and I am told that Dr. D. is very skilful; so I am come to consult him. It is a long distance to my home, and my poor boy will have no rest while his father is absent." The old man's voice faltered, and I felt an uneasy sensation in my throat, which made me afraid to risk saying more than "Well, lose no time, go at once."

As soon as he was gone, I began to hum a tune—and yet I was in no merry mood; but often, when my spirit has been sad, some old air has pertinaciously rung in my "mind's" ear, and to get rid of it, as a humorous friend of mine would say, I have sung it. My melodious powers, however, soon received a check, for a double rap at the street-door announced a fresh visitor. I heard the servant say, "It is past twelve, sir; Dr. D. cannot receive any more patients to-day." "I will not detain him five minutes," replied a deep, clear, manly voice. "Pray tell your master that this is a case of great importance."

The servant was evidently reluctant to go, but I concluded the speaker had prevailed upon him to do so, as I heard his retreating steps in the hall; and presently the parlour door opened, and a trio entered which immediately attracted my attention. The party consisted of a lady in a widow's dress, and her son and daughter, who were in deep mourning. The lady was apparently about five-and-forty years of age, and seemed very ill. Her duteous and anxious children were so completely engrossed by their attentions to their suffering parent, that they did not appear to perceive me. They carefully supported her to the sofa, and then in a voice whose silvery tones I shall never forget, the young lady said, "Well, sweet mother, you have borne this fatigue bravely; and surely that is an earnest of future good."

"Bless thee, my child!" faintly answered the invalid; and as she raised her head, I had an opportunity of seeing her beautiful

eyes, which were of the deepest blue, and shaded by long, dark, silken lashes. Her complexion was fair and transparent; her nose and mouth most delicately formed; and there was an angelic sweetness of expression in her countenance, which I have never seen surpassed—seldom equalled. Disease had indeed weakened the fragile frame, but it had not marred the lovely visage, nor destroyed the graceful form. The young man strongly resembled his mother in features and expression; but his complexion and hair were dark, his forehead lofty and finely formed. His sister had the softest dark eyes imaginable; and her hair was of that beautiful glossy black that is so seldom seen, and which requires no art to give it lustre; her figure was fairy-like and graceful, and her small foot and hand were the very perfection of beauty. And there they sat—the brother and sister—one on either side of their patient mother, watching, with all the touching earnestness of filial affection, for the slightest intimation of her wishes. They *did* love her, they *did* revere her; she was their joy, their treasure, their idol, and they thought not that she could die.

I was now again summoned to attend my good friend Dr. D.; and as my visit was merely one of dismissal, I soon put an end to the subject of my own health, and told the physician how deeply interested I felt in the party who had just arrived. Dr. D. smiled in his usual benevolent way. He had known me from a child, and was aware that I was somewhat of an enthusiast and a castle-builder. How delighted I used to be when I was permitted to listen to that excellent man's discourse!—his language was so flowing and elegant, so illustrative of his superior tone of thought. Often have his patients forgotten their complaints whilst he dilated on Nature's beauties, or on the Creator's goodness. Never did he prescribe for their suffering bodies without directing their hearts and minds to Him who alone could bless the means used for their recovery. If all physicians resembled Dr. D., how many a dying pillow would be rendered smooth! how many a mourner would be comforted!

When I took my leave of the doctor, I did not quit the house. It was not an impertinent curiosity that influenced my stay, but an undefinable anxiety to know more of the group I had left in the parlour: so I re-entered the room as they quitted it, and tried to persuade myself that I had forgotten something which I ought to have said to my physician.

The young man assisted his mother to the private apartment, and then returned. We conversed together for half an hour, and were beginning to forget—at least *I* was—that our acquaintance was so recent, when the son was called to attend his parent. I watched them from the window;—how gently he assisted the poor sufferer into the carriage! then handed his sister in, and shutting the door, he bade the coachman drive slowly on; then returning into the house, he went to the doctor's room, and remained with him some time.

When the being we hold most dear is the sufferer, it requires no small degree of firmness to ask the *direct* question, "Is there any danger?" There is a breathless anxiety for the answer, which none but those who have experienced it can have an idea of. Hope and fear struggle for the mastery; and if the response be unfavourable, the questioner feels stupified, and even the meek spirit of the most resigned Christian is bowed by grief too intense to be described.

When the affectionate son—for such he evidently was—re-entered the antechamber, his manly countenance was expressive of strong and painful emotion. As he drew on his gloves, he said "No hope! no hope!" and a deep sigh followed the involuntary exclamation. My heart bled for him: I, too, had lost an adored mother; I knew what it was to be a mourner. But I could not speak—sympathy is often silent: I held out my hand to him; he grasped it with the frankness of an old friend. Sorrow frequently prepares the way for friendship; it did in this instance. Three months after this our first meeting, the brother and sister and I were assembled in a small, tastefully fitted-up drawing-room; but she for whom it had been decorated was no more! We were all three mourners, but we did not "sorrow as those who have no hope;"—we loved to talk of the departed, and we looked for a reunion with them in a "better land."

SAGO BREAD.

As the method of preparing a very wholesome and delicious variety of scone with sago and flour is not generally known, we give it to our readers:—

Put into a bason two heaped teacupfuls of pearl sago; pour upon it about as much boiling water as its own bulk: stir them together smartly, during the space of about a minute; add another cupful of dry sago, which must be kept stirring during half a minute more; then cover the bason closely, and allow it to stand till the contents will have become cold enough not to scald the hand; then proceed actively with the hand to work wheaten flour into the mixture, and continue to do so till it becomes a very stiff dough, which may then be formed into scones, about a quarter of an inch thick, dusted over with flour, and baked on a plate of cast-iron (*Scottice*, a girdle), over a kitchen fire. In this batch the flour will be equal in weight to about two-thirds of the sago. Another method is to keep out the dry sago, and add flour enough to form the dough; but this kind of scone, though more smooth, tough, and fine-looking, is neither more agreeable nor more nutritious than the other. Either of these forms the most delicious of all bread; and while it is greatly preferable to common flour-bread for those who have but little out-door exercise, its cheapness cannot fail to recommend it to those who still believe economy to be a virtue. To each teacupful of scalded sago, it is necessary to add a small teaspoonful of salt, which should be put into the water before it quite boils; and the scones should be pricked with a table-fork, or small pointed wooden pin. To some it may be proper to say, that the cast-iron plate for baking the scones should not be laid on a fire stronger than that generally kept in a room; and that the scone should be allowed to lie about two or three minutes and a half on each side upon the plate, the plate being previously heated.

NEW ZEALAND AND EMIGRATION.

Having in our last Number briefly described the soil, climate, and natural productions of New Zealand, and the condition of the native population, we now proceed to the consideration of the progress made towards its colonisation by Europeans, and the objects aimed at by the New Zealand Company.

We have already mentioned that the missionaries were the earliest colonists, and, since their first settlement, they have gone on steadily extending the sphere of their influence with the natives, on whom their labours and example have wrought very beneficial effects. The Church Missionary Society has now ten stations in the Northern Island, the chief establishment being at the Bay of Islands; thirty-five persons being employed as missionaries, catechists, &c.; there are fifty-four schools of the same Society, containing 1431 scholars; and the total number of persons forming the ten congregations are stated to be 2476, of whom 178 are communicants. There are five Wesleyan missionaries, besides teachers of the same denomination; and the establishments of that sect are represented as growing in importance. The missionaries possess very considerable landed property, as public bodies; and many of them individually, as private persons, have made most extensive purchases, for which a very trifling remuneration has been given. Among other transactions of this sort, we may instance one effected by Mr. Wm. Fairburn, a catechist, who owns several small tracts at the Bay of Islands, adjoining the mission station of Paihia; and, in 1836, purchased a very extensive tract, supposed to extend for thirty miles in its greatest length, at Tamaka in the Frith of the Thames. Its extent is such that it has been described as a whole county. The consideration given was a quantity of goods, chiefly blankets and working-tools, worth not more than 150*l*.

The missionaries, however, are not the only settlers. "The country," says Mr. Ward, "has been partially colonised by other Englishmen of a very different description. There are upwards of two thousand British subjects now settled in different parts of the islands, of whom several hundreds consist of a most worthless class of persons,—such as runaway sailors, convicts who have escaped from the penal colonies of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, keepers of grog-shops, and other vagabonds of dissolute habits. Besides these settlers, there are always many temporary sojourners,—the crews of trading and whaling vessels, some of whom are generally to be found in the bays and harbours of both islands." From the want of regular laws the presence of British subjects, such as have been just described, has proved a curse to the natives. The crimes committed by some captains of British vessels have been so atrocious as to be hardly credible.

The attempt of an adventurer, styling himself the Baron de Thierry, to establish himself as a sovereign among the New Zealanders, attracted a great deal of attention. He laid claim to a very extensive territory; and professed to rely upon moral influence for exercising a kind of assumed sovereignty. The baron, however, made no adequate provision for the accomplishment of his objects. He was abandoned by the party who had followed him from Sydney, and, in fact, was so far from really acquiring either territory or sovereignty, that, according to late accounts, he was living on the bounty of the natives and European settlers.

The lawless state and desperate characters of the irregular settlers we have described, and the necessity of adequate protection to the industrious colonist, call loudly for a more direct exertion of legitimate authority than the extension of the powers of the courts of justice in New South Wales to British subjects in New Zealand, and the appointment of a resident there,—the only steps yet taken by Government in respect to that country *. Reasons not easily divined, have induced a repugnance in the officers of the Church Missionary Society in England to support any legislative measure for the purpose of the systematic and well-regulated colonisation of New Zealand; although the most respectable British residents there, including many of the missionaries themselves, and many others distinguished for talent and well qualified from their experience to form a sound opinion on the point,—such, for instance, as Mr. Polack, Mr. Montefiore, Mr. Enderby, and Capt. Fitzroy, —all concur in recommending the direct and energetic interference of government. The extent of the concession obtained by means of such representations, was an offer made in 1837, of a grant of a charter to the New Zealand Association then formed, "incorporating and committing to its members the settlement and government of the projected colony for a term of years, according to the precedents of the chartered colonies of North America; but to this offer a condition was attached, that the Association should become a trading joint-stock company, which condition the Association was unable to comply with; having especially excluded from its object all purposes of private profit." Thus disappointed in obtaining support from the executive, the Association turned to the legislature, and "a bill for the provisional government of British settlements in the Island of New Zealand," was brought into parliament by Mr. F. Baring, the chairman of the Association; but, in consequence of the opposition of her majesty's ministers, the bill was thrown out, and the Association was dissolved.

Some of its members, however, were not inclined to abandon their project so easily, and formed the plan of continuing the prosecution of its leading objects, by means of a joint-stock company, with a subscribed capital. Other friends of colonization gradually joined them; and in the spring of 1839 the funds raised were sufficiently ample to enable the Company to purchase an extensive territory in New Zealand (principally the harbours of Hokianga and Kaipara, in the Northern Island), and to fit out and despatch an expedition for the purpose of making further purchases, fixing the site of a town, and preparing for the early arrival of a body of settlers from England.

The first settlement is intended to be made at the most eligible harbour in Cook's Straits (the passage separating the Northern and Southern Islands) that can be discovered; and here a town is to be laid out, and the work of colonization to commence. Several advantages are expected to result from the choice of this situation for the main settlement. The easy communication with both islands is likely to be beneficial; and Cook's Straits is, moreover, the passage by which vessels returning from Australia by way of Cape Horn, or making the passage to the Bay of Islands, are accustomed to take. The plan of colonization adopted by the Company is similar to that put in practice in South Australia (see No. 12); and from the success which has attended it there, we augur favourably of its results in New Zealand. The first settlement is thus arranged. The site of the town will consist of eleven hundred acres, exclusive of portions marked out for general use; such as quays, streets, squares, and public gardens. The selected country lands will comprise one hundred and ten thousand acres. Their lands will be divided into eleven hundred sections, each section comprising one town acre and one hundred country acres. One hundred and ten sections will be reserved by the Company, who intend to distribute the same as private property amongst the chief families of the tribe, from which the lands shall have been originally purchased. The remainder being nine hundred and ninety sections of one hundred and one acres each, were offered for sale in sections, at the price of 101*l.* for each section, or 1*l.* per acre, and speedily found purchasers, who received land orders. Priority of choice was determined by lot in London, one of the officers of the Company drawing for the section appropriated to the natives, and the choice is to be made on the spot. Twenty-five per cent. of the purchase-money is reserved for the expenses of the Company. The residue is set apart for the purposes of emigration; and purchasers of land orders emigrating with the first colony were entitled to claim from the Company out of that fund an expenditure for their own passage, and that of their families and servants, equal to seventy-five per cent. of their purchase-money, according to regulations framed by the Company, with a view to confining the free passage to actual colonists. The remainder of the emigration fund is set apart for providing a free passage for young persons of the labouring class, and, as far as possible, of the two sexes in equal proportions. The Company offer a free passage to agricultural labourers, shepherds, miners, and those belonging to the several trades specified in their "Regulations *," being actual labourers going out to work for wages in the colony, of sound mind and body, not less than fifteen nor more than thirty years of age, and *married*: preference being given to those under engagement to work for capitalists going out. The wives and children of emigrants are also taken out free, with the exception of children above one year, and not full seven years old, for each of whom three pounds is charged. A free passage is also offered to single women, provided they go out under the protection of their parents, or near relatives, or under actual engagement as servants to ladies going out as cabin passengers on board the same vessel. The preference being given to those accustomed to farm and dairy work, to sempstresses, straw-plaiters, and domestic servants. Persons not strictly entitled to be conveyed out by the emigration fund, if not disqualified on account of character, will, in the discretion of the directors, be allowed to accompany the free emigrants on paying to the Company the sum of 18*l.* 15*s.* for every such adult person.

At the beginning of the present year ten vessels had been despatched by the Company (one of them entirely devoted to the conveyance of machinery and other extra stores belonging to emigrants), and in all 1123 passengers, men, women, and children, were taken out. The spring will probably bring us accounts of the success they have met with; and we confess, for our own part, that we look for good tidings. Some peculiar advantages seem to attend New Zealand. The fruitful soil is well fitted for wheat; and in Australia is a market, now very inadequately supplied, and dependent in a great degree for that necessary article of food upon India. The native flax at once affords the staple of a valuable manufacture; the resort of shipping continually increas-

* In August last, Government, stimulated no doubt by the active operations of the New Zealand Company, sent out a consul with orders to act in concert with the authorities of New South Wales, and furnished with somewhat vague instructions to negotiate with the chiefs for the general recognition of the authority of the British crown; to make purchases on behalf of the crown; and to prohibit British subjects from making for the future any purchases from the natives, restricting them to purchases from the crown. Such a proceeding, unaccompanied by any government plan of emigration, seems only calculated to check, instead of promoting, the prosperity of the islands; but as, before the arrival of this new envoy, the agents of the Company must have been at least four months in the country, they have in all probability secured a sufficient portion of land to permit them to carry out their schemes to their full extent

* Agricultural labourers, shepherds, miners, bakers, blacksmiths, braziers, and tinmen; smiths, shipwrights, boat-builders, wheelwrights, sawyers, cabinet-makers, carpenters, coopers, curriers, farriers, millwrights, harness-makers, boot and shoe makers, tailors, tanners, brick-makers, lime-burners, and all persons engaged in the erection of buildings.

ing, gives an opening to commerce of a very extended nature, and will create a demand for supplies of all kinds; while the natural position of the islands makes them as it were the centre of communication for one half of the globe.

Having now given as clear and succinct account of New Zealand, considered as an emigration field, as our limits permit, we proceed to fulfil the promise given to our correspondents, and say a few words on EMIGRATION generally. We have heretofore expressed our opinions on the subject on several occasions, and may especially refer our readers to the remarks we have made in the paper on "Emigration to Australia," in No. 12 of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL; to papers on the same subject in Nos. 15, 42, and 49, and to one on Van Diemen's Land and Port Philip in No. 50. Some remarks concerning it are also to be found at the commencement of this article (in No. 54), and in some of our recent Letter Boxes. We have therefore little new to observe upon. In the first place, let us consider the peculiar character of the principal colonies which present themselves to the choice of the emigrant. Canada presents a field in which the emigrant capitalists, possessed of the knowledge requisite to succeed as agriculturists, — of resolution equal to overcome the disappointment and hardships always incident to a settlement in a new country, and the total disruption of old habits, are pretty certain to succeed. The able-bodied agricultural labourer finds there a ready demand for his services, and by steady, regular conduct, may look forward to establishing himself comfortably. But Canada does not hold out any temptation to those whose previous habits have not qualified them to endure much roughing, or whose knowledge of life has been confined to cities. The Cape of Good Hope affords a good lesson to the rash emigrant who flies from his native land to engage in speculations of whose nature he has failed to inform himself fully. Those who were by education fitted for a pastoral and agricultural life found their account in the enterprise; but many who expected that refined society, employment for the artisan and the manufacturer,—in fact, all the elements of a well-settled country, were to be found in the wilderness,—were woefully mistaken. Little encouragement is at present held out for emigration to the Cape. In Australia we find first the western settlement; a colony at first nearly ruined by a bad system of distributing the lands, but now beginning to revive. The dependence of this colony is upon flocks and herds; the population is necessarily scattered; and there is little encouragement for the artisan or the manufacturer to establish himself in the towns; nor do the infant commercial establishments as yet require a large number to carry them on. Passing on to Southern Australia, we find a settlement founded upon a very different system, but depending for its existence upon the same support as the western settlement. The degree of encouragement for artisans is apparently greater here than at Swan River; the growth of towns being quicker, trades receive more encouragement. But still, both Western and Southern Australia cannot be recommended to any emigrants who do not go out with a prior engagement, or intend to devote themselves, and feel equal to embracing a primitive and pastoral life. Sydney and Hobart Town are subject to the curse of a convict population; but notwithstanding this serious drawback, and the injury done to the latter colony by the injudicious manufacture of paper money (see No. 50), the extensive trade which is carried on in conjunction with the agricultural and pastoral facilities, render them both, viewed solely in relation to profit, very promising fields for emigrants. Of New Zealand we have already spoken fully: its colonization is yet an experiment, and we can only form an opinion as to its probable success.

We have above given what we believe to be a pretty fair estimate of the relative advantages of our several emigration fields; and we now come to the question of who are the proper parties for emigration, a question to which we cannot venture to give any definite reply; so much must, in all cases, depend upon the peculiar circumstances of the inquirer. The only real assistance we can render to our friends, without running the risk of misleading them, is to furnish them with facts, which they, and not we, must apply to their particular case. If, after maturely weighing all the *pros* and *cons*, they find themselves equal to the task, and possessed of an energy that is not likely to fail them at the pinch, let them go on, and prosper; following this one golden rule, that the line of occupation they may fix upon as their main-stay, should be that with which they are most familiar, and that their choice of a colony should be regulated accordingly. We have had several inquiries from young single men as to the eligibility of their emigrating. The preponderance of the male over the female population in most, if not all, our colonies is a serious drawback upon the improvement of society there, and therefore we would not encourage young single men to add to the evil. It would be better to take wives with them; but we are far from recommending any young men to marry merely as a qualification. Setting every other consideration aside, such a step would probably be attended by the serious inconvenience of the inability of the female for exertion just at the time when the utmost activity is necessary. But if he can secure a certain employment beforehand, which will support him and a wife for a time, until he is able to look about him and employ what means he is possessed of to the best advantage, let our young man marry and carry out his bride at once, and his chance of success is very favourable. The young bachelor should also remember that he is not so welcome a guest as the married man, and that his chance of employment is lessened by that consideration. One of our correspondents, a young man who represents himself as one formed of the stuff of which emigrants should be made, informs us that he has a little, and but a little money. We advise him, if he makes up his mind to emigrate, to keep that little money sacred, if it be possible, and to seek some certain pre-engagement for one or two years. He will then be able to lay out his little capital (which need not in the mean time lie entirely idle) to the best advantage. If the experience he has then gained is satisfactory, he will be able to carry out his plans securely: if he should be disappointed, he has still his nest-egg, which may avail him much in the "Old Country."

One word of general caution, not discouragement, and we have done. If emigration be determined on, choose the spot best fitted to your capabilities. Gather all the facts that can assist you in forming a clear outline of your course, and be not sparing in your inquiries. Proper applications to the authorised authorities of the various colonies will always be met, and no one need go out deficient in the information which is essential to his well-doing. It is in vain to imagine that a new emigrant has but to present himself in a colony, and that, if he comes to serve, a contest will arise as to who shall secure him; or, if he come to buy, which shall point out to him the most profitable bargain in the market. Let the emigrant gather information, ponder over it, and chalk out a decided plan *before* he puts his foot on shipboard; and then, and then only, has he a legitimate chance of success.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF PLACES.

NAMES have all some meaning when first imposed; and when a place is named for the first time by any people, they apply to it some term, in early times generally descriptive of its natural peculiarities, or something else on account of which it is remarkable, from their own language. When we find, therefore, that the old names of natural objects and localities in a country belong, for the most part, to a particular language, we may conclude with certainty that a people speaking that language formerly occupied the country. Of this the names they have so impressed are as sure a proof as if they had left a distinct record of their existence in words engraven on the rocks. Such old names of places often long outlive, both the people that bestowed them and nearly all the material monuments of their occupancy. The language, as a vehicle of oral communication, may gradually be forgotten, and be heard no more where it was once in universal use; and the old topographical nomenclature may still remain unchanged. Were the Irish tongue, for instance, utterly to pass away and perish in Ireland, as the speech of any portion of the people, the names of rivers and mountains, and towns and villages, all over the country, would continue to attest that it had once been occupied by a race of Celtic descent. On the other hand, however, we are not entitled to conclude, from the absence of any traces of their language in the names of places, that a race, which there is reason for believing from other evidences to have anciently possessed the country, could not really have been in the occupation of it. A new people coming to a country, and subjugating or dispossessing the old inhabitants, sometimes change the names of places as well as of many other things. Thus, when the Saxons came over to this island, and wrested the principal part of it from its previous possessors, they seem, in the complete subversion of the former order of things which they set themselves to effect, to have everywhere substituted new names, in their own language, for those which the towns and villages throughout the country anciently bore. On this account the topographical nomenclature of England has ever since been, to a large extent, Saxon; but that circumstance is not to be taken as proving that the country was first peopled by the Saxons. —*Pictorial History of England.*



OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

TO THE EDITOR.

"SIR,—I shall feel much obliged to you if you can give me information respecting suitable employment for females. I have five daughters, whose ages vary from fifteen to twenty-four, who, during the lifetime of their dear and affectionate father, were educated in a manner suitable to their expectations. But, though they all have intelligence and tastes which fit them for a superior sphere of life (pardon a mother's vanity), they have also a degree of practical common sense which disposes them to try any means of adding to our limited income which would not expose them to degrading or unworthy associations. I cannot bring myself to permit them to go out as governesses; but could they not employ themselves at home in light or agreeable occupations, or manufacture, involving the exercise of taste and ingenuity, by which the independence of the work-woman might be attained, without the loss of that self-respect essential to the lady? I am, sir, &c., "A WIDOW."

The subject of this letter is very interesting, but to answer it is difficult. Attention has been called to it, and suggestions have been made, such as that of ladies adopting the business of WOOD-ENGRAVING. But there are obstacles in the way. It would appear, at first sight, easy and natural for an educated woman, having the taste and nice facility of hand requisite in wood-engraving, to receive employment from a large establishment, the work being comfortably done at one's own fire-side. This, however, could only be practised to a limited extent. Ladies who had no husband or brother to be their medium of constant communication—receiving instructions, procuring or returning work, &c.—would find themselves exposed to a daily annoyance or vexation only to be understood when practically undergone; and, the truth must be spoken, though females may be considered as being generally more delicately endowed, and though some ladies have acquired just reputation as engravers, it is found that, on the whole, they have less of that appreciable tact necessary and essential, and, therefore, they are far less capable of competing with those who are already too numerous for the work to be done. This want of business tact arises, probably, more from the home-bred nature of female education, than from want of natural or available capacity.

Many instances occur in London of females resorting to employments usually reserved to men. Thus, in some watchmaker's shops, women may be seen occupied in the nice and delicate operations of the business. We are aware of an instance where the widow of a man, whose business was that of *leathering* the hammers of piano-fortes, was enabled to carry on the employment, and, in fact, to make herself better than during the lifetime of her husband, who was an intemperate fellow. But we shall be very much obliged to correspondents who will supply us with facts relative to employments for females, and thus enable us to enter upon the subject at large. We give the following as general heads on which we seek for information, but *any* particulars whatever relative to female employment will be welcome.

1. What is the nature of the employments for females in manufacturing towns—*not* including factory or mill-work—and what wages may they earn? Friends in Manchester, Glasgow, Paisley, &c., might give us practical and valuable information on this topic.

2. What wages are obtained by household servants in the provincial towns of England and Scotland?

3. Could females easily be enabled to acquire skill and facility in occupations usually left to men,—such as those we have mentioned—watchmakers, pianofortemakers, &c., and also as designers or pattern-makers for manufactures, household furniture, &c. &c.? Early and accurate information on these points is particularly requested.

4. What employments can females resort to in provincial towns where no manufactures are carried on?

As we have already mentioned, any other information—conveyed in a way calculated to inspire confidence—respecting employment for females, either in London or the country, will be received with pleasure.

AMICUS.—"Having read in a newspaper of the extraordinary removal of a bog, which happened at Kanturk in Ireland on Christmas last, I could not understand how a body so large could be raised (of itself) into the air, and travel a number of miles, carrying along with it timber to the amount of 500*l*. If you could satisfactorily state how it is accomplished, you will oblige."

"Amicus" is rather *green*. Does he really imagine that the bog got up into the air and flew away with itself? Bogs frequently *burst*, especially after an excess of rainy weather. The waters underneath the boggy soil accumulate, and, having no vent, sometimes burst their embankment or inclosure, and the fluid and semi-fluid matter may be seen moving in one mass, and spreading over a large extent of adjoining country, covering arable land, and sweeping all before it.

S. N., NORTHAMPTON.—"Why can a person at the bottom of a well see the stars at mid-day?"—We answer this in the words of Sir John Herschel, and recommend our correspondent to study that truly eminent man's plain and practical Treatise on Astronomy. "When the sun is above the horizon, it illuminates the atmosphere and clouds; and these again disperse and scatter a portion of light in all directions, so as to send some of its rays to every exposed point, from every point of the sky. The generally diffused light, therefore, which we enjoy in the daytime, is a phenomenon originating in the same causes as the twilight. Were it not for the reflective and scattering power of the atmosphere, no objects would be visible to us out of direct sunshine; every shadow of a passing cloud would be pitchy darkness; *the stars would be visible all day*; and every apartment, into which the sun had not direct admission, would be involved in nocturnal obscurity. . . . The stars continue visible through telescopes during the day as well as the night; and in proportion to the power of the instrument, not only the largest and brightest of them, but even those of inferior lustre, such as scarcely strike the eye at night as at all conspicuous, are readily found and followed, even at noon-day—unless in that part of the sky which is very near the sun—by those who possess the means of pointing a telescope accurately to the proper places. Indeed, from the bottom of deep narrow pits, such as a well or the shaft of a mine, such bright stars as pass the zenith may even be discerned by the naked eye; and we have ourselves heard it stated by a celebrated optician, that the earliest circumstance which drew his attention to astronomy, was the regular appearance at a certain hour, for several successive days, of a considerable star, through the shaft of a chimney."

G. C., SCARBOROUGH.—The solid framework of the body is made up of a number of separate pieces, the aggregate of which has been termed the skeleton. The bones are framed as a basis for the whole system, fitted to support, defend, and contain the more delicate and noble organs. They are the most permanent and unchangeable of all parts of the body. The bones also form points of attachment for the muscles, which are the active agents, or moving powers; whilst the bones are only passive. If we descend in the scale of animals, we find the skeleton becomes more simple, or rudimentary, until it is reduced to its fundamental part, the spine; and still lower down in the scale, we find multitudes of animals altogether destitute of a skeleton, either internal or external, so that the muscular structure alone remains as the means of locomotion. The form and size of bones present a considerable variation: they are usually divided into *long*, *short*, and *flat* bones. The *long* or *cylindrical* ones belong, in general, to the parts intended for locomotion, and they represent so many levers, to be moved by the muscles in various directions—as, for instance, in the legs, arms, fingers, and toes. The *short* bones are usually situated in parts where solidity and firmness are required, combined with freedom of motion, as in the *spine*. The *flat* or *broad* bones, for the most part, serve to form the walls of cavities, or to enclose spaces, as in the *skull*. The back-bone may be considered as the centre of the whole, both because it exists in all animals which possess an internal skeleton, and also because the different parts of the osseous system are, either immediately or mediately, connected with it. The number of pieces which compose the skeleton varies in the different ages of life; for some bones, which in the young subject are divided into several parts, become firmly united into one in old age; for, of all the systems of organs, the osseous is that which arrives latest at its full period of development,—the progress of ossification, or bone-making, not being fully completed, in the different parts of the skeleton, until about the sixteenth or eighteenth year, sometimes even later; thus allowing of the proper increase of the several parts of the body. The whole number of bones found in the ordinary skeleton are 197, as follows:—The spinal column (back-bone) consists of 26 separate bones, called vertebræ (from *vertere*, to turn), because they turn one upon another. The skull and face are made up of 22; the ribs, 24, twelve on each side, with the sternum or breast-bone, 25. The two superior extremities—namely, the arms, hands, and bones of the shoulders, 64; the two inferior extremities—namely, the bones of the thigh, leg, and foot, 60. If a bone be steeped for some time in a dilute acid, the earthy salt, or inorganic part, is removed, leaving the cartilage, or organic part; and the bone becomes soft and flexible, but retains its form. The salts found in bones are phosphate and carbonate of lime, and phosphate of magnesia. The extremities of the bones forming joints, as in the knee and elbow, are covered with cartilage (or gristle), and are joined together by strong bands of the same substance.

We will give the spinal column as an example of this beautiful adaptation of parts. We have stated above, that it is composed of 26 separate bones, 24 of which are moveable, but the other two are not. Each of these 24 bones is moveable one upon another in any direction; but the motion allowed between each is necessarily small, which soon amounts to a considerable curve when a number are combined; and it is this combination of motions which prevents the spinal marrow from being pressed upon in any particular part, which would take place were there only one or two moveable points, from the sharp angles formed, and which would cause death, or at least palsy, of all the parts below the seat of pressure. The quantity of motion allowed is greater in some parts than in others; for instance, in the neck, which is frequently bent, and turned from side to side, the vertebræ are simple and not confined, easily moving one upon another; whereas, in the back, they are big and strong, and embarrassed by their connexions with the ribs; this is, therefore, the steadiest part of the spine, a very limited motion being allowed. Hardly can anything be more beautiful and surprising than this mechanism of the spine, where nature has established the most opposite and inconsistent functions in one set of bones;—for they are so free in motion as to turn continually, so strong as to support the whole weight of the body, and so flexible as to turn quickly in all directions, yet so steady within as to contain, and defend, the most material and the most delicate part of the whole nervous system.

A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE FARMER inquires about Cubic Nitre, or Nitrate of Soda, as a manure. This inquiry is not exactly in our "line;" but as we are glad to know that even *one* farmer reads the Journal, we will answer him so far as we can. From an advertisement issued by Mr. William Mitchell, dated from No. 12, Commercial Sale Rooms, Mincing-lane, we extract the following:—"Cubic Nitre, or Nitrate of Soda, has as yet been very partially used; last season, however, its properties began to be more fully known and better appreciated, and as the produce both from arable and pasture land, on which it had been used, far exceeded the most sanguine calculations, it will no doubt attract increasing attention. This article is imported from South America; it is more uniform in its strength than saltpetre, the alloy seldom exceeding more than from three to five per cent.; it is therefore sold without being subject to a refraction, and the precise weight is charged, not being liable to addition or subtraction." The price is, we believe, from 18*s*. 6*d*. to 19*s*. per cwt. Various other manures are advertised, as of superior efficacy:—"Owen's Animalised Carbon," "Clarke's Dessicated Compost," "Carbonised Humus," "Animalised Carbon," &c. A scientific farmer, Mr. Kimberley, Trotsworth, Egham, Surrey, advertises his "Trotsworth Liquid Manure," by which, he says, "an acre of land may be manured for one-fifth of the present expense, and equal to horse manure."

We have received a letter from a DRAPER'S ASSISTANT, complaining of the tone of our remarks on his profession, and impugning the correctness of our information, in the article "Chances of Living in London." This, we believe, is the first complaint we ever received as to the *spirit* in which we write, and we are gratified to know that the great majority of our readers think very differently from our correspondent. As to our information, we relied on a most intelligent draper's assistant, well acquainted with London; and we are still inclined to think that his information is most trustworthy.

All Letters intended to be answered in the LITERARY LETTER-BOX are to be addressed to "THE EDITOR of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL," and delivered FREE, at 113, Fleet-street.

A PICTURE.

I saw two children intertwine
Their arms about each other,
Like the lithe tendrils of a vine
Around its nearest brother:
And ever and anon,
As gaily they ran on,
Each look'd into the other's face,
Anticipating an embrace.—*R. Monckton Milnes.*

THE FUTURE LIFE.

If we are never again to live—if those we here loved are for ever lost to us—if our faculties can receive no further expansion—if our mental powers are only trained and improved to be extinguished at their acme—then, indeed, are we redu[illegible] to the melancholy and gloomy dilemma of the Epicureans; and evil is confessed to checker, nay almost to cloud over, our whole lot, without the possibility of comprehending why, or of reconciling its existence with the supposition of a Providence at once powerful and good.—*Lord Brougham.*

GOOD IN EVERYTHING.

The man
Who, in *right* spirit, communes with the forms
Of nature—who with understanding heart
Doth know and love such objects as excite
No morbid passions, no disquietude,
No vengeance, and no hatred,—needs must feel
The joy of that pure principle of love
So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught
Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose
But seek for objects of a kindred love
In fellow natures, and a kindred joy.
Accordingly he by degrees perceives
His feelings of aversion soften'd down;
A holy tenderness pervades his frame.
His sanity of reasoning not impaired—
Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear,
From a clear fountain flowing—he looks around,
And seeks for good; and *finds the good he seeks*,
Until abhorrence and contempt are things
He only knows by name; and if he hear,
From other mouths, the language which they speak,
He is compassionate, and has no thought,
No feeling which can overcome his love.—*Wordsworth.*

PREACHING.

To preach to show the extent of our reading, or the subtleties of our wit—to parade it in the eyes of the vulgar, with the beggarly account of a little learning, tinselled over with a few words which glitter, but convey little light and less warmth—is a dishonest use of the poor single half-hour in a week which is put into our hands. 'T is not preaching the Gospel, but ourselves.—*Sterne.*

THE VESUVIAN ALBUM.

Two inscriptions, which I copied from the album, one by an Englishman and the other by a Hibernian, may serve as specimens of the style of writing which so strongly excited the censure of the French tourists;—"John Hallett of the Port of Poole England, whent to see Mn Vesurius on the 20th of October, 1823, hand I would Recommend anney person that go ther to take a bottle of wine with him, for it his a dry place and verrey bad roade."—"1823. I have witnessed the famous Mountain of Vesuvius in Italy, and likewise the Wicklow Mountains in Ireland, which I prefer. They talk of their *lava* in a *palaver* I little understand, and as for the crater, give me a drop of the swait cratur of Dublin in preference. JAMES G."—*Lady Blessington's Idler in Italy.*

A PURITAN SABBATH.

Article 17. No one shall run on a Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from church. 18. No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair, or shave, on the Sabbath day. 19. No husband shall kiss his wife, and no mother kiss her child, on the Sabbath day.—*Blue Laws of Connecticut.*

THE DEPTH OF DISTRESS.

The following anecdote of the great Duke of Marlborough's pecuniary difficulties is given in Mrs. Thomson's Life of his Duchess. Writing on one occasion to a friend, he thus raises his lamentation:—

"'I beg pardon for troubling you with this, but I am in a very odd distress—too much ready money. I have now one hundred thousand pounds dead, and shall have fifty more next week; if you can employ it in any way, it will be a very great favour to me'—Surely so strange a dilemma as that of having a hundred and fifty thousand pounds too much for one's peace of mind, and of being able to dispense with the interest of such a sum, is of rare occurrence."

CHILDHOOD.

The innocence of childhood is the tenderest, the sweetest, and not the least potent remonstrance against the vices and the errors of grown man, if he would but listen to the lesson, and take it to his heart. Seldom, too seldom, do we do so.—*G. P. R. James.*

ENGLISH LADIES.

The people of this kingdom are of genteel nature, and delicate constitution; most of the ladies, and females in general, are more delicate and refined than the blossom of roses. Their waist is more slender than a finger-ring—their form is beautiful, their voice gains the affections.—*Journal of the Persian Princes.*

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CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS.

ONCE, on a time, sages, "learned in the law," produced the authority of the Bible to justify atrocious modes of punishment; and because examples were to be found of persons being put to death in various revolting ways, they thought that the Bible sanctified the repetition of such deeds. That is so far past now: but still not a few persons are to be found who rest on Scripture as authority for capital punishments. Among the warnings and instructions given to Noah, on the subsidence of the Flood, occur the following words—"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." This passage has long stood as the grand authority, or text, of all who contend that capital punishments cannot be altogether abrogated; and, accordingly, it has been quoted by learned writers, eloquent orators, grave judges, and reverend preachers, as conveying the universal sanction, to all future generations, of the LIFE-GIVER, to the taking away of life in the case of murder. Let us, therefore, look at the words.

After forbidding the use of blood, it is said—"Surely, your blood of your lives will I require: *at the hand of every beast* will I require it, and *at the hand of man;* at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image of God made he man."

Reader, have you read the words, and have you considered them? Then, do you not see, that IF—we say IF—this be a command from God to punish the murderer with death, the man and the beast are placed on the same *moral* footing? the crime is the same in *both,* and both are amenable to the same law;—"at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of man." The lion or tiger who tears, the bear who hugs, or the bull that gores, a human being to death, are, in the eye of *this* law—if it be a law—as much murderers as Cain was when he slew his brother Abel. Nay, more, if all who shed man's blood are to have their blood shed, the law applies with as much force to the executioner as to the murderer. There is no escape from this conclusion. "In the image of God made He man;" therefore, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," whether that "whoso" be a lion, a tiger, a bull, a human being, or a hangman.

But, in truth, there is not in the whole Bible—no, not from Genesis to Revelations—a single passage which can be honestly construed, as giving a *general* authority from God for taking away human life. The reverse is distinctly the case. But God deals with human beings *as they are,* with the view of ultimately making them *what they ought to be;* and as, in the infancy of human intellect, the immutable and everlasting God descended to the level of *infant men,* and spoke of HIMSELF as being angry, pleased, and as moved by feelings analogous to the changing and variable feelings of men; so, in the infancy of human institutions, and the incapacity of men to rise to larger and general principles, practices were permitted which would never have been permitted had man been more advanced. Our Saviour distinctly tells us that this principle of accommodation to human weakness pervaded the Mosaic law. Things were permitted to the Jews, "because of the hardness of their hearts"—because of their ignorance, their incapacity, and their prejudices; and yet the Jews of our Saviour's time clung to all those temporary permissions and regulations of the Mosaic law, as if they were eternal.

To return to the passage quoted from the book of Genesis. When we look at it, we distinctly see that the object is to enhance the value of human life—to make Noah and his family feel, that though before them was a moist wilderness, scarcely dry from the Flood, and where beasts might multiply, still they were not to be afraid, for they were under a divine protection. God also is giving to Noah and his descendants a distinct and a general permission to eat the flesh of animals—"Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you:" but lest this familiarity with the slaughtering of animals might engender a carelessness about the slaughtering of men, a warning is given, that human life is sacred, and far superior to the life of the beast. And to make this warning more effective and direct, God appeals to the LEX TALIONIS, the law or principle of retaliation, with which HE has endowed the animal creation, and which man possesses in common with the brutes. All living creatures impulsively not only defend their own existence, but endeavour, as far as they can, to injure their assailants. This is a principle composed of conservation and destructiveness, and the beasts exercise it as they exercise their other appetites. Man, by being an animal, is endowed with it, as he is endowed with other animal faculties: but being also a reasoning and accountable creature, all his impulses or appetites are supposed to be under the control of his reason. To this, therefore, the appeal is made: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood," let him beware; for by the vengeance of his fellow-man shall his blood be shed; human life is sacred, and human nature is endowed with a retaliating propensity; "Whoso sheddeth man's blood," let him beware of the AVENGER OF BLOOD.

The avenger of blood belongs to a rude and primitive, or else unsettled state of society. Before government is shaped into form—before men can understand the idea of a police, or feel the majesty that can be given to a prohibition, the protection of life is in the hands of every individual. Hence sprang up that system of individual protection which exists at this hour amongst the Arabs, and animated the North American Indians, by which the nearest kinsman of a slaughtered man was bound in honour to avenge the deed. This was the first rude form of protection in the social life of the Jews. Men in a rude and ignorant state care little for the life and sufferings of their fellows, however much they may value their own. This principle of self-protection was an appeal to that only effectual feeling in savage existence—the feeling of self-preservation acted on by fear. The man who might have scorned a law forbidding him to kill, would nevertheless pause if he felt that his own life would be in danger for the deed. We may see this sometimes illustrated in domestic life. A mother all unable to philosophise on the subject, may yet check the vicious propensities of a young child, by appealing through its feeling to its yet unformed sense of right and wrong. We have

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seen a very young infant cured of a vicious propensity to pinch its little companions, by being itself pinched on the arm or face, as the case might be, every time it committed an offence. This is precisely the principle on which arose the custom of blood revenge. The savage kicks his foot against a stone; he takes it up, and dashes it to pieces; he is struck on the face by a companion, and he returns the blow; an enemy slays his father, and he exults with joy when he has brought the slaughterer down. The same feeling exists in civilised life, only it is modified and governed by our civilisation. The tottering child knocks its head against a table, and turns about to inflict, as it thinks, mortal injury on the cause of offence. We are, in fact, animals—reasoning animals it is true, but still animals: but it is the glory of man, that while dwelling in an animal body, and using all the animal gifts which God has blessed for his use, he rises above mere animal indulgences, and ever remembers that there is written upon all our impulses or appetites, "Do thyself no harm!"

When Moses became the lawgiver of the Jews, he found that the idea of BLOOD REVENGE was engrained in the hearts—worked into the feelings and prejudices—of his people. A mere legislator might have disregarded this circumstance, and addressed the people thus: "I am about to form you into a nation; to make every individual a citizen; and to protect you all by institutions and a government. You must, therefore, every one of you, give up your right of self-protection and self-revenge; you must no longer take the law into your own hands; families must no longer pursue families, nor tribes avenge the wrongs of tribes; if a man is killed, the executive government will take it up, and punish the guilty." But Moses, illumined by wisdom from above, knew far better the people he had to deal with. He knew that the son who did not avenge the death of his father was accounted infamous; he knew that it was a high point of honour to sacrifice a life for a life; and to give up this *right* would appear to the Jews to be giving up one of their dearest privileges. Therefore, instead of vainly struggling with a deeply-rooted prejudice, *he made use of it*, and incorporated it into his Law. He saw that this practice of private blood revenge led to the loss of many lives; for the blood avenger, if he could not reach the actual murderer, slew one or more of the murderer's family, or even of his tribe. This raised additional blood avengers, and spread feuds through generations. To mitigate this ferocity—to ameliorate the condition of the people, and yet to engage their strongest prejudices in favour of his laws, he directed CITIES OF REFUGE to be built, with good roads leading in all directions to them, by which the unfortunate man-slaughterer—he who had killed his fellow without intending it—might be sheltered from the pursuit of the avenger of blood. While thus protecting the unfortunate, *saving life*, and preventing feuds, he did not strain too far the prejudices of the people. He permitted the actual murderer to be taken from the altar itself; and in giving this permission, he alludes to an opinion which prevailed early and extensively amongst other nations, as well as the Jews. It was believed that the place where human blood had been spilt was watered neither with dew nor with rain till the murderer had suffered punishment. Therefore, says Moses, "Ye shall take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer, [the blood avenger, amongst the Arabs, is usually bought off,] but he shall be surely put to death. For blood, it defileth the land, and the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein but by the blood of him that shed it."

Though we are decidedly of opinion, that there is not in the whole Bible, any passage which can be fairly construed as giving a divine permission to men generally to inflict capital punishments, we are not at all prepared to say that it was never *expedient* to inflict them. There may be certain stages in social life in which nothing short of an actual deprivation of existence can reach the stupid heads and hard hearts of a people. "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." This idea is strengthened by the fact of capital punishments being permitted under the Mosaic law. But even here we must bear in mind the character of the Jews. The Mosaic law did not point to a FUTURE LIFE; all their attention was concentrated on the promised land; to be "cut off from the land of the living," to quit the light of the blessed sun, to descend into "the valley and shadow of death," was a terrible punishment. It was well calculated to strike into the coarse minds of a people who were attached to this existence with extraordinary tenacity, and amongst whom it was a high honour to see their children's children, and to descend into the grave full of years.

In addition to all this, the Jews belonged to that portion of the world where, in all ages, the value of human life has been rated very low, and where pardoning mercy has been oftener attributed to fear or cowardice, than to generosity. Hence the history of the "EAST"—an indefinite word, by the way—is full of eyes thrust out, ears and noses torn off, and monuments of human skulls—sad evidence that even *half*-civilised man has a large portion of the blood of the tiger in him!

Waiving these considerations, we repeat, that we are not prepared to say that capital punishments were never *expedient*, in certain circumstances, and for certain temporary purposes. We see that they were permitted in the early history of our race, and incorporated in the Mosaic law. But any nation which retains capital punishments, on the ground of their being found in the Mosaic law, is bound to permit the practice of blood revenge; to build cities of refuge; and to follow out all the judicial processes prescribed by Moses. The one is just as binding as the other.

How delightful to turn to the Christian religion, and see how utterly and everlastingly capital punishments are opposed to its spirit! We might here take our stand on general ground, and declare that its love, forgiveness of injuries, &c., are all abhorrent to the deprivation of life—that life which its doctrines have so prodigiously enhanced in value! We reason in the same way about slavery. Had the apostles prohibited slavery, they would have excited a servile war, and the Christian religion, on its introduction, would have produced enormous confusion. Yet we all know that slavery is opposed to the spirit of Christianity; and so are capital punishments. But we are not left to general inferences. The Saviour set the example of abolishing the capital punishments of the Mosaic law. In that memorable scene, the theme of poets and painters, which is recorded in the eighth chapter of John, we see how he treated a penal enactment of the law. The crafty "scribes and Pharisees brought unto him a woman taken in adultery;" and this they did to entrap him. They knew that he was popular among the people, who looked upon him as a divine teacher; yet they also knew that the people were extravagantly attached to the law, and any attempt to set aside what they considered not only its divine but its perpetual enactments would rouse them into fury, and make them cry, as they did in the case of Paul, who was accused of speaking everywhere against the law—"Away with such a fellow from the earth, for it is not fit that he should live!" And yet these cunning men also calculated, that if the Saviour retained his popularity with the people, by subscribing, in the particular case, to the enactments of the law, and ordering the woman to be put to death, they could accuse him to the Roman governor as a seditious fellow, who was taking the power of life and death into his own hands. So, when they had set the woman in the midst, "they say unto him, Master, this

woman was taken in adultery, in the very act. Now, Moses, in the law, commandeth us that such should be stoned—*but what sayest thou?*"

It appears to us very clear, that the Saviour, in escaping from the trap set for him, distinctly abrogated the capital punishments of the Mosaic law. Had he sanctioned the principle of capital punishment at all, he would doubtless have indicated his opinion. Here was a grave crime, for which a severe punishment was specially prescribed—the severest in the Mosaic law. The criminal stood in the midst, and the people waited his decision. What! is HE about to weaken the sanctions of law and morality? Is HE about to open the flood-gates of licentiousness! In reading the passage, we may imagine that we hear those lips murmuring the divinest music. "Woman, where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee? She said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said to her, Neither do *I* condemn thee: go, and sin no more."

> "How would you be,
> If He, who is the top of judgment, should
> But judge you as you are?"

Here we must mark a distinction, familiar to all who are familiar with the Bible, but which may require to be indicated to some of our readers. Our Saviour did not stand to the Jews in a similar relation to that of Moses. The one was a national lawgiver, the other was a world's Redeemer. The one was specially chosen and specially recognised as the head of the people, having power to make and unmake, to punish and pardon; the other everywhere obeyed, and inculcated obedience to, the constituted authorities. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." He, therefore, did not assume any legislative power to alter the constitution originally given to the Jews by Moses. If He had done so, the constituted authorities would have resisted His proceedings; and it was, in fact, upon a *false* accusation of this very nature that the Jewish authorities procured the consent of the Roman governor to put Him to death. They accused Him of making or proclaiming Himself a king—a Jewish king; and when Pilate found that His kingdom was not of *this* world, and thereby saw the hollowness of the accusation, the hypocritical knaves sustained his faltering purpose by shouting out, "Whoso maketh himself a king is not Cæsar's friend—we have no king but Cæsar!"

Our Saviour, therefore, could not alter the laws of Moses in any other way than by His teachings—working upon public opinion by enlightening the minds of the people. With what majestic grandeur he does this, all who read the Sermon on the Mount know full well. In a few weighty and emphatic words, he sweeps away the LEX TALIONIS, the law of retaliation, which pervaded the Mosaic constitution. "Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. But *I* say unto you, That ye resist not evil." Not that Christ inculcates that the robber or the assassin, or the midnight prowler, is to be at large, unrestrained and unpunished. In that case, the bonds of civil society would be loosed, and wherever Christianity entered, it would bring decay. But the announcement, in spirit, is distinctly this: Moses, in his laws, appealed to the only effectual principle which the minds of your rude and ignorant forefathers could understand—the principle of fear, the principle of inflicting injury for injury, that principle which the most brutal savage can understand, though he were ignorant of all else beside. But *I* appeal, not to fear, but to love, not to vengeance, but to mercy. My doctrines are destined to lift man above the mere level of animal existence—to pour into the human heart sublimer sanctions and nobler aims. Ye have heard that it has been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy; a doctrine adapted to the narrow mind of the Jews, and practised everywhere by unenlightened man, living in his own tribe, or in his own secluded community. But *I*, who come to knit the world into one, say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." Glorious doctrines!—not intended to weaken the arm of national defence; not intended to expose social society to the devastations of the savage or the barbarian; but intended, by their subtle and penetrating moral power, to mitigate the natural ferocity of the animal man, and which, when they get room to circulate, will show that vengeance is like the storm, which makes man wrap himself still closer in his cloak of selfishness; but love is like the "sun shining in his strength," which will compel him to open his heart to the purifying airs of heaven.

We have intimated, that we feel a difficulty in deciding whether or not it might ever be *expedient* to adopt capital punishments, supposing the legislator to be dealing with a people wholly ignorant of the Christian religion, and in a low moral and mental condition. But the legislator, statesman, or governor, who is himself a Christian, must have a heavy responsibility on his conscience who permits a capital punishment to take place; for if Christianity does indeed point to a futurity, in which man's existence is destined to outlast the stars, and if this short life be but a preparative for a fathomless unknown, who dares to hurry his fellow-man into it? Shut up offenders; secure them from still further injuring society; ply them with all the exhortations, the warnings, and the kindness of the Christian faith; but, oh! touch not the life of the most miserable wretch—let him live "all the days of his appointed time." In so doing, we would do more to restrain murder, by enhancing the value of human life in the estimation of the people, than by all the hangings that disgrace our records; and we would sooner arrive at that condition in which the gibbet will appear, like the tomahawk and scalping-knife, to belong exclusively to savage existence.

Certainly, the nation, which affirms that Christianity is "part and parcel" of its law; which has adopted the Christian religion as a portion of its national institutions, and has its chosen teachers of the Christian faith, whose duty it is to endeavour to make every person born in the country a Christian, is *guilty of a strange* and monstrous inconsistency, when it permits capital punishments. They are so utterly opposed to the character and spirit of Christianity, that it does appear most marvellous how, till a recent period, men, in this most Christian country, were strung up like dogs. There is much of barbarism amongst us still; and though a vast improvement has taken place within the last few years, and the numbers of those who doubt the right of man to take away the life of his fellow-man have greatly increased, we still think that a large number would *murmur* if capital punishment was abolished in the case of murder. We must wait a little longer; time is working great changes, and that more rapidly than old men dream of.

For ourselves, we must give our opinion, that neither God nor expediency, neither the Bible nor nature, sanctions the taking away of human life in a *Christian* country. We look upon every execution in such a country as a judicial murder—a sacrifice to the brutality in man which Christianity and civilisation have not yet softened. What avail all our machinery—our government and free discussion, our clergy and our churches, our books and our newspapers, our soldiers and our police, if society cannot be

protected without taking another life, as a sacrifice for the lost? Murderers commit a horrible crime—is that horrible crime only to be restrained by doing that in coolness and composure, and with all the gravity of judicial form, which the murderer has done in secrecy, in passion, and perhaps under the influence of intoxication? But so long as we are influenced by the feeling that "one murder makes a villain," and "thousands a hero," so long will it be difficult for us to get rid of the savage spirit of blood revenge; and so long will it be ere we rise to that high estimate of the value of human life, which looks upon it as inextinguishable, except by the finger of God.

RUSSIA:—ITS AUTOCRAT, ITS PEOPLE, AND ITS POWER.

RUSSIA is twelve days in arrear of all other nations,—the calendar is yet unreformed in that country. The reason assigned for this preposterous delay, is partly the fear which the emperor has of any serious innovations giving offence to his nobles, and partly the unwillingness of the clergy to accede to any change which would so materially derange the present order of their numerous feasts or saints' days. The deference which the autocrat pays to his nobles in this instance, places the peculiarity of his position in a remarkable point of view. Theoretically he is a despot, yet in some respects he is the most circumscribed of monarchs. He can make rank or annul it, introduce a law or abrogate one, and none dare say to him What doest thou? but he cannot give freedom to his slaves—he dare not reform the calendar, for the nobles are opposed to such *un*-Russian innovations. If he were to attempt either, he would lose his crown or his life, or probably both together in one fell swoop. The fact is, there is thus in full practical operation a principle, that of a second power in the state, in a country where its very existence is theoretically impossible. Russia thus, and in several other respects, presents singular inconsistencies and extremes. There is the extreme of pomp, and the extreme of poverty; the extreme of refinement, and the extreme of barbarism; a liberty on the one hand amounting to licentiousness, and a vassalage on the other which degrades the individual to a level with the cattle of his plains; a court festooned with the trophies of many conquered nations, and a population fed on something like the rations of the prodigal son; an empire whose escutcheon has monopolised the national emblems of several vanquished kingdoms, but having on the reverse a fetter; and lastly, an absolute sovereign without the right of an English gentleman. Such is Russia, —and such must its ruler remain until he call a middle class into existence to redress the unsteady balance.

The Russian character presents the same striking contrasts. There is no tone or keeping in it; it glares with the positive colours; it is made up of antagonist forces—of contradictions, moral and physical. The life of a Russian is a series of rebounds from one extreme to another. For instance, after a bath of all but insupportable heat, he plunges and rolls about amongst snow, like a young porpoise rejoicing in the summer wave. He performs ablution in the most effectual manner once a week, but goes filthy all the rest of it. He allows his beard to grow long and nasty; but, as a compensation, he shaves the back of his head. He loads himself with furs in summer, and in winter can sleep amongst sleet without any covering, and yet catch no harm from the operation. Abstemious in the extreme, he yet plunges into inordinate excesses. He trails his belly in the dust before his superior, and fawns on him like a spaniel; yet, shame on him! he beats his wife unmercifully. Honest by nature, he is often a rogue from circumstances. "When confidence is reposed in him," says Mr. Bremner, "his honesty is proof against every temptation." This is a very different view of the Russian character from that given by Lyell and others; but it is confirmed by different recent travellers, and we are persuaded is nearer the truth than that the Russians are a nation of sharpers. Their natural dispositions are good; but the position in which they are placed tends sadly to pervert them. Their natural tendency to the vices of lying, stealing, cunning, received a powerful development. The stain, however, is rapidly disappearing. Give the Russian fair play, and he will be an upright, industrious, sober, and peaceable man. We have been led to entertain these views from a pretty extensive knowledge of the facts; and he who impartially investigates the subject will arrive at the same conclusion.

With regard to the naval and military strength of Russia, though unquestionably immense, it is not to be dreaded as equal to the subversion of the liberties of Europe. Besides, it is to be hoped the day is past when any single European power will be quietly allowed to endanger the liberties of the rest by a forcible attempt to usurp territory to which it has no right. As public opinion becomes more strongly expressed in individual countries relative to their own affairs, so, taking the nations of Europe in the mass, public opinion will be more openly and loudly expressed by different nations regarding those transactions which, by directly subverting the liberties of any one of the number, might remotely compromise their own, and measures would be taken to prevent the perpetration of any such injustice. The case of Poland was a very complicated one, as all who have examined it know full well. Neither Britain nor any other country could have rightly interfered there, however strongly our sympathies might have been excited for the noble sufferers. Viewing the subject therefore in the abstract, and taking into account the state of public feeling in Europe, we do not think there are any grounds for the apprehensions of those political alarmists who are ever and anon lashing themselves into a fury of eloquence touching the terrors of the "northern bear." But even were Europe blind or callous enough to allow Russia to attempt further speculations of territorial aggrandisement on the Continent, it is the expressed opinion of the greatest generals of the age, that, from the impossibility of forming a commissariat sufficient for the maintenance of her troops, her army would not be formidable. They also state that, from her immense frontier, and the vast body of men which she could immediately concentrate on any point assailed, she is impregnable within herself. At home she has a giant's might to quell intestine broils or repulse the invading foe; but beyond her native soil, her power would depart from her, like the strength of Antæus when he ceased to touch his mother earth.

A POETICAL PICTURE GALLERY.

A PICTURE GALLERY is an expensive thing; your Raphaels, and Correggios, and Rembrandts, and Titians—glorious as they all are—are luxuries which the poor man can only enjoy "as 'twere afar off:" one such work alone is not unfrequently worth a fortune, in the mere marketable idea of its value. How, then, should he get it?—where is *his* picture gallery? The public exhibitions are open to him, to be sure; and he may there obtain an occasional glimpse of the serene and beautiful works of art—but nothing more! It is in silence and solitude only, as we gaze upon the inspired canvas, the eye delightedly tracking one noble beauty after another, that the halo significant of the divine presence—which, with no irreverent feeling, we may say ever presides over the birth of a great painting—becomes visible; it is then only that our imagination kindles with the consciousness of the high communion to which it is admitted; it is then only that our hearts reverentially worship. Paintings may be copied; but, of all translations, they are the worst—and even the copies are still far, far beyond the means of the many. It is on our own wall the picture should hang, whose beauty we would cherish in our soul; we should have it suddenly catching the eye, and charming us for the thousandth time with its beauty, or elevating us with its grandeur; we should be able, after having for a while forgotten it, as we might be supposed to forget the glorious sun which has just vanished from the sky, *though we still walk in its illumination*, to meet it again, as we meet that great luminary, with a new sense of wonder, and joy, and silent happiness, that no repetitions can lessen. Must the poor man lose all this?—poor, indeed, if God has so ordained it! The faith within us says, No! Pictures are, after all, but the concentrated expressions of the loveliness or grandeur of the worlds within and without, thus made more intelligible to our limited faculties, by being deprived of that vastness and overpowering sense of an infinite sublimity which otherwise confounds them. The canvas and the manual dexterity are nothing; even the visual pleasure we receive on looking at a fine picture is little, if we can get all else:—that we can do so, it is our present business to prove.

Let the reader, then, already imagine himself transported to the gallery, through which we propose to conduct him; noticing, as we pass along, the various works to which we would direct his attention. Here is first a most extraordinary picture, which not even Landseer can equal, by Percy Bysshe Shelley—an artist whose powers——but let them speak for themselves.

THE FIGHT OF THE EAGLE AND SERPENT.

—— In the air do I behold indeed
An Eagle and a Serpent wreathed in fight:—
And now relaxing its impetuous flight,
Before the aërial rock on which I stood,
The Eagle hovering wheeled to left and right,
And hung with lingering wings over the flood,
And startled with its yells the wide air's solitude.

A shaft of light upon its wings descended,
And every golden feather gleamed therein—
Feather and scale inextricably blended.
The Serpent's mailed and many-coloured skin
Shone through the plumes; its coils were twined within
By many a swollen and knotted fold, *and high*
And far, the neck receding lithe and thin,
Sustained a crested head, which warily
Shifted and glanced before the Eagle's steadfast eye.

Around, around, in ceaseless circles wheeling,
With clang of wings and scream, the Eagle sailed
Incessantly—sometimes on high concealing
Its lessening orbs—sometimes, as if it failed,
Drooped through the air; and still it shrieked and wailed,
And casting back its eager head, with beak
And talon unremittingly assailed
The wreathèd Serpent, who did ever seek
Upon his enemy's heart a mortal wound to wreak.

What life, what power, was kindled, and arose
Within the sphere of that appalling fray!
For from the encounter of those wondrous foes
A vapour like the sea's suspended spray
Hung gatherèd: in the void air, far away,
Floated the shattered plumes; bright scales did leap
Where'er the Eagle's talons made their way,
Like sparks into the darkness: as they sweep,
Blood stains the snowy foam of the tumultuous deep.

Swift chances in that combat—many a check,
And many a change, a dark and wild turmoil!
Sometimes the Snake around his enemy's neck
Locked in stiff rings his adamantine coil,
Until the Eagle, faint with pain and toil,
Remitted his strong flight, and near the sea
Languidly fluttered, hopeless so to foil
His adversary; who then reared on high
His red and burning crest, radiant with victory.

Then on the white edge of the bursting surge,
Where they had sunk together, would the Snake
Relax his suffocating grasp, and scourge
The wind with his wild writhings; for to break
That chain of torment, the vast bird would shake
The strength of his unconquerable wings,
As in despair, and with his sinewy neck,
Dissolve in sudden shock those linked rings,
Then soar—as swift as smoke from a volcano springs.

Wile baffled wile, and strength encountered strength
Thus long, but unprevailing:—the event
Of that portentous fight appeared at length.
Until the lamp of day was almost spent
It had endured, when lifeless, stark, and rent,
Hung high that mighty serpent, and at last
Fell to the sea, while o'er the continent,
With clang of wings and scream, the Eagle passed,
Heavily borne away on the exhausted blast.

To speak of the power and beauty of this is unnecessary; but we may ask, did ever canvas thus express? Shelley is, indeed, a great artist!

A MOONLIGHT.

How beautiful this night!—the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love had spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness—
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still!

Apart from the high creative power exhibited in the conception of this picture, how harmonious are its combinations! no thought, line, nor word, but aids, each in its place, to the promotion of the general effect. Was ever costly painting more beautiful! Who is the artist? Percy Bysshe Shelley! We are not about to deny that Shelley has written much that the world finds it difficult to understand; but the poet also has written much which all hearts and minds alike appreciate.

As a contrast to the serene beauty of the last picture, let us stand and gaze awhile upon this

THUNDER-STORM, BY THOMSON.

A boding silence reigns
Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest leaf without a breath.
Prone to the lowest vale the aërial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all;
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
And following slower in explosion vast
The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds: till over head a sheet
Of livid flame incloses wide; then shuts
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosened aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crushed horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Our gallery is so rich in landscapes, that we cannot hope for a moment to indicate any particular ones as being better than the majority of the remainder. Look where we will, the eye is attracted by beautiful and masterly works. As a pendant to the last picture, here is what we may call

THE SHOWER PAST.

In the western sky the downward sun
Looks out effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
The illumined mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems,
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around!

These pieces are both from the "Seasons," in itself, like the great period it celebrates, a collection of beautiful and sublime pictorial effects. The different natural phenomena—Spring, with its young buds and tender green leaves, its blue skies, and its rough storms,—luxuriant full-bosomed Summer,—Autumn marking the decline of the year, as the sunset does of the day, and like it departing in glory,—and lastly Winter, sharp but genial as a crusty friend, giving us nipping airs but joyous impulses, and making amends for the rough solitude without, by the social comfort of the fireside within: all this we find painted in language thoroughly informed with its subject, and elevated by that feeling which looks through nature "up to nature's God."

Pass we now on to the pair of pictures painted by hands different, yet how alike in the youthful mastery of the touch!—one so splendid, rich, and gorgeous, that the eye would ache with the splendour, but for the relief given it in the person of the pure virgin sweetness which is thus enshrined; and the other so dreamy in its loveliness, that the spirit must have evaporated under the hands of a less potent magician. The first is

MADELINE, BY JOHN KEATS.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass
And diamonded with panes of quaint device
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mongst thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded 'scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
Rose bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory like a saint:
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro* grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

* Madeline's concealed lover.

The other picture is an illustration from that world of Eastern romance, the "Thousand-and-one Nights."

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY, BY A. TENNYSON.

Year after year, unto her feet,
The while she slumbereth alone,
Over the purpled coverlet
The maiden's jet-black hair hath grown
On either side her tranced form,
Forth streaming from a braid of pearl;
The slumberous light is rich and warm,
And moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-braided coverlid
Unto her limbs itself doth mould,
Languidly ever, and amid
Her full black ringlets downward rolled,
Glows forth each softly-shadowed arm,
With bracelets of the diamond bright;
Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love, and day with light.

She sleeps; her breathings are not heard
In palace-chambers far apart;
The fragrant tresses are not stirred
That lie upon her charmed heart.
She sleeps; on either side up-swells
The gold-fringed pillow, lightly prest;
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.

But it will be asked, has our gallery none of the greater works of art? Have we not, to use the painter's phraseology, any grand historical pieces? It would be strange if we had not. Does poetry only deal with the beautiful? Is the sublime beyond its province? Was the blind old bard of Chios, or he who was to rival his fame centuries afterwards, in our then unknown island,—the authors of the "Iliad" and "Paradise Lost,"—were they not grand historical painters? The pages of this last-named work alone furnish pictures of surpassing grandeur, and so numerous, that, could they be spread out in all the amplitude of canvas, what earthly halls might contain them? And what a subject is that they illustrate! The Fall of Man! How sublime the daring that could resolve upon it!—how wonderful the genius that could command success by its means! What is this first picture?

SATAN HURLED FROM HEAVEN.

Him the Almighty power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal man, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal. But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him. Round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnessed high affliction and dismay
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as angels ken, he views
The dismal situation, waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible,
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.

Here amid the horror and torment surrounding the arch-fiend he sees in the distance—"A dreary plain, forlorn and wild."

With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed, his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood.

He is roused at the sight, and immediately we behold the mighty spirit grandly looming forth through the smoke, and "the glimmering of those livid flames."

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames
Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and rolled
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale!

Passing in rapid succession one great work after another comprised in this sublime series, indicating the following by the names only we have appended to them—Satan's Call and Exhortation to his scattered Forces; the awful Council of the "Powers, Dominions," and fallen "Deities of Heaven," in pursuance of whose decision Satan departs to seek the new world, where man was, or was about to be, created, we stop before this:—

SATAN, SIN, AND DEATH, AT THE GATES OF HELL.

At last appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sate
On either side a formidable shape:
The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast, a serpent armed
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds, never ceasing, barked
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal: yet when they list, would creep,
If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb
And kennel there, yet there still barked and howled
Within unseen. . . . .
The other shape,
If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either; black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart. What seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward, came as fast
With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be admired,
Admired, not feared.

Sin and Death, however, stop not the Tempter's way, when they know his destination, and that they are to follow him, when, by his success, he shall have prepared the path. Death "grinned horribly a ghastly smile." The awful gates are unlocked, that were never again to be closed; Chaos appears. There is the picture! See how grandly it is conceived!—that dark illimitable ocean, where all is vague, stupendous, and terrible; the regions of "eternal anarchy." In these pictures we are now passing, we see the progress of Satan towards the world, which he at last discovers: and here behold him perched upon the tree of life, in the middle of Eden, watching, with envious and malignant eyes, the happiness of our yet sinless parents. The place was

A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves where rich trees wept odorous gums and balms,
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed;

Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store—
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant: Meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake
That to the fringed bank, with myrtle crowned,
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams;
The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves; while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal Spring. . .
The Fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to sight and strange.
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seemed lords of all,
And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed,
For contemplation he, and valour formed,
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule: and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved,
As the vine curls her tendrils; which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway.

We can only pause to notice one picture more—that concerning the greatest event in the history of our religious belief, the temptation of Eve, and consequent fall of man.

Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood
Half spied, so thick the roses blushing round
About her glowed; oft stooping to support
Each flower of tender stalk, whose head, though gay,
Carnation, purple, azure, or specked with gold,
Hung drooping unsustained. . .
[The Serpent] toward Eve
Addressed his way, not with indented wave
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear
Circular base of shining folds, that towered
Fold above fold a surging maze; his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes,
With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect
Amid his circling spires, that on the grass
Floated redundant. Pleasing was his shape
And lovely: never since of serpent kind
Lovelier: . . . . . .
Oft he bowed
His turret crest and sleek enamelled neck,
Fawning, and licked the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turned at length
The eye of Eve to mark his play.

She follows him; the apple is tasted, and

Nature from her seat
Sighing, through all her works gave signs of woe
That all was lost!

We have not attempted to direct the spectator's eye to the peculiar beauties and sublimities of these grand paintings; for it is to this class of works that our remarks, in the commencement of this paper, on the necessity of deep, silent, and reverential investigation, most peculiarly apply. There is that in them which appeals at once to the common heart, as there should be in all great works, and as in the greatest there invariably is; but let us be well assured that no momentary or superficial examination will reveal to us the subtler delicacies of their beauty, the deeper emotions of the human interest they inspire, or the more elevating of the influences of that divine spirit which God seems to have bestowed upon some of his creatures, for the purpose of raising and purifying the rest, and which spirit, in our earthly language, is what men call genius.

THE GALETTE OR CHESTNUT CAKE.

The principal countries where the chestnut is employed as an important article of food are, the South of France and the North of Italy, where it serves, in a great measure, as a substitute for both the bread and potatoes of more northern nations. In these countries it becomes a matter of importance to preserve the chestnuts during winter, and, accordingly, great care is taken in gathering, keeping, and drying them, so as to ensure a constant supply. When the chestnuts are ripe, those that are to be preserved are collected every day from the ground on which they have fallen from the tree, and spread out in a dry, airy place, till the whole is gathered together. But as it is often a considerable time before the chestnuts are all ripe enough to fall from the tree, if the season be so far advanced as to be in danger of snow or heavy rains, after the fallen chestnuts have been collected and set on one side for drying, the tree is beaten with long poles, to knock off the remaining fruit. This operation is called *gauler les châtaignes*. But the fruit thus collected is only considered fit for immediate use, and the greater part of it is carried to the local market or sent to Paris. The husks of the chestnuts beaten off the trees being generally attached to the nuts, they are trodden off by peasants furnished with heavy sabots when the nuts are wanted for immediate use; but when the chestnuts are to be preserved a few months, they are generally kept in their husks in heaps in the open air, or in barrels of sand, which are actually sometimes sprinkled with water in very dry seasons, in order to preserve the full and plump appearance of the nuts. One of the modes of drying chestnuts in order to preserve them for several years is, to place those which have been collected from the ground on coarse riddles, sieves, or hurdles, in a dry, airy place, and afterwards to expose them to the sun; or to boil them for a quarter of an hour, and then dry them in an oven. In Simoasin and Périgord, where the chestnut flour is used for making the kind of cake called *la galette*, and the thick porridge called *la polenta*, which are the common food of the peasantry, the chestnuts are dried with smoke. A thin layer of nuts, which have been deprived of their outer husks, is laid on a kind of kiln pierced with holes, and a fire is made below with the husks and part of the wood of the tree, which is only permitted to smoulder, and is not suffered to burst into a flame. In a short time the chestnuts begin to sweat; that is, their superabundant moisture oozes out through their skins. The fire is then immediately extinguished, and the chestnuts are suffered to become quite cold. They are then thrown on one side, and a fresh layer is spread out and subjected to the same process. When a sufficient quantity of chestnuts is thus prepared to cover the floor of the kiln at least one foot deep, they are laid upon it, and a gentle fire is made below, which is gradually augmented during two or three days, and is then continued during nine or ten days, the chestnuts being regularly turned, like malt, till the nuts part readily from their skins; they are then put into sacks which have been previously wetted, and thrashed with sticks, or rubbed upon a large bench or table; after which they are winnowed, and are then ready for the mill. During the process of drying, the fire is watched night and day; and the under side of the floor of the kiln (or hurdles, if these have been used as a substitute for a paved floor) must be frequently swept, to clear it from the soot. The dust which escapes from the chestnuts when they are winnowed, together with the broken nuts, are carefully preserved for feeding cattle, and are called in France *biscat*. The most general modes of cooking chestnuts in France are, boiling them in water, either simply, with a little salt, or with leaves of celery, sage, or any herbs that may be approved of to give them a flavour; and roasting them, either in hot ashes or in a coffee-roaster. They are also occasionally roasted before the fire, or on a shovel, as in England; but when thus prepared, they are thought not so good. In whatever way the chestnuts are roasted, the French cooks always slit the skin of all except one; and when that cracks and flies off, they know that the rest are done. Chestnut flour is kept in casks, or in earthen bottles well corked: and it will remain good for years. *La galette* is a species of thick, flat cake, which is made without yeast, and baked on a kind of girdle or iron plate, or on a hot, flat stone. It is generally mixed with milk and a little salt, and is sometimes made richer by the addition of eggs and butter; and sometimes, when baked, it is covered with a rich custard before serving. *La polenta* is made by boiling the chestnut flour in water or milk, and continually stirring it, till it has become quite thick and will no longer stick to the fingers. When made with water, it is frequently eaten with milk in the manner that oatmeal porridge is in Scotland. Besides these modes of dressing

chestnuts, which are common in Italy as well as in France, many others might be mentioned, particularly a kind of *bouilli* called *châtigna*, which is made by boiling the entire chestnuts, after they have been dried and freed from their skins, in water, with a little salt, till they become soft, and then breaking and mixing them together like mashed potatoes; and a sweetmeat called *marrons glacés*, which is made by dipping the marrons into clarified sugar and then drying them, and which is common in the confectioners' shops in Paris.—*Loudon's Arboretum.*

PROVINCIAL RIVALRIES IN TRADE.

There are not many things, we think, more edifying, more amusingly absurd, than a war of advertisements between two trading establishments. The utter indifference which one feels regarding their miserable squabbles contrasting so entertainingly with the earnestness of the disputants, who write as if the eyes of the world were on them, and as if that world took the deepest interest in their contemptible quarrels. It may be a little wicked or so, but we read these hostile tirades with great delight; and when we see one whose tone gives promise of eliciting a reply, look out for that reply with nearly as much curiosity and interest as we have looked for the appearance of a new "Waverley," in the palmy days of Scott. The amusing qualities which generally characterise these entertaining effusions are constant attempts at saying severe and cutting things, but which, in fact, are—at least in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—the most stupid and pointless things imaginable, but more amusing still. It is clear, from the general tenor of such advertisements as those we speak of, that the writers think themselves amazingly clever fellows, and that they are planting dreadful hits on the characters of their antagonists. There is a pert, simpering confidence about the articles themselves, that leaves you in no doubt that such is the case. Another amusing point is the struggle to be concise in saying these cutting things; for there is a powerful antidote to discursiveness operating in such cases—every word has to be paid for. The great object, then, is concentration—to squeeze the galling insinuation, or biting sarcasm, into the smallest possible space; and the efforts to accomplish this are often entertainingly obvious. You see plainly that the struggle has been a desperate one, and that the writer's ingenuity has been sorely tried to pack the desiderated quantity of abuse or recrimination within the narrowest limits capable of holding it.

Belligerent advertisers, it may be observed, are greatly given to the use of *italics*. These are, of course, meant to give additional pungency to the severe things, but are as often employed to supply their place; the writer in such case perceiving that his words have no edge of their own, endeavours to give them one by putting them in the little sloping type. The styles adopted by hostile advertisers are of various character; sometimes it is the extremely civil and candid, accompanied by a calm, confident appeal to the public as to the justice of the advertiser's cause; sometimes it is the ironically jocular, or the delicately satirical; but the terms generally adopted are the severe and cutting, rendered more keen by the occasional use, as already hinted, of the pointed *italic*, which is intended to sink deep into the soul of the audacious offender. Occasionally, the advertisement recriminatory exhibits something of a classical or learned complexion. In such cases, some of the severer hits are conveyed in mysterious scraps of Latin: this occurs generally where the offended and highly indignant advertiser happens to have a "learned clerk" to assist him, who furnishes the quotation, and rough-draughts the declaration of war, or indignant reply, as the case may be. The advertiser is at first a little startled at the Latin; but on its being translated to him by the learned writer, he is delighted with it, rubs his hands with great glee, and exclaims "Capital! that's a poser—they can't touch that." The "learned clerk" says nothing, but he smiles complacently, and looks uncommonly clever.

The quotation in English is much in vogue with warring advertisers; these they fire off at each other with well-studied aim, and, as they evidently believe, with murderous effect. The more lofty-minded quote Shakspeare; we have seen the immortal bard lugged in to aid the cause of a coffee-grinder. The fierce and terrible quote Byron. In the latter case, the quotation is darkly mysterious; in the former, sublimely severe.

It is rather a curious sort of thing to mark the progress of a war of advertisements between two parties—say, a couple of high-spirited grocers. At first their wipes at each other are very slight affairs, and are probably confined within half-a-dozen lines or so; but by-and-by the ire of the belligerents waxes hotter and hotter, and with this increasing heat the angry advertisements gradually lengthen, until the combatants at last begin to hurl entire columns at each other's heads. This is what may be called heavy firing—cannonading; the shorter articles with which the war commenced being musketry. The latter is usually maintained with great spirit by both sides—shot answering shot in rapid succession; the former, as might be expected, is of a less lively character, but more tremendous in its effects; it comes with solemn boom at lengthened intervals.

Sometimes it is difficult, or rather impossible, to perceive the cause of offence in the advertisement in which a war has originated; you can see nothing in it that you could suppose applicable to any particular individual; but, lo! all of a sudden up starts an indignant rival in trade, who declares that *he* has been hit, or at least aimed at, and forthwith concocts a rejoinder, which in due time appears. The rejoinder is, of course, replied to, and the war is commenced. There are other advertisements, again, that bear on the face of them a hostile intent—that exhibit, unequivocally, a design to demolish somebody; although you may not probably be able to make out who that somebody is.

We have elsewhere said, that we like much to meet with a promising advertisement; that is, one that has some provocatives in *it*, and is likely to elicit a reply from some quarter or other. Here, now, is one of this kind—one from which we should expect some amusement:—

"Turkey Figs!
"The Genuine Turkey Fig Warehouse,
"No. 119, Fig-lane.

"The advertiser, who has been long celebrated for this delicious fruit, begs to inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has just received to hand one of the most superb lots of figs that ever entered his premises. The fruit is in magnificent condition, and, having been bought under unprecedentedly advantageous circumstances, will be sold at lower rates, taking quality into account, than was ever known in the trade. The advertiser is aware that there are *some people* in his line who name lower prices for their fruit than he does; but let those who are gulled by this bait mark the description of goods that are put into their hands; if they do, they will hardly think that they have bought cheap. Both as regards quality and price, the advertiser *bids defiance to competition.*

"Joseph Jenkins."

We have said, that this is an advertisement from which we should expect some amusement. The italics look exceedingly promising, and we have no doubt will quickly bring out somebody—we shall have the *some people* on the field immediately. Let us watch the next paper. Here it is; and, lo! here is also the very thing we looked for:—

"Turkey Figs!
"The *True* Turkey Fig Warehouse,
"No. 97, Maccaroni-place.
"Jolly and Jumper.

"From the tenor of an advertisement that appeared in yesterday's paper, it might be inferred that *the person* who inserted that advertisement was the *only* one in the trade who kept a first-rate article in the Turkey fig way. Now, the subscribers, Messrs. Jumper and Jolly, do not think they arrogate too much when they claim *at least* an equal degree of celebrity for their figs with *any other person* in the trade, let *that person* be who he may. The subscribers might, perhaps, take yet higher ground, but this *for the present* they decline. Messrs. Jolly and Jumper, *who pay for their figs*, do not *defy* competition, like *certain* people. They *court it*, because they feel that such competition will have the

effect only of showing the public more clearly the advantage of dealing with them for the article in question."

Aha, Mr. Jenkins! this is severe, cool, and cutting. The italics look particularly ugly. But what can Messrs. Jolly and Jumper mean by saying, they *pay* for their figs? It is to be presumed they do. Quite unnecessary to tell us this, one would think, and so pointedly too. We doubt there is more in the matter than meets the eye. Can Messrs. Jolly and Jumper possibly mean to insinuate that Mr. Jenkins does not pay for *his* figs? Eh? Shocking!

But we need not annoy ourselves with conjectures on this delicate and perplexing subject; let us rather wait, with what patience we can, for the next paper, where, if Mr. Jenkins be the man of spirit we take him to be, we will have something that will rather astonish Messrs. Jolly and Jumper. The matter, it is clear, cannot possibly remain where it is. Ah! here is the *next* paper. Let us run our eye over the advertisement columns. "House to let." Hem! "Wants a Place;" "Household Furniture;" Ah! here it is at last!

"Turkey Figs!
"The Genuine Turkey Fig Warehouse,
"No. 119, Fig-lane.
"Joseph Jenkins.

"Who steals my purse, steals trash,
&c. &c. &c. &c.

"The immortal bard has well expressed the sentiment which would be every honest man's, were he called on to weigh his reputation against his wealth. Of the latter, the advertiser has little to boast; but of the former he trusts he has, and always will have, a worthy share, notwithstanding the attempts of *those who envy him* to rob him of it. In an advertisement which appeared on the 19th instant, by *a* Messrs. Jolly and Jumper, and which was apparently elicited by an advertisement of the present advertiser's that appeared on the 18th, these *excellent* and *worthy* gentlemen say:—'The subscribers, who *pay* for their figs,' &c.; meaning thereby, as no reasonable person can doubt, that *I*, the present advertiser, do not pay for *my* figs, but obtain them by dishonest means. So infamous an insinuation as this the advertiser need not otherwise repudiate, than by an appeal to the character he has always borne; and this he now does triumphantly. Messrs. Jolly and Jumper call public attention to their late importation of figs. On this subject the advertiser could 'a tale unfold' that would harrow up the souls of every honest man in the trade, and make a too-confiding public hold up their hands in horror, and exclaim, '*Can* men do such things?' But the advertiser refrains. Let Messrs. Jolly and Jumper, however, take care how they further provoke him. As to the general quality of Messrs. Jolly and Jumper's figs, the advertiser *says* nothing: this is a subject on which the public have long since made up their minds, but whether for the *interest* of these *worthy persons*, they themselves best know.

"With regard to the quality of the *advertiser's* figs, he says nothing either; it is unnecessary. This, however, he may and will say, that *he never buys damaged goods*, and that *he does n't sweep the market of its refuse*, repack, and vamp it up, so as to catch and deceive the eye. 'Let the galled jade wince.'

"Joseph Jenkins."

"N. B.—J. J. again respectfully calls public attention to his last importation of figs, which, for quality and lowness of price, have never been equalled."

Well done, Jenkins! Capital! You have taken the shine completely out of Messrs. Jolly and Jumper; but are not you just a trifle too severe or so—eh? Your italics cut savagely; that wipe about the refuse of the market, repacking, vamping, &c. &c. is a floorer. But here come Jolly and Jumper again!

"Turkey Figs!
"The *only* True Turkey Fig Warehouse
"No. 97, Maccaroni Place.
"Jolly and Jumper.

"In reference to Mr. Jenkins' last advertisement, Messrs. Jolly and Jumper beg to intimate to *that gentleman*, that they will notice his slanderous insinuations in the only way in which they can *condescend* to do so. They have handed the matter over to their solicitors, who will forthwith call upon Mr. Jenkins to substantiate his *infamous allegations* in a court of justice; the only place where questions which have attracted so large a share of public attention ought to be discussed.

"Messrs. Jolly and Jumper avail themselves of this opportunity to intimate to the public, that they have just received to hand *another* prime lot of *genuine* Turkey figs; not the *refuse* of the market, as a *certain* person had the *politeness* to say, but the *best* the market could produce. Jolly and Jumper."

Aha! Jenkins, here's rather a scrape; matters have taken an alarming turn. What say you, Mr. Jenkins, to the threat of carrying you into court? Does not that alarm you? High-spirited as you certainly are, we should fear that threat will bring you to your marrow-bones. Not a bit of it—Jenkins is not the man to be so easily put down.

"Turkey Figs!
"The Genuine Turkey Fig Warehouse,
"No. 119, Fig-lane.
"Joseph Jenkins.

"When people talk of carrying what they are pleased to consider cases of defamation into court, they should take care that their characters will bear handling; otherwise, they may chance to bring them out more damaged than they took them in. Messrs. Jolly and Jumper, in threatening Mr. Jenkins with an action of damages, have anticipated only by a single day a proceeding which Mr. Jenkins had determined on adopting towards them; he has *now* put the matter between him and these persons into the hands of his solicitors, Messrs. Short and Sharpe, who will do what is necessary therein. Joseph Jenkins."

So, so, here they are at last!—the spirited advertisers, Messrs. Jenkins, Jolly, and Jumper, all landed in a court of law. The *italics* have done it.

HUNGARY AND TRANSYLVANIA *.

SECOND ARTICLE.

One day, lately, we made one of a numerous party of visitors who, in the show-room of Messrs. Seddons, Grays-Inn-road, were admiring a pair of massive and magnificent candelabra, and an exquisite table, designed as a present from old Mehemet Ali, the ruler of Egypt, *and something more*, to his son Ibrahim, and which are now probably on their way to Antioch. The candelabra were said to be valued at a thousand guineas each, and the table—in size like a small loo-table—at six hundred. Each candelabrum was a massive pillar of crystal and gold, in separate pieces, but sustained together by a steel rod in the centre, supporting twelve branches, with large glasses for the lights. The table was of Amboyna wood, beautifully inlaid. Here, thought we, as we gazed on the costly show, is a specimen of what might be done, were Britain and its rulers wise. What, in these days of universal movement, steam and railroads, is to hinder a taste for English luxuries and English enjoyments, to spring up amongst the owners of the vast plains of Europe; and, instead of gold going out for corn, suddenly crippling every branch of commerce, and impoverishing the entire community, English ingenuity and English manufactures stimulated, advanced, and exchanged, in return for continental grain. Do justice to the English landlord—protect the English farmer—do all that honest men should do—"do as ye would be done unto"—but do not crush English commerce, do not blast English merchants, do not beggar the MILLION, and make strong and able men hold out their hands, praying for leave to work, and clamouring for food, to maintain a system which can be proved to be injurious, in the long run, to those who fancy they are most benefited by it!

Some very interesting and striking facts in support of this view are to be obtained from Mr. Paget's volumes, which we introduced to our readers in our previous number. We mentioned, for instance, that a splendid suspension bridge was erecting over the Danube, connecting Buda and Pesth; and what says Mr. Paget?

* Hungary and Transylvania; with Remarks on their Condition, Social Political, and Economical. By John Paget, Esq. With numerous illustrations from sketches by Mr. Hering. London, John Murray. 1839.

"For the erection of the new chain-bridge at Pesth, it has been found cheaper to have the iron-work cast in England, sent by water to Fiume or Trieste, and from thence by land to Pesth, than to have it manufactured either in Hungary, or in any other part of the Austrian dominions. Such is the advantage which commercial habits and scientific knowledge give over cheap labour. I have heard it stated that the iron of Hungary possesses qualities superior to that of any other part of Europe, except Sweden, for conversion into steel; yet it is so badly wrought that worse cutlery cannot exist than that of Hungary. Hungarian iron is quite unknown in the English market.

"Hungary," he adds, "manufactures scarcely anything; and in her present position, as a country deficient in population and rich in soil, it would not be wise to attempt it, or indeed possible to accomplish it. The manufactures of Hungary at present are confined to coarse cloths, linens, leather, and the commonest articles of household use. Yet in Hungary there is not only great luxury in dress and personal ornament, but a growing taste for the comforts of convenient and elegant furniture; nor is the consumption of such articles confined to a few. It is true the peasant has little money to exchange for such matters; but that is only because there are no merchants to buy his wine and corn; while amongst the class of country gentlemen, and amongst the richer citizens, the demand is very considerable. The taste is decidedly in favour of everything English, so much so, indeed, that the Vienna manufacturers have English labels printed in England to affix to their own goods, and so deceive the purchasers. The articles from England, for which there would be the most immediate sale, it is difficult to enumerate; but all articles of cutlery, everything in iron or brass, as implements of husbandry, carriage-springs, locks, parts of furniture, &c., fine linen and cotton goods, woollen-stuffs and cloths, carpeting, saddlery, stationery, china, and fine earthenware, may be safely set down."

In return for our English goods, what has Hungary to offer?

"Wool," says Mr. Paget, "is at present one of the chief articles of Hungarian commerce, chiefly because its exportation is untaxed. It is scarcely twenty years since the Merino sheep has been introduced into Hungary, and the quantity of fine wool now produced may be judged from the fact, that at the last Pesth fair there were no less than 80,000 centners offered for sale. The greater part of this wool is bought by the German merchants, and much of it is said to go ultimately to England, after having passed by land quite across Europe to Hamburg. Of late years, a few English merchants have made their appearance at the Pesth fairs, which are held four times in the year; but I have not yet heard of any wool being sent to England by the Danube and Black Sea. Besides the Merino wool, there is a considerable quantity of long coarse wool grown, which is chiefly sold for the manufacture of the thick white cloth worn by the peasants, and which might be found very serviceable for our carpet fabrics.

"A still more important article of Hungarian produce is corn, and it is one from which, it is to be hoped, England ere long, by the abolition of her corn-laws, will enable herself to derive the full benefit. At present, the quantity of grain annually produced in Hungary is reckoned at from sixty to eighty millions of Presburg metzen. This calculation, however, is of little importance, as at present scarcely any is grown for exportation; but, were a market once opened, it is beyond a doubt that the produce might be doubled or trebled without any difficulty. I have heard it stated by one well able to judge, that at the present time one quarter of the whole country is uncultivated, although the greater part of it is capable of furnishing the richest crops at a very slight cost. The wheat of Hungary is allowed to be of an excellent quality. Where the land has little or no value for other purposes, and the labour costs nothing, it is difficult to see how it can be produced anywhere at a cheaper rate than here. Nor do I think an increased demand would materially raise the price to the foreign consumer; as improvements in the art of cultivation, greater industry on the part of the cultivators, and increased facilities in the means of communication, would be sufficient to raise the profits of the grower, without increasing the cost to the consumer.

"No corn-growing country has such means of communication prepared by nature as Hungary, and it requires only a demand for her productions to bring them into full use. The richest parts of the country are the Banat, the plains on either side the Theiss, the country north of the Maros, and the districts about the Save and Drave. Now every one of these rivers is navigable, so that it is impossible to conceive a country placed under more favourable circumstances than Hungary."

Mr. Paget speaks in high terms of the fruitfulness of the Hungarian Banat.

"The Banat is a district in the south-east corner of Hungary, lying between the Theiss, Maros, and Danube, and containing the three counties of Thorontál, Temesvár, and Krasso. It is not one hundred years since the Turks were in possession of this province: and it was not till the close of the last century that it was entirely free from Moslem incursion. Those who have visited any of the countries under the Ottoman rule will easily understand the wild and savage state in which this beautiful land then was. The philanthropic Joseph II. determined to render it equally populous and civilised with the rest of Hungary. From the flatness of a large portion of the surface, and from the quantity of rivers by which it is watered, immense morasses were formed, which tainted the air, and made it really then what some French writer now undeservedly calls it, '*le tombeau des étrangers.*' To tempt settlers, the land was sold at exceedingly moderate prices; and Germans, Greeks, Turks, Servians, Wallacks, nay, even French and Italians, were brought over to people this luxuriant wilderness. The soil, a rich black loam, hitherto untouched by the plough, yielded the most extraordinary produce. Fortunes were rapidly made; and, at the present day, some of the wealthiest of the Hungarian gentry were, half a century ago, poor adventurers in the Banat.

"To those who have never lived in any but an old country, the soil of which is impoverished by the use of many ages, it is difficult to believe what riches are hidden in untilled ground. The productive powers of a naturally good soil, deposited by swamps and rivers, when heightened by a climate more nearly tropical than temperate, are wonderful. The same crops are here repeated year after year, on the same spots; the ground is only once turned up to receive the seed; a fallow is unknown; manure is never used, but is thrown away as injurious; and yet with the greatest care and labour in other places, I never saw such abundant produce as ill-treated unaided Nature here bestows upon her children. Except the olive and orange, there is scarcely a product of Europe which does not thrive in the Banat. I do not know that I can enumerate all the kinds of crop raised; but, among others, are wheat, barley, oats, rye, rice, maize, flax, hemp, rape, sunflowers (for oil), tobacco of different kinds, wine, and silk,—nay, even cotton, tried as an experiment, is said to have succeeded.

"All through Hungary, the state of agriculture, among the peasantry, is in a very primitive state. In the poorer parts, they allow the ground to fallow every other year, and sometimes manure it, though rarely. As for changing the crops, that is little attended to. Here they will continue year after year the same thing, without its making any apparent difference. Nowhere are the agricultural instruments of a ruder form or more inefficiently employed than in the Banat. The plough is generally a simple one-handled instrument, heavy, and ill-adapted for penetrating deeply into the soil. The fork is merely a branch of a tree, which happened to fork naturally, and which is peeled and sharpened for use. The corn is rarely stacked, being commonly trodden out by horses as soon as it is cut. In the Wallack villages, notwithstanding the capabilities of the soil, maize is almost the only crop cultivated. Barley is rarely found in any part of Hungary; and, strange to say, where so many horses are kept, horse-beans are unknown. Green crops, except among a few agricultural reformers, are completely neglected. The crop of hay is commonly cut twice in a season. I do not remember ever to have seen irrigation practised, though there are few countries in which it would be productive of greater advantages.

"The climate of the Banat, in summer, approaches nearly to that of Italy; but the winter, though less inclement than in the rest of Hungary, is still too long and severe for the olive or the orange. Even in summer, the nights are often intensely cold. After the hottest day, the sun no sooner sets than a cool breeze rises, refreshing at first, but which becomes dangerous to those who are unprepared for it. The Hungarian never travels without his fur or sheep-skin coat; and the want of such a defence is often the cause of fever to the unsuspecting stranger."

We must however pass into Transylvania.

"A strange little country is this Transylvania! Very likely the reader never heard its name before, and yet some hundred years ago it was in close alliance with England; and, long before religious liberty, annual parliaments, payment of members, and the election of magistrates, were dreamed of amongst us, they were granted to Transylvania, by a solemn charter of their prince,

the Emperor of Austria. Here is this country on the very limits of European civilisation, yet possessing institutions and rights, for which the most civilised have not been thought sufficiently advanced.

"The distinctions and differences among the population of Hungary have offered us a singular spectacle enough, but the Transylvanians far outpass them in these matters, as they vary among themselves, not only in language, race, and religion, but in civil laws and political institutions. The Magyar, the Szekler, the Saxon, and the Wallack, have all their rights, but differing most materially in nature and extent from each other. The whole population of the country does not amount to more than two millions, yet they have among them four established religions,—besides several others tolerated,—at least four languages, and I know not how many different national customs, prejudices, and modes of feeling."

Visiting the estate of one of the Transylvanian nobles, Mr. Paget met with a Scotchman;—where, indeed, is there not one of our venturous northern countrymen to be found?

"On our return, we visited a small farm of about three hundred acres, which our host had laid out a year or two before, on the system of rotation crops, and which was under the management of a clever Scotch bailiff. We found the Scotchman, a giant specimen of his countrymen, hard at plough, grumbling of course, as we all do, when abroad, at everything foreign, from the very soil to the people it nourishes. He was very proud, however, to show us his barns, his stacks, his fat oxen, and his huge potatoes, one of which filled a large dish of itself; but he inveighed most bitterly against the laziness of the poor peasants. He already spoke a jumble of various languages, by means of which, and his heavy fists, he managed to make himself understood by Magyars, Wallacks, and Germans, with all of whom he had to do. A short time previously he had made rather too free a use of this latter organ; for, on some of the peasants attacking one of the baron's officers, to get at the wine he was distributing to them, the Scotchman rushed in, and made such good use of his strength, that some of them were laid up for months after. I could easily believe, when I saw him, that a blow from his arm was quite sufficient to annihilate a poor half-starved Wallack peasant.

"Though the quantity of labour required by the Scotchman, and the expensive processes by which he cultivated, rendered it doubtful how far his farming would be profitable in the end, the baron confessed that the amount of produce was enormous, and that he received as much hay and corn from these three hundred acres, as he had formerly received from the fourteen thousand, of which his estate consists. Many of the oak woods through which we passed were, he said, almost useless. They furnished firewood, gall-nuts, acorns for the pigs, and as many casks as he required for his wine; but of net revenue he derived scarcely anything from them.

"About two thousand Merino sheep, which he had just purchased, as a commencement of a flock, promised something better. Beyond the first cost, the expense of shepherds, and the gathering of winter-keep, he might reckon what they brought in as clear profit, for the land they grazed on was of no other value to him. Should a corn-trade ever open with England, the case will alter; but at present the low price of wheat, and frequently the impossibility of disposing of it, render its cultivation a hazard and often a loss. With but little increase of expense, the baron reckoned he could graze ten thousand sheep, to which number he hoped shortly to increase his flock.

"As we approached the village, the baron led the way over some pretty good fences, to show us a field of clover, of which the second crop was just cut. This had been one of his earliest agricultural improvements; for in spite of the quantity of land he possesses, he was formerly often in absolute want of hay and straw for his own horses in winter. On many Transylvanian gentlemen's farms, it is no uncommon thing to hear of horses and cattle dying of starvation, if the winter is severe or a few weeks longer than usual. This crop of clover had been looked upon, therefore, as a treasure; and conceive his disappointment to hear one morning, just as the first cutting was ready for the scythe, that the peasants had broken down the fences, turned all the cattle of the village into the field, and completely destroyed the whole crop. The starved cows devoured this novel luxury so greedily that they almost all died in consequence. Vexed as our friend was at this piece of malice, he was even more astonished the next day to hear that no less than thirty of these same peasants had commenced suits against him for having planted poisonous herbs to kill their cattle! Ignorance is a sad enemy to improvement.

"Baron W—— assured us this was only one of a series of malicious injuries which he had brought on himself by his attempts to improve the state of his own property, and the condition of his peasantry. 'I have diminished the time of their labour,' he observed; 'I have lessened the amount of their payments; I have forbidden my stewards and others to have any peasant punished without a trial before the magistrates of the district, and instead of gratitude, I meet with nothing but injury from them; they look at all these attempts as so many signs of folly and weakness on my part.'

"On further inquiry we found the peasants of Transylvania in a far worse condition and much more ignorant than those of Hungary. When Maria Theresa forced the Urbarium on the nobles of Hungary, she published certain *Regulations Punkte*, founded on nearly the same principles, for the government of the peasants of Transylvania. Whether it was that these *Punkte* were not adapted to the state of the country, or whether its greater distance from the central power allowed the nobles to evade their adoption, it is certain they never obtained the same force as the Urbarium: nor have any succeeding attempts to improve their condition met with a better result. The Transylvanians say they are ready and anxious to do everything that is right and just, provided only it is done in a constitutional form, through the intervention of the Diet. In the mean time, the state of the peasantry is a crying evil, and one which, if not speedily remedied by the nobles, will be remedied without their consent, either by the government or by the people themselves; and I fear the sympathy of Europe will scarcely be in favour of those who oppose such a measure of justice."

"The life of a country gentleman in Transylvania, though somewhat isolated by his distance from any large capital, and by the badness of the roads, is by no means without its pleasures. For the sportsman, a large stud of horses—few men have less than from ten to twenty,—every variety of game, from the boar and wolf to the snipe and partridge, and a boundless range for hunting over, are valuable aids for passing time. If a man likes public business, the county will readily choose him Vice Ispán, or magistrate; and the quarterly county meetings are a constant source of interest, and afford ample opportunity of exercising influence. If agriculture has any charms, some thousands of untilled acres offer abundant scope for farming, and promise a rich return for capital. If philanthropy has claims on his heart, the peasantry, who look up to him for almost everything, afford a fine scope for its effusions, and a certain reward if judiciously and continuously exercised.

"The houses of the richer nobles are large and roomy, and their establishments are conducted on a scale of some splendour. It is true that they are deficient in many things which we should consider absolute necessaries; but, on the other hand, they exhibit many luxuries which we should consider extravagant with twice their incomes. It is no uncommon thing, for instance, in a one-storied house with a thatched roof and an uncarpeted floor, to be shown into a bed-room where all the washing apparatus and toilet is of solid silver. It is an everyday occurrence in a house where tea and sugar are expensive luxuries, to sit down to a dinner of six or eight courses. Bare white-washed walls and rich Vienna furniture; a lady decked in jewels which might dazzle a court, and a handmaid without shoes and stockings; a carriage and four splendid horses, with a coachman whose skin peeps out between his waistcoat and inexpressibles, are some of the anomalies which, thanks to restrictions on commerce, absence of communication, and a highly artificial civilisation in one part of the community, and great barbarism in the other, are still to be found in Transylvania. It is not, however, in such houses as the one in which we were visiting, that such anomalies are to be sought, but rather in those who boast themselves followers of the 'good old customs of the good old times.' But laugh as we young ones may at those 'old times,' it is not altogether without reason that the epithet of 'good' so pertinaciously clings to them. There is something so sincere and so simple in the manners of those times—when an Englishman wishes to express his idea of them he calls them homely, and in that word he understands all that his heart feels to be dearest and best,—that, see them where we may, they have always something to attach and interest us.

"In some parts of Hungary, and in almost every part of Transylvania, but especially in that through which our wanderings have lately conducted us, a large quantity of gold is annually procured from the sand deposited by the rivers and brooks. There

is scarcely a single river in Transylvania of which the sands do not contain more or less gold; but the most celebrated are the Aranyos (golden), the Maros, the Strigy, the Körös, and the Szamos. The gold is commonly found in the upper part of these streams, before the sand becomes mixed with mud from the richer lands of the valleys. There can be no doubt that the gold is derived from the decomposition of metalliferous rocks, from the attrition of detached masses, and sometimes, though more rarely, from the breaking up of a vein of ore itself, by means of running water. As it is mixed in very small quantities with other débris, it becomes only worth the search where it has been collected by the operation of natural causes in a greater proportionate quantity than that in which it originally existed—in short, only when nature has dressed and washed it. This occurs after a flood, at the elbows or bends of rivers, where the water surcharged with broken matter, which its unusual force has enabled it to bring down, flows slower and deposits the heavier particles, carrying the lighter further on. In such spots the gold-washers collect when the flood has abated; and taking up the sand in wooden shovels or scoops, they move it about in a small quantity of water till all but the metalliferous particles are washed away.

"The gold occurs in various forms, from the most complete dust to pieces of the size of a pigeon's egg; though I need scarcely say the former is by far the most common. I believe the greater part of the gold obtained by the gold-washers is nearly pure: indeed, I am not aware that they attempt to gather it when mixed with other matter. I have no means of ascertaining the amount of gold washed in Transylvania. In the Banat I have seen it stated, that from 1813 to 1818, the proceeds amounted to two thousand one hundred and thirty-eight ducats.

"This branch of industry is almost entirely in the hands of the gipsies. The government grants a gipsy band the privilege of washing the sands of a certain brook, on condition of their paying a yearly rent, which is never less than three ducats in pure gold per head for every washer. A gipsy judge, or captain, settles this matter with the government, and is answerable for the rest of the tribe, from whom he collects the whole of their earnings, and, after paying the tribute, redivides it."

As we commenced with some notice of the evils resulting from restrictions on trade, we may conclude with a sketch of a Transylvanian smuggler; and after giving it, we part with two pleasant volumes, which we earnestly recommend to all our readers who wish for an acquaintance with a very important and interesting portion of Europe:—

"'You see that old man with the white head,' he observed; 'he frequently crosses into Wallachia and back again on such errands, and sometimes passes the Danube into Roumelia. On one occasion, he went even as far as Adrianople. The ordinary station, however, is Kimpolung, about one day's journey across the border; there the goods are delivered to their agent by some house in Bukharest, and are retained in safety till the smuggler arrives, shows the countersign agreed on, receives them, and transports them to the merchant in Kronstadt. The whole affair is arranged in a perfectly business-like manner, and a very few zwanzigers are considered sufficient payment for the risk. Only a short time since, a gentleman of this neighbourhood sent our old white-headed friend to bring him some cachmere shawls from Kimpolung. The old man threw his gun over his shoulder, filled his wallet with *malaj* (maize bread), and went out as if in pursuit of game only. As he was returning, the officers caught sight of him; and as they knew his character, though they never were able to convict him, they seized and examined him. He was too sharp for them; before they came up, the shawls were hidden under some well-marked rock, and a brace of moor-fowl was all his bag contained. Nevertheless they felt so sure of his guilt, that they threw him into prison. Of course I could not allow my peasant to be confined without a cause, and I accordingly demanded that he should be released if no proof could be brought against him. He was set free, and the next day the gentleman received his shawls.'

"'And is there no danger of these men betraying their employers?' I asked. 'None; there is no example of it—no flogging can get their secret from them. For the rest, the punishment is but slight, and with a good friend and our judges, a little present will generally settle the matter.'

"'Do you mean,' I asked, 'that regular smuggling can be carried on over these mountains in spite of the borderers?'

"'Either in spite of them, or with their consent; there is no difficulty in either; they are so wretchedly poor, that the smallest bribe will purchase them.'

"'And can bulky articles be obtained in this way?'

"'Oh, yes! the staple commodity is salt; although articles of French, English, and Turkish manufacture are common too. If one horse won't carry them, two will, and it only requires a little more care.'

"'So,' I added, 'if I wanted a Turkey carpet in Klausenburg, without paying sixty per cent. duty on it, I could have it?'

"'Ho, Juan!' said Herr v. L——, addressing the smuggler, 'this gentleman wishes to know if you could get him a Turkey carpet safe over the borders from Bukharest?'

"The old man looked up from under his bushy eyebrows with a cunning smile, and for answer, asked quietly, 'By what day does the dumnie wish to have it?'

"Herr v. L—— seemed quite proud of the skill and courage of his old Wallack peasant. 'I could do nothing without him,' he observed; 'he is the best huntsman and best mountaineer in the whole country.' There is a sort of natural sympathy between sportsmen and smugglers and poachers,—indeed, the same qualities of mind and habits of body tend to form the one as the other; and I feel sure that all our best sportsmen would have been poachers or smugglers in other circumstances."

INFLUENCE OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

Of the powerful influence of periodical literature in forwarding the progress of general intellect, and the necessity of its agency to the end proposed, there are few, perhaps, who even yet have formed a proper estimate; and some there are who are disposed to regard it with a jealous eye, not for the information it generalises and diffuses, (though there want not objectors even on such narrow and invidious grounds,) but as hostile to the more exalted interests of science and literature: as encouraging a taste for superficial information, and abstracting it from more elaborate and profound research. But are the works of profound science and elaborate research now produced, fewer in number, and in less eager request, than when the sixpenny trash that bore the name of Magazines, was confined to less than a fiftieth part of the present respectable circulation? Have they not increased, on the contrary, a hundred fold? and is not the demand for them still increasing in geometrical proportion, together with the increase of those more accessible and popular periodicals?—to and from which, in fact, they alternately give and receive new excitements, and new occasions:—at once deriving and imparting new materials for research and illustration, and an extended sphere of encouragement and remuneration. Many must be superficial, as it is called, before the few can be availably profound; as well as, some must be profound, before the materials can be furnished for superficial gratification: the diffused effect can only be increased in proportion to the concentric cause. In other words, the many must have *some* knowledge before they can either be benefited by or appreciate the wisdom of those who have much; and the few must have accumulated, digested, and arranged, before the many can be benefited by diffusion.

Great minds, whose intensity has been fed and fostered by elaborate abstraction, from the profundity of their researches and the vastness of their comprehension, infuse a new and imperishable spirit into the immensity of space, which expands through distant ages: they create, as it were, a new intellectual atmosphere, which ultimately is breathed, in some degree, by all. There is, at this time, perhaps, scarcely any artisan in our workshops, and, in one part at least of the United Kingdom, (to say nothing of foreign regions,) scarcely a peasant at his plough, who has not some available ideas ministering to his comfort, or his gratification, (although the very name of Lord Bacon may not be known to him,) which he never would have had if Bacon had never lived and written. Yet, it was only as it became progressively *superficialised*, as it were,—that is to say, as it became popularised, by diffusion through less abstract and less voluminous publications—through fugitive essays, and still more fugitive conversation, that the results of his wisdom and discoveries became extensively operative.

That great man indeed—that almost more than man—that new creator of the mind of his long-mystified and benighted species! seems himself to have manifested some conviction of the principles of these observations, when he composed, in so popular a form, that beautiful little volume of "Essays," which has tempted more readers to the study of his profound and elaborate works, than all

the lavish commendations of the learned and initiated few could ever have induced to such research. They were his *superficials*, as some might call them, that led to an extended familiarity with his *profundities*; as those who slake their thirst on the margin, may be tempted to plunge into the stream. Those Essays have precisely the character that would have fitted them for a periodical miscellany; and had such a publication existed in his days, with a reading public prepared for the reception of such a boon, there can be little doubt that, through such a channel, he would have chosen to communicate them, as the readiest means of giving extended circulation to the wisdom which they contain.—*Thelwall's Panoramic Miscellany.*

A GREAT FAMINE IN FRANCE.

In the year 1437, wheat and all sorts of corn were so extravagantly dear throughout all France and several other countries in Christendom, that what had usually been sold for four sols French money was now sold for upwards of forty. This dearth created a famine, so that very many poor died of want; and it was a pitiful sight to witness the multitudes in the large towns dying in heaps on dunghills. Some towns drove the poor out of them, while others received all, and administered to their wants as long as they were able. The foremost in this act of mercy was the city of Cambray. This dearth lasted until the year 1439, and was the cause of many strict regulations respecting corn, which by many lords and towns was forbidden to be carried out of their jurisdictions under the most severe penalties.

A proclamation was made in Ghent, ordering a stop to be put to the brewing of beer and other liquors from corn, and all the dogs of poor people to be killed, and that no one should keep a bitch-dog unless spayed. Such and other like ordinances were issued in several parts, that the poor and beggars might be supplied with a deficiency to support nature.

At this time, a shocking and unheard-of crime was detected at a village near Abbeville. A woman was arrested on the charge of having murdered several children, of cutting them in pieces, and of having kept them when salted in her house. She was accused of this crime by some robbers, who, having entered her house by night, had discovered parts of the bodies of these children. She confessed herself guilty, and was publicly burned at Abbeville, according to the sentence of the law.—*Chronicles of Monstrelet.*

SINGULAR PERSIAN MONUMENT AND SUPERSTITION.

Major Rawlinson, in his "Notes on a march from Zohab to Kuzistan," a district of Persia situated to the east of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates, and the north of the Persian Gulf, describes several remarkable monuments of antiquity and superstitions, of which the following is not the least interesting. The inhabitants of the district called Holwan bear many traces of an Israelitish origin, particularly in their names and general physiognomy. Jewish traditions also abound in this part of the country, and David is still regarded by the tribes as their great tutelar prophet. Indeed there are some powerful and curious reasons for supposing that Holwan was the scene of the Samaritan captivity, which we know was called Halah, a name still partially preserved in the modern designation of the place. The tribe which is supposed to have the best pretensions to being considered as descended from the Samaritan captives, is that called Kalhur. They state themselves to have sprung from Roham, or Nebuchadnezzar, the conqueror of the Jews; perhaps an obscure tradition of their real origin. A part of this tribe called the I'liyát now mostly profess Mohammedanism, but another portion, together with the Gurans (who acknowledge themselves to be an offshoot of the Kalhurs) and most of the other tribes in the neighbourhood, are still of the Ali-Ilahi persuasion, a faith which is said to bear evident marks of Judaism, singularly amalgamated with Sabæan, Christian, and Mohammedan legends. They believe in a series of successive incarnations of the Deity, amounting altogether to a thousand and one, amongst which the well-known names of Benjamin, Moses, Elias, David, Jesus Christ, and Ali, occur. The last personage is not so familiar to us as the others. He was the son of Abu Taleb, who was uncle of Mahomet. When the great prophet assembled his kinsmen, and declared his sacred mission, he asked which among them would be his vizier—"I am the man," exclaimed Ali, then only fourteen years of age; "whoever rises against thee, I will dash out his teeth, tear out his eyes, break his legs, rip up his belly: O prophet, I will be thy vizier!" Such a speech from one so young, certainly gave ample proof of an unusual endowment of those qualifications necessary for the situation to which he aspired, and he did not belie his early promise.—Distinguished alike for eloquence and valour, he became one of the main pillars of the new faith, obtained the name of the "Lion of God, always victorious," received the hand of Fatima the daughter of the prophet in marriage, and ultimately rose to the Caliphate. Such was the person who is now regarded by a large portion of the Persians as an incarnation of the Deity.

But we must turn to Major Rawlinson. The most curious monument of Holwan is a royal sepulchre, excavated in the rock, precisely similar in character to the tombs of Persepolis. "The face of the rock," says our traveller, "has been artificially scraped to the height of seventy feet, and at that elevation has been excavated a quadrangular recess, six feet in depth, eight feet high, and thirty wide; in the centre of the recess is the opening into the tomb, which, as in the case of the sepulchres of Persepolis, appears to have been forcibly broken in. The interior is rude, containing, on the left-hand side, the place for the deposit of the dead, being a section of the cave divided off by a low partition, about two feet high; there are niches, as usual, for lights, but no sculpture nor ornament of any kind. Outside are the remains of two broken pillars, which have been formed out of the solid rock on either side of the entrance; the base, and a small piece of either shaft, appear below, and the capitals adhere to the roof of the recess—the centre part of each column having been destroyed. Upon the smooth face of the rock, below the cave, is an unfinished tablet. The figure of a Mubid, or high-priest of the Magi, appears standing with one hand raised in the act of benediction, the other grasping a scroll, which I conclude to represent the sacred leaves of the Zand-A'vesta; he is clothed in his pontifical robe, and wears the square pointed cap, and lappets covering his mouth, which are described by Hyde as the most ancient dress of the priests of Zoroaster. There is a vacant space in the tablet, apparently intended for the fire-altar, which we usually see sculptured before the priest. This tomb is named the 'Dukkani-Daud,' or David's shop; for the Jewish monarch is believed by the Ali-Ilahis to follow the calling of a smith; the broken shafts are called his anvils, and the part of the tomb which is divided off, as I have mentioned, by the low partition, is supposed to be a reservoir to contain the water which he uses to temper his metal. David is really believed by the Ali-Ilahis to dwell here, although invisible; and the smithy is consequently regarded by them as a place of extreme sanctity. I never passed by the tomb without seeing the remains of a bleeding sacrifice; and the Ali-Ilahis, who come here on a pilgrimage from all parts of Kurdistan, will prostrate themselves on the ground, and make the most profound reverence, immediately that they come in sight of the holy spot. In connexion with the Samaritan captivity, I regard this superstitious veneration for David, and the offering of Kurbans, or sacrifices, at his supposed shrine, as a very curious subject.*

AUTHENTICITY OF THE BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

It was with no common interest that we entered into the synagogue of these remarkable people; as a prelude to which, they required that we should take off our shoes. Their "cohen," or priest, showed us a copy of the Pentateuch on two rollers, which they maintain to be the oldest manuscript in the world, saying it was written by Abishug, the son of Phinehas, the son of Eleazar, the son of Aaron. It bears marks of very great age, and is here and there patched with pieces of parchment. Some of the learned are of opinion that it is only a transcript from Ezra's copy, written again in the old Hebrew or Phœnician letter, out of which Ezra transcribed it into that of the Chaldeans, then first adopted and since commonly used by the Jews: others are disposed to regard it as an independent record which has been preserved ever since the days of Jeroboam, first by the ten revolting tribes, and subsequently by the Samaritans. In either case it affords a remarkable testimony to the accurate preservation of the books of Moses during a period of two thousand three hundred years: for, as the rival sects of Christianity have acted as checks on each other to prevent the corruption of any portion of the sacred Scriptures since the first schism in the Apostolic Church, so the quick-sighted jealousy of Jews and Samaritans has proved an infallible safeguard of the text of the Pentateuch since the days

* Journal of the Royal Geographical Society for 1839.

of their separation. In the earlier ages of society, when MSS. were scarce and the knowledge of letters confined to a very few, it would have been easy for a unanimous priesthood to mutilate the inspired volume; but even suspicion itself can have no place in reference to a record of faith kept with equal veneration and care by men whose national and religious antipathies have separated them in every other respect, but who, in their agreement as to that, afford incontestable evidence to its genuineness. Like the mountains of Ebal and Gerizim, as to which alone their manuscripts differ, they present a front of irreconcilable opposition; but their very hostility enhances the value of their testimony, and renders them unconscious guardians of the truth of that Mosaic dispensation, a full belief in which neither party admits to be possessed by the other.—*Elliott's Travels.*

COMMERCIAL POWER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

In Europe, the British empire borders at once towards the north upon Denmark, upon Germany, upon Holland, upon France; towards the south, upon Spain, upon Sicily, upon Italy, upon Western Turkey. It holds the keys of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean; it commands the mouth of the Black Sea, as well as of the Baltic. No sooner had its navy, the arbiter of the Archipelago, ceased to be adverse to the cause of Greece, than, on the instant, the ports of Peloponnesus found new liberators in the posterity of the Heraclides: and from Corinth to Tenedos, the sea which leads to the Bosphorus became to the descendants of the Argonauts the road to victory, and to a second and a richer golden fleece—national independence! In Europe, the British empire permits this conquest.

In America, it gives boundaries to Russia, towards the Pole; and to the United States, towards the temperate regions. Under the Torrid Zone, it reigns in the midst of the Antilles, encircles the Gulf of Mexico, till, at last, it meets those new States which were made free from their dependence on their mother country, to make them more surely dependent upon its own commercial industry: and, at the same time, to scare, in either hemisphere, any mortal that might endeavour to snatch the heavenly fire of its genius or the secret of its conquests, it holds, midway between Africa and America, and on the road which connects Europe with Asia, that rock to which it chained the Prometheus of the modern world.

In Africa, from the centre of that island devoted of yore, under the symbol of the Cross, to the safety of every Christian flag, the British empire enforced from the Barbary States that respect which they paid to no other power. From the foot of the Pillars of Hercules, it carries dread into the heart of the remotest provinces of Morocco. On the shores of the Atlantic it has built the forts of the Gold Coast and of the Lion's Mountain. It is from thence it strikes the prey which the blacks furnish to the European races of men; and it is there that it attaches to the soil the freed-men whom it snatches from the trade in slaves. On the same continent, beyond the Tropics, and at the point nearest to the Australian Pole, it has possessed itself of a shelter under the very Cape of storms. Where the Spaniards and Portuguese thought only of securing a port for their ships to touch at—where the Dutch perceived no capabilities beyond those of a plantation—it is now establishing the colony of a second British people; and, uniting English activity with Batavian patience, at this moment it is extending around the Cape the boundaries of a settlement which will increase, in the South of Africa, to the size of those states which it has founded in the North of America. From this new focus of action and of conquest it casts its eyes towards India; it discovers, it seizes, the stations of most importance to its commercial progress, and thus renders itself the exclusive ruler over the passes of Africa from the east of another hemisphere.

Finally,—as much dreaded in the Persian Gulf and the Erythrean Sea as in the Pacific Ocean and the Indian Archipelago, the British empire, the possessor of the finest countries of the East, beholds its factors reign over eighty millions of subjects. The conquests of its merchants in Asia begin where those of Alexander ceased, and where the Terminus of the Romans could never reach. At this moment, from the banks of the Indus to the frontiers of China—from the mouths of the Ganges to the mountains of Thibet, all acknowledge the sway of a mercantile Company, shut up in a narrow street of the city of London!

Thus from one centre, by the vigour of its institutions, and the advanced state of its civil and military arts, an island which in the Oceanic Archipelago would scarcely be ranked in the third class, makes the effects of its industry and the weight of its power to be felt in every extremity of the four divisions of the globe; while, at the same time, it is peopling and civilising a *fifth*, which will follow its laws, will speak its language, and will adopt its manners, with its trade, its arts, its cultivation, and its enlightenment.—*Baron Dupin.*

DESCRIPTION OF BUENOS AYRES.

The town of Buenos Ayres is far from being an agreeable residence for those who are accustomed to English comforts. The water is extremely impure, scarce, and consequently expensive. The town is badly paved and dirty, and the houses are the most comfortless abodes I ever entered. The walls, from the climate, are damp, mouldy, and discoloured. The floors are badly paved with bricks, which are generally cracked, and often in holes. The roofs have no ceiling, and the families have no idea of warming themselves except by huddling round a fire of charcoal, which is put outside the door until the carbonic acid gas has rolled away. Some of the principal families at Buenos Ayres furnish their rooms in a very expensive, but comfortless manner; they put down upon the brick floor a brilliant Brussels carpet, hang a lustre from the rafters, and place against the damp wall, which they whitewash, a number of tawdry North American chairs. They get an English piano-forte, and some marble vases, but they have no idea of grouping their furniture into a comfortable form: the ladies sit with their backs against the walls without any apparent means of employing themselves; and when a stranger calls upon them, he is much surprised to find that they have the uncourteous custom of never rising from their chairs. I had no time to enter into any society at Buenos Ayres, and the rooms looked so comfortless, that, to tell the truth, I had little inclination. The society of Buenos Ayres is composed of English and French merchants, with a German or two. The foreign merchants are generally the agents of European houses; and as the customs of the Spanish South Americans, their food, and the hours at which they eat it, are different from those of the English and French, there does not appear to be much communication between them. At Buenos Ayres the men and women are rarely seen walking together; at the theatre they are completely separated; and it is cheerless to see all the ladies sitting together in the boxes, while the men are in the pit,—slaves, common sailors, soldiers, and merchants, all members of the same republic.

The way in which the people were buried at Buenos Ayres appeared more strange to my eyes than any of the customs of the place. Of late years, a few of the principal people have been buried in coffins, but generally the dead are called for by a hack hearse, in which there is a fixed coffin, into which they are put, when away the man gallops with the corpse, and leaves it in the vestibule of the Recoléta. There is a small vehicle for children, which I positively thought was a mountebank's cart; it was a light open tray, on wheels painted white, with light blue silk curtains, and driven at a gallop, by a lad dressed in scarlet, with an enormous plume of white feathers in his hat. As I was riding home one day, I was overtaken by this cart, (without its curtains, &c.) in which there was the corpse of a black boy nearly naked. I galloped along with it for some distance; the boy, from the rapid motion of the carriage, was dancing sometimes on his back and sometimes on his face; occasionally his arm or leg could get through the bar of the tray, and two or three times I really thought the child would have been out of the tray altogether. The bodies of the rich are generally attended by their friends; but the carriages, with four people in each, were seldom able to go as fast as the hearse. I went one day to the Recolèta, and just as I got there, the little hearse drove up to the gate. The man who had charge of the burial-place received from the driver a ticket, which he read, and put into his pocket; the driver then got into the tray, and taking out a dead infant of about eight months old, he gave it to the man, who carried it swinging by one of its arms into the square-walled burial-ground, and I followed him. He went to a spot about ten yards from the corner, and then, without putting his foot upon the spade, or at all lifting up the ground, he scratched a place not so deep as the furrow of a plough. While he was doing this, the poor little infant was lying before us on the ground on its back; it had one eye open and the other shut; its face was unwashed, and a small piece of dirty cloth was tied round its middle; the man, as he was talking to me, placed the child in the little furrow, pushed its arms to its side with the spade, and covering it

so barely with earth that part of the cloth was still visible, he walked away and left it. I took the spade, and was going to bury the poor child myself, when I recollected that as a stranger I should probably give offence, and I therefore walked towards the gate. I met the same man, with an assistant, carrying a tray, in which was the body of a very old man, followed by his son, who was about forty years of age; the party were all quarrelling, and remained disputing for some minutes after they had brought the body to the edge of the trench. This trench was about seven feet broad, and had been dug from one wall of the burial-ground to the other: the corpses were buried across it by fours, one above another, and there was a moveable shutter which went perpendicularly across the trench, and was moved a step forward as soon as the fourth body was interred. One body had already been interred; the son jumped down upon it, and while he was thus in the grave, standing upon one body and leaning against three, the two grave-diggers gave him his father, who was dressed in a long, coarse, white linen shirt. The grave was so narrow that the man had great difficulty in laying the body in it, but as soon as he had done so, he addressed the lifeless corpse of his father, and embraced it with a great deal of feeling. The situation of the father and son, although so very unusual, seemed at the moment anything but unnatural. In scrambling out of the grave, the man very nearly knocked a woman out of the tier of corpses at his back; and, as soon as he was up, the two attendants with their spades threw earth down upon the face and the white dress of the old man, until both were covered with a very thin layer of earth: the two men then jumped down with heavy wooden rammers, and they really rammed the corpse in such a way that, had the man been alive, he would have been killed; and we then all walked away.—*Head's Rough Notes.*



OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

When we first opened the "Letter-Box," we were certainly under some apprehensions of its proving a failure, and that the number of foolish or frivolous letters would prove a source of great annoyance. In this we have been hitherto most agreeably disappointed; and we suspect that, instead of we having to complain of our correspondents, THEY will have some little reason to complain of us. We will explain how matters stand between us.

First, considerable delay must necessarily occur before a correspondent can be attended to. Our Journal is sent to press two weeks in advance of its date, so that the most prompt attention to a letter could not enable us to attend to it till the third Number after its receipt. Circumstances, of course, may compel a still further postponement.

Second, we are anxious, in making selections, to take those letters which will afford matter for the information of *all* our readers. This obliges us to pass over such, the answering of which would only gratify the individual correspondent. Still, we are not desirous of being too rigid on this head.

Third, we have received a number of communications in prose and verse—some of them very good indeed, but which, for sundry reasons, we decline inserting. To give those reasons would not, in all probability, satisfy the senders, while the rest of our readers would feel no interest in them. We must add, that along with two or three of the cleverest of those contributions we have received free permissions to insert, reject, or *burn*, at pleasure. This is a sacrifice of self-love creditable to the writers.

Many letters contain private hints, advice, inquiries, suggestions, information, &c. It would be a violation of the rule of the Letter-Box to notice them, and yet we are glad to receive them. They make us acquainted with the feelings, wants, and wishes of our readers; they are almost all of them written in a kind and courteous spirit; and most of the writers will discover, from time to time, that their suggestions are not thrown away.

"Sir,—Having seen a paragraph in a paper, which states that a Mr. Spencer has invented a new process of copying medals, and other works of art in copper, by the agency of Voltaic Electricity, and which also states that this invention affords a cheap and easy method of copying ornamental work, such as leaves, flowers, &c., and in the manufacture of plated articles, &c., and also available for taking casts of buttons, &c., I should take it as a very great favour if you would inform me by what means and how it is done."

This process has received the name of the Electrotype, and is now brought to a considerable degree of perfection—if we may use a common but not a very correct phrase. We have seen some impressions of engravings from plates produced by the Electrotype—some of them excellent. The process is as follows:—The plate required to be copied should be soldered to a wire, which is to be connected also by soldering to a zinc plate, very thick, of the same dimensions. The copper plate is then to be placed in a basin containing a saturated solution of sulphate of copper, with a quantity of the crystals of this salt thrown in to keep the solution in a state of perfect saturation. The zinc plate should be placed in a paper bag, suspended in the basin, containing a very weak solution of common salt and water. This bag may be made in the way of a workman's paper cap, and the zinc plate should be placed directly over the copper plate. In about twenty-four hours, the original plate will be covered by the deposited copper from the solution of the sulphate of that metal. It is, however, desirable that the plate about to be made should be kept under voltaic influence until the deposited copper becomes of very considerable thickness, when it may be taken off, and it will then be observed to be a reversed copy of the original plate. By again placing this *reversed* plate under electric action in the manner before described, an exact copy of the original plate will be obtained, from which an engraving may be taken. The precautions necessary are as follows:—The plate should be made perfectly clean, and a small quantity of oil or wax be rubbed over it, to prevent its adhering to the original plate; and all those parts not required to be copied should be covered with sealing-wax, or pitch, which answers quite as well. If the deposited copper should insinuate itself around the edges of the original plate, the copper so deposited should be filed away before the separation is attempted to be made. It will also be necessary to observe if a change should occur in the colour of the cupreous solution; and should it assume a greenish tinge, it should be immediately thrown away, and a new solution applied.

As far as regards figures required to be copied that are not made of copper, or such as may be inapplicable for soldering, a wire to the reversed impressions may be obtained in fusible metal—the proportions of which are, 2 zinc, 3 lead, and 5 bismuth, melted together: this alloy will become liquid at 197 degrees Fahrenheit. Pour a small quantity of it on a marble slab or common plate, and, when in its liquid state, place the medal or button upon it, with a gentle but horizontal pressure; and as soon as it becomes cold, a separation will take place. This reversed impression may then be placed under galvanic action, as before stated.

Our friend in the neighbourhood of Hull, who in a kindly-written letter intimates approbation and disapprobation, asks, "Are not our social the basis of our civil and political institutions?" The terms of the question are deficient in explicitness. Marriage, for instance, is both a social and a civil institution: social, in relation to the individuals concerned, and to the community also; and civil, in relation to the rights conferred upon it by the law. But if he asks, if our institution of marriage has had any influence in shaping or moulding the character of our political institutions, we at once say Yes! We believe that if polygamy had prevailed in this country, the English national constitution and the English national character would have been essentially different from what they are. We think that parties should be allowed to marry after any *form* which they may choose; but we trust that the *institution* itself will always remain, constructed upon the law laid down by our Saviour—the law of nature and of God.

J. B., in a long and pleasant letter from Glasgow, puts this question—"What truth is there in physiognomical science?" We doubt whether the study of physiognomy has reached that point of certainty which may entitle it to be considered as a science. The mind is naturally impressed with certain broad features of the countenance, not only in men, but in the lower animals: we almost involuntarily form a judgment of the nobility or depravity of the disposition; we easily recognise a passionate or gentle physiognomy; but when we come to examine how the impression which we experience has been produced, we generally find that the air and carriage of the person affect us in all cases, to a certain extent, in forming our judgment, and that a strict adherence to rules laid down by line and measure leads to error instead of certainty. Hence, although the study of physiognomy has attracted the attention of philosophers from a very early period, notwithstanding the ingenious theories that have from time to time been put forth, none has yet been thoroughly confirmed by the test of experience. Lavater had persuaded himself that he had discovered the true secret of deciding upon character by the lineaments of the countenance, but he was repeatedly convicted of very gross errors; and although the work of Dr. Cross, published at Glasgow in 1817, to which our correspondent refers, is full of such ardent enthusiasm that we feel almost unwilling not to be convinced, yet we can discover nothing conclusive in his arguments. As an illustration of the self-satisfied style of a devoted physiognomist, we give the following dictum from a book published by James Cornaro, a learned Venetian, who wrote on the subject. "A gambler may *inevitably* be detected by

the following signs:—A black and straight-haired head, a strong beard, shaggy temples, and a well-turned, joyous, and smiling visage. Such a one is fond of dicing and dancing, and is indefatigable in his pursuits." We fancy that this will be regarded as a cruel slander by our black-bearded readers, and for our own parts we confess ourselves of counsel with the judicious Evelyn, who thus expresses himself:—"But here comes now a question; how it happens that we often find so many of the fair and beautiful false in heart, in divers of whose countenances there appears to dwell so much innocency, sincerity, modesty, and goodness? It must be confessed that the countenance is not always an infallible guide, no more than a gilded and finely-plated dial-plate indicates the goodness of the motion and contrivance within a watch."

Wm. S., of Nottingham, asks—"when surnames were first originated?"

The names of the Greeks had always a meaning, whether of males or females. Aristotle, for instance, signified ἄριστος and τέλος—good success. They, as seems to have been very generally the custom with most other nations, frequently added the father's name to that of the son. Historians, and especially the poets, designated their fellow-countrymen by the name of their family; as Laertiades, for Ulysses, &c.; a fashion well known under the term patronymic.

The Romans were accustomed to make use of several names which are thus distinguished:—1. The prænomen, distinguishing persons of the same family; as Quintus, the fifth son; Martius, born in March, &c. 2nd. The cognomen; being either the family name, or a name acquired from some mental quality, bodily peculiarity, or distinguished action. 3d. The surname—on account of adoption, some great action, or even a fault, and also used as distinguishing a particular branch of a family. The use of surnames was not common in the first ages of Rome. None of the kings had it during life. Superbus was only a sobriquet; Coriolanus, &c., were conferred from actions. 4th. The agnomen, or another surname, taken from some remarkable action. The names of the Scipios afford a good illustration of the manner of conferring names among the Romans. They sprang from the illustrious family of the Cornelii, of which the Scipios, the Lentuli, &c., were branches. Both family names were retained by each male member of the family, and a first name was conferred to distinguish the individual. Thus, one brother was termed Publius Cornelius Scipio, the other Lucius Cornelius Scipio; and in the case of the conqueror of Carthage, the agnomen Africanus was conferred as a memorial of his military prowess. The name was given to children on the day of the purification, which was the eighth after birth for girls, and the ninth for boys. The prænomen was given to girls upon marriage, and to boys when they took the toga virilis.

Camden, who bestowed much labour in investigating the origin of names, says, that the Britons, Scots, and Irish, had their names for the most part taken from colours (because they used to paint themselves), which are now lost or remain among the Welsh. Afterwards they took Roman names, which either remain corrupted, or were in the greater part extinguished at the Conquest by the Saxons. The Aps, the Macs, and the O's, are mere variations in expressing the patronymic. Among the Irish, surnames or family names began to be propagated in the time of Brian Boroimhe, who died in 1014; but for some hundreds of years afterwards many families had no fixed surnames.

The Anglo-Saxons introduced the German Edward, Edmund, &c.; the Normans, originally Germans, being the authors of others, such as William, Henry, Richard, Robert, &c. Some instances of surnames occur among the Norman Franks in more remarkable and sometimes literary men, so early as the eighth and ninth centuries. At length, at the end of the tenth, and especially at the beginning of the eleventh, centuries, the use of surnames was frequent, sometimes from a profession, sometimes from an event, sometimes from jest, &c.

The first record of surnames in England is the Domesday book, in which they are chiefly territorial, as Thomas of Gilsland; although some instances occur in which they are derived from other origins.

The custom of conferring names at baptism is derived from the Jews, who give it at circumcision, the period when a child is formally received into the community; and it became a very usual custom for adults to assume a new name on becoming members of the Christian church. Monks also frequently assumed a new name on entering religious houses, in token of casting away all that seemed in any way to connect them with the world they were forsaking. It has been customary with the popes to change their names on their accession to the chair of St. Peter, from the time of Sergius, who was ashamed of the very undignified appellation of "Pig's Face" (*Os Porci*), which he bore.

Surname has frequently been written *siruame*, strictly the name of the sire or father, but *surname* is considered the correct etymology. It is derived from the custom of writing it in deeds, &c., not on a line with the Christian name, but *over* it between the lines of the manuscript.

"Sir,—In a dip into a book-stall the other day, I met with, and purchased, a curiously characteristic old volume, the date being 1694. It has a first heading in Greek, and the remainder of the title, 'The Pourtraiture of his Sacred Majesty King Charles II., with Reasons for his turning Roman Catholick; published by King James. Found in the Strong Box.' I believe, or at least I think, I have heard something about its being authentic; and if so, what an abominable although suggestive production it is! The mock humility of the man when a fugitive in trouble—his despicable double-dealing—his lyings-by for revenge—his alternating kneelings to and knockings against religion—his debauched personal propensities—his craven-souled impiety, without a single mental daring of the philosopher—the whole, in fact, a commixture of worthlessness and vice, as painful to peruse as to censure. Will you, sir, be so kind as to inform me if this book be really genuine, and also some little of its history, and the reception it received at the time? My own free, volunteer opinion I have given: it is curious, but bad, *very* bad. Yours, J. D. D."

The publication of the remarkable papers referred to by our correspondent J. D. D., under the title of "The Pourtraiture of Charles II., found in the Strong Box," was made shortly after that monarch's death, by order of his successor. The papers were two in number, both containing a very distinct declaration of conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. The first bears date "St. James's, Aug. 20, 1670;" the second is without date. Both are reprinted in the fifth volume of the Harleian Miscellany. The publication of these papers produced a reply from Dr. Stillingfleet, who was answered, "by command," by Dryden, in "A Defence of the Papers written by the late King of blessed Memory, and found in his Strong Box, 1686, against Dr. Stillingfleet, on the authority of the Catholic Church, &c." The first publication of "the Papers" was accompanied by "A True Relation of the late King's Death," reprinted in the seventh volume of Somers's Collection of Tracts; and this was succeeded by "A short and plain Way to the Faith and Church; with Charles II.'s Papers found in his Closet after his Death; 1688."—"The Portraiture of his Sacred Majesty King Charles II, found in the Strong Box, 1694." 8vo; and "Εἰκὼν Βασιλικὴ δευτέρα, the Portraiture of Charles II., Lond. 8vo. 1695;" are the only editions we are acquainted with, although there may be others of which we are not aware.

These "Papers" are thus spoken of by Burnet:—"The two papers found in his strong box concerning religion, and afterwards published by his brother looked like study and reasoning. Tennison told me he saw the original in Pepys's hand, to whom King James trusted them for some time. They were interlined in several places, and the interlinings seemed to be writ in a hand different from that in which the papers were writ. But he was not so well acquainted with the king's hand as to make any judgment in the matter, whether they were writ by him or not. All that knew him, when they read them, did, without any sort of doubting, conclude that he never composed them; for he never read the Scriptures, nor laid things together, further than to turn them to a jest, or for some lively expression. These papers were probably writ by Lord Bristol, or Lord Aubigny, who knew the secret of his religion, and gave him those papers, as abstracts of some discourses they had with him on those heads, to keep him fixed to them. And it is very probable that they, apprehending their danger if any such papers had been found about him writ in their hand, might prevail with him to copy them out himself; though his laziness that way made it certainly no easy thing to bring him to give himself so much trouble. He had talked over a great part of them to myself; so that, as soon as I saw them, I remembered his expressions, and perceived that he had made himself master of the argument, as far as those papers could carry him."

*** As we perceive that the Letter-Box is likely to become a repository of useful facts, information, and advice, we here intimate, on the suggestion of a Correspondent, that we purpose to form an Index to it, which will be given, along with the regular Table of Contents, at the end of the Volume.

All Letters intended to be answered in the Literary Letter-Box are to be addressed to "The Editor of the London Saturday Journal," and delivered free, at 113, Fleet-street.

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MUTUAL INSTRUCTION SOCIETIES.

IN early life we had some little experience of juvenile debating clubs and mutual instruction societies; and that experience was, for a time, anything but favourable. We formed one of an association of youths, most of whom were schoolboys, whose flippant nonsense and pertness must have been very provocative of laughter to any person a little older than the oldest of the group; and when passing in years from the boy to the man, we again joined a club, whose chief orator was a babbling son of Crispin, ever ready to talk on anything or everything, no matter whether the subject was comprehended or not. When a little more knowledge and reflection came with one or two more years of existence, the impression left was, that these associations of youths, for the purpose of mutual improvement, were, on the whole, more pernicious than otherwise; generating a shallow self-conceit in the minds of the young persons composing them, and leading them to gabble away, with scarcely an idea in their heads, yet all the while resting quite satisfied that their shadowless words were full of meaning.

Impressed with this conviction, we resisted the importunities of a companion to form one of an association of young men, whose ages were about from eighteen to twenty-four, and who held their meetings in a school-room, not far from where we lived. They met twice a week; on Wednesday evenings for mutual improvement in general knowledge, and on Sunday mornings, early, for moral improvement. The idea which we entertained respecting this association was, that its members might be very well-meaning young men, whose tediousness, though cheerfully borne by one another, could not be very entertaining to a stranger; and we recollect loudly condemning the Sunday-morning meetings, as calculated to weaken the impression of the services at their respective places of worship, and therefore so far prejudicial. But hearing much about one individual, whom we set down as the "crack" man of the club, we consented to go on a following Sunday morning, to hear him, in his turn, deliver an essay.

The morning was a beautiful summer morning; and the delightful stillness had a quiet influence on the mind, rendering it averse to all criticism and all sarcasm, and disposing it to receive favourably whatever might be spoken. The young men were nearly assembled, (the hour of meeting was half-past six,) and in a few minutes one of them, who acted as chairman, rose, and began the proceedings by repeating in a low solemn tone the Lord's Prayer. On looking around, when the Amen was uttered, there appeared a serious kind of impression on every countenance; the look and air of all the young men showed that they had assembled for a grave and important purpose, and that they were in earnest. Presently the essayist rose, and placing a few leaves of manuscript in a copy of the Testament, proceeded to inform his audience that he had taken for a text—"Young men exhort to be sober-minded." Now, we thought, now for a bad sermon—a poor parody of what might be far better left to those whose duty it was to minister in the course of the day. The speaker began by intimating that all the members of the club were intimately acquainted with one another, and each could answer for all that they were not addicted to any vicious practices; that they were all outwardly strictly moral in their conduct, and anxious to follow the truth. Having thus "opened his case," he descended into the recesses of the youthful heart; spoke of its dreams, its wishes, its hopes, and its ambition; and at the close of an ably-written essay, appealed with great fervour, and even eloquence, to his companions, urging them to countenance one another in maintaining a high moral standard, not merely in conduct, but in thought and feeling. We have never forgotten the impression left by the reading of that essay. The speaker's voice was rather harsh and dissonant at first, but it gradually became soft and mellifluous, and as every word seemed literally spoken from the heart to the heart, they fell like "the dew upon the tender grass." Circumstances prevented us from becoming a member of this little association; but we afterwards discovered that this young man, who was almost idolised by his companions, acquired his influence over them by the simplicity of his character, the extent of his knowledge, and the enthusiastic and moral honesty which he carried into all that he did.

The club was broken up, and the young essayist went to the United States to join some relations; and there, as we understood, he died. Some ten years afterwards, we met, in a town remote from the locality of the club, an individual who had been one of its members, but who is now a married man, with his children round his fireside. In talking over "old times," he reverted, with extraordinary animation, to his "club;" spoke, with a feeling amounting almost to reverence of this youth, and of the influence of his character; and pointing to his little boy, he exclaimed, "When that child grows up, I will induce him to become a member of a 'Mutual Instruction Society;' for I feel that the good results of the one I belonged to will follow me through life!"

In fact, nobody who knows anything of these associations can doubt their general beneficial influence. To an ingenuous youth, thirsting for information, and eager for society, nothing can be more attractive than to meet with a few companions "like-minded," who are willing to combine together, to stimulate each other's exertions, and to add to each other's knowledge. Their efforts may be sometimes misdirected; their discussions may be sometimes ludicrously grave; to an elder mind, they may sometimes seem like pigmies, endeavouring to take up subjects which would try the strength of giants: still, their exertions are their own, and, unless the association is very badly managed, much good must result from it. It is essential, however, to the success of such an association, that there be amongst its members one or two rather superior to the rest, able to guide the proceedings, and give them a tone. By superior we certainly do not mean one who conceits himself to be so; for though a conceited person may be clever, able to compose a smart essay, or to talk with great volubility, he will be found, in the long-run, to be but a shallow person, after all. We mean by superior, one whose enthusiasm,

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energy, and moral purpose, though they may run in a narrow channel, at least run somewhat deep; one who attracts his companions by a quiet *zeal*, an unpretending and honest disposition, and a hearty acquiescence in the objects of the association of which he is a member. But, though superior, we would not, in general, like to see any member of a Mutual Instruction Society *too* superior. The young man of whom we have spoken was an exceedingly unassuming person, yet some of the humbler members of his society were rather deterred from exerting themselves, from a fear of the contrast in the minds of their companions.

When our attention was first called to the subject of "Mutual Instruction Societies," by a correspondent, we had some idea of being able to collect a quantity of materials for giving a view of the number and proceedings of these associations throughout Great Britain. On reconsideration, we do not think that this will be easily attainable, nor perhaps very desirable; and we will therefore give a few extracts from some of the communications we have already received. Our object in doing so is to convey information of the manner in which different societies conduct their proceedings, not without a hope that it may stimulate some young men to follow their example.

We have only received three communications from members of Mutual Instruction Societies in London. One of these is the Great Tower-street Society, of which Mr. Timothy Claxton is a member, whose interesting "Hints to Mechanics" we noticed in No. XI. of the London Saturday Journal, and also extracted his list of associations throughout England. This Great Tower-street Society has been in existence four years, and is stated to be now in a very flourishing condition. "The object of this society is to promote the moral and intellectual improvement of its members, by means of essays, lectures, discussions, and conversations on all subjects. The subscription of 1s. per quarter constitutes a member (subject to the approval of a majority of the members at any meeting-night), and entitles the member to the use of a library consisting of 500 volumes; in addition to which, there are classes formed for the study of the following subjects:—Botany, discussion, Latin, mechanics and mathematics, arithmetic, and grammar."

Another correspondent, who dates from the Dover-road, states that the objects of *his* society are—"First, the cultivation of the mind, and the acquirement and communication of useful knowledge. The benefits arising from this must be so apparent as not to need any further remarks upon the subject. Second, to keep us from the dangers to which we are exposed. We seek to amuse as well as instruct each other, and thus to give us a relish for high *intellectual* and *moral* pleasures, in the place of those which are low and grovelling; and, third, to bring out the talent and genius which a youth possesses. Our aim, in short, is, by blending these three objects together, to constitute us useful members of society, to be useful to those around us, and thus assist us in fulfilling the moral duties which are imposed upon us."

A third correspondent, from Islington, says, "Feeling considerable interest in the establishment of all 'Mutual Instruction Societies' which may be conducted upon right and judicious principles, and being myself member of a 'Literary and Scientific Institution,' in which there is a 'discussion class,' I feel inclined to offer my humble aid to your correspondent 'Socius,' whose letter appeared in the 53d Number of the 'London Saturday Journal;' humbly hoping that it may prove of some little use to him and his associates in the formation of their new society.

"The discussion class referred to consists of a secretary and an unlimited number of members, having for its object the discussion of 'historical and philological' subjects. Its meetings are held weekly, at the hour of eight o'clock (unfortunately it is often half-past before business commences), when a chairman is duly elected, who generally commences the business of the evening by saying, 'Ladies * and gentlemen, our secretary will now read the minutes of the last meeting.' (It may be as well to state that the secretary enters the name of each speaker, as well as any other proceedings which may take place, in a book kept for the purpose.) The minutes having been read, the chairman then puts it to the meeting, 'whether or not the minutes which have just been read are correct?' When they are confirmed, that being the usual conclusion, the question for discussion is then read, with the intimation, that when the 'opener' has concluded, *any gentleman* may speak upon the question.

"The 'opener' is allowed to speak as long as he pleases; any other speaker may only continue his 'speech' for twenty minutes. No speaker is allowed to speak twice (besides the 'opener'), unless it be in explanation. The debate may be prolonged till ten minutes past ten o'clock, at which time the 'opener' must be called upon for his reply, unless some other member move its adjournment; which no one can do without undertaking to open it upon the next night of meeting. Should the adjournment be 'carried,' the discussion may continue till half-past ten; but if the contrary be the case, the 'opener' replies, and *pro* or *con.* is then put from the chair, and the meeting decides accordingly. The 'general meeting' occurs half-yearly, at which time the secretary is chosen, and questions proposed for the ensuing half-year. (The *proposer* of a question is bound to open it.) Should any individual desire to make an 'amendment' upon any existing law, or wish to introduce a new one, he must give one week's notice of his intention previous to *this meeting*, which is the only time at which it may be considered.

"I feel particularly pleased at your correspondent's desire to exclude everything personal from the debating society of which he intends being a member; and I can assure him, from personal observation, that if a competent and well-qualified chairman preside at meetings for discussion, he will not fail to discern the proper time for making use of his authority, and check every such feeling at the outset. If discussion classes be properly conducted, and provided with good laws, they may be made eminently useful to all parties taking an active part in them. But as all power is injurious when abused, they are often attended with evil. I have known 'debating societies,' consisting principally of young men, holding their meetings in a room forming part of a *public-house*, which, of course, has a very bad tendency."

* Each member may introduce a lady or gentleman.

Proceeding to the provinces, we take up the following account, dated from Glasgow, "of a Mutual Instruction Society which existed in our village [he does not give us the name of the village], and of which I was a member.

"The Society was composed of individuals between the ages of fourteen and thirty-five, and was called 'The Youth's Society for Moral, Religious, and Intellectual Improvement.' Any well-disposed young man of a proper age was admitted a member on application. The society met every Thursday evening and Sunday morning. On Thursday evening, a paper was read or an address delivered, by a member of the society, on some scientific or literary topic; after which, conversational remarks were made upon the subject handled by the essayist. On Sunday morning, the essay and the conversation were confined to religious subjects, and a chapter of the Bible was usually read; every meeting was opened with prayer. Each member of the society was expected to take his turn at the essay; only, in its place, he might read a passage from some good author. The conversational remarks went round the room, beginning on the right hand of the chairman, and ending on the left, in order that all might be prepared to take a part in it. The subject to be discussed next day was announced at the previous meeting by him whose turn it was to deliver an essay.

"Among the subjects discussed were—the moral improvement of man, the improvement of time, astronomy, emigration, benevolence of the Deity, mechanical powers, effects of the invention of printing on the moral and physical condition of the human family, &c. &c. &c.

"All subjects of a controversial or political nature were carefully excluded. Occasionally, lectures or sermons were delivered by distinguished ministers or literary gentlemen of the neighbourhood, at the instance of the society.

"I may add, that the society has been of use in producing a high state of moral and intellectual culture among its members, most of whom are now respectable members of society."

From Glasgow we proceed to Paisley. "The society," says our Paisley correspondent, "with which I am connected is limited

to sixteen members; it meets on a stated evening every alternate week, when a lecture or essay is read by one of the members in rotation. The composition, pronunciation, manner of reading, &c. of the lecturer or essayist are criticised; and then the subject of the essay is debated.

"On looking over our minute-book, I find that in the short time that the society has existed, the following subjects have been brought forward:—

"LECTURES—On the Improvement of the Mind. The British Constitution. Beneficial Results of the Extension of Machinery. The Steam Engine. Geography (outline). On the Causes of Steam-boiler Explosions, and Means of Prevention. The Manufacture of Paper. Phrenology. Astronomy (outline). Mechanical Properties of Water.

"ESSAYS—Ought the Study of the Classics to form part of the Education of Youth? Ought the Corn-laws to be abolished? Should Christianity be supported and propagated by the voluntary Contributions of its Professors, or by State Endowment? On Combinations. The Character of Napoleon. Are the Canadians justified in asserting their Independence? Has the Civil Magistrate, in his official capacity, anything to do with Religion? The Principles of the People's Charter. Why has the Comfort of the Working Classes not kept pace with the Progress of Machinery?

"The members of the Society are all engaged in some occupation or other—either as shopmen, clerks, or mechanics; and, to say the least of it, these topics were handled in a very respectable manner, considering that we are all but half-educated (if so much), and some of us in a great measure self-educated.

"Thus I have laid before you the manner in which we proceed; and from the list of subjects which I have given, you will easily guess that our object is *mutual instruction*. Besides those subjects I have noted above, we had a few humorous ones occasionally, most of which were what we call *spontaneous* or *voluntary*; that is, such as are brought forward *out of turn*, to fill up a night, or supply the place of an absent member or defaulter; but we chiefly confine ourselves to those matters from which information of present utility can be derived; and as we consist of persons who hold all shades of civil and ecclesiastical politics, we prefer subjects for debating that will naturally divide the members, and cause them *heartily* to take sides. The subjects of both lectures and essays are chosen by the persons who write them, but must be approved of by the society. Matters strictly *religious* are excluded.

"The benefits we have derived from the society are numerous; I shall only notice these—a healthful stimulant to the mental faculties; a necessity for reading and thinking (which is not unnecessary, I can assure you, to those who are twelve or thirteen hours in the traces daily); a readiness in expressing our thoughts on paper; and considerable fluency of speech, with confidence to stand up and utter our opinions before others.

"There are several such associations in town, all of which meet quarterly in a *united* capacity, for the purpose of hearing lectures or for debating. Of course, the best of our members are put forward at these meetings; so that, whatever talent exists in any one society, all the others get the benefit of it."

As some of the topics included in the list given by our Paisley correspondent might be objected to by others, we here introduce the letter of a LIVERPOOL correspondent, who, he tells us, has been connected with Mutual Instruction Societies and debating clubs for several years; and therefore his experience is worth something.

"In the first place," he says, "very few of them last long, because young men in general cannot endure the literary labour they impose, and consequently they rarely continue long enough to produce those beneficial results which might be expected from them. The regulations which I consider the most suitable are these:—

"Let every person, on becoming a member, pay a half-yearly subscription at least: this will preserve the society from the pecuniary embarrassments resulting from that indifference which prompts many members to withdraw after a short time. Let every member pledge himself to open a debate, the time for so doing being determined by an alphabetical list of the members, and let him at some fixed time previous to the debate propose a question in which he will take the affirmative side; his opponent, on the negative, being chosen at the same time from among those members who may be willing to speak on the negative. As fines for non-attendance have never, in my experience, accomplished their object, I do not advocate them.

"Regarding questions to be discussed, I would exclude religion and politics. Let the questions be such as have reference to the happiness of mankind—that show the effect of manners and customs on society—that point out the causes and means of civilisation, such as the following:—Did the Crusades produce any beneficial effects on society? Has hope or fear the greater influence on the human mind? Was Rome, at the height of her power, greater than England at the present day? Whether did Greece or Rome do more for civilisation? Has war generally promoted civilisation? Has man or woman the greater influence on society?

"Such questions as the following—Was Cæsar or Napoleon the greater character? ought to be introduced as seldom as possible, *as they generally produce a great deal of party spirit, and very little useful knowledge.*"

The foregoing has been written by one whose experience has been, on the whole, somewhat discouraging. It may therefore be a little enlivening to turn to a letter from OSWESTRY, Shropshire; the writer expressing himself with all the buoyancy of hope and pleasure:—

"Our society is designated the 'Young Men's Improvement Society,' and already numbers 150 members, though it has scarcely been twelve months in active operation. It was formed principally for the intellectual and moral improvement of the shopmen and apprentices, who, in consequence of the earlier closing of the shops than formerly, it was feared would be led into mischief and vice. That class of individuals did not, however, avail themselves of the privileges thus offered to them; and the society now consists, with but few exceptions, of mechanics, who evince, by their regular attendance at the various meetings, their anxiety to improve and cultivate their minds.

"Our plans will best be known by an account of the routine of a week's proceedings:—Monday, discussion; Tuesday, lecture; Wednesday, reading; Thursday, classes for geography; Friday, classes for writing and arithmetic.

"But to enter more minutely into the description, the discussions are always on subjects of an interesting and useful character, and are generally conducted with great spirit. The principal subjects which have been discussed are—the Character of Queen Elizabeth; American War; Whether Britain has been a greater Blessing or Curse to the World, irrespective of Christianity; Whether we are most indebted to our Army or Navy for our present Greatness as a Nation; Whether Wealth or Knowledge gives the most Power to Man; the Characters of Charles I. and Cromwell, &c. &c.

"The object we had in view in commencing the discussions, was to excite the interest and attention of those who could not be allured into the flowery paths of knowledge by means of lectures and other tamer modes of instruction; and we have succeeded far beyond our most sanguine expectations. Numbers have joined our ranks in consequence of the interesting character of the discussions; and instead of spending their time in the taverns and other haunts of dissipation, as they had formerly done, they are now storing their minds with a knowledge of history, and preparing for the discussion, to which they come, and deliver their thoughts in such a manner as surprises all acquainted with their previous characters and dispositions. Not the least benefit resulting from the discussions is the great amount of oratorical talent elicited from some of the members; indeed, one of the most respectable and intelligent gentlemen of the town has asserted that the speeches of some of the members would not disgrace any of our first public orators.

"The lectures are delivered by various gentlemen, strangers as well as residents in the town, who have offered their valuable services gratuitously, and the subjects—connected with science and literature—have been such as to excite considerable attention among young persons generally, as well as the members. The lectures are open to all who can procure tickets, which can be had gratuitously of any member; they are well attended.

"We have a small library, which we hope soon to increase. In connexion with it, we take in the 'London Saturday Journal,' 'Chambers,' and the 'Penny;' all of which, but especially the first, prove a source of great attraction to the reading part of our society, a class which I am happy to say is daily increasing.

"Respecting the various classes I need enter into no particu-

lars; their object is fully explained by their name, and their utility cannot for a moment be questioned.

"*There is one important feature in our society which may be mentioned, as I think it is rather peculiar—that is, no member is compelled to subscribe; it is left entirely to his own free-will.* By this means, many enjoy the benefits of the society who otherwise would have been debarred them, as being too poor to subscribe; but to the credit of the members it may be stated, that all who *can, do* subscribe according to their ability."

The last communication for which we have room at present is one from HUDDERSFIELD. From the printed rules of this society we extract the following:—

"This society shall be called 'The Society for Intellectual Improvement,' its object being the mental cultivation of its members, by engaging respectable and competent teachers to instruct them in the useful arts and sciences.

"No person shall be a member of this society, who is not of good moral character, and who does not acknowledge the divine authenticity of the Scriptures.

"All works on controversial theology and party politics, together with novels and romances, shall be excluded."

The following account of this society has been given by the correspondent to whom we are indebted for a copy of the rules:—

"It has been in existence about seven years; its object is the 'mental improvement of its members.' But though this is its direct aim, it has in many instances been instrumental in improving the moral character of its members, and raising them in society. Lectures are delivered gratuitously every alternate week, chiefly by our talented president and townsman, W. Dearden; they are upon a variety of subjects—such as grammar, logic, rhetoric, poetry, elocution, astronomy, geography, moral philosophy, &c. &c. Classes are formed on geometry, grammar, elocution, mathematics, and other subjects, all tending to mental improvement. The subjects for discussion are various.

"In the classics, a considerable proficiency has been attained by a great number of individuals. The lectures and discussions stimulate the members to active research and exertion. The society, since its establishment, has been productive of much good. At the last meeting, a fresh plan was suggested, with an intention of bringing into practical application the knowledge of the members. A number of gentlemen voluntarily subscribed their names to a paper, engaging to write essays on subjects most suitable to the abilities of each writer; the first writer to be balloted for. The paper to be read publicly before the members; after which, its merits, as respects correctness of language, eloquence of diction, and propriety of thought, will be criticised and discussed. This method, I think, will be useful."

Here we conclude, for the present: but we have somewhat to say, in the way of warning and advice, which we reserve to another opportunity.

ANAGRAMS.

AN anagram is the dissolution of any word or sentence into letters as its elements, and then making some other word or sentence from it, applicable to persons or things named in such original word or sentence. There are words of this description, both of ancient and modern application, which exhibit coincidences that are truly astonishing, and almost incredible, until proved by examination, at the same time affording a very peculiar fund of amusement. The following is a selection of some of the best transpositions:—

Astronomers	Moon-Starers.
Democratical	Comical Trade.
Encyclopedia	A nice Cold Pye.
Gallantries	All great Sins.
Lawyers	Sly Ware.
Misanthrope	Spare him not.
Monarch	March on.
Old England	Golden Land.
Presbyterian	Best in Prayer.
Punishment	Nine Thumps.
Penitentiary	Nay I repent it.
Radical Reform	Rare mad Frolic.
Revolution	To love Ruin.
Telegraphs	Great Helps.

In the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, there is engraved on a stone the anagram of Robert Dalglish and Jean Douglas:—

"God's great, and he is all our blis."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

JOHN D. GODMAN.

JOHN D. GODMAN, an American naturalist of deserved reputation, was born at Annapolis, in the state of Maryland, on the 20th day of December, 1794. In early infancy he was deprived by death of both his parents; and when scarcely two years old was left to the care of an aunt then residing at Wilmington, in the state of Delaware. His father, when he died, possessed but little property, and of that little young Godman was soon after fraudulently deprived. To his aunt he was, in consequence, solely indebted for nurture and education, at a period of life when he stood most in need of the fostering care and watchful guardianship of a mother's and a father's love. His aunt appears, however, to have faithfully supplied, as far as was within her power, the loss he had sustained by the death of his parents. She is represented as "a lady who, from the superiority of her intellect and education, as well as the sweetness of her disposition and her elevated piety, was eminently qualified to unfold, impress, and direct the youthful mind." Under such culture young Godman received the first rudiments of his education, and his earliest moral impressions. During his last illness he was often heard to speak in raptures of his aunt, and say, "If I have ever been led to do any good, it has been through the influence of her example, instruction, and prayers."

When he had attained his fourth year, his aunt removed from Delaware to Chester-town, upon the eastern shore of Maryland, and here the little orphan was first placed at school.

He had already become the idol of the family; but he now manifested such a precocity of intellect, such a fondness for books, so great an aptitude to learn, and withal evinced so much sensibility, frankness, and sweetness of disposition, that he gained the affection, and excited the admiration, of all who knew him. His reverence to truth was such, even from his infancy, that he was never known even to equivocate.

When he was seven years old his aunt died, and he was left without any suitable protector or guide, exposed to the neglect and temptations so often connected with adversity.

After the death of his aunt, young Godman was bound as an apprentice to the printer of a newspaper in the city of Baltimore. With this situation, however, he was from the commencement extremely dissatisfied. In a letter written in July 1812 to Dr. Luckey, in whom he had found an early friend, he declares that it was worse than "cramping his genius over a pestle and mortar,"—it was "cramping it over a font of types, where there are words without ideas."

His early predilection for intellectual pursuits, and his unbounded confidence in his own powers and resources, are happily illustrated by the following anecdote related by Dr. Luckey. In the year 1810 the latter gentleman was student of medicine in the office of Dr. Thomas E. Bond of Baltimore. "The office," he remarks, "was fitted up with taste; and boys, attracted by its appearance, would frequently drop in to gaze on the labelled jars and drawers. Among them I discovered one evening an interesting lad, who was amusing himself with the manner in which his comrades pronounced the 'hard words' with which the furniture was labelled. He appeared to be quite an adept in the Latin language. A strong curiosity soon prompted me to inquire, 'Who are you?'—'Don't you recollect,' said he, 'that you visited a boy at Mr. Creery's who had a severe attack of bilious colic?'—'I do. But what is your name, my little boy?' He was small of his age. 'My name, sir, is John D. Godman.' 'Did you study the Latin language with Mr. Creery?' 'No, he does not teach any but an English school.' 'Do you intend to prosecute your studies alone?' 'I do: and I will, if I live, make myself a Latin, Greek, and French scholar.'"

During the unhappy war between Great Britain and the United States, young Godman, in 1814, became a sailor under Commodore Barney, and was engaged in some actual service. It does not appear how he left his apprenticeship: and his seamanship did not last long; for in 1815 he accepted the offer of Dr. Luckey, to become a resident in his family, and enter on the study of the medical profession. In a letter Godman says, "I have discovered my *real* age in an old book of my father's; and, you would hardly suppose it, I was twenty-one years old the twentieth day of December, 1815. Before I was two years old I was motherless—before I was five years old I was fatherless and friendless—I have been cast among strangers—I have been deprived of property by

fraud that was mine by right—I have eaten the bread of misery—I have drunk of the cup of sorrow—I have passed the flower of my days in a state little better than slavery, and have arrived—at what? manhood, poverty, and desolation. Heavenly Parent, teach me patience and resignation to thy will!"

He appears to have attended the lectures in the Baltimore school, through the sessions commencing in the autumn of 1816 and 1817. In the course of the last, Professor Davidge was disabled by an accident for several weeks, and Mr. Godman was appointed to supply his place. This, as he had been an apprentice to a trade not three years before, in the same city, was an honourable testimony to his talents and industry, and must have been highly gratifying to his ambition? According to Professor Sewall:—

"This situation he filled for several weeks with so much propriety—he lectured with such enthusiasm and eloquence—his illustrations were so clear and happy, as to gain universal applause; and at the time he was examined for his degree, the superiority of his mind, as well as the extent and accuracy of his knowledge, were so apparent, that he was marked by the professors of the university as one who was destined, at some future period, to confer high honour upon the profession. Upon this occasion a prize medal was awarded him for the best Latin thesis."

In reference to his graduation Dr. Godman wrote to his friend, Dr. Luckey, in these emphatic words:—

"I know not what to tell you for news, unless I tell you that I passed my graduate examination on Saturday (Feb. 7, 1818), which lasted twenty minutes; and of course I have now the 'vast unbounded prospect all before me,' though 'shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it.' I will go to the country to practice, most probably to Frederic county."

We come now to contemplate Dr. Godman as a member of the profession. Having, notwithstanding the apparently insurmountable difficulties against which he had to contend, originating in the want of influential friends, and in the extreme poverty in which he was plunged from infancy, succeeded in completing his medical studies and obtaining his degree, he commenced forthwith the practice of his profession in the village of New Holland, on the banks of the Susquehanna: at the termination of a few months he left this situation, and repaired to a small village in Anne Arundel county, in his native state; whence he wrote to Dr. Luckey in July, 1819, as follows:—

"My success in business has been considerable, or my practice, at least, has been as extensive as I could rationally expect—what my success may be in the end is at present very doubtful. I still have considerable expectation of being recalled to Baltimore, in order to fill the place which I held in the university. If it so happen, I shall be much delighted, as a country life is very little or not at all to my taste."

In these rural situations the active mind of Dr. Godman was not content with those scientific pursuits more immediately connected with his profession; he devoted himself with the utmost enthusiasm to the study of nature; and at a subsequent period set forth the fruits of his observations in a series of papers, entitled the "Rambles of a Naturalist." These beautiful sketches, which appeared originally in a weekly journal published in Philadelphia, although struck off on the spur of the occasion, possess all the characteristic freshness and vigour which marked Dr. Godman's style of writing. They were composed while the author was confined to a bed of sickness, and from which he was removed in a few weeks afterward to the tomb. The series was consequently left incomplete.

The ardent temperament of Dr. Godman was little adapted to the stagnant existence of a village doctor. He thirsted for competition, and longed to engage in the rivalries which prevail among the candidates for fame. Nature seems to have urged him on. It was she who revealed to him the compass of his intellectual powers; and bid him seek a theatre commensurate with their efficiency.

A different arrangement was made in the Baltimore school from what he had anticipated; and he was thus disappointed in receiving the appointment of public teacher, to which he had evidently looked forward with no little anxiety, and for fulfilling the duties of which with honour to the school and advantage to its pupils he was even then so well qualified. He nevertheless returned to Baltimore, as a situation which afforded him more ample opportunities for the study of anatomy, which he justly regarded as the foundation of medical science.

About this time Dr. Godman formed a connexion by marriage—an event which contributed equally to his domestic happiness and literary advancement. Soon after his marriage he removed to Philadelphia, but had scarcely settled in that city, when he received a pressing invitation to accept the professorship of anatomy in the medical college of Ohio—an institution then recently established. His qualifications for this situation were expressed by Professor Gibson, then of the University of Pennsylvania, but previously a member of the Baltimore institution, in the following unequivocal and prophetic language. "In my opinion, Dr. Godman would do honour to any school in America." He was forthwith appointed, and arrived in Cincinnati the ensuing October (1821), in time to enter on the duties of his chair with the commencement of the second session of the school.

For the practical details of such a professorship, remarks Dr. Drake, he could not, of course, be well prepared, as his surgical experience was exceedingly limited; but he was learned in the institutes of the science, and his knowledge of anatomy was comprehensive, accurate, and commanding. As a dissector he was equally rapid and adroit. His lectures were well received by the class, who admired his genius, were captivated by his eloquence, and charmed by the *naïveté* of his manners.

In the course of the session, difficulties, of which he was neither the cause nor the victim, were generated in the faculty; the class was small, and the prospects of the institute overcast: under these circumstances, Dr. Godman resigned his professorship, but did not at that time return to the east.

A short time previously Dr. Drake, of Cincinnati, had issued proposals for a medical journal, to be edited by the professors of the college, and obtained a number of subscribers; but the distracted state of the institution prevented the fulfilment of the design. To this enterprise, as soon as he had resigned, Dr. Godman directed his attention; and, assisted by Mr. Foote, a liberal and literary bookseller of Cincinnati, in a few weeks issued the first number of the "Western Quarterly Reporter." Thus, if not the first to project, Dr. Godman had the honour of being the first to commence, a journal of medicine in the Valley of the Mississippi. At the termination of six numbers, of a hundred pages each, the work was discontinued; for, previously to that time, its editor had returned to Philadelphia. More than three hundred pages of this periodical were from his own pen, chiefly in translations, and reviews of anatomy, physiology, and medical jurisprudence.

Dr. Godman resided only one year in Cincinnati, but in that short period he deeply inscribed himself on the public mind, and acquired the confidence and affection of a respectable circle of friends. In addition to writing for the medical journal just referred to, and to his practice which was considerable for a stranger, he erected an apparatus for sulphurous fumigation, and translated and published a French pamphlet in relation to that remedy; he read medical books, and many current works of general literature; prosecuted the study of the German and Spanish languages; and labelled the ancient coins and medals of the Western Museum. In the midst of the whole, he found sufficient time to cultivate his social relations; and every day added a new friend to the catalogue of those who loved him for his simplicity and frankness of manners, not less than they esteemed him for his virtues, and admired him for his genius, vivacity, and diligence. Thus, to use an idiomatic expression, he was a growing man, and might have remained there and done well. But the hand of destiny was upon him. He had left the banks of the Patapsco to be a public teacher; the same object had drawn him from Philadelphia to Cincinnati; and that object at length restored him to the great emporium of the medical sciences.

Contrary to the wishes and importunities of his western friends, he set off, in the autumn of 1822, with his young family, for the theatre of his future glory; which he reached in safety, though not without some of the many difficulties at that time connected with a journey across the state of Ohio.

More ambitious of fame, and more eager for the acquisition and diffusion of useful knowledge, than for the accumulation of wealth, Dr. Godman, on settling in Philadelphia, rather retired from the field of practice, that he might employ all his time, and exert all his powers, in scientific pursuits. He was thus, in a great measure, removed from the pitiful rivalries and jealousies of the profession; and placed in a situation which enabled him to enjoy the friendship without alarming the fears of his medical contemporaries.

His main object was to make himself a thorough anatomist, and to qualify himself for teaching the science. To this end he opened a room, under the patronage of the university of Pennsylvania, for giving private demonstrations; and in the first winter he drew around him a class of seventy students. He now found

himself occupying a field which furnished ample scope for the exertion of his powers, as well as for the gratification of his highest ambition. It was while thus engaged in the discharge of the arduous and laborious duties of this situation, that the foundation was laid of that fatal disease of which he died; for so eager was he to acquire knowledge himself, as well as to impart it to those around him, that he would not only expose himself to the foul atmosphere of the anatomical theatre during the whole day, but often subject himself to the severest toil for a considerable part of the night; while the moments which were spared from these labours, instead of being spent in relaxation, or in exercise in the open air for the benefit of his health, were employed in composing papers for the medical journals, in copying the results of his anatomical and physiological investigations, in preparing parts of his Natural History, or in carrying on other literary and scientific studies. It is impossible that a constitution, naturally delicate and predisposed to disease, could long remain unimpaired under such strenuous and unremitting exertions.

After Dr. Godman had prosecuted his anatomical studies in Philadelphia for four or five years, his reputation as a teacher became so generally known, his fame so widely extended, that the eyes of the profession were directed to him from every part of the country; and in 1826 he was called to fill the chair of anatomy in Rutger's Medical College, recently established in the city of New York.

There could scarcely have been a stronger testimony of the high estimation in which he was held, or of his reputation as a teacher of anatomy, than this appointment, in an institution around which several of the most eminent professors in the country had already rallied, and which was called into existence under circumstances of rivalry, that demanded the highest qualifications in those who were called upon to establish and maintain its reputation.

This situation, as well as every other in which Dr. Godman had been placed, he sustained with a popularity almost unparalleled. He never exhibited in public his talents as a lecturer, but he gathered around him an admiring audience, who hung with delight upon his lips. But the duties of the anatomical chair, together with his other scientific pursuits, were too arduous, and the climate too rigorous, for a constitution already subdued by labour and confinement, and invaded by disease; hence, before he had completed his second course of lectures, he was compelled to retire from the school, and seek a residence in a milder climate. He repaired with his family to one of the West India islands, where he remained until the approach of summer, when he returned and settled in Germantown. In this place and in Philadelphia he spent the residue of his life.

In 1829, Dr. Godman thus describes his condition:—"My excessive exertion and the exposure to a dreadful climate destroyed me. My lungs became diseased, and last winter I was threatened with so rapid a decline, as to force me to escape from the climate of New York by going to the West Indies. The months of February, March, and April, my wife and I spent in the Danish island of Santa Cruz, where I very nearly perished from my disease, though I should certainly have done so in New York. On my return to Philadelphia in May, I took a house in Germantown, within seven miles of the city, where I have since resided. During the warm weather I was able to creep about, but since the first of the fall have been confined to a single room. My health during all this time has been in a very wretched state, and my *consumption* very obvious indeed; for I wasted to bones, and lost all my strength. Until the last three weeks past I was exceedingly low, unable to sit up, eat, or perform any function advantageously. Since the time mentioned I have greatly recovered in all respects. My cough is by no means troublesome, and I eat and sleep well. What is best of all is, that I have never had hectic since leaving New York, where I was not properly prescribed for. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, I have had my family to support, and have done so merely by my pen. This you may suppose severe enough for one in my condition, nevertheless necessity is a ruthless master. At present, that I am comparatively well, my literary occupations form my chief pleasure, and all the regret I experience is, that my strength is so inadequate to my wishes. Should my health remain as it is now, I shall do very well, and I cannot but hope, since we have recently passed through a tremendous spell of cold weather without my receiving any injury. All my prospects as a public teacher of anatomy are utterly destroyed, as I can never hope, nor would I venture if I could, again to resume my labours. My success promised to be very great, but it has pleased God that I should move in a different direction."

From the time Dr. Godman left New York, his disease advanced with such a steady pace as to leave but little hope, either to himself or his friends, of his final recovery. He lingered but a few months, his death occurring on the morning of the 17th of April, 1830; he being then in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

Thus early died this able and worthy man, but not before he had left behind him contributions to natural history which will preserve his memory. His chief work is his "Natural History of American Quadrupeds," well known to European naturalists,—a work marked by research, accuracy and independence of judgment, a striking proof of which is his exposure of the "fabulous history of the beaver," whose marvellous and more than marvellous sagacity was a common theme in our books of natural history till within the last three or four years.

We will endeavour to make the readers of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL better acquainted with Dr. Godman, by reprinting his essays called "Rambles of a Naturalist," which will appear consecutively, in three or four succeeding numbers.

AMBITION CURED.*

JOSEPH opened the door and announced that the carriage was ready. My mother and sister threw themselves into my arms. "It is not yet too late," they exclaimed. "Abandon this project and remain with us."

"Mother! I am a gentleman, and am now twenty years old. I must make myself known to my country, and must carve a way to fame, either in the army or at the court."

"But what, my dear Bernard, will become of me when you have left me?"

"You will be proud and happy when you hear of your son's success."

"But if you should fall in battle!"—

"What then? What is life that we should set such value on it? A gentleman, and at my age, should regard only glory. Oh! my dear mother, fear not that in a few short years you shall see me return a colonel or a field-marshal, or perhaps high in the offices of state!"

"And what then?"

"I shall enjoy respect and dignity."

"And then?"

"All will bow before me."

"Well?"

"Then I will marry my cousin Henriette; will find husbands for my young sisters, and we will live tranquil and happy on my own estate in Brittany."

"What prevents you from doing all this at once? Has not your father left you in possession of the best fortune in the country? Is there anywhere within ten leagues around a finer estate, a more handsome château, than Roche Bernard? Are you not beloved by your tenantry? When you pass through the village, do not all bow before you? Leave us not, my son; remain with your friends; with your sisters, your old mother, who may be gone hence ere you return. Waste not your energies in the pursuit of vain glory; do not shorten those days which pass so rapidly, by cares and unnecessary sorrows. Life is very sweet, my child, and the sun of Brittany is beautiful."

Thus speaking, my mother led me to the windows, and pointed to the green alleys of the park, the old horse-chestnuts covered with flowers, the lilacs, the honeysuckles which perfumed the whole air,—all that fair scene glittering in the bright sunshine. The gardener and all his family were assembled in the ante-room, sad and silent, and seemed by their looks to say, Leave us not, dear master, leave us not! Hortense, my eldest sister, pressed me in her embrace; and my little sister, Amelie, who had been looking over the engravings in a volume of La Fontaine in a corner of the room, ran up to me with the open book, crying, "Read, dear brother, read this!"

I looked—it was the fable of the "Two Pigeons." I turned hastily, and exclaiming, "Let me go! I am a man, and a gentleman; and honour and glory must be mine." I rushed hastily into the court. I was springing into the chaise, when I beheld Henriette standing at the top of the steps. She did not speak—pale and trembling, she could scarcely support herself. She waved her handkerchief in token of a last adieu, and fell senseless. I flew to her, raised her in my arms, vowed to her an undying love, and as soon as she returned to herself, leaving her to the care of my mother and sisters, I ran to the carriage without again looking

* From the French of Scribe.

back. Had I once more looked on her, my resolution would have failed me.—In a few minutes we were on the high road.

For a long time my thoughts were only occupied by my sisters, by Henriette, my mother, and all the happiness I was turning my back upon; but these ideas grew less painful as the towers of Roche Bernard faded from my view; dreams of ambition and glory took their place, and filled my whole soul. What projects, what castles in the air, what glorious achievements I conjured up whilst rolling on in my post-chaise! Riches, honours, dignities, every sort of success I felt sure of attaining. I should deserve everything, and I rewarded myself in proportion. Growing higher in my own estimation, as I went onward I found myself a duke and peer, governor of a province, and a marshal of France;—when stopping at the inn-door, the voice of my domestic addressing me modestly, as "*Monsieur le chevalier*," brought me to my recollection, and obliged me to abdicate my dignities.

For several days, for my journey was a long one, I indulged in the same dreams and reveries. My destination was the house of the Duke of C——, an old friend of my father, and the protector of my family, who resided in the neighbourhood of Sedan. He had promised to take me with him to Paris, whither he was going at the end of the month, to present me at court, and use all his credit to procure me a company of dragoons.

It was evening when I reached Sedan, and being too late to go to the duke's château, I put off my visit till the morning, and betook myself to the "Arms of France," the best inn in the town, and the usual resort of the officers of the garrison, Sedan being a fortified town; the very streets had a warlike aspect, and even the citizens had a martial appearance, which seemed to say to strangers, "We are the compatriots of the great Turenne."

I supped at the table-d'hôte, and took an opportunity of inquiring the way to the château of the duke de C——, which was about three leagues from the town.

"Any one will point it out to you," was the reply. "It is well known in the country. It was in that château that the celebrated Marshal Fabert, that great warrior, died."

The conversation now turned, as was natural among a party of military men, upon the marshal. His battles, his exploits, the modesty which induced him to refuse the patent of nobility, and the military orders which Louis XIV. presented to his acceptance, were all mentioned; and beyond all they spoke of the remarkable good fortune which raised a private soldier, the son of a printer, to the rank of a marshal of France. No parallel instance could at that period be brought forward, and it appeared so extraordinary that it was among the uneducated very commonly ascribed to the agency of supernatural causes. It was currently reported, that he had dealt in magic from his boyhood, and that he had made a compact with the devil.

The innkeeper, who was thoroughly imbued with superstition, told us with great gravity, that a man clothed all in black, whom nobody knew, made his appearance at the château of the Duke de C——, at the time of Fabert's death, penetrated into his chamber and disappeared, bearing off the poor marshal's soul, which he had purchased, and had become his property; and he further related that in the month of May, the time of Fabert's death, the man in black appeared every evening carrying a lighted taper.

Such discourse lightened our repast, and we quaffed a bumper of champagne to the health of Fabert's familiar, desiring that he would take us also under his protection, and enable us to gain such battles as Collioure and La Marfée.

The next day I rose early, and repaired to the château of the Duke de C——, a large gothic mansion, which at another time would not have attracted my attention, but which I now regarded with a strange feeling of curiosity, as I recalled the marvellous tales of the preceding evening.

The servant who admitted me, told me he did not know whether his master could be seen, or whether he would receive me. I gave him my card, and he left me in a kind of guard-room, decorated with the spoils of the chase and old family portraits.

I waited some time, but nobody came. "So!" thought I, "my career of glory and honour is doomed to commence in an ante-room." Believing myself a neglected suitor, my impatience increased rapidly. I had counted the old paintings, and all the cross-beams of the ceiling, ten times over, when I thought I heard a slight noise. I perceived it arose from a half-closed door which was agitated by the wind. I looked through, and discovered a small room very elegantly furnished, and lighted by two windows and a glass door, which opened upon a beautiful park. I stepped in, but was suddenly arrested by the sight that met my eyes. A man, whose back was turned towards the door through which I entered, was lying on a couch: suddenly he started up, and, without perceiving me, ran hastily to one of the windows; tears trickled down his cheeks, and profound despair was imprinted on all his features. He remained for some time motionless, his face buried in his hands; then, raising his head, he began to pace the room with hurried steps. He was close to me before he was aware of my presence, and started when he beheld me. I was retreating, stammering forth some words of excuse for my intrusion, when he stopped me, and, seizing me by the arm, inquired in a loud voice,—

"Who are you? What do you want here?"

"I am the Chevalier Bernard de la Roche Bernard, and have just arrived from Brittany."

"I remember, I remember," he replied; and, warmly embracing me, he made me sit down by him, and began to converse concerning my father and the whole family, in a manner evincing so intimate a knowledge that I could not doubt he was the master of the house.

"You are, I presume," said I, at length, "M. de C."

He rose, and, regarding me with a haughty air, he replied, "I was,—I am so no more; now I am but as nothing." Perceiving my astonishment, he added, "Not a word more, young man; ask me no questions."

"I have, sir, become the unintentional witness of your grief and care; and if, by my devotion, my friendship, I could hope to afford some relief to your sorrows,"—

"True, true, you are right; but you cannot change my destiny. My last wishes you may fulfil; but that is the only service that remains for you to pay."

He rose to close the door, and then reseated himself beside me, who, trembling with emotion, anxiously awaited his words. There was something peculiarly grave and solemn about him: his face, especially, wore an expression I had never seen on any other. His forehead, which I noticed particularly, seemed marked by fate. He was very pale; his black eyes flashed fire,—and from time to time his features, though worn by suffering, contracted into an ironical smile that had in it something almost demoniacal.

"What I am about to tell you," said he, "will appear incredible. You will doubt,—you will hesitate to believe it; I myself can scarcely give it credit,—at least I would I could not; but the proofs remain,—and in everything that surrounds us, in our very organisation, there are mysteries which it is impossible for us to understand."

He stopped an instant, as if to collect his ideas, and then continued:

"I was born in this château. I had two elder brothers, for whom the riches and honours of our house were destined. I was destined for the church,—a profession much opposed to my inclinations, which were fixed upon schemes of ambition and glory. Unhappy in my obscurity, and eagerly desiring renown, my thoughts were incessantly occupied in devising the means of gratifying my dearest wishes, and I became insensible to all the pleasures and delights of life. The present was as nothing to me; I existed only in the future, and the prospect before me was cheerless and gloomy.

"At the age of nearly thirty years I had still done nothing. At that period the renown of the literary reputations that had been achieved in the capital filled the trump of fame; a new path to distinction was opened, and candidates from all quarters hastened towards it. How often I exclaimed to myself, 'Ah, if I could but obtain a name in the field of literature it would be sufficient to secure renown, and that alone is happiness!'

"I had made an ancient servant, an old negro, who had lived in the family before I was born, the confidant of my griefs; he was older than any one about the house, for no one remembered the time he had entered it: the country people even declared that he had known the Marshal Fabert, and had been present at his death."

Here I could not suppress a movement of surprise. My companion remarked it, and demanded the cause.

"It is nothing," I replied; but I could not help recalling the idea of the man in black whom the innkeeper had spoken of.

M. de C—— went on:

"One day as I was giving way to my despair, and expressing my regret at the obscurity to which I was destined, and the uselessness of my life, in the presence of Yago (such was the negro's name), I exclaimed, 'I would give ten years of life to be placed in the first rank of our authors.'

"'What are ten years?' said Yago coldly; 'it is certainly paying much for a trifle,—but, nevertheless, I accept your ten

years. I take them; recal your promises if you please, I shall keep mine.'

"I cannot express my surprise at this speech. I concluded that age had undermined his intellects: I left him with a smile of pity, and a few days after set out for Paris. There I found myself thrown into the society of men of letters. Their example encouraged me; and I published several works, with a success which I need not now mention. All Paris rang with my praises; the newspapers were filled with encomiums; my name became celebrated,—and yesterday you yourself expressed your admiration."

"What!" I exclaimed, in great astonishment, "you are not, then, M. de C——?"

"No," said he, coldly.

"Who can this be?" I thought within myself: "can I be speaking to Marmontel? to D'Alembert? to Voltaire?"

The Unknown sighed: a smile of regret and disdain played over his lips; and he again took up his tale.

"This literary reputation, which I had so much desired, proved far insufficient for so ardent a mind as mine. I aspired to a nobler renown, and I said to Yago, who had followed me to Paris, and never left me, 'No real glory, no true fame, can be acquired except in the career of a warrior. What is a man of letters, a poet? Nothing. Let me be a great leader,—the commander of an army; that is the destiny I covet,—and to obtain it I would sacrifice ten of the years that yet remain to me.'

"'I accept them,' said Yago; 'I take them; they are mine; do not you forget.'"

At this point in his story the Unknown again stopped; and, observing the disturbed and doubting expression of my countenance, he said,—

"I have told you already, young man, that you would not credit my story; it seems to you a dream, a chimera! It does so to me; but yet the rank and honours I obtained were no illusion: the soldiers whom I led into the hottest fire, the redoubts carried, the standards taken, the victories which have astonished all France,—all were my work,—all this glory was mine."

As he thus rapidly went on, speaking with warmth and enthusiasm, surprise held me motionless, and I said to myself, "Who is it that is beside me? Is this Coligny? is it Richelieu? or can it be the Marshal de Saxe?"

From this state of excitement, the Unknown relapsed into exhaustion, and, drawing nearer to me, said, with a melancholy air—

"Yago spoke truth; and when, after a time, disgusted with the emptiness of military glory, I aspired to that which is the only real and positive good in this world; when, at the price of five or six years of existence, I desired gold and riches, he once more gratified my desire. Yes, young man, yes. I saw fortune seconding, nay surpassing, all my wishes; lands, forests, châteaux—this very morning all were at my command; if you doubt me, if you doubt Yago, wait—wait a very little time, and you will see with your own eyes that what bewilders both your reason and mine is but too true."

The Unknown walked to the fire-place and looked at the timepiece, gave a sign of horror, and said to me in a low voice,—

"At day-break this morning I felt so oppressed and feeble that I could scarcely sustain myself. I rang for my valet, but Yago appeared in his place."

"'What can I be suffering from?' I asked him.

"'Master, nothing is more natural. The hour approaches, the moment is arrived.'

"'What hour, what moment?' I cried.

"'Can you not divine my meaning? Heaven allotted you sixty years of life: you were thirty years old when my service to you commenced.'

"'Yago,' said I in terror, 'are you speaking seriously?'

"'Yes, master, within five years you have expended in glory twenty-five years of existence. You have given them, and they belong to me; and the years of which you are deprived are added to mine.'

"'And was this the price of your services?'

"'Others have paid dearer for them; witness Fabert, whom I also protected.'

"'Peace, peace,' I cried; 'it is not possible, it is not true.'

"'You are pleased to say so; but prepare yourself, for you have but one half hour to live.'

"'You trifle with me, you jest—'

"'Far from it: make the calculation yourself. You have actually enjoyed thirty-five years of life, and twenty-five years you have sold. The total is sixty. That is your business; every one for himself.'

"He was turning to leave the room. I felt my powers diminishing, that life was ebbing from me.

"'Yago! Yago!' I cried, 'give me a few hours, only a few hours more.'

"'No, no,' he replied, 'it would take too much from my bargain. I know the value of life better than you do; all the treasures on earth are not worth two hours of existence.'

"I could scarcely speak; my eyes were closing, and the cold of death was seizing on my limbs.

"'Well,' I at length exclaimed, making a strong effort, 'take back those benefits for whose sake I have sacrificed myself. For four hours of life I will give up my gold, my riches, that opulence I so ardently desired.'

"'Be it so: you have been a good master, and I would willingly do something for your sake. I consent.'

"I felt my vigour return, and I cried, 'Four hours is so short a time. Yago—Yago—four hours more, and I renounce my literary glory, all my works, all that has placed me so high in the estimation of the world.'

"'Four hours for that,' cried the Negro, disdainfully; 'it is far too much; but I will not refuse your last request.'

"'No, not the last,' cried I, clasping my hands. 'Yago—Yago—I entreat—give to me this evening, the twelve hours, the entire day, and let all my actions, my victories, my military fame, be effaced for ever from the memory of man—let no memorial of them remain upon the earth—the day—Yago—the whole day, and I will be satisfied.'

"'You abuse my good-nature,' said he, 'and I am making but a fool's bargain. However, I will give you till sunset. Beyond that it is in vain to ask. In the evening I shall come for you.'

"And he left me," continued the Unknown; "and this very day on which I am speaking to you is the last of my life." Then, approaching the glass door, which was open, and led into the park, he exclaimed, "I shall no longer behold these beautiful skies, these lawns, these sparkling fountains; I shall no longer breathe the balmy air of spring. Fool that I was! These blessings that God gives to all, those blessings of whose value I was insensible, and whose excellence I only now comprehend, I might have enjoyed for twenty-five years longer. I have wasted my days, sacrificed them for a vain chimera, for a sterile glory which has not rendered me happy, and is dead before me. See—see," he said, pointing to some peasants who were crossing the park, and passing singing to their labour, "what would I not give to partake their toils and hardships! But I have nothing more to give or to hope here below! No! not even misfortune."

At that moment a sunbeam, a ray of the bright sun of May, fell upon his pale, wild features; he laid his hand on me in a kind of delirium, and said,—

"See—see—how beautiful is the sun! and I must leave it.—I shall never enjoy it again.—Never shall I know such a bright, gladsome day—for me there is no to-morrow!"

He sprang away and ran into the park, and disappeared among the trees before I had the power to stop him. In truth, I did not possess the strength. I had fallen back upon the couch, totally bewildered with what I had beheld and heard. I rose and walked about to assure myself that I was no longer under the influence of a dream. Just then the door opened, and a servant announced the Duke de C——.

A gentleman about sixty years of age, bearing in his whole air and carriage the appearance of a man of high rank, entered, and holding out his hand, apologised for having made me wait so long. "I was not at home when you arrived," said he; "I had gone to the town to consult a physician regarding the health of my youngest brother, the Comte de C——."

"Do you consider his life in danger?" I inquired.

"No, thanks be to Heaven," replied the Duke; "but when young, his imagination was too highly excited by ideas of ambition and glory; and a serious illness from which he has lately suffered, and which we feared would carry him off, has left him in a state of delirium and alienation of mind, which impresses on him the constant opinion that he has but one day more to live. It is a delusion he labours under."

All was now explained.

The Duke continued: "Now, my dear sir, let us consider what we shall do for you. We shall leave this place at the end of the month for Versailles. I will present you."

"I was aware of your intentions, Monsieur le Duc," replied I; "but I have only to return you my grateful thanks, as I cannot avail myself of your kind services."

"What! do you mean that you have determined to renounce the court, and all the advantages that would attend you there?"

"Yes!"

"But consider, my young friend, that with my aid your progress would be rapid, and that with a little assiduity and patience, you might some ten years hence—."

"Ten years of lost time!" I exclaimed.

"Well," replied the Duke, somewhat surprised, "is that paying dear for glory, fortune, and honours? Come, come, you will yet go to Versailles."

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Duc, I am about to return to Brittany, and I beg you to accept my warmest thanks and those of my whole family for the benefits you intended me."

"This is folly," said the Duke.

"It is wisdom," said I, full of all I had seen and heard.

The next day I set out on my journey; with what delight I again welcomed my beautiful château of Roche Bernard, the old trees of the park, the beautiful sun of Brittany! I returned to my tenants, my sister, my mother, and happiness!—I have never quitted them since; for eight days afterwards I married Henriette.

POWERS OF THE ARAB HORSE.

I AM tempted to mention to you one feat of an Arab horse, the property of a person who has more than once been mentioned by me in these letters, Aga Bahram, and which has not, so far as I know, been ever doubted. This animal came from Shirauz to Tehrân, 520 miles, in six days; remained there three days, went back in five; remained at Shirauz nine, and returned again to Tehrân in seven days. This same gentleman told me that he had once rode another horse of his own from Tehrân to Koom, twenty-four fursucks, or about eighty-four miles, between the dawn of a morning near the vernal equinox, and two hours before sunset—that is, in about ten hours. This, too, is good going; but Aga Bahram had always the best horses in Persia.—*Fraser's Tartar Journey.*

THE OCEAN.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF ITS ORIGIN, CHARACTERISTICS, AND USES.

THE same influences that are exercised by the *blood* upon the bodies of animals are also exercised by the *ocean* upon the constitution of the globe. The fluid is, in both cases, the great principle of existence; it circulates nourishment through every part, it supplies what has decayed, it repairs what has been destroyed, and endows every separate member or region with activity and life.

It is also from the character of the fluid that the whole mass receives its conformation; and as that character alters, the nature of the complete body changes. A very slight variation in the quality or quantity of the blood will, in an animal, sometimes make it fierce or even mad, and sometimes bring on weakness and insensibility: a greater change occasions death. In the ocean, similar results would be produced, by its alterations, upon the life of the world: very small differences would modify, and greater would destroy, the existence of every living thing upon its surface; and at last, as the change became still more excessive, the characteristics of the entire planet would assume another form, and as different a one as we may conceive to be that of Mercury or Jupiter.

The chemical composition of water is found to be a union of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen. Of these, the first, oxygen, exists also in the atmosphere, of which it forms one-fifth, and supplies that vital air necessary to the respiration and life of animals: the other, or hydrogen, can hardly be said to exist at all in an uncombined state. We may imagine that these gases were at first formed separately, and continued so for a long period, remaining in an elastic state, and constituting an enormous atmosphere around our planet; and that, at last, combining together, they formed watery vapour, and gradually condensed into an ocean. Now, if the original quantity of hydrogen had been increased but by an exceedingly small amount, less than one three-hundredth part, it would have combined with the whole quantity of oxygen, and left the atmosphere deprived of that essential ingredient: in this case there could have been no life of animals, and possibly none of vegetation, upon the whole earth.

If, on the contrary, the oxygen had been more abundant, it would have remained in greater proportion in the air, and would have given too high a stimulus to the functions of life. Experiments have proved, that when an animal is made to respire oxygen in a pure state, the effect is somewhat like that of intoxication: the breathing becomes hurried, the pulse is excited to a dangerous rapidity, and the blood circulates with a velocity that would very shortly wear life away. The phenomena of combustion would likewise be changed; the intensity of fire would be increased, and its duration shortened; it would be impossible to obtain a gentle, gradual heat, but every combustible would burn with a blaze as fierce as that of phosphorus, and be extinguished as soon. In this state, life would be but a rapid and giddy whirl, and fire a brilliant but brief flame; and in a short time neither could be found to exist at all.

The gases we have mentioned compose, when combined, pure water; besides these, the waters of the ocean contain *salt* held in solution: and this salt is in quantities so vast, that if the seas were dried away, a stratum of it would be left along the bottom, in some places one thousand feet thick. Concerning the origin of this vast mass, several theories have been formed. Some have supposed that saline particles brought down by the rivers have in the course of ages caused that accumulation: others, that beds of salt existed below the waters, and have been dissolved by them: but when we consider that all the salt we have ever discovered to exist on the earth, bears so small a proportion to the enormous quantity required as to be almost invisible in comparison, these theories appear insufficient, and we can only find an explanation in supposing that muriate of soda (for such is the chemical name of sea-salt) formed a principal part of the primitive rocky masses on the earth's surface, and that, being soluble, when the ocean was condensed, it was dissolved, and carried down by its waters, and has remained suspended in them ever since.

As the salt is not susceptible of evaporation, it never mixes with the air, nor is able to have any influence on the earth beyond the immediate flow of the tide. But upon the living contents of the ocean it does exert its influence, and any alteration of its properties would materially affect their existence. We can find no other salt, among the very numerous kinds which are formed by various chemical processes, that would allow life to exist in water which held so much dissolved as the salt in the sea; and we discover that if the proportion of even this salt were much increased, the effects would be equally destructive. On the other hand, multitudes of marine animals and plants cannot live in water *less* salt than their accustomed element, and will perish if a stream of fresh water reaches them. The geologist often finds the remains of fish in such a position and state of preservation, that it is evident they have lain completely undisturbed since the moment of their death; some of them even retaining in their mouths the prey they had caught, but had not had time to swallow. From these appearances, we have reason to conclude that the whole inhabitants of a portion of the sea were destroyed at once by the irruption of water more salt or more fresh than they could bear, and so suffered by a tranquil death, and were gradually covered by the deposit of sand or mud in which they are found; since, if some convulsion had destroyed them, it must almost certainly have shattered their very delicate fabrics; or if each individual had separately died a natural death, its body would have been infallibly devoured by its voracious neighbours.

We thus see with what nice accuracy the constituent parts of the ocean must have been provided, in order that the earth might exist in its present form, and with its present inhabitants: let us now consider how far that form is dependent upon the other qualities of the "World of Waters."

The most important quality possessed by the water of the sea, is its *capability of evaporation*, or of changing its form by the influence of heat, and becoming converted into an invisible, elastic vapour, which mixes with the atmosphere, and, being transported by the winds into distant regions, falls again in the form of rain; then collects into channels, giving rise to the mountain-torrent and the majestic river; and thus returns to the ocean it was drawn from, having completed a circuit, during every part of which it had enriched and benefited the earth. But the accomplishment of this circuit depends upon some curious and remarkable peculiarities attending the process of evaporation. We discover, on very superficial observation, the obvious fact, that the quantity of water which can be held suspended in the air depends upon the *heat*, and increases with it: but the principle, as so far developed, is not sufficient to account for the phenomena which are exhibited in nature; since, if the only cause of the fall of rain was the cooling of the air, which would not retain its moisture as the temperature diminished, how could we account for the frequent storms which are so continually recurring at the very time that the heat of the

weather is increasing? or how, indeed, could we ever find rain falling except during night, or on the approach of winter, while the warmth of the earth was decreasing? We must look farther, and observe more accurately, in order to obtain an explanation; and at length we reach it,—for we find that the quantity of vapour formed from the water not only increases with the heat, but increases in a *greater degree* than it; that is, that for every addition to the temperature, a greater and greater addition is made to the proportion of watery vapour held suspended; and it follows, as a necessary consequence, that two masses of air, saturated with moisture, and differing in temperature, can never unite without producing rain; for the heat of the combined mass will be a mean between that of the two portions, and this will not suffice to retain the water which they held dissolved, and the surplus will fall to the earth.

Many observations assure us of the truth of this principle. We may notice, for instance, how seldom a change of wind occurs without an accompanying rain—or, at all events, the formation of clouds; because it very rarely happens that the new wind is exactly of the same degree of heat as the one it has superseded. During the autumnal months this is often remarkably exemplified, since then the changes of wind and temperature are frequent and sudden. We have remarked sometimes, after a warm, damp wind has prevailed for a few days, that the arrival of a cold northern blast has been followed instantly by torrents of rain: for though this wind was in itself dry, yet, being cold, it occasioned the rapid fall of the water contained by the warmer air into which it intruded. In a few hours, we have seen the new wind obtain complete possession; and, as the change was completed, the last portions of moisture were frozen and fell in the form of snow, and then a bright dry frost succeeded. The edges of a current of air, when it is touched by another gale moving in a different direction, are often marked by a thin coating of clouds: a long, narrow cloud is sometimes observed in a clear sky, produced by the entrance of a blast of wind, and generally prognosticating that the wind will soon blow upon the surface of the earth in the same direction as the length of the cloud. In tropical countries the changes of wind are more violent than in climates like ours, and the variations of heat are greater; and then, consequently, at certain seasons, occur storms of rain so vehement as to resemble deluges or cataracts rather than showers, and appear absolutely terrific to those accustomed only to the comparatively moderate phenomena of temperate latitudes. In all these appearances we see proof both of the truth and the sufficiency of the principle we have laid down.

Besides the formation of rain and cloud, other and equally important characteristics of this globe depend upon the evaporation of the ocean. Among others, it is by this that the temperature of the whole planet is regulated. The mere substitution of a fluid more or less easy of vaporization than water would produce a greater change in the climate of the earth, than its being placed many millions of miles nearer or further from the sun. Water, in becoming changed into vapour, absorbs an immense quantity of heat. A fire that will raise cold water to the boiling-point in a few minutes, will have to supply heat for hours before that water is entirely evaporated, and during that whole time the position and sensible degree indicated by the thermometer will never rise the least above that at which ebullition commenced. In the action of the sun's rays upon the ocean, a similar effect is experienced. Water requires a heat of 212 degrees to be converted into steam; but at lower temperatures it will evaporate, though in slower and smaller quantities, and by evaporation, receives into itself and renders imperceptible to the feeling a great amount of heat. On the other hand, when it condenses, and returns to the fluid state, that heat is again liberated, and produces the effect of diminishing, to a great extent, the rigour of the cold that would otherwise be experienced.

The same absorption and emission of heat that occur as water becomes vapour and vapour becomes water, also take place as the fluid passes into, and out of, the state of ice; only in a reversed order, heat being *emitted* in the process of freezing, and *absorbed* during that of liquefaction: thus the severity of the polar winter is alleviated by the supplies of caloric furnished by the ocean, as it becomes transformed into the enormous blocks of ice which, at length, convert its surface, in those regions, into a solid field; and, in their summer, a great portion of the rays supplied by the sun, which never sets for many months, is employed in melting those frozen masses.

We thus see that the ocean becomes the regulator of the climate of the earth; it is a grand storehouse wherein heat is deposited when it is in excess, and whence it may be drawn in times of deficiency; it prevents the changes of temperature from being too sudden, and it modifies their extremity. It acts also as the conveyer of heat from one country to another; always taking it from those places where it is abundant, and transporting it to chillier climates. The greater part of the rain and snow are raised in vapour from the ocean in the hot and tropical latitudes; and, as we have explained, in becoming vapour absorb quantities of heat which those sultry regions can well spare, and which are reissued as the clouds distil again upon the earth in colder and more northern climates. To so great an extent does this operation take place, that the water of the sea between the tropics is very considerably more salt than that nearer the poles; because the water, as it evaporates, leaves the salt which it held dissolved behind it; and as it descends again renders more diluted, that is, fresher, the brine with which it mixes. This difference in the proportion of the salt in the different parts of the ocean, is probably increasing; for the cause is in perpetual action, and the only means of restitution is the flow of currents from the equator towards the poles, and these are slow and infrequent. Another way in which the ocean acts in conveying heat to distant parts, is by means of the *icebergs*. If the ocean were always calm and still, it would in freezing become a solid, level field of ice, gradually increasing in its hardness and thickness as we approach the pole. This is the way in which we find the vast lakes of North America sometimes frozen; as they form immense uniform plains, broken only by an occasional chasm in the ice, where it is kept open by the flow of some stream from the shores. But the ocean is perpetually in motion, from the action of the tides and a variety of irregular currents; and by these the fields of ice are broken into detached fragments, and swept into some deep bay on the coast, where they are hurled against one another with such force as to raise the smaller masses out of the water, and pile them into cliffs of an enormous height and size. Some of these have been calculated to contain many thousand cubic yards of solid ice; others have been seen four or five hundred feet high above the water; and one is mentioned which had been accidentally pierced by an arched chasm, so large that a sloop could have passed through it in full sail. The icebergs become broken off when summer has dissolved the frozen fields by which they are surrounded, and then they drift into the waters of the temperate zones, absorbing their warmth as they pass through them, and, at last, finally disappear; though this does not happen sometimes till they have travelled an immense distance. Many icebergs from the north seas pass down much beyond the latitude of England, and some have been met with even in the neighbourhood of the Azores, or in the 37th degree from the equator.

In observations made upon the climate of the various parts of the earth, the difference between the hottest and the coldest regions is exceedingly small, considering how enormously greater is the actual quantity of heat furnished by the sun to the central circles of the globe than to the polar: the mean temperature, or the average degree of heat throughout the year, seldom in any place exceeds 100°, and never descends lower than 32°; making a difference of not quite 70°, although the equator receives annually many hundred times more rays than either pole. This effect is doubtless due entirely to the ocean; and we may well conclude that if this earth were, as the moon seems to be, a dry, solid sphere, a very small portion of its surface would be fit for habitation, the extremities of the temperature existing in the other and larger parts rendering them unendurable, unless to bodies formed very differently to those of the inhabitants of this earth.

In confirmation of our views on this subject, we may mention a fact or two which we learn from our investigations of the properties of other fluids. Suppose the sea flowed with quicksilver instead of water; or at least with a fluid which resembled quicksilver in the qualities of freezing and evaporation, the difference between this and water would be, that while water becomes ice at 32°, quicksilver requires a cold of 72° lower, or −40° before it freezes; and while water boils at 212°, and evaporates more or less at almost every degree, the other fluid does not boil till it is heated to 660°, and will hardly change to vapour in any appreciable quantity, till between 400° and 500°; the consequence would be, that in the hot countries the rays of the sun would pour down unimpeded by any cloud, and exert an action which there would be no evaporation from the sea to restrain, till a temperature of 500° had been reached; and to that point it would at last arrive, and continue there at least for many hours of every day. In the northern circles, on the contrary, the deficiency of heat would have no sources whence it could be supplied. The few clouds formed between the tropics would have fallen long before they had

travelled so far, and the temperature would fall without a check till it reached —40°, the point when the sea would begin to freeze. All the polar, and great part of the temperate zones, would certainly be exposed to a cold as great as this, and very likely much greater, during a large part of the year, while the tropical districts would be burning under a heat of 500°, and in neither would it be possible for vegetable or animal life to exist.

To substitute a fluid of another sort, and suppose that instead of water the sea flowed with ether, would effect a very different change. This liquid is so easy of evaporation, that it boils at 98°, and dries away very fast at a common temperate heat. A few drops let fall on the hand produce the sensation of considerable cold; and if a glass bulb be filled with water, and wrapt round with cotton, kept wet with ether, the water will be frozen in a few minutes, even in the hottest day of summer. An ocean of ether would, therefore, make this planet much colder than it is at present. The heat of any part would seldom exceed 32°; and as this liquid freezes with great difficulty, the cold at the poles would be intense. The vapour, too, being so easily raised, would be much more abundant in the atmosphere, clouds would be more frequent, and the fall of rains far more heavy and continued.

These reasonings upon the influence of the ocean introduce us to an interesting subject of inquiry, whether the other planets of our system may not in this manner be fitted for residence even of beings constituted like ourselves. At first sight we might suppose that the planets Jupiter and Saturn were too distant from the sun, and too cold, and Mercury or Venus too near and hot for habitation; but with an ocean properly constituted, the temperature of any, or all of them, might be reduced to the standard of our world, and rendered fit for its inhabitants. That the planet Mars possesses an ocean, we have proof from telescopic observations, which also inform us that a white circle spreads round each pole after its winter, as if masses of ice had accumulated there in the same manner as in our arctic regions. From the other planets we have no such information; but future astronomers and more powerful instruments may obtain further intelligence; and to them we may bequeath an investigation which, though interesting, can never be to us more than a barren speculation.

THE MERCY OF JUDGE JEFFERIES.

The following remarkable anecdote of the notorious Judge Jefferies, for once interfering to spare instead of taking a life, is extracted from the diary of that excellent non-conformist divine, Calamy; a man who in troublous times so conducted himself, as to win the regard and esteem of all parties, and to leave behind him a well-earned reputation, as a good man and faithful minister of the gospel. The story we transcribe is well told, and affords a characteristic sketch of the manners of the times it relates to.

"Spending a Lord's-day at Highgate, (I think it was while Mr. Rathband was the minister there, though I have no conjecture in what year,) in the evening I fell into the company of Mr. Story, of whom I had before no knowledge, who generally bore the character of an honest man. His family was then at Highgate, and he with them, when business would allow it. But his usual residence was in the city, at the African House, where he was housekeeper.

"The company, when he came in, were familiarly discoursing upon the providence of God, and the remarkableness of many steps of it towards particular persons and families, that well deserved to be regarded and recorded; and some instances were given by several present. At length, Mr. Story told us, if we had the patience to give him the hearing, he would acquaint us with some as remarkable passages relating to himself as we should ordinarily hear of, the impressions whereof he hoped would not wear out to his dying day.

"We all listened with attention, and he, appearing considerably affected, gave us to understand that, in 1685, he was with Monmouth in the west, and pretty active in that company, and was afterwards shut up in a close prison, none having liberty to come to him, to administer any refreshment. His thoughts were in the mean time busily employed in contriving means to compass a deliverance. Among others who he thought capable of doing him service, he pitched upon Mr. Brough, a linen-draper, well known in Cheapside, who had often drank a cheerful glass with Jeffreys, when he was common sergeant and recorder; Mr. Story himself being sometimes in their company.

"He wrote letter upon letter to him, pressing him with the most moving arguments he could think of to pity his great distress, and to make use of his interest with Jeffreys (who, it was generally said, was to go the western circuit as lord chief justice) for his relief, if it could be obtained. Among other things he told him, that if this were done, he should be able and ready to pay him a considerable debt, of which he could, otherwise, have no hopes, by reason that what he had, would be liable to be seized.

"Mr. Brough, to help him in his trouble, waited on the lord chief justice one morning at his levee, and stood in the hall among a good number of waiters, who were attending there upon different accounts. At length a pair of folding doors flew open, and my lord appeared, and took a general view of the waiting crowd, and soon spied Mr. Brough, who was taller than any near him, and was by the rest of the company thought a much happier man than they, in that, though he was at a considerable distance, he was yet singled out from among them, particularly called to, saluted with great familiarity, and taken into the drawing-room, upon which the folding doors were again fast closed.

"They were no sooner alone, than my lord fell to questioning Mr. Brough, saying, 'I prithee, Robin, to what is it that I must ascribe this morning's visit?' Mr. Brough made answer, that he had business that way, and was willing to take the opportunity of inquiring after his lordship's welfare. 'No, no, Robin,' said my lord, 'I am not to be put off with such flams as that. I'll venture an even wager thy business is with me, and thou art come to solicit on behalf of some snivelling whig or fanatic that is got into Lob's pound yonder in the west. But I can tell thee beforehand, for thy comfort, as I have done several others, that it will be to no purpose, and therefore thou mightest as well have spared thy labour.'

"'But pray, why so, my lord?' said Mr. Brough. 'Supposing that should be the case, I hope as they have not been all alike guilty, and some may have been drawn in by others, it is not designed that all shall fare alike.'

"'Yes, yes, Robin,' says my lord, 'they are all villains and rebels alike, all unfit for mercy, and they must be alike hanged up, that the nation may be cleared of such vermin; or else,' said he, 'we should find, now they are worsted and clapped up, that they were all drawn in, and we shall have none to make examples of justice, to the terrifying of others. But, I prithee Robin,' said my lord, 'who art thou come to solicit for? Let me know in a word.'

"Says he, 'My lord, it is an honest fellow, with whom I have been a considerable dealer; one with whom your lordship and I have taken many a bottle when time was; and one that besides is so much in my debt, that if he is not somehow or other brought off, I am like to be several hundred pounds the worse. It is Story, my lord, whom your lordship can but remember.'

"'Ah, poor Story!' said my lord, 'he is caught in the field, and put in the pound. Right enough served: he should have kept farther off; and you should have taken care not to have dealt with such wretches. But he must have his due among the rest,' said my lord; 'and you must thank yourself for the loss you sustain.'

"'Well, but I hope your lordship,' said Mr. Brough, 'will find some way to bring him off, and help him to a share in the royal clemency, for which there will doubtless be some scope, that so I may not suffer for his fault. I intend, my lord,' said he, 'to go the circuit with you, and we'll drink a bottle and be merry together every night, if you'll be so good as to give me a little encouragement.'

"'Nay now, friend Robin,' said my lord, 'I am sure thou art most wofully out in thy scheme, for that would spoil all. Shouldst thou take that method, thou shouldst certainly see thy friend Story hung upon a gibbet some feet higher than his neighbours, and there could be no room for showing mercy. But take my advice for once, and go thy ways home, and take not the least notice to any one of what has passed. Particularly take care to give no hint to Story himself, or to any one capable of conveying it to him, that there has been any application to me concerning him; and though he should write never so often, give him no answer, either directly or indirectly. If any notice was given him, I should certainly find it out, and be forced to resent it; and the consequence would be, that I should be under the necessity of using him with more severity, than I might of myself be inclined to. But keep counsel, say nothing to any one, and leave me to take my own way, and I'll see what can be done.'

"Mr. Brough followed orders, kept all that had passed entirely to himself, and never made Mr. Story any reply. He concluded either that his letters miscarried, and never came to hand; or that

no mercy could be had, and therefore lived in expectation of the utmost severity. He dreaded the coming of the lord chief justice, and the sight of him when he was come; and when he appeared before him, he was treated with that peculiar roughness, that he was rather more dispirited than before.

"When Jeffreys cast his eyes upon him from the bench, he knew him well enough; and he (poor wretch) stood bowing and cringing before him in so suppliant a manner as that he thought it might have moved anything but a stone, and looked at him with a piercing earnestness, to try if he could meet with anything that had the least appearance of remaining compassion; he was, as it were, thunderstruck to hear him, upon pointing to him, cry out in the sternest manner that could be conceived, 'What forlorn creature is that that stands there? It is certainly the ugliest creature my eyes ever beheld? What for a monster art thou?' Poor Story continuing his bows and cringes, cried out, 'Forlorn enough, my lord, I am very sensible! But my name is Story, and I thought your lordship had not been wholly ignorant of me.' 'Ah, Story,' said my lord; 'I confess I have heard enough of thee. Thou art a sanctified rogue! a double-dyed villain! Thou wert a commissary! and must make speeches forsooth! and now, who so humble and mortified as poor Story. The common punishment is not bad enough for thee! But a double and treble vengeance awaits thee! I'll give thee thy desert, I'll warrant thee; and thou shalt have thy bellyfull of treason and rebellion before I have done with thee.'

"The poor man concluded the very worst against himself that could be, and became inconsolable. My lord's carriage was much of the same kind, upon his trial afterwards. He railed at him until he foamed at the mouth, and gave him the foulest language, called the hardest names, and used the most cutting reproaches, that were observed in the case of any one that came before him in that place. Yet when others were executed, he was respited, being, as was said, reserved for some severer vengeance. When my lord left town, his chains were doubled and trebled by order, but his life was left him as a prey; and so great was the misery he endured, that he could hardly think of anything worse, or imagine what that was which was said to be reserved for him.

"When he had continued thus for a great while, at length there came orders for the transferring him, with a good guard attending him, to another prison that was somewhat nearer London; and from thence he, after some time, was with great care transferred to another, and so to another, still all the while laden with irons, until at length he was brought up to, and lodged safe in Newgate, where he continued for a great while, confined to a miserable dark hole, not being able to distinguish well between night and day, except towards noon, when by a little crevice of light as he stood on a chest, with his hands extended to the utmost length that his eyes could reach to, he made a shift to read a few verses in an old bible he had in his pocket, which was his greatest remaining comfort.

"In this miserable plight, his keeper came running to him one day, with abundance of eagerness, saying, 'Mr. Story, I have just now gotten orders to bring you up immediately before the king and council.' Mr. Story, being greatly surprised, begged with the utmost earnestness that he would so far befriend him, as to let him send for his relations for some suitable apparel, and have a barber to trim him, that he might not appear in such a presence in so miserable a plight. The keeper declared that his orders were positive, to bring him in all respects as he was, without any alteration, and that he durst not presume to disobey them. Wherefore he clapped him into a coach as he was, and drove to Whitehall.

"As they were driving thither, and talking about the particulars of his case, the keeper told him he had only one hint to give him, which was this, that if he saw the king at the head of the table in council, and he should think fit to put any questions to him, which it was not improbable might be his case, it would be his best and wisest way to return a plain and direct answer without attempting to hide, conceal, or lessen anything. He thanked him for the advice given, and promised to follow it.

"When he was brought into the council chamber, he made so sad and sorrowful a figure, that all present were surprised and frightened: and he had so strong a smell by being so long confined, that it was very offensive. When the king first cast his eyes upon him, he cried out, 'Is that a man? or what else is it?' Chancellor Jeffreys told his Majesty that that was Story, of whom he had given his majesty so distinct an account. 'Oh! Story,' says the king; 'I remember him. That is a are fellow, indeed!' *Then turning towards him, he talked to him very freely and familiarly.*

"'Pray, Mr. Story,' says he, 'you were in Monmouth's army in the west, were you not?' He, according to the advice given him, made answer presently, 'Yes, an't please your Majesty.' 'And you,' said he, 'was a commissary there, were you not?' And he again replied, 'Yes, an't please your majesty.' 'And you,' said he, 'made a speech before great crowds of people, did you not?' He again very readily answered, 'Yes, an't please your majesty.' 'Pray,' says the king to him, 'if you haven't forgot what you said, let us have some taste of your fine florid speech. Let us have a specimen of some of the flowers of your rhetoric, and a few of the main things on which you insisted.'

"Whereupon Mr. Story told us that he readily made answer, 'I told them, an't please your majesty, that it was you that fired the City of London.' 'A rare rogue, upon my word!' said the king. 'And pray what else did you tell them?' 'I told them,' said he, 'and it please your Majesty, that you poisoned your brother.' 'Impudence in the utmost height of it!' said the king. 'Pray let us have something farther, if your memory serves you.' 'I farther told them,' said Mr. Story, 'that your Majesty appeared to be fully determined to make the nation both papists and slaves.'

"By this time the king seemed to have heard enough of the prisoner's speech, and therefore crying out, 'A rogue with a witness!' and cutting off short, he said, 'To all this I doubt not but a thousand other villanous things were added: but what would you say, Story, if after all this I should grant you your life?' To which he, without any demur, made answer, that he should pray heartily for his Majesty as long as he lived. 'Why then,' says the king, 'I freely pardon all that is past, and hope you will not, for the future, represent your king as inexorable.'

"Any one may easily conclude, that the poor man was overjoyed at the sudden alteration of his case. He was in perfect raptures and transports when he was giving us this brief account of it a great many years after. He told us freely, that he not only was at a loss how to express his gratitude to Mr. Brough, who had been so active in this affair, but that he had that grateful sense of the kindness even of chancellor Jeffreys in saving his life, (notwithstanding the odd peculiarity of the way and method of his doing it,) that had he, when he came to be in extremity, and in the utmost danger from the enraged mob, instead of flying to Wapping, applied to him for shelter, at the time of king James's flying away, he would rather have exposed himself, than not have screened him to his utmost.

"I could not help being affected with this singular passage; and the rather, because I very much question whether many such acts of mercy and kindness can be placed to Jeffreys' account. Yet I do not know but that there may be several who would rather have made it their choice to have died once for all than to have done such very severe penance, for so long a time together, and have passed through so many deaths to a continued life at last, which at his years could not be expected to last very long."

DIETETICS IN INDIA.

The subject of diet is one in which persons going to India rather late in life usually feel great anxiety and alarm, and, in their determination to avoid anything like excess, they frequently fall into the opposite extreme. Two of the bishops who died in Calcutta were said to have sacrificed themselves to abstinence carried to too great an extent. It is impossible, therefore, to prescribe a regimen which will suit every constitution; and each individual must be guided by experience and the knowledge he has attained of what is hurtful, or the reverse. Many persons are afraid to touch fruit, which nevertheless may be eaten in moderation with advantage. A certain quantity of stimulant seems absolutely necessary, taken in the shape of wine, beer, or weak brandy-and-water; but everybody should discourage, as much as possible, the habit of drinking between meals. Iced water is to many persons a pleasant and a wholesome stimulant; soda-water, taken in moderation, is also very agreeable and salutary; and occasionally a teaspoonful of sal-volatile, in a tumblerful of cold water, will be found beneficial. The native servants prepare many kinds of sherbets of the most palatable description, but it is advisable to partake very sparingly of them. A wine-glassful of milk punch, in a tumbler of cold water, forms a refreshing drink; the small quantity of spirit contained preventing the acid from disagreeing. Beer is a good thing in moderation, but should not be drunk

between meals; it is difficult, when thirst is excessive, to refrain; but it should be borne in mind, that the means employed are never adequate to the end, encouraging rather than preventing the evil—those who drink frequently soon finding their thirst unquenchable. Hot tea, and all cold weak liquids, bring on attacks of prickly heat; but these the sufferer must learn to bear, since there is neither prevention nor cure. The only safe alleviation is the application of powder, or, when friction can be borne, warm soap and water rubbed with flannel on the part affected. Prickly heat is occasioned by very minute blisters suddenly rising on the skin, and filled with water at a boiling pitch, the pain it produces being sometimes so violent as only to be compared to cutting with knives.—*East India Voyager.*

BLOOD REVENGE AMONGST THE NAMAQUAS.

In Sir James Alexander's narrative of his expedition into the interior of Africa *, we find the following, which may serve as a sort of pendant to the article on "Capital Punishments" in our last number. At the beginning of 1837, Sir James was at the kraal of a Namaqua chief called Abram, which has been made a missionary station. This contained two stone houses, and about fifty mat huts. "The Warm Bath," he says, "or Nisbett's Bath, as it is now called (in honour of a Mr. Nisbett, who advanced a considerable sum for this station), is a remarkable place in Namaqua land, as it is the head-quarters of one of the most considerable tribes. It was convenient for me to 'set up my staff' here on the banks of the 'Hoom for a time, that I might wait for the thunder rains which fall about the beginning of the year, previous to attempting to penetrate further to the north.

"On Sundays, at the Bath, I hoisted the union-jack on the waggon. After breakfast, Mr. Jackson preached in Dutch to a crowded Namaqua congregation, and his sermon was interpreted sentence by sentence into the Namaqua language, by a native schoolmaster. The people were fond of singing, though their voices were rather shrill. Mr. Jackson, assisted by Mrs. Jackson and the schoolmaster, taught a school of children, on week days, from the Dutch Bible. Mr. Jackson was a young and a zealous missionary. His situation in the wilderness—two hundred miles from Lily Fountain, the next Wesleyan station, and amidst a tribe bearing a bad reputation for treachery, and to which people he paid dear for what articles of food he wanted—was not to be envied. Besides this, the heat reflected from the sand and the grey granite rocks, is excessive at the Bath in December, January, February, and March. In the beginning of December the thermometer was generally 80 degrees at mid-day."

"The people at the Bath amounted to between five or six hundred souls; but these were not all the adherents of Abram; the others lay at different places, some distance from the Bath: perhaps his people may amount to two or three thousand souls.

"Abram's country may be said to extend one hundred and eighty miles north of the Orange river, and it is about one hundred miles broad. The Chief Kuisip is to the west of him; Amral to the north-east; the Africaners to the east; to the north-west are the Buys of Bethany; west is Kurusamop, and Paul Lynx is at the mouth of the Orange River."

When Sir James Alexander prepared to set out on his journey, he "engaged an interpreter for the journey in rather a singular way. An old man, Choubib, who could speak Dutch, came from a distance to complain of Henrick, a captain under Abram, by whom he had been robbed. Choubib's story was shortly this:—his brother-in-law, a Bastaard of the name of Engelbreght, was out hunting a year before this with Henrick's father, and whilst they were resting themselves and smoking together at a bush, a troop of zebras galloped past. Engelbreght hastily snatched up his gun; it had got entangled with a branch, went off accidentally, and old Henrick was shot through the body, and shortly after expired, merely requesting that his friends would come and bury him. Engelbreght, knowing the vindictiveness of old Henrick's people, fled for protection to Choubib.

"Young Henrick sent to demand that Engelbreght should be given up, that with his life he might pay the price of blood for blood; but Choubib would not surrender him; and said he should take Engelbreght to the Bath, to be judged there by the chief and the missionary. He did so, and old Henrick's death was found to have happened by accident. Choubib and his brother-in-law returned home; and one day whilst he and Engelbreght were out hunting, Henrick sent a commando against Choubib's kraal; the women were plundered of their beads and skins, and otherwise ill used; the herd was killed in the field with stones, and thirty head of cattle, forty sheep and goats, two guns, and some horses, were carried off. In such a lawless state is Great Namaqua land.

"Choubib said that he and his people were starving. Abram, with his usual dogged indolence did not listen to the tale of injustice. I supported Choubib with food for several days, and then went to Abram with him, and persuaded the chief to send off three men to demand Choubib's property; when the old man said he would guide me to Walvisch Bay, if I chose. I was very glad to have his services, for which he asked a gun and some ammunition.

"Abram was for some days in a very bad humour with Mr. Jackson, because the missionary had been lecturing him about certain neglects of duty, and had 'put his finger in the chief's eye,' as Abram expressed it. At last he came round. The messengers he had sent to Henrick on Choubib's account now returned, and reported that if Choubib wanted his property he might come and fetch it himself; that Henrick would not send it; and that Abram had not yet comforted the hearts of Henrick and his people, the 'Haboobees, or 'leather shoe wearers,' for the death of Henrick's father. I now said that I wished Abram to go with me to Henrick, when we left the Bath, to endeavour to recover Choubib my interpreter's property, and Abram agreed to go with me. I let Choubib go back to his people for a few days.

"At Kanus I left Taylor and ten men in charge of the waggon and baggage, and with Robert Elliot, Abram, and Choubib, who had just rejoined us, and nine of the escort, I set out for the robber Henrick's place among the recesses of the Karas mountains, to endeavour to recover Choubib's cattle.

"This was undoubtedly rather a hazardous undertaking, knowing, as I did, the bad character I had to deal with; still, for the sake of securing the services of Choubib to the sea, and having pledged myself to assist him on this occasion, it was necessary I should go through with the business, and run some risk.

"Through most rugged and stony glens (road there was none), my poor horses and the oxen slipping over the stones, and our clothes torn with thorn bushes, we reached a small hamlet of huts; here an old woman, an acquaintance of Choubib's, came out, seized his hands, hung her head to one side, whined and cried, and ran after him. Ascending a hill, we off-saddled on the other side, in a narrow valley, near some more huts, at a place called Kama Kams, about fifty miles from where I had left the waggon, and only two from the place of the robber Henrick.

"Abram had a right to call Henrick to him, as Henrick was a captain under the chief: two men were accordingly despatched to Henrick with this message, that a white captain wished to see him, and to speak to him about sheep and cattle for purchase, and about other matters: he returned for answer, that he should come in the morning.

"Henrick appeared at the appointed time—a strutting little fellow with a long stick in his hand. He was accompanied by a few men: and we sat down under a tree. I asked him if he could sell me any cattle or sheep for my journey, and he said he could spare me only two sheep for cotton handkerchiefs. I then explained why I came into the land:—to see it, and to ascertain if a trade could be opened with the people. I then, keeping Choubib out of sight, went over the manner of old Henrick's death, and the seizure of Choubib's cattle and sheep after it; and that the death had been proved at the Bath to have been occasioned by accident. I said that I interfered in this matter, because, among other reasons, I wished to see peace in the land, and not war, which there would certainly be if the plundered property was not now given up. I explained that in other countries it is the custom to pay a fine for blood, even if it was shed, as in this case, by accident; that now Henrick would probably get some cattle for the death of his father; but that it was cruel to bring Choubib's people to the verge of starvation by depriving them of all their milk—their chief support; and I added that we wished to trade with the Namaquas; but that if there was war in the land, our traders could not venture near it. Missionaries, also, whom many of the Namaquas desired to have, could not live in the land

* An Expedition of Discovery into the Interior of Africa, through the hitherto undescribed Countries of the Great Namaquas, Boschmans, and Hill Damaras. Performed under the auspices of Her Majesty's Government, and the Royal Geographical Society; and conducted by Sir James Edward Alexander, K L S., Captain in the British, Lieut.-Colonel in the Portuguese Service, F.R.G.S. and R.A.S., &c. London: Henry Colburn. 1838.

if the people were fighting with each other;—that if the Namaquas quarrelled among themselves they would be rendered weak, when the Damaras might come down to destroy them;—that as for the English, they were not afraid of Namaquas, Damaras, or of any other people in the world;—that we had such a quantity of guns and ammunition, that no people could hurt us; but that in these times, notwithstanding our great power, we never oppressed any one, and instead of our allowing, as in the old times of the Cape Government, the natives of the country to be deprived of their land, the present Governor of the Cape was giving the Hottentots land wherever he could find it vacant in the colony.

"To all this Henrick said, 'My heart burns for the life of Engelbreght, because he shot my father.' I answered that Choubib was to be praised for not surrendering his brother-in-law—that he could not have done it—and that if his property was not given up, he would call on the great Chief Amral, under whom he stood, to come down and destroy Henrick and his people,—and that it was impossible they could escape. To this Henrick answered, 'I don't care; I can but die;' he then, after three hours' stout argument, said, 'I'll send my mother to you.' He then retired; and in the evening old Henrick's widow came (a sturdy old hag), and we soon saw that, though her son might be brought to terms, it was this old 'limb of Satan' who was at the bottom of all the mischief.

"'Kill and slay,' she cried in a fury. 'I'll listen to nothing; —what do you all know about the matter? I want Engelbreght's wife to be in the same state as I am—to be a widow as well as myself. Why should she have a man any more than I have? We find that you have Choubib here—give him up to us; if we cannot have Engelbreght's life, we can have Choubib's; and blood we must have.' I said we would sooner give up our own lives than Choubib's; that he was my interpreter and under my protection. The old haridan, cooling a little, then asked me for some tobacco. I gave her a stick of it, and she went off smoking, though not apparently 'a calumet of peace.'

"Matters looked rather awkward, and it was evident that our arms ought to be in fighting order, in case of accident. We accordingly prepared a half-moon screen of bushes in an open part of the narrow valley to sleep behind, and defend ourselves if necessary; and sending a spy to the huts in front for milk, he discovered that a considerable number of muskets had been just sent from Henrick's place, to be in readiness. I told my two white men that we must prepare to sell our lives as dearly as we could; but that I did not doubt, if we could manage to shoot Henrick or his mother, or both, the first fire, and then rush in with our swords, that the rest would run off, or give in; and that, in the mean time, it was necessary to keep a good look-out during the night.

"Abram and his people went to sleep on their arms. I took the first watch from ten to twelve, and my men the watches from twelve to two, and two to four; but we had no interruption; and after sunrise Henrick sent a messenger to say that he wanted to speak to me. I said he might come; when (to intimidate us) he appeared with thirty-three strapping fellows, double our number, and it was only on my own two men I could depend, and not on the cowardly Bondelzwarts.

"We sat down again to confer. Henrick said he came to listen. I said he must tell us something; and he replied that if we were not so strong, he would take Choubib, kill him on the spot, and give his body to the crows. Then to pick a quarrel he began to question a servant of Choubib's regarding the death of the old captain (Henrick's father). I got impatient, and interfering, said that I could not spare time to go over the story of the death again —that we had discussed all that yesterday—that Henrick should have neither Engelbreght nor Choubib to murder; and that if he did not send Choubib's property to the waggon now, he should hear from us before long. I then ordered my horses, carried off Choubib, and was followed by the Bondelzwarts—Abram, the chief, having been unable to make Henrick listen to him.

"'The leather shoe wearers' did not venture to follow us, or attempt to capture Choubib. The line of conduct which I now pursued was eventually attended with good effects; and I have given the details of the conference to afford a better insight into Namaqua feelings and springs of action than I could have done in any other way, or by many pages of narrative."

We have given this narrative, because it is a modern instance and illustration of the universality of the spirit of "blood revenge." The two volumes are written in a lively, pleasant style, and contain several animated descriptions of encounters with lions, rhinoceroses, and other dangerous creatures. The whole is painfully illustrative of the small difference between savage men and savage beasts; nay, the swift and gentle-looking giraffe will defend its life, and injure its assailant, if it can; for when a hunter succeeds in overtaking a troop, an old giraffe will suddenly turn round, overthrow horse and rider, and then dash after its companions.

OF ANIMAL FOOD IN GENERAL.

If brute beasts could make definitions, they would undoubtedly describe man as the most voracious animal on the face of the globe. What is there, in fact, throughout all nature, that can escape his jaws that he has not tasted? Most of the other animals are satisfied with one sort, or at any rate with a very few kinds, of food. Now the vegetable kingdom alone furnishes us with almost innumerable species of aliments, and there is nothing to compel us to seek our subsistence beyond its limits, if we were not so extravagant and insatiable. The ancient Gymnosophists and the modern Bramins of Hindoostan furnish sufficient evidence that man can live on vegetables alone: for, as these Indian philosophers believe in the transmigration of souls, they take the utmost care not only not to kill, but even to avoid injuring any animal, lest in so doing they may perchance injure one of their own ancestors. Indeed, they carry their kindness to animated creatures to a pitch that must excite a smile, if not surprise. Having founded an hospital for the maintenance of different sorts of animals and insects, they sometimes hire a man to spend the night in the ward appropriated to the fleas. Here he is stripped stark naked, bound in such a manner that it is impossible for him to stir, and thus left for the vermin to regale themselves with his blood. As the Bramins so cautiously abstain from those murders, so many of which are daily committed in Europe by every servant-maid, it is to be presumed that the animals which we eat enjoy with them a secure asylum. These people therefore subsist wholly on fruit and vegetables; but these must have grown above the surface of the earth, because they deem it sinful to eat anything on which the sun has not shone. The ancient Gymnosophists were, nevertheless, so healthy and attained such longevity, that from disgust of life they committed themselves to the flames, as Calanus did in the presence of Alexander the Great. From these circumstances I shall not pretend to infer that they were exactly in their sober senses, or that it was their vegetable diet which caused them to live to so advanced an age; but their example affords incontestible evidence that we are not constrained by any necessity to seek our food and the conservation of life out of the vegetable kingdom. We have, however, done so: the lord of the animal creation began to eat his subjects, and many of his descendants, worse than the brute beasts, had devoured one another.

Man ransacked earth, air, and ocean; there was not a living thing the taste of which he did not try, and, before he knew what was most agreeable to his palate, he went in this particular much farther than at present. Many ancient nations, and our German ancestors among the rest, ate horse-flesh. All the Tartar and Mongol tribes do the same at this day. Mæcenas and Du Prat brought the flesh of the ass into vogue. The natives of many parts of Asia, Africa, and America, and the South-Sea islanders in particular, eat dogs. Hortensius, the Roman orator, was the first who served up peacocks, at an entertainment which he gave to the soothsayers. Frogs, mice, and rats, are delicacies with civilised nations. The venomous viper itself delights the palate of the Italian with its jelly. The birds'-nests of Tonquin and the intestines of the snipe are exquisite dainties to the great; and, unless history sadly belies him, a voracious king of Lydia named Cambes, one night cut his wife in pieces and devoured her. During this repast he fell asleep; for he was found in the morning with her Majesty's hand between his teeth, and his guilt being thus betrayed, he strangled himself—the villain! I know not whether I ought to give implicit belief to this story, which is related by Athenæus from the Lydica of Xanthus; but how can it be absolutely incredible, since there are even at this day whole nations of cannibals?

It may be asked, what right had man to eat animals? Was not the vegetable kingdom abundantly sufficient for their sustenance? Were they not warned by Theopompus of old, that those who consumed much animal food have detrimental faculties, become prone to anger, cruel, silly, and even lose their reason altogether? Are not his words apparently verified by the experiment which the

Prince of Condé made with a man whom he fed for a time with raw flesh alone? This man possessed extraordinary bodily strength, but he became wild and like a brute beast. He had such a canine voracity, that he could not see an ox without longing to fall upon it. What sort of people in general are those who eat raw flesh? Look at the cannibals, or look at the Calmucks who clap their horse-flesh under the saddle, ride away upon it till it is half done, and then devour it. Beaks and talons are not the only characteristics of rapacious animals. Those savage people are a kind of ravenous beasts in human shape. What was Cola Pesce, the wild man, who perished in the whirlpool in the Straits of Messina, after he had passed the greatest part of life in the sea, and subsisted entirely on raw fish? If such creatures can be called men, the human character is no very honourable or enviable distinction.

Would it not then appear as if Nature herself had forbidden us to eat flesh, since the use of animal food is attended with such consequences? There may be something in this; but since we are all flesh-eaters, and nobody will set the example of relinquishing the practice, it is but fair we should prove that there is no harm in it. There are customs among men which they will not give up, let them be right or wrong: it is the province of the literati to demonstrate that all these customs are extremely proper; and as nothing is so easy as to convince a person of something of which he wishes to be convinced, these evidences are, perhaps, as satisfactory as any that the human understanding has ever adduced. The eating of animal food has not wanted vindicators: I will briefly explain the grounds on which it is defended.

If we examine the animals which do not eat flesh, we shall find that their stomach is of a very different structure from that of man. The animals that subsist on grain and berries, have a thick, muscular stomach, before which there is a large gullet. The organs of digestion of the graminivorous, ruminating animals, have several cavities in which the food is gradually elaborated. The human stomach, on the other hand, is of the same kind as that of the dog, and other carnivorous animals. This is one proof; only it must not be too strictly scrutinised. The point here is not that it be unimpugnable, but that people would have the complaisance to admit its validity, in order that we may retain a right to animal food.

There are many more such proofs, and our pleasure gives them validity. It is true we often like what is pernicious to us; but this objection can only apply to such things as are unpalatable: the others here form an exception. I am aware that the inhabitants of hot countries have a strong desire for animal food, as we see in the Caribs, and that they are for this reason subject to putrid fevers, because their juices are more liable to be affected by the intense heat of the sun, when they are nourished by animal sustenance. But what are tropical regions to us inhabitants of the North? We, poor creatures, have no nutritious vegetables; our soil produces nothing good but fine pasturage for brute beasts. All the northern provinces of Europe are in the same predicament. Are we not then obliged, whether we will or not, to have recourse to fish and flesh? We will not quarrel with the inhabitants of the southern parts of Italy, France, and Spain, for eating little or no flesh excepting that of poultry. We are both perfectly right; they in not desiring animal food, and we in being fond of it.

The assertion of Theopompus, confirmed by the experiment of the Prince of Condé, may be perfectly true in reference to raw flesh; but for that very reason, we boil, and roast, and hash, and stew the meat which we intend to eat, that it may be converted into a much milder and more innocent food than it is when raw. This careful preparation of animal food is a fresh proof that we are authorised to eat it. Raw flesh must unquestionably require a superhuman digestion, as it possesses a peculiar toughness which defies our digestive powers. The same argument, however, applies to many vegetables; and probably this is the cause why all voracious animals are so savage, so intractable, so furious when they are hungry, and so dull, cowardly, and spiritless when they have glutted themselves with prey. Shaw informs us that the lion himself, after an abundant meal, loses his courage to such a degree, that a girl may drive him away with a stick and a few sharp words. The best argument for the use of animal food is to be deduced from the requisites to our health; and a circumstantial exposition of it may not be unprofitable to the reader.

All sorts of animal food have two peculiar properties by which they differ from those belonging to the vegetable kingdom. One is this, that they abound more in nutritious juices; and the other, that the animal juices counteract acidity. Hence it is necessary to use animal food in cases where speedy nutrition is required, and where the acidity occasioned by vegetable food wants a corrective. In other words, animal food, like all other alimentary substances, possesses medical properties; and this alone is sufficient to justify its use.

This last is a most important truth, to which it were wise to sacrifice the idle question, whether it is right to eat animal food—a question which has led to so many idle discussions, and which has been so often decided over a fine sirloin of roast beef.—*New Monthly Magazine.*



OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

Several young men have applied for advice as to the best mode of acquiring the greatest amount of useful knowledge in the smallest space of time. Though very far from advising a desultory mode of acquiring knowledge, we believe that Dr. Johnson's advice as to the best mode of inducing a young person to take to books is very applicable to youths engaged in business, and whose time is limited. Let them read whatever they may happen to take an interest in, if it be not pernicious; and whatever does not elevate the mind, impart a moral lesson, or convey useful facts, is pernicious. Southey, in his "Life of Wesley," says, that the most laborious student that ever devoted his days and nights to books must be content to be ignorant of much; and if *he* says so, how silly is it for youths, the main portion of whose time must be devoted to earning a livelihood, to fret because they cannot acquire everything at once! Let a youth, anxious to acquire information, but uncertain how to begin, select some particular study, such as political economy, chemistry, or anything that may suit his habits or cast of mind, and endeavour to master its leading principles, without suffering himself to be diverted from it. Then, when he has done that, if he feels inclined to attempt something else, let him do so—meantime picking up such knowledge as he can in occasional general reading. By steadily pursuing some such plan,—without hopping, like a sparrow, from straw to straw,—he will begin gradually to find his mind expanding, as if he were ascending a hill, and obtaining more extended views; and if he will always endeavour to understand what he reads, and is never guilty of the poor folly of affecting to know what he does not, from the vanity of wishing to be thought clever, or the false shame of disliking to be thought ignorant, he will acquire—not a universal knowledge, but as much information as may be suitable to the condition in which God has placed him, and which will enable him to take rank as a thoughtful and intelligent man. Above all, remember that life is to be spent in acquiring knowledge.

"Sir,—Since the commencement of your Journal, I have been a constant reader of portions of it. Many articles I have read with much pleasure, and some, I think, with profit. In the preliminary Number, you stated your object to be 'to do good;' and from the general tenor of your periodical, I believe such in reality is the case. I noticed your purpose of forming a Literary Letter-Box, and having since seen several of the letters selected out of the number sent you, I also, although without any pretensions or ambition to write something smart, am induced to address you, convinced of the importance to young people in general of the inquiry I wish to make. What I want is, your candid opinion whether light and indiscriminate reading is beneficial to the young, or whether it is prejudicial. By light reading I mean novels, romances, and such-like productions. In stating your views, I have no doubt you will do so conscientiously, as well as ably—judging from what has already appeared from your pen. My own belief is, that such reading has a very bad tendency—that it enervates the mind, causing it to dislike substantial reading, and to become immediately wearied if ever it is tempted to peruse a serious production. Moreover, I think it also unfits a young man for real life, and to grapple with disappointments of every-day occurrence, causing him vainly to hope (in a measure) that the lucky accidents, incident to novel heroes, will meet him in his hour of need, and thus retard energetic efforts to meet and conquer such difficulties in a manner worthy of a man. Do you agree with me, or not? Your opinion may be the means of doing the 'rising generation' part of your readers much good. It is possible you may consider my opinion as crude; but I assure you it is not drawn from slight premises, or upon an inadequate

knowledge (as regards myself) of the evil attendant upon indulging in—what I certainly consider—a relaxation fraught with imminent danger. I have myself been a novel and romance reader, and to an extent which the greater number of your readers have not attained; and I know I suffered greatly—the ill effects of which yet remain—in castle-building reveries and 'day-dreams,' during many of my leisure moments, every one of which my sober sense tells me is foolishness and complete loss of time. I have had arguments upon this point with several of my young acquaintances, and with 'here and there a one' I have been successful; I have had the satisfaction of seeing the result in some instances I so much desired—viz. the discontinuing such reading. Do you consider my position a firm one or not; and that upon the above grounds solely, without saying anything about training the mind for its future destiny beyond the precincts of this present life, which, after all, is in reality the strongest and most conclusive argument that can be brought to bear upon the subject? "P. KIRK."

If our correspondent applies his censure only to novel and romance reading *of a particular kind*, or if he applies his censure to light reading *in excess*, we most cordially agree with him; and so will every person whose opinion is of the slightest value. Nothing can be more enervating and degrading than mere *slip-slop* reading; and any young man with a spark of manly spirit may well blush to own that his chosen books are—"novels and romances!" But if our correspondent would interdict all *imaginative reading*, let him pause, and see where his censure would carry him. The imagination is one of the noblest faculties of the human mind; through it, in infancy and youth, we receive nearly all those impressions which shape and mould the human character; it lifts us above the level of the brutes, and helps to adorn and elevate human existence; by means of it the Bible conveys some of its sublimest ideas, especially in reference to futurity; the Saviour (we speak with all reverence) used it as a vehicle for teaching immortal truths; and, used in the way in which God intended it should be used, it would be fruitful of all good and all blessing. True, many to whom God has given POWER, or what we call genius, have sadly abused their trust; and too many imaginative works have been written in all respects pernicious. Not only, too, has the "fine gold" been made "dim," but much base metal has been forced into circulation. But we might as soon abandon the use of money as a medium of exchange, because of the danger of receiving spurious coin instead of genuine, as abandon imaginative reading because of its abuses. It is a gift to be *rightly used*, not to be thrown away, from the danger of abuse.

As to the "castle-building" which novel-reading excites, that is an evil certainly. Yet many people are great air-castle builders, who scarcely read anything at all! *The evil lies in the individuals.* If they are ignorant, feeble-minded, and prone to dream with their eyes open, a course of novel-reading of a low, mediocre, or indifferent character will supply them with additional food for their weak and vain fancies. Let young men take care of themselves in this, as in every other matter: there may be *moral* or rather *mental* drunkards, as well as physical ones; and he who unfits himself for the active business of life *by the reading of books*, must be as pitiable a fool, or as contemptible a blockhead, as the intemperate glutton who stuffs himself with meat and drink, and then tells you, with tears in his eyes, that he is very ill, and does not know what is the matter!

R. J., HUDDERSFIELD.—"Wilt thou please to state in what year China was invaded and conquered by the Tartars; and which of the Tartar race was made emperor?"

The various tribes commonly known under the general name of Tartars were, in many respects, to China what the Barbarians were to the Roman empire. But the particular tribe which in modern times effected the conquest of the "Celestial Empire," and who may be termed the "Normans" of China, are the Mantchoo, or Mandshôo, who began their inroads during the early part of the 17th century, nearly completed their conquest about 1650, and in 1662 fairly established themselves, by proclaiming the young son of Taytsong, their able and victorious military chief, emperor. The young emperor, who was only eight years of age at this period, happened to have wise and able counsellors during his minority; and he himself became famous for his energy and wisdom in after-years. His name was Kanghi; and his descendants still possess the throne of China. The conquered empire has been governed with considerable political sagacity; for the conquerors, instead of subverting the ancient laws and customs, and rousing the people to despair by their oppression, have rather attempted to govern in what we would call the "spirit of the constitution." The actual power and military offices are generally, if not exclusively, in the hands of Mandshoos, but the civil employments are bestowed on native Chinese, as being acquainted with the language, laws, manners, and customs of the country.

R. M. says, "Mr. Redfield, of New York, and Col. Reid, after paying particular attention to the movements of storms, have come to the conclusion that they have a rotary motion. Nor is there wanting facts to bear out this idea: they have traced on the map the paths of several hurricanes which have done great damage in the West Indies, and have shown proofs sufficient to convince the most incredulous? In No. 50 of your Journal there is an interesting account of a tornado 'which occurred in the county Alleghany, in the state of New York.' The facts there mentioned are evidences corroborative of the above theory. Now, do whirlwinds not give us opportunities for making observation so as to fix more precisely the laws which regulate storms; they being, in fact, storms reduced into a compass observable in all their movements. You say, in your 'account' above referred to, 'Now that scientific inquiry has been directed to the subject, it becomes important that every fact tending to illustrate it should be noted and recorded, as by such means alone can we arrive at a satisfactory conclusion.' Solomon says, that 'There is no new thing under the sun;' again he says, 'There is no remembrance of former things.' Now, in so far as regards the above theory, Solomon is right. It is not a new theory that is advanced; but it is one which was known to the above-mentioned king of Israel; for in the 1st chapter of Ecclesiastes, verse 6th, the theory is thus stated: 'The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually; and the wind returneth again according to his circuits.' I have never seen any notice taken of the verse first quoted; but I think it ought not to be left in oblivion, as possibly some inferences may be drawn from it which will lead to important results."

R. M.'s idea is ingenious; but we are rather of opinion that Solomon did *not* anticipate the theory of the rotary nature of storms. The reference in Ecclesiastes is considered to be made to the *periodical* character of the winds, which, in Palestine, as well as other Eastern countries, have their seasons and their points; blowing steadily during one portion of the year from one point, and then shifting to the opposite point, with a regularity unknown to us. In this sense, the verse is very simple: "going toward the south," and "turning about unto the north;" thus "whirling about continually," and, in its regular season, "returning again according to its circuits."

Will any of our readers give us an answer to the following?

"I should feel much obliged if you would explain, for the information of myself as well as other readers of your periodical, the cause of the rotary motion of camphor when placed on the surface of pure water contained in a basin; also the cause of its receding to the side of the vessel, and the rotary motion ceasing the instant a drop of oil is let fall on the water. I have found this experiment in several works, but can find no explanation. "W. W."

Our correspondent who mentions the name of a well-known naturalist as still believing in the ridiculous nonsense about swallows diving under water and remaining torpid all winter, must surely have been *quizzed* or *hoaxed*. Naturalists of great name did, indeed, once believe in such stuff, and gravely recorded how the creatures assembled on the banks of rivers, and sung their *swallow* song before they took their dive for the winter! How could the bird exist, when even sea-fowl cannot remain submerged? It may be retorted, that toads are occasionally found imbedded in stone or oak; but they have never been found under perfectly *unequivocal* circumstances, so as to preclude the supposition that the animal, in its tadpole state, found admission by some cavity or aperture, lived by catching insects, and gradually becoming too large to get out, was obliged to remain in its prison, still existing by the air and insects which entered by the opening. As to the swallows, it is an established fact that they are birds of passage.

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THE SMUGGLER—A TALE OF THE SEA.

NO. I.

[The following story is founded on an incident in the personal history of its autnor, who is one of our known and valued contributors.]

In the autumn of the year 18—, there dwelt in a retired part of the wretched town of Flushing, not far from the sea-side, an English family. The house in which they resided looked mean and solitary; the upper part had not even the appearance of having been tenanted for many years.

It stood by itself, and its grey walls looked dreary and cheerless, like the walls of a prison; a small court-yard separated the building from the road, but it was neglected and overgrown with weeds. The swallow built its nest unmolested under the eaves of the house, and the jackdaw seemed disposed to take possession of the chimneys. On the particular day with which my story commences, the window-shutters on the ground floor were partially closed, although the sun was yet some degrees above the horizon; and one or two which had escaped the rusty hold-fasts in the wall, swung backwards and forwards, creaking mournfully on their hinges. Even at midsummer, or upon the brightest day, this dwelling had a cold wintry appearance, and the barking of a fierce wolf-dog whenever a stranger approached, was the only noise to denote that life existed there. But although its external appearance bespoke inanimate poverty and wretchedness, there were inmates there who, though they cared not to attract the notice of the passers-by, had that knowledge of comfort of which the blazing fire and the neatly-spread table within gave ample proof.

I have said that the sun was still some degrees above the horizon—so it was; but the time-piece was the only evidence of that fact, for, bright as it may have shone in other parts, its intense light could not penetrate the rolling clouds which continued since noon to hang heavily over this marshy land. The air was unusually close, heavy, and oppressive. The morning had opened with a dazzling watery sun, but towards mid-day the sky became overcast. The copper tinge in the heavens, and the distant peals of thunder, at first but indistinctly heard, denoted the gathering storm. The cattle grazing in the fields no longer cropped the fragrant herbage (although from the recent heavy autumnal rains the verdure looked as fresh and as green as in the month of May), and the evening song of the little birds was hushed in silence.

Towards night-fall, a low cautious tap at the door of the solitary residence attracted the attention of its inmates, who were seated round the fire. Although it was scarcely discernible, from the heavy rain which dashed against the window-shutters, the elder of the family rose from his seat, and approaching the entrance, waited in silence until the knock was repeated. He then raised the latch at a given signal, and a young man in the ordinary dress of a sailor entered the apartment, muttering, in a dissatisfied indistinct tone, a seaman's anathema against the weather. Without noticing the inmates, most of whom rose on his entrance, he proceeded, very much after the fashion of a Newfoundland dog just out of the water, to shake off the large drops of rain which sparkled like crystals on the shaggy nap of his Flushing jacket, and removing his neckerchief, which was nearly saturated by the wet trickling down his neck, he seated himself opposite the fire with the air of a man who knew himself to be an intimate, if not a welcome guest.

"Well, Roderick," said the old man, as he resumed his Dutch pipe within the alcove of the blazing fire, "we have a roughish sort of night of it."

"Why yes," replied the young sailor, "I guess as how we have a roughish sort of night of it indeed; that 's as be, if the wind blowing great guns and small arms, and the rain battering about one's ears like marlin-spikes points downwards, can make it so. For my own part, I'm not to say over-nice about the weather at the best o' times; but one hardly reckons on being taken aback, as it were, by a December breeze like this, afore the autumn is well over one's head."

"Poh, poh, Roderick," observed the old man, smilingly; "never stand about the rain, my boy; if the gale batters about our heads, why it batters about the heads of others as well; and there 'll be less chance of cruisers in the Channel to-night. Come, Nance, my old girl, let's splice the mainbrace; Roderick won't refuse to drink the good old toast of 'The ship that goes, the wind that blows, and the lass that loves a sailor.' "

The woman thus addressed was the old man's wife, and the mother of his family. She was a woman of superior intellectual endowments, although lowly, meek, and humble; and she filled the station which Providence had assigned her with feminine care and assiduity. She moved about the apartment with noiseless activity, the general sweetness of her heart dispensed happiness around her, and she was never more cheerful than when providing for the comforts of him upon whom the fondness of the woman had settled—and what can there be on this earth to equal the intensity of a woman's love? What said the smuggler to this partner of his existence, when his only son died in her arms, and in the intense agony of her grief the world appeared at that moment void of anything that could bring comfort to her mind?—"Nance, thou wert bidden to eat of my bread, and to drink of my cup; they shall yet be made sweet to thee; I will give, and thou shalt enjoy—be thou yet retained to cheer a blighted home!"

The fragrant Scheidam, and a pitcher of spring-water, clear as crystal, were placed on the table. The old man helped himself sparingly, for he had not yet had his evening meal, but the young sailor did ample justice to the proposed toast.

The head of this family was a man in robust health, tall, and of powerful sinew; age had not yet crippled his manly form, although nearly seventy winters and exposure to a variety of climes, may have varied the once dark colour of his hair to an iron grey; his arms were yet strong and muscular, and it might have been profitable to those who had any dealings with him to count him rather as a friend than an enemy.

His features were strikingly prominent; his forehead, from which his bristly hair was combed back, projected over very large black eyes, of calm yet dignified expression; his high cheek-bones were

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covered to their apex by long wiry whiskers, which united in a thick bushy cluster underneath the chin; the throat and part of the chest were quite bare, and his complexion might have been sallow, but for the neutral tint between a red and brown, which had so effectually bronzed it.

But though calm and dignified, the traces of an anxious mind were apparent in the sunken eye and furrowed cheek, worn as it were by thought and care, rather than by grief or old age. Yet the hardihood of his manner, the activity of his movements, and the profession to which he appeared to belong, added to his determined tone, gave to his general outline a freedom of action of that elastic character which seemed to promise that he had yet many years of the sands of life to run.

His dress was simply that of the humble mariner, partaking in part the costume of the Dutch fisherman with that of the Folkstone pilot; and he looked like a brave man, who although perhaps not easily excited, would, for that reason, be the less easily subdued.

The life *he* led, for I cannot designate him by any name—a false one I will not, his real one I cannot give him—was that of a smuggler. He had been forced into it by circumstances of a singular and uncontrollable nature, and although the commencement of such a life may have been repugnant to his feelings, its attractions and the prospect of soon realising a fortune dazzled his ardent mind, and in time habit had strongly attached him to it.

Often, in the anguish of a woman's fears, had his wife hung on his neck with intense feeling, beseeching him, for the sake of those whom Providence had confided to his care, to relinquish the doubtful, dangerous, indefensible trade of a contrabandist; and strongly did she urge those long restless nights of misery, when, in the stillness of feverish repose, the image of her husband has haunted her in a thousand frightful forms; at one moment betrayed into the hands of a watchful enemy, or, at another, driven upon the rocks, and carried from her grasp by the receding surge into the deep waters; but hitherto her efforts had been unavailing.

The smuggler was a native of Cornwall, and in early life commanded a fine trading sloop which his father had bequeathed him. He told me himself (poor fellow!) that she was the pride of his heart, and a tighter built craft had never sailed from Fowey. He had made three prosperous trips in her, when a continued storm drove him off the land, and for nine days he beat about the narrow channel, without a single glimpse of sun or star to tell him where he was. On the morning of the tenth day it blew a hurricane; his little sea-boat laboured in the trough of the heavy sea, and although he could not show a stitch of canvas, he had hope of weathering the storm, when the mist suddenly cleared away, and he found himself upon a lee-shore, drifting rapidly towards the rocks. An enemy's port lay within his reach; by prompt and energetic management he might yet weather the breakers, and round the lighthouse at the eastern extremity of the harbour; but then he must surrender himself, his vessel, and his cargo, and become a prisoner of war—to endure, perhaps, years of wretched confinement. However, he had not even time to dwell upon the misery of such an alternative; the moment was critical, and by instant decision could he alone hope to rescue himself and his crew from the perils of the deep. Quick in his resolve, he ordered the only sail he had left to be hoisted—the little vessel dashed through the foamy water, and in half an hour from the moment he discovered the land, he and his exhausted crew were consigned to the custody of the gendarmes, and all the property he possessed in this world was lost to him for ever.

He then became the agent of a smuggling concern, from which he progressively merged into that of a principal, and afterwards removed to Flushing, where he was joined by his wife and family.

Having given this short sketch of the early life of the smuggler, which it is perhaps as well the reader should know, we now return to the solitary dwelling.

"Well, Roderick," inquired the smuggler, "have you got all the bales on board?"

"Ay, master," answered Roderick, who was the mate of the vessel in question, "the last bale was snug under hatches and well battened down afore I put my foot ashore: and as for that lubberly-looking rascal who has been backing and filling in my wake the whole of this blessed day, I only wish I had the chap in blue water, and if I would'nt show him the tilting end of a plank, my name's not Bill Roderick."

"Poh, poh," said the smuggler, "you and I have lived too long in a wood to be frightened by an owl, Roderick; and as for the matter of that dodging scoundrel, why let him do his best—I know him well, the sneaking hypocrite! All he can say now will hardly reach the other side of the water, if we once get this night's breeze well under the stern of the little Seadrift.

"With our pockets well lined, why our lives shall be mended,
The laws of our country we ne'er will break more."

Although the skipper of the Seadrift quoted the outrage on the laws of his country, when he sang this fragment of Dibdin's well-known song, few men thought less lightly of the guilt attached to it than he did.

Whether this proceeded from a singular absence of that moral sense which tells a man the distinction between right and wrong, or whether the smuggler deemed himself justified in doing that for his livelihood which, had he abstained from when the opportunity offered, hundreds of other men would have embarked in, I cannot pretend to say; but as his was a cool reflecting mind, I should rather attribute it to the latter cause, although in the first onset of his bold career the risk he incurred might have brought the first home to his untutored feelings. However that might be, habit and prosperous voyages had so far effectually banished such qualms of conscience from the breast of the hardy mariner, that he now considered it as much a part of his duty to defend, at the risk of his own life and regardless of the sacrifice it might cause of others, his contraband property, as strenuously as, on the other hand, he would have fought to recover it for the revenue of his country, had the duties of a custom-house officer devolved on him.

When the clock struck eight, a warm supper was placed before the skipper of the Seadrift and Roderick. Some excellent Dutch herrings, a fine piece of Hambro' beef, and a savoury omelet, comprised the repast, on which the smuggler asked a blessing with becoming solemnity, and the family sat down and partook of the meal; but it was not a cheerful one. There were around that table conflicting feelings which forbade mirth. The head of the family was upon the eve of another departure from his home; and although he promised that this voyage should be his last—that he would not again tempt that Providence which had heretofore been kind to him, and that having run this cargo, he would turn the Seadrift over to Roderick, and remove from his present dismal abode to a less gloomy habitation, yet, upon such a night—the rain dashing against the shutters, and the storm almost shaking the house to its foundation—what pledge could wholly remove the anxious forebodings of an attached wife? In another short hour he would be tossed about on the fearful billow, and every fresh blast of wind throughout the night would too surely recal his image to her distracted mind.

There was another also present, of whom mention has not yet been made. She was a dark-haired girl, of surpassing loveliness; her form was light and graceful, and her tiny foot left no impress on the sand, as she had often bounded forward, on the arrival of her lover, to meet him. She was not above the middle height of woman, but her figure was exquisitely rounded. Her complexion was dark, like that of her father, and her luxuriant hair black as the raven's wing. Her sparkling eyes were shaded by long and silken fringes; and yet those eyes, brilliant as they were, were dark as night. She sat next to Roderick, and was the smuggler's eldest daughter.

To say that Mary's mind was free from the disquietude which at this moment pervaded others of the family group, would be a manifest injustice to the feelings she entertained, with all the fervency of a first attachment, towards one of the party; and the intense anguish with which she had raised her dark expressive eye, when her father announced his intention of making over to Roderick the little Seadrift after this voyage, spoke her feelings with silent eloquence.

One other person sat upon the right hand of the smuggler. He was a fine boy, and from the lineaments of his features, a stranger would have said that he sprung from gentle blood. The name he went by was Henry Trevillian. No one could say whether that was his patronymic or not, for little was known of his history before he became an inmate, and to all appearance a member, of the smuggler's family. It was conjectured that he had been confided to the paternal care of the smuggler under peculiar circumstances; the youth himself regarded the old man as his father.

The boy sat on the right hand of the smuggler, looking up to him with alternate feelings of hope and fear; for he had that morning pleaded hard to be taken on board the Seadrift this voyage. The idea of being a sailor-boy had caught the lad's fancy; to be tossed about on the mountain wave, in the beautiful little vessel he so often visited when in harbour, was something so novel and delightful to his young imagination, that the moment their frugal meal was finished, and whilst Roderick was soothing the dark-eyed maid with a sailor's benediction, the boy rose suddenly from his seat, threw himself with convulsive energy into the embrace of the old man, and declared his determination to accompany him.

"Well, well, Harry, be it so, my boy; 't will only be for a few days; you'll soon wish yourself under the old lady's wing again." And with this observation the smuggler rose from his chair, and, with a powerful effort to subdue the feelings of the husband and parent, hastily caressed his children, pressed to his bosom the mother of his offspring, and, followed by Roderick and the boy, hurried from the only scene of enjoyment he had in this world, into the gloom of night, to resume his dangerous calling, with sensations of a better kind than the world might have given the outlaw credit for.

In less than half an hour the harbour was cleared, and the little Seadrift was on the wing, careering to the gale under a spread of canvas, which bore her rapidly from the spot where Roderick's heart lay.

The beautiful little Seadrift sailed like a witch. Her owner boasted that nothing he had ever seen could touch her; and she had had some sharp trials in her time with some of our small cruisers. It was said that she could disguise herself, and baffle the wits of our lynx-eyed revenue men, with singular facility; at one moment floating on the water as light and as gracefully as a Columbine, and the next as heavy and as sluggish in her appearance as a clumsy coasting sloop.

It is, however, our privilege to sail even faster than the Seadrift; for on the same autumnal day which witnessed her departure from Flushing, we beg to introduce the reader to an English frigate which has just cast anchor in an unfrequented roadstead on the western coast of Ireland, after having narrowly escaped those dangerous rocks in the Mal bay which run hidden a long way into the Atlantic, and on which a portion of the proud Armada of Spain was totally destroyed in 1588.

The sea around the lonely isles of Arran, and for some miles along the rocky shore from Galway to the entrance of the river Shannon, presented one continued sheet of living foam; for the equinoctial gales had this year set in before the expected time, and with unusual severity.

Happy were they, who, having a clear offing and plenty of sea-room, could lay their vessel to under her storm-staysails, and quaff their three-watered grog in conscious security, as their well-trimmed bark rose on the billow, like the stormy petrel which followed in her wake.

There was not, at the period I am speaking of, that bright revolving light which is now exhibited on the central isle of Arran, as a friendly beacon to ships of every nation, to tell them of their affinity with the hidden dangers of Mal bay; and many a brave mariner, driven by the tempest from the broad bosom of the Atlantic, has perished under the shade of the long winter's gloomy night, on the rocks which guard this dreary, thinly-inhabited, iron-girt shore, unseen and unheard of!

The frigate which found so welcome a shelter in the rarely-visited roadstead alluded to, was descried early in the morning by a few poor fishermen to the northward of the high cliff of Baltard. She appeared to tremble beneath the pressure of her storm-sails, as she struggled to weather a reef of rocks which ran out from a low island; and keenly did those fishermen watch with intense interest the progress of the noble vessel, calculating the portion of plunder that would fall to the lot of each individual, if unhappily she failed to weather the breakers. But Providence on this occasion interposed between the gallant crew and the lawless designs of the marauding fishermen. The frigate proudly sustained the character she had long borne, of being one of the best sea-boats in his Majesty's service; and the heartless pillage of the shipwrecked mariner was reserved for the subsequent disasters which befel the less fortunate crew of the Martin, on that very coast.

It is a beautiful sight at any time to see a fine man-of-war come to an anchor, under all the majesty of her noble bearing on the water; and especially so when it blows a gale of wind. The frigate, on approaching the anchorage, gradually shortened sail to her close-reefed topsails, furled her courses, and braced her yards, so that, when she dropped her anchor, they would be pointed obliquely to the wind. Finally, she furled her last remaining sail, and the moment the fluke of her ponderous best bower took firm hold of the ground, she swung round with her head majestically to the gale.

In a few minutes everything seemed as tranquil on board as if she had lain there from the commencement of the storm, and the disappointed fishermen hastened along the brow of the cliff to the little cove at the head of the roadstead, to examine their boats, which lay snugly moored under the shelter of a natural breakwater.

Towards evening the gale moderated, but not sufficiently to induce the captain to attempt a landing. The weather still bore a gloomy aspect; mares'-tails were floating wildly in the unsettled sky, blown about by the contending winds aloft into a thousand fantastic forms; and the setting sun too surely indicated, by its fierce angry glare, a continuation of the equinoctial gale. The little birds called by seamen Mother Carey's chickens skimmed along the surface of the water, gracefully tipping the very edge of the waves with their extended wings, and then descending into the hollow of the sea, would rise again, and struggle to stem the already freshening breeze, until, no longer able to fly to windward, they wheeled round on the wing with graceful curvature, and darted along the margin of the deep with the swiftness of the swallow; whilst the larger birds balanced themselves in the wake of the ship, watching for the particles of food which floated astern.

The small bower anchor was dropped under foot; the sheet-cable was ranged, and preparations were made for obtaining a supply of water the following morning. The anchor-watch was then called; and at 9.30 the captain delivered his night-order book to the officer of the watch.

The ship might be now said to be in a state of profound repose; the lights of the crew had been extinguished at eight o'clock, which, in the autumnal and winter seasons of the year, is the curfew-bell of the service. The officers who had their turn of night-duty to take had retired to their cots or hammocks; and the anchor-watch were permitted to lie down on the main-deck, where, upon the oak-plank, and each affording the other his uppermost hip for a pillow, their deep sleep might have been envied by many of the nobles of the land. All was quiet and noiseless, save the wind rattling mournfully through the cordage, and the measured, thoughtful walk of the officer and quartermaster on duty.

As soon as the feeble light had ceased to glimmer underneath the folds of the tarpaulin which covered the skylight of the captain's cabin, and when the drowsy skipper was allowed a reasonable time to sink into forgetfulness of the past and present; the cautious lieutenant called his next in command over to his side of the deck, and ordering him to keep a sharp look-out for squalls—to keep his eye on the lead-line which was over the gangway—and above all, his attentive ear on the captain's bell, he descended to his cabin, and, throwing himself on his cot, soon ceased to think of the skipper or the night-order book. When the mate of the watch had walked over the captain's head with the measured tread of the lieutenant, and thought he had given the latter time enough to join the commander in his slumbers, he, in his turn, consigned the care of the frigate to the midshipman of the watch; but instead of transferring to him the admonition of the lieutenant, he threatened to give him a precious good cobbing if he presumed to leave the deck—a threat which the middy was quite sure would be carried into effect, if he was caught napping; but often as the youngster had been punished for similar transgressions, no sooner had the mate coiled himself away in the topsail-haulyard rack, like a large Newfoundland dog, enveloped to the rim of his tarpaulin hat in a thick Flushing coat, than he made over his post of honour to the bluff old quarter-master, under whose more faithful charge his Majesty's frigate was left to ride out the gale.

It continued to blow hard during the night, but with less steadiness than the day before; the squalls were therefore the more

sudden and severe. Towards the morning watch, the neck of the gale was fairly broken, and when the sun rose it was a perfect calm. The aspect of the surrounding objects differed as much from that which they exhibited the evening before as the beautiful and ever-varying effects of light and shade could make them. The coast was then almost shrouded in the drizzling mist of the gloomy storm, the rocky boundary of the iron-girt shore presenting one unvaried line of bleak and barren sterility, against which the waves dashed with frightful violence: but now, as the cheerful morning broke into the glorious light of day, the dense vapour ascending from the earth spread itself gradually, until it lay over the frigate like a dark canopy, extending its circular ridge to within twenty degrees of the horizon, and leaving the beautiful and lofty mountains of Cunnemara reposing underneath, in the clear blue atmosphere of a lovely morning. The headlands protruded their bold fronts into the sea, and seemed but half their actual distance from the ship. The smallest patches of the greensward which grew in the interstices of the rocks were visible, and threw out the dark-coloured granite which formed the dreary boundary of the coast into bold relief; and the verge of the horizon was a perfect circle of light, clearly indicating the approach of a warm day.

At one bell after four, the hands were turned up to shorten-in cable. The small bower, which had been dropped under foot as a precautionary measure the night before, was released from its holding-ground; and it was well for those who had slumbered on their watch that the second anchor was down, for the ship had drifted during the night so far as to alter the bearings taken by the master the evening before very considerably. But who could say at what hour she drifted?—it might have been during the first watch, after the ship was consigned to the gruff old quartermaster, who might have gone, when his officers left him, to smoke his pipe in the galley; or it might have been during the middle watch, when the squall, which caused the ship to tremble again, came rushing down the ravine at the head of the roadstead: at all events, the affair passed off in quietness, because the delinquency was not attended by any serious result.

At seven bells, the sheet-cable was coiled away, yards squared, and sails loosed to dry. The lighter spars were again pointed to the zenith, the decks well holy-stoned; and then the first lieutenant descended to his cabin, to purify the outer man with a wash and a shave.

At eight o'clock, the boatswain piped to breakfast.

RAMBLES OF AN AMERICAN NATURALIST.—No. I.

By John D. Godman.

According to our promise in our previous number, we here commence the series of papers, called "Rambles of a Naturalist," written by Dr. Godman.

From early youth, devoted to the study of Nature, it has always been my habit to embrace every opportunity of increasing my knowledge and pleasures by actual observation, and I have found ample means of gratifying this disposition, wherever my place has been allotted by Providence. When an inhabitant of the country, it was sufficient to go a few steps from the door to be in the midst of numerous interesting objects; when a resident of the crowded city, a healthful walk of half an hour placed me where my favourite enjoyment was offered in abundance; and now, when no longer able to seek in fields and woods, and running streams, for that knowledge which cannot readily be elsewhere obtained, the recollection of my former rambles is productive of a satisfaction which past pleasures but seldom bestow. Perhaps a statement of the manner in which my studies were pursued may prove interesting to those who love the works of Nature, and may not be aware how great a field for original observation is within their reach, or how vast a variety of instructive objects are easily accessible, even to the occupants of a bustling metropolis. To me it will be a source of great delight to spread these resources before the reader, and enable him so cheaply to participate in the pleasures I have enjoyed, as well as place him in the way of enlarging the general stock of knowledge by communicating the results of his original observations.

One of my favourite walks was through Turner's-lane, near Philadelphia, which is about a quarter of a mile long, and not much wider than an ordinary street being closely fenced in on both sides; yet my reader may feel surprised when informed that I found ample employment for all my leisure, during six weeks, within and about its precincts. On entering the lane from the Ridge-road, I observed a gentle elevation of the turf beneath the lower rails of the fence, which appeared to be uninterruptedly continuous; and when I had cut through the verdant roof with my knife, it proved to be a regularly arched gallery or subterranean road, along which the inhabitants could securely travel at all hours without fear of discovery. The sides and bottom of this arched way were smooth and clean, as if much used: and the raised superior portion had long been firmly consolidated by the grass roots, intermixed with tenacious clay. At irregular and frequently distant intervals, a side-path diverged into the fields, and by its superficial situation, irregularity, and frequent openings, showed that its purpose was temporary, or had been only opened for the sake of procuring food. Occasionally I found a little gallery diverging from the main route beneath the fence, towards the road, and finally opening on the grass, as if the inmate had come out in the morning to breathe the early air, or to drink of the crystal dew which daily gemmed the close-cropped verdure. How I longed to detect the animal which tenanted these galleries, in the performance of his labours! Farther on, upon the top of a high bank, which prevented the pathway from continuing near the fence, appeared another evidence of the industry of my yet unknown miner. Half a dozen hillocks of loose, almost pulverised earth, were thrown up at irregular distances, communicating with the main gallery by side passages. Opening one of these carefully, it appeared to differ little from the common gallery in size; but it was very difficult to ascertain where the loose earth came from, nor have I ever been able to tell, since I never witnessed the formation of these hillocks, and conjectures are forbidden where nothing but observation is requisite to the decision. My farther progress was now interrupted by a delightful brook which sparkled across the road over a clear, sandy bed; and here my little galleries turned into the field, coursing along at a moderate distance from the stream. I crept through the fence into the meadow on the west side, intending to discover, if possible, the animal whose works had first fixed my attention; but as I approached the bank of the rivulet, something suddenly retreated towards the grass, seeming to vanish almost unaccountably from sight. Very carefully examining the point at which it disappeared, I found the entrance of another gallery or burrow, but of very different construction from that first observed. This new one was formed in the grass, near and among whose roots and lower stems a small but regular covered-way was practised. Endless, however, would have been the attempt to follow this, as it opened in various directions, and ran irregularly into the field, and towards the brook, by a great variety of passages. It evidently belonged to an animal totally different from the owner of the subterranean passage, as I subsequently discovered, and may hereafter relate. Tired of my unavailing pursuit, I now returned to the little brook, and seating myself on a stone, remained for some time unconsciously gazing on the fluid which gushed along in unsullied brightness over its pebbly bed. Opposite to my seat was an irregular hole in the bed of the stream, into which, in an idle mood, I pushed a small pebble with the end of my stick. What was my surprise, in a few seconds afterwards, to observe the water in this hole in motion, and the pebble I had pushed into it gently approaching the surface! Such was the fact; the hole was the dwelling of a stout little crayfish or fresh-water lobster, who did not choose to be incommoded by the pebble, though doubtless he attributed its sudden arrival to the usual accidents of the stream, and not to my thoughtless movements. He had thrust his broad lobster-like claws under the stone, and then drawn them near to his mouth; thus making a kind of shelf; and as he reached the edge of the hole, he suddenly extended his claws, and rejected the encumbrance from the lower side, or down stream. Delighted to have found a living object with whose habits I was unacquainted, I should have repeated my experiment, but the crayfish presently returned with what might be called an armful of rubbish, and threw it over the side of his cell and down the stream as before. Having watched him for some time while thus engaged, my attention was caught by the considerable number of similar holes along the margin and in the bed of the stream. One of these I explored with a small rod, and found it to be eight or ten inches deep, and widened below into a considerable chamber, in which the little lobster found a comfortable abode. Like all of his tribe, the crayfish makes considerable opposition to being removed from his dwelling, and bit smartly at the stick with his claws: as my present object was only to gain acquaintance with his dwelling, he was speedily permitted to return to it in peace.

Under the end of a stone lying in the bed of the stream, something was floating in the pure current, which at first seemed like

the tail of a fish; and being desirous to obtain a better view, I gently raised the stone on its edge, and was rewarded by a very beautiful sight. The object first observed was the tail of a beautiful salamander, whose sides were of a pale straw colour, flecked with circlets of the richest crimson.* Its long lizard-like body seemed to be semi-transparent, and its slender limbs appeared like mere productions of the skin. Not far distant, and near where the upper end of the stone had been, lay crouched, as if asleep, one of the most beautiful coloured frogs I had ever beheld. Its body was slender compared with most frogs, and its skin covered with stripes of bright reddish brown and grayish green, in such a manner as to recall the beautiful markings of the tiger's hide; and since the time alluded to, it has received the name of *tigrina* from Leconte, its first scientific describer. How long I should have been content to gaze at these beautiful animals, as they lay basking in the living water, I know not, had not the intense heat made me feel the necessity of seeking a shade. It was now past twelve o'clock; I began to retrace my steps towards the city; and without any particular object, moved along the little galleries examined in the morning. I had advanced but a short distance, when I found the last place where I had broken open the gallery was *repaired*. The earth was perfectly fresh, and I had lost the chance of discovering the miner, while watching my new acquaintances in the stream. Hurrying onward, the same circumstances uniformly presented; the injuries were all efficiently repaired, and had evidently been very recently completed. Here was one point gained; it was ascertained that these galleries were still inhabited, and I hoped soon to become acquainted with the inmates. But at this time it appeared fruitless to delay longer, and I returned home, filled with anticipations of pleasure from the success of my future researches.

On the day following my first-related excursion, I started early in the morning, and was rewarded by one sight which could not otherwise have been obtained, well worth the sacrifice of an hour or two of sleep. There may be persons who will smile contemptuously at the idea of a man's being delighted with such trifles; nevertheless, we are not inclined to envy such as disesteem the pure gratification afforded by these simple and easily-accessible pleasures. As I crossed an open lot on my way to the lane, a succession of gossamer spider-webs, lightly suspended from various weeds and small shrubs, attracted my attention. The dew which had formed during the night was condensed upon this delicate lace in globules of most resplendent brilliance, whose clear lustre pleased while it dazzled the sight. In comparison with the immaculate purity of these dewdrops, which reflected and refracted the morning light in beautiful rays as the gossamer webs trembled in the breeze, how poor would appear the most invaluable diamonds that were ever obtained from Golconda or Brazil! How rich would any monarch be that could boast the possession of *one* such, as here glittered in thousands on every herb and spray! They are exhaled in an hour or two and lost, yet they are almost daily offered to the delighted contemplation of the real lover of Nature, who is ever happy to witness the beneficence of the great Creator, not less displayed in trivial circumstances than the most wonderful of his works.

No particular change was discoverable in the works of my little miners, except that all the places which had been a second time broken down were again repaired, showing that the animal had passed between the times of my visit; and it may not be uninteresting to observe how the repair was effected. It appeared, when the animal arrived at the spot broken open or exposed to the air, that it changed its direction sufficiently downwards to raise enough of earth from the lower surface to fill up the opening: this of course slightly altered the direction of the gallery at this point, and though the earth thrown up was quite pulverulent, it was so nicely arched as to retain its place, and soon became consolidated. Having broken open a gallery where the turf was very close and the soil tenacious, I was pleased to find the direction of the chamber somewhat changed; on digging farther with my clasp-knife, I found a very beautiful cell excavated in very tough clay, deeper than the common level of the gallery and towards one side. This little lodging-room would probably have held a small melon, and was nicely arched all round. It was perfectly clear, and quite smooth as if much used; to examine it fully, I was obliged to open it completely. (The next day it was replaced by another placed a little farther to one side, exactly of the same kind; it was replaced a second time, but when broken up a third time it was left in ruins.) As twelve o'clock approached, my solicitude to discover the little miner increased to a considerable degree; previous observation led me to believe that about that time his presence was to be expected. I had trodden down the gallery for some inches in a convenient place, and stood close by, in vigilant expectation. My wishes were speedily gratified; in a short time the flattened gallery began at one end to be raised to its former convexity, and the animal rapidly advanced. With a beating heart, I thrust the knife-blade down by the side of the rising earth, and quickly turned it over to one side, throwing my prize fairly into the sunshine. For an instant he seemed motionless from surprise, when I caught and imprisoned him in my hat. It would be vain for me to attempt a description of my pleasure in having thus succeeded, small as was my conquest. I was delighted with the beauty of my captive's fur; with the admirable adaptation of his diggers or broad rose-tinted hands; the wonderful strength of his forelimbs, and the peculiar suitableness of his head and neck to the kind of life the Author of Nature had designed him for. It was the shrew-mole, or *scalops canadensis*, whose history and peculiarities of structure are minutely related in the first volume of Godman's American Natural History. All my researches never enabled me to discover a nest, female, or young one of this species. All I ever caught were males, though this most probably was a mere accident. The breeding of the scalops is nearly all that is wanting to render our knowledge of it complete.

This little animal has eyes, though they are not discoverable during its living condition, nor are they of any use to it aboveground. In running round a room (until it had perfectly learned where all the obstacles stood), it would uniformly strike hard against them with its snout, and then turn. It appeared to me as singular that a creature which fed upon living earth-worms with all the greediness of a pig, would not destroy the larvæ or maggots of the flesh-fly. A shrew-mole lived for many weeks in my study, and made use of a gun-case, into which he squeezed himself, as a burrow. Frequently he would carry the meat he was fed with into his retreat; and as it was warm weather, the flies deposited their eggs in the same place. An offensive odour led me to discover this circumstance, and I found a number of large larvæ, over which the shrew-mole passed without paying them any attention, nor would he, when hungry, accept of such food, though nothing could exceed the eager haste with which he seized and munched earth-worms. Often when engaged in observing him thus employed, have I thought of the stories told me, when a boy, of the manner in which snakes were destroyed by swine; his voracity readily exciting a recollection of one of these animals, and the poor worms writhing and twining about his jaws answering for the snakes. It would be tedious were I to relate all my rambles undertaken with a view to gain a proper acquaintance with this creature, at all hours of the day, and late in the evening, before daylight, &c. &c.

Among other objects which served as an unfailing source of amusement, when resting from the fatigue of my walks, was the little inhabitant of the brook, called the *gyrinus natator*. These merry swimmers occupied every little sunny pool in the stream, apparently altogether engaged in sport. A circumstance connected with these insects gives them additional interest to a close observer; they are allied by their structure and nature to those nauseous vermin the cimices (or *bed-bugs*), all of which, whether found infesting fruits or our dormitories, are distinguished by their disgusting odour. But their distant relatives, called by the boys the *water-witches* and *apple-smellers*, the gyrinus natator above alluded to, has a delightful smell, exactly similar to that of the richest, mellowest apple. This peculiarly pleasant smell frequently causes the idler many unavailing efforts to secure some of these creatures, whose activity in water renders their pursuit very difficult, though by no means so much so as that of some of the long-legged water-spiders, which walk the waters dry-shod, and evade the grasp with surprising ease and celerity. What purposes either of these races serve in the great economy of nature has not yet been ascertained, and will scarcely be determined until our store of *facts* is far more extensive than at present. Other and still more remarkable inhabitants of the brook, at the same time, came within my notice, and afforded much gratification in the observation of their habits.

DEFINITION OF "A CHARACTER."

By this is meant a mind cast in a peculiar mould, and unwilling either to be remodelled and recast, or to be ground down in the mill of fashion, and have its angles and its roughness taken off, so as to become one of the round, and smooth, and similar personages of the day, and indeed of all times and almost all nations. Such characters are further remarkable for ever bearing their peculiarities about with them, so as at all seasons, and on all subjects, to

display their deviations from unlikeness to other men. Such persons are of necessity extremely amusing: they are rare, and they are odd; they are also ever in keeping and consistency with themselves as they are different from others. Hence they acquire, besides entertaining us, a kind of claim to respect, because they are independent and self-possessed. But they are always more respected than they at all deserve. Not only are many of their peculiarities the result of indulgence approaching to affectation, so as to make them little more than a respectable kind of buffoons, enjoying the mirth excited at their own expense, but even that substratum of real originality which they have without any affectation, commands more respect than it is entitled to, because it wears the semblance of much more independence than belongs to it, and, while it savours of originality, is really only peculiar and strange.—*Lord Brougham.*

ANCIENT SCOTTISH GAMES.

MR. TYTLER, the eminent historian of Scotland, in his work entitled "Lives of Scottish Worthies," gives a chapter of antiquarian illustrations, in which he describes some of the ancient games and amusements of Caledonia while yet

"Beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sovereign powers"

He has drawn his information from the pages of the manuscript Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer, during the reign of the Fourth James, whose fondness for all sorts of games and revelry appears to have been perfectly preposterous, and frequently anything but refined. He is often content with much humbler sport than a tournament of knights and ladies gay. For instance, he is represented as giving eighteen shillings to "a wife at Bathgate bog that the king revit a rung fra,"—that is, wrested a stick from. We know nothing more about the masculine female here spoken of, except the simple fact mentioned. We suspect, however, that she was a cudgel-player or wrestler of considerable celebrity, which she had acquired by numerous triumphs over those of her own immediate sphere who had dared to enter the lists with her; and that she probably remained unconquered until majesty itself was pitted against her. This is mere conjecture; but we have no other way of accounting for the circumstance, and Mr. Tytler is silent on the subject. The hero of Flodden would not certainly take the field against an *ordinary* woman who was likely to fall an easy prey to his superior strength.—No such thing. She must have been an amazon of undoubted prowess, a reigning queen of the ring, the terror of Bathgate and all the neighbourhood. We will not pause to discuss whether the sport was kingly or not in those days; but only let us think for a moment of George the Fourth, when he was in Scotland, taking the field in front of Holyrood House against a stalwart fishwoman of Newhaven, and then and there wrestling with her for the possession of a cudgel. Let us think of all the splendour and nobility of the court on the one hand, and all the glory and chivalry of Newhaven on the other, each party cheering on its combatant—the yells of the ichthyologists, when haply a fortunate twist or wrench on the part of the female seemed to promise an issue of the struggle in her favour—and then the triumphant shouts of the noble men and noble ladies, when the portly warrior at length succeeded in gaining possession of the stick, and flourished it round his head in all the excitement of victory.

Another favourite sport of James was the exhibition of his skill and strength in striking with the great sledge-hammer used by smiths in their forge. In the year 1506, Sir Anthony D'Arsy visited the Scottish court as ambassador from France, and much distinguished himself at the grand tournaments held at Stirling. But it appears he displayed his prowess with a much weightier and more unwieldy weapon than a lance. One of the entries for this year in the books of the high treasurer is, "Item, to the smith quhen the king and the French knycht strak at the steddye, 13 shillings." Less vulgar sports, such as archery, shooting at the buts, with the cross bow and culvering, playing at the golf and foot-ball, hunting, hawking, racing, and tournaments, were likewise practised. It thus appears that those amusements which were best calculated to develop and display manual strength and dexterity were most patronised, and appropriately so, in an age when hard blows were given and received. Chess-tables, dice, and cards were likewise common, at least at court; and the king seems almost always to have played for money. The names of other games are mentioned in the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer; but what sort of amusements these were it is impossible to say, as the meaning and mode of playing have passed away. Solemnity and frolic, mortification and amusement, outbreakings of superstitious feeling and of reckless dissipation, were mixed together in the most grotesque manner in these days. Pilgrimage and pantomime are made to balance each other. The debt of guilt contracted at such exhibitions of mirth, madness, and absurdity, as the King of Bene, the Abbot of Unreason, the Queen of May, the Daft Queen of the Canongate, is liquidated by a profuse donation to the grey friars for additional prayers and masses. Or it is settled in a more homely manner by the king borrowing an angel or gold noble from his high-treasurer, and, after bending it, fixing the talisman to his beads. This, however, was not a peculiarity in James; it was characteristic of the age in which he flourished.

James's passion for music is well known; he himself played on the lute and the monochordis When he took his progresses through his kingdom, he was generally welcomed at the gates of towns with songs sung by maidens; and wherever he went, he seems soon to have found out those who excelled in his favourite art, and could minister to the royal taste. For instance, as regularly as the king visits Dumfries, there is an entry of so much paid to "a little crukit-backit vicar," who sings before the king. In these journeys he was always accompanied by his organists, harpers, lutars, and Italian minstrels, who carried their instruments along with them: whether they travelled in a caravan, like the show-booth exhibitors of our own day, it is not possible now to ascertain. When the celebrated Papal embassy arrived at the Scottish court, bringing with it the splendid sword of justice which is still to be seen amongst the Scottish regalia, the king seems first to have given audience, not to the ambassador, but to his servant, who was noted for singing a good stave. An Eastern love of story-telling was also one of James's passions. He does not appear to have been particularly fastidious about the rank or quality of the persons who thus sold him the issue of their imagination or their memory. One entry in 1496, introduces to our notice "Wedderspoon the Foular, that tald tales, and brocht foulis to the king;" and also one Watschod, another *viva-voce* novelist of the times. On the 19th of April, 1497, the king is said to have been "listhening to twa fithilaris, who sung to him the ballad of Grey Steel;" and in March 1506, "a poor man, wha tald tales to the Majesty of Scotland," received a reward of six shillings and eightpence. This appears to have been the very year of revelry. One of the items of expense for it is, "Payments to divers menstrales, schammourers, trumpeters, tambrowrars, fithelaris, lutars, clarscharis, and pyparis, extending to eighty-nine persons, forty-one pounds, eleven shillings,"—a large sum in those days.

THE ALBIGENSES AND VALLENSES.

THE question whether the doctrines of the Albigenses and Vallenses, who appeared in the South of France in the twelfth century, were identical with those of the Vaudois, the inhabitants of the Piedmontese valleys, who became conspicuous at the era of the Reformation, has frequently been agitated in the religious world, and has even very lately been made a subject of controversy; but such a discussion is by no means fitted to our columns. Our attention has, however, been drawn by a correspondent to the historical details of these singular people; and believing that a brief account of their rise and suppression, connected as it is with the institution of that awful instrument of oppression, the Inquisition, will not be unacceptable to the majority of our readers, we are induced to give it.

The constant efforts on the part of the popes to increase their temporal power frequently excited the opposition of kings and emperors; and as early as 1100, these disputes had lessened the reverence with which the pope, the father of the Church, had been regarded. Aggressions on political rights by the papal power led to doubts of its spiritual authority; and gradually a number of religious sects appeared in Germany, France, and Italy, who utterly denied the papal authority, and proposed to follow strictly the example of the apostles. These heresies, as they were termed, appear to have had their origin in Germany, and to have spread from thence. They were divided into a great number of sects, each differing in some degree from the others. It is now extremely difficult to distinguish accurately between them, since the accounts which we have of them are the reports of their enemies: and it is only by internal evidence, the detection of gross discrepancies, that we are enabled to draw near the truth. It would seem that

some of the German seceders were really infected with Manichæism, as it is termed, and practised impure rites and inculcated impure doctrines, which we deem it unnecessary here to repeat: it is extremely probable that libertines and enthusiasts, one party deceiving, the other deceived, taking advantage of a time of moral excitement, may have advanced such doctrines; it is an historical fact that they were attempted to be fixed on all the *heretical* sects that appeared at the period we allude to; it is also an historical fact that the character of the French Albigenses and Vallenses, blackened as it was by the reports of their persecutors, has yet been redeemed by posterity, and their sole offence reduced to a denial of papal authority, and an attempt to establish the practice of Christianity upon the apostolic model.

The heretics continued to increase; their doctrines were formally condemned by the synod of Tours in 1163, but without much effect. At length, in the year 1200, Innocent III., determined to extirpate all these abominations, gave ample commissions to different monks, whom he sent as emissaries to the various infected quarters, to preach the true faith, and excommunicate and banish offenders. Dominic, the future chief of the Inquisition, was the leader of the missionaries sent to Toulouse, the head-quarters of the Albigenses, so called from the district of Albigeois, a province in Languedoc. Both Albigenses and Vallenses, being good and peaceable citizens, had received every protection from the count of Toulouse, the lord of the territory in which they resided, who was suspected with some show of probability of entertaining their opinions, at least as far as opposition to papal dominion was concerned, and he for some time supported their cause; but when a formal excommunication was pronounced against him, he submitted to the Church, into which he was again received, only on the most humiliating terms. "The manner of the reconciliation of the earl of Toulouse," says Limborch, "was, according to Bzovius, thus:—The earl was brought before the gates of the church of St. Agdé in the town of that name. There were present more than twenty archbishops and bishops, who were met for this purpose. The earl swore upon the holy body of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the relics of the saints, which were exposed with great reverence before the gates of the church and held by several prelates, that he would obey the commands of the Holy Roman Church. When he had thus bound himself by an oath, the legate ordered one of the sacred vestments to be thrown over his neck, and drawing him thereby, brought him into the church, and having scourged him with a whip, absolved him. Nor must it be omitted, that when the said earl was brought into the church, and received his absolution as he was scourging, he was so grievously torn by the stripes, that he could not go out by the same place by which he entered, but was forced to pass quite naked as he went through the lower gate of the church. He was also served in the same manner at the sepulchre of St. Peter the Martyr, at New Castres, whom the earl had caused to be slain."

This reconciliation, however, availed little to the unfortunate count; for during his obstinacy, a crusade had been preached against him and his heretic subjects, and a large army of zealous "cross-bearers," headed by Simon de Montfort, had invaded his territories, and having once been fleshed, were in no hurry to abandon their prey. In the year 1209 they overran the whole country. They utterly destroyed the town of Biterre, and when some of the troops hesitated to obey the orders, knowing that many of the inhabitants were good catholics, they were pressed on to the slaughter by Arnold, abbot of Citeaux, who exhorted them "to slay all, for the Lord knew which were his." Carcassonne next fell, and the inhabitants only saved their lives upon complying with the brutal and ignominious condition of marching out absolutely naked; a condition to which the countess Agnes herself was obliged to submit. This disgusting requisition was probably enforced in ridicule of the pretended obscenities of heretical practices; but it is in itself a terrible example of the barbarism of the period. De Montfort was, by the universal consent of his companions, declared governor of Carcassonne and all the conquered country, on whose inhabitants they exercised the most unsparing cruelties. Meantime Dominic, acting from the first under a papal commission for the suppression of heresy, continually pressed the necessity of a regular establishment for that purpose, and, after receiving additional powers from the archbishop of Toulouse, and subsequently from the pope, at last obtained his ends by the regular establishment of the Inquisition (first instituted at Toulouse), and confirmed by the authority of the Lateran Council in 1216.

Raymond soon found himself in no situation to defend his territories against De Montfort. In this distress, he appealed to the Lateran Council then sitting, represented his own submission to the Church, and offered to answer for the orthodoxy of his subjects; but he could obtain no better terms than a surrender of all his dominions into the hands of the Church, for the use of his son, then a minor, with a reservation of 400 marcs of silver per annum to himself, and her dower to his wife, who was acknowledged to be "a most christian lady."

Raymond retreated to Spain; but his son, a young man of spirit, collected a body of troops in Provence, and maintained the war against de Montfort, who at length was slain while engaged in besieging Toulouse. Raymond the father died in 1221; and after his death, his son, now count of Toulouse, succeeded in clearing his territories from the invaders, and banished the Inquisition. But a fresh set of enemies rose up against him. Amalric, the son of Simon de Montfort, appealed to the king of France, claiming the county of Toulouse as his inheritance, and the Church proclaimed a new crusade against the unfortunate Raymond. He defended himself well, but at length was blocked up in the city of Avignon, which was however so well supplied and garrisoned as to have held out against the force opposed to it, had not treachery been used. The pope's legate, who accompanied the king's army, requested, under pretence of arranging the dispute and preventing bloodshed, permission to enter the town, which was granted; but when the gates were opened to admit him, a body of troops, stationed for the purpose, rushed after him, and the besieging army gained possession of the city.

Raymond was admitted to surrender on conditions, but they were terribly severe. He was first to abjure heresy, and submit himself to the Church: To take the cross, and make war five years against the Saracens or other enemies of the Christian faith: To pay down 20,000 marcs of silver as a ransom. That as Toulouse was a gift of the Church, he was only to hold a life-interest in it, and that it should not descend to his male heirs, but to the heirs of his daughter Joan, married to Alphonso, brother of king Louis of France. And lastly, that he should give up to the king and the Church all the country beyond the bishopric of Toulouse to the east on both sides of the Rhone. "After this," says Limborch, "he surrendered himself at the Louvre to the king's guards, till his daughter and five of his best-fortified castles were delivered up to his messengers, and the walls of Toulouse entirely demolished. When all this was done, in the presence of two cardinals of the Church of Rome, our legate in France, and the other in England, he was led to the high altar in a linen garment and with naked feet, and absolved from the sentence of excommunication." Bernard, in his Chronicon of the Roman Pontiffs, relating this history, says, as Bzovius tells us, "How holy a sight it was to see so great a man, who for so long a while could resist so many and great nations, led naked in his shirt and trousers, and with naked feet, to the altar."

Count Raymond, thus humiliated, found himself obliged to join in the persecution of his *heretic* subjects, and we hear no more of them until the Reformation again stirred up the old leaven; but it is supposed that many sought refuge with the Piedmontese, among whom the primitive forms of Christianity are by some believed to have abided.

A very full account of the Albigenses and Vallenses, both as regards their doctrines and their history, is to be found in Limborch's History of the Inquisition, and in Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History.

THE FUR TRADE IN SIBERIA.

Yakutsk is not an independent government, but belongs to that of Irkutsk; it has, however, a vice-governor and an independent chancery of its own, who regulate all its affairs, making a mere formal report. It contains, scattered over a wonderful extent of territory, about one hundred and eighty-five thousand inhabitants, composed of Russians, Yakuti, a few Tongousi and fewer Yukagires. Fifty thousand of the whole pay tribute, which is in furs, mostly sables. Those of Vittim and Olekma are considered the finest, blackest, and smallest to be met with, a pair reaching as high as three or four hundred roubles, or from fifteen to twenty pounds sterling. Each taxable individual pays one quarter of a sable, or, in general cases, each family one sable, which, if it cannot be procured, is compromised by the payment of thirty shillings, reducing the tribute per head to seven shillings and sixpence, as that of a Russian is ten shillings. Thus the Russian pays nominally more, but actually less, than the aborigines; the former pay

padoushnie, the latter *yasack*—the former always money, the latter furs. The greatest part of the population subjected to the government of Yakutsk live on the banks of the Lena, and small streams running into it; no less than twenty thousand families certainly reside on them. The clear revenue derived is half a million of roubles, or twenty-five thousand pounds. The trade carried on by its numerous pedlars is very considerable, from the immense quantity of the skins of all sorts. Tobacco, tea, sugar, spirits, nankeens, cottons, kettles, knives, and the like, constitute the cargoes of the traders; for which they receive the skins of bears, wolves, sables, river otters, martins, foxes, lynxes, squirrels, and ermines, at very unfair prices. At Yakutsk, however, the value of them is well known:—bear-skins, twenty and twenty-five shillings; sables, from thirty to one hundred and fifty shillings; a sea-otter, from ten to thirty pounds; river ditto, thirty and forty shillings; a black fox, from five to twenty and even thirty pounds; red and grey fox, two and three pounds—fiery-red, fifteen shillings; the white or arctic fox, five or six shillings, and the blue fox, eight or ten shillings; squirrels and ermines, sixpence to one shilling; wolves, ten shillings to a guinea; while I have myself given seven guineas for a black wolf at Omsk: the martins which come from the coast of America are worth five or six shillings. These are the prices at Yakutsk, but they are purchased of the natives by the pedlars for goods enhanced one hundred and fifty per cent., and for one-half the price for which they sell at Yakutsk; returning, in most cases, a clear profit of two and three hundred per cent., besides that the traders live upon the poor aborigines during the traffic.—*Cochrane's Pedestrian Journey.*

DETERMINED DEFENCE OF A CONVOY.

THE magnanimity which is the acknowledged characteristic of British seamen is well illustrated in the following anecdote, which we extract from "Aphorisms of Sir Philip Sidney, with Remarks by Miss Porter, author of 'Thaddeus of Warsaw.'" Opposed as we are on principle to war and bloodshed, we freely admit that man must do his duty under the circumstances in which he is placed by Providence; and we, therefore, give the following story as an illustration of the distinction between true courage and rash obstinacy.

"It was on the 5th of September, 1708, when, as the convoy of thirty-six sail of merchant-vessels from the Texel, this honest seaman was met, nearly at the mouth of the Thames, by Commodore Langeron; who was at the head of six galleys, on his way to burn Harwich. The Frenchman thought the ships a desirable prize, and, making all possible haste to ensure his good fortune, gave orders to have them invested by four of the galleys, while his galley, with that of the Chevalier Mauvilliers, should attack and master the frigate which protected them. The English captain having discovered the intentions of the enemy, directed the merchants to crowd sail for the Thames; and hoping to employ the galleys during this movement, he bore down upon them, as if he intended to begin the battle. An officer who was on board Langeron's vessel thus describes the scene:—

"We were soon within cannon-shot, and accordingly the galley discharged her broadside. The frigate, silent as death, approached us without firing a gun. Our commodore smiled at this; for he mistook English resolution for cowardice: 'What!' cried he, 'is the frigate weary of bearing the British flag? and does she come to strike without a blow?' The triumph was premature. The vessels drew nearer, and were within musket-shot. The galley continued to pour in her broadside and small arms, whilst the frigate preserved the most dreadful stillness: she seemed resolved to reserve all her terrors for close engagement; but in a moment, as if suddenly struck with a panic, she tacked about and fled. Nothing was heard but boasting among our officers: 'We could at one blast sink an English man-of-war; and if the coward does not strike in two minutes, down he goes to the bottom!' All this time the frigate was in silence preparing the tragedy that was to ensue. Her flight was only a feint, and done with a view to entice us to board her in the stern. Our commodore, in such an apparently favourable conjuncture, ordered the galley to board, and bade the helmsman bury her peak in the frigate. The seamen and marines prepared, with their cutlasses and battle-axes, to execute these commands; but the frigate, who saw our design, so dexterously avoided our beak as to wheel round and place herself directly alongside of us. Now it was that the English captain's courage was manifested. As he had foreseen what would happen, he was ready with his grappling irons, and fixed us fast to his vessel. All in the galley were now as much exposed as on a raft; and the British artillery, charged with grape-shot, opened at once upon our heads. The masts were filled with sailors, who threw hand-grenades among us, like hail: not a gun was fired that did not make dreadful havoc; and our crew, terrified at so unexpected a carnage, no longer thinking of attacking, were even unable to make a defence. The officers stood motionless and pale, incapable of executing orders, which they had hardly presence of mind enough to understand; and those men who were neither killed nor wounded, lay flat on the deck to escape the bullets. The enemy perceiving our fright, to add to our dismay, boarded us with a party of desperate fellows, who, sword in hand, hewed down all that opposed them. Our commodore, seeing the fate of the ship hang on an instant, ordered a general assault from our whole crew. This made them retreat to their vessel, but not relax the infernal fire which they continued to pour amongst us.

"The other galleys, descrying our distress, quitted their intended prey, and hastening towards us, surrounded the frigate, and raked her deck from all quarters. Her men were no longer able to keep their station; this gave us courage, and we prepared to board her. Twenty-five grenadiers from each galley were sent on this service. They met with no opposition at first; but hardly were they assembled on the deck, before they once again received an *English salute*. The officers of the frigate, who were intrenched within the forecastle, fired upon the boarders incessantly, and the rest of the crew doing similar execution through the gratings, at last cleared the ship. Langeron scorned to be foiled, and ordered another detachment to the attack; it made the attempt, but met with the same success. Provoked with such repeated failures, our commodore determined that our hatchets should lay open her decks and make the crew prisoners of war.

"After much difficulty and bloodshed, these orders were executed, and the seamen obliged to surrender. The officers, who were yet in the forecastle, stood it out for some time longer; but superiority of numbers compelled them also to lay down their arms. Thus were all the ship's company prisoners, except the captain. He had taken refuge in the cabin; where, from a small window in the door, he fired upon us unremittingly, and declared, when called upon to surrender, that he would spill the last drop of his blood before he would see the inside of a French prison. The English officers (who had by this time been conducted on board our galley, and who afterwards acknowledged that their testimony was part of their orders,) described their captain as 'a man quite *fool-hardy*; as one determined to *blow the frigate into the air*, rather than strike!' and painted his resolution in such colours as made even their conquerors tremble. The way to the powder-room led through the cabin; therefore, as he had the execution of his threat fully in his power, we expected every moment to see the ship blown up, our prize and our prisoner both escape our hands, and we, from being grappled to the vessel, suffer almost the same fate in the explosion. In this extremity, it was thought best to summon the captain in gentle terms, and to promise him the most respectful treatment if he would surrender. He only answered by firing as fast as possible.

"At length the last remedy was to be tried—to select a few resolute men, and to take him dead or alive. For this purpose, a serjeant and twelve grenadiers were sent, with bayonets fixed, to break open the cabin-door; and if he would not give up arms, to run him through the body. The captain was prepared for every species of assault, and before the serjeant, who was at the head of his detachment, could execute his commission, the besieged shot him dead; and threatening the grenadiers with the same fate if they persisted, he had the satisfaction to see them take to flight. Their terror was so complete, that they refused to renew the engagement, though led on by several of our officers; and the officers themselves recoiled at the entrance of the passage, and alleged as their excuse, that as they could advance but one at a time into the room, the English captain (whom they called the Devil) would kill them all, one after the other.

"The commodore, ashamed of this pusillanimity, was forced again to have recourse to persuasion. A deputation was sent to the closed door; and the captain, ceasing to fire, condescended to hear their message. He returned a short answer—'I shall now submit to my destiny; but as brave men should surrender only to the brave, bring your commander to me, for he alone amongst you has steadily stood his ground; and to him only will I resign my sword.'

"The commodore was as surprised as delighted with the unex-

pected success of this embassy. Everything being arranged, the door of the cabin was opened, and its dauntless defender appeared to us, in the person of a little, hump-backed, pale-faced man, altogether as deformed in body as he was perfect in mind. The Chevalier Langeron complimented him on his bravery, and added, that 'his present captivity was but the fortune of war, and that he should have no reason to regret being a prisoner.'

"'I feel no regret,' replied the little captain; 'my charge was the fleet of merchant-men, and my duty called me to defend them, though at the expense of my vessel. I prolonged the engagement until I saw from my cabin-window that they were all safe within the mouth of the Thames; and to have held out longer would have been obstinacy, not courage. In what light my services may be represented to my countrymen, I know not, neither do I care. I might, perhaps, have had more honour of them, by saving her Majesty's ship by flight; but this consolation remains, that though I have lost it and my own liberty together, I have served England faithfully; and while I enrich the public, and rescue her wealth from the gripe of her enemies, I cannot consider myself unhappy. Your kind treatment of me may meet a return: my countrymen will pay my debt of gratitude; for the Power which now yields me to your hands may one day put you in theirs.'

"The noble boldness with which he expressed himself charmed the commodore: he returned his sword to him with these words: 'Take, sir, a weapon which no man better deserves to wear! Forget that you are my prisoner, but ever remember that we are friends.'"

WESTMINSTER HALL *.

Even in busy Term-time, unless something extraordinary is going on, Westminster Hall has a quiet, staid, unbustling kind of look, not out of keeping with its judicial associations and architectural character. A few idlers may be seen pacing up and down its spacious area; the doors leading into the different courts swing backwards and forwards as people pass out and in; barristers wigged and gowned cross the vision of the muser, as he gazes around, or lifts his eye to the noble roof of interlaced chestnut which spans the hall: but there is scarcely any noise, and no confusion. The stranger may be more startled by the echo of his own footsteps than by any other sound which reaches his ear; and as he admires the symmetry of an apartment 270 feet in length and 74 in breadth, while the roof is 90 feet from the pavement, he will be quite disposed to admit that the "local habitation" of English Law is worthy of the English name.

Westminster Hall was built originally by William Rufus; but was completely re-edified by Richard II., and having been completed in 1398, the present building may be considered as nearly four centuries and a half old. If we could give eyes and ears to those old chestnut ribs which hang over us, what a long and varied story could they tell! Feastings of monarchs and nobles on coronation evenings; solemn trials for high treason, when the court was composed of the greatest of the land, and the prisoners wore illustrious names and titles; outpourings of eloquence, when impeached state criminals heard their deeds blazoned by fervid minds and tongues, and shrank from their own pictures; and also, alas! law sometimes attempting to trample on equity, and power setting its heel on justice. But these scenes were the holidays of Westminster Hall; its ordinary aspect was of a humbler and a more vulgar kind. Though now each court has its own retreat, and the Hall, divested of all ornament, is used as a promenade in ordinary, there was once a time, not very remote, when all that spacious area was encumbered with wooden divisions, or boxes; when each court sat here, openly to view; and when even traffic was permitted to enter, and booksellers, sempstresses, and glovers gave the place the aspect of a bazaar—the trade of law and the law of trade playing into each other's hands! Modern improvement has swept Westminster Hall; built shrines for each court; and driven traffic abroad:—the administration of law has now a decent—nay, a solemn and impressive exterior.

But let us pass from the open Hall into some one of the courts: *the doors leading into each are all arranged on one side; the wall on our right hand being pierced, to give admission to a building of* very modern date, thrown up on the outside of the Hall, and attached to it. The King's (Queen's) Bench, the Common Pleas, the Exchequer, and the Chancery courts, are before us; we have only to choose which to enter. But how miserably small all of them are!—the lofty notions engendered by the lofty Hall shrink almost into nothing, as we all huddle together; we get too near the barristers' wigs, and can safely speculate on the stuff they are made of! There was doubtless a reason for making the courts so paltry-looking as they are; dignity was sacrificed to business. In order to get gradually used to the transition, we may go back again into the Hall, and ask how these different courts came to exist, and how it is, that as justice is "one and indivisible," so many different forms should have been contrived, in order to administer it to a justice-loving people.

The space between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter being greater than a certain observed uniformity of distance between all the other planets, it was thrown out, as a suggestion, that there was possibly an undiscovered planet in the interval, just as it was supposed that a fifth continent remained to be discovered on our globe. A fifth solid continent was not discovered, but many islands, large and small, have been—forming a fifth quarter of the world. So, another large planet, fit to take rank between Mars and Jupiter, has *not* been discovered, but four small ones have been, all revolving in that portion of our solar system which analogy pointed to. But astronomers, somewhat annoyed by these petty globes, have hinted that they may be fragments of a larger world, which once revolved where they do now, and which was blown to pieces by some tremendous explosion. That which is guess in astronomy, may be said to be certainty in the history of our law. The four courts of Chancery, King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, have all sprung out of one—only they have gradually grown up, assumed separate jurisdictions, and proceeded by different forms, until at last modern legislation has nearly reunited them, by giving the three courts of common law nearly a uniformity of process. Greater matters than even our courts of law have sprung from one root. The Witenagemote, or meeting of the wise, which advised with our Anglo-Saxon kings on all that related to affairs of state and affairs of justice, became, it is said, under our first Anglo-Norman kings, the Great Council, where nobles alone shared with the king in the business of the rude legislation of the time. But as administering justice between man and man was too common and too heavy a business to be overtaken at the casual meetings of the council, or in the *spare* time of the king, the judicial business was delegated to certain officers of the royal household, who attended to it in the hall of the royal palace. Proceedings being written down as a memorial and a guide, and parties present being called upon to bear record or witness of the particular facts, the Aula Regis, where justice was administered in the name and on the behalf of the king, became a court of record. The business of the Aula Regis was of a threefold kind. The judges had to attend to the king's pleas, wherein, as head or master, he prosecuted on behalf of the state or the public; to common pleas, between subject and subject; and pleas of the exchequer, relating to the royal revenue. From this division of its business, the Aula Regis was dissolved into the three courts of common law; and when advancing civilisation, as well as war and turmoil, made it to be felt as an enormous grievance that the administration of justice should follow the movements of the king, the convenience of a fixed seat of justice led to the celebrated enactment of Magna Charta, that common pleas should no longer follow the king, but be held in some certain place. Gradually, therefore, the courts became stationary at Westminster Hall; and to supply the lack of justice in different parts of the kingdom, after royal progresses ceased, the practice was established of sending the judges on justice-dispensing tours, first at irregular and more distant intervals of time, and at last regularly in circuits.

The history of Westminster Hall may be termed the history of

* Law and Lawyers: or, Sketches and Illustrations of Legal History and Biography. In two Volumes.—London: Longman and Co. 1840.

the country. The nature of that traditionary system called the "common law," with all the additions and alterations made in it and to it by statute law and the decisions of judges; the growth of equity as opposed apparently to common law, but in reality as aiding and combining with it; the gradual development of the law of evidence and trial by jury, from their rude beginnings to their present condition; with all the collateral topics which rise out of them—present much matter for the information of younger readers, for whose benefit we may attempt to take up the general subject. Meantime, we present them with a few extracts from a recently-published work, which may serve as an introduction. The work, whose title we have given in a note, is full of very readable matter, and much valuable information. It is not deficient in research and accuracy, though in one or two instances the author has fallen into palpable mistakes, and also repeats the same story in different parts of his work. Our extracts, however, will enable the reader to form his own judgment of the style and character of the book.

"Sir William Jones has observed, that 'the only road to the highest stations in this country is that of the law*:' and probably it is to a general conviction of this kind that we owe the multitude of aspirants for its honours and dignities. There is no profession in the country in whose character and prospects so much interest is felt, and which exercises so important an influence upon our social and political relations. Those who are the most prominent in its ranks are well known to the public, and there are few persons to be met with who are not more or less, connected with some one belonging to it.

"At the bar and on the bench have been found those who, in the worst and darkest times, have nobly vindicated the supremacy of the laws; and, despite the ambition of despotic sovereigns and the fury of licentious demagogues, have defended the rights of the people and the prerogatives of the crown.

"In allusion to the repeated attempts of James I. to overawe his parliaments, Mr. Godwin observes, that 'it is impossible to review these proceedings without feeling that the liberties of England are to no man so deeply indebted as to Sir Edward Coke.' And in how many instances have those liberties been preserved by the intrepidity and independence of the judges of England! How many evils have we been spared—seeing that we, like every other government resting upon public opinion as its basis, have ever been oscillating between extremes—by the purity and impartiality with which justice has been administered amongst us! 'In my mind,' says the greatest orator of our age, 'he was guilty of no error—he was chargeable with no exaggeration—he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said that all we see about us, king, lords and commons, the whole machinery of the state—all the apparatus of the system, and its varied workings, end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box.' Bacon has expressed his conviction of the vast importance of our judicial system, in terms not less pointed and forcible. 'When any of the four pillars of government,' says he, 'are mainly shaken or weakened, men had need to pray for fair weather.'"

"It is a great mistake to suppose that the bar is in modern times more aristocratic than of old. We have, indeed, among us some few eminent men, who have sprung from the lower classes, and have found in 'parts and poverty,' the pathway to honour. But what are these among so many? And one reason of this is, that in modern days, the Universities have not been so accessible to persons of small means, and humble birth, as formerly. Look, for example, at the case of the great John Selden. His father is described by Aubrey, as having been 'a yeomanly man of about 40l. per annum.' He also is supposed to have pursued the trade of a wheelwright, and to have assisted his family by his talents as a musician. Selden was sent to Chichester free-school, and, at the age of fourteen, obtained an exhibition, and was admitted fellow of Hart Hall, Oxford. He thus received the best possible education which the age afforded. Lord-keeper Guilford declared that if he had had 100l. a-year, he had never been a lawyer.

"Noy left his son 500l., and 100 marks a-year, which, it was said, was amply sufficient to bring him up to his father's profession. Lord keeper North, when a student, was allowed only 60l. a-year. Jeffreys had an allowance of 40l. a-year, and 10l. for clothes.

* "Sir E. Coke has given a list of 'near two hundred great and noble families which had, even in his time, risen by the law.'"

"Again, in former times, success at the bar was the result of some happy 'hit,' some fortunate event, a leader being taken ill, an important point being overlooked, a case occurring in which a knowledge of some recondite branch of law is required, and of which there is only one person at the bar who knows anything. Those were times in which many men could say, with Lord Mansfield, that they never knew the difference between an income of three hundred a-year, and one of as many thousands. But in our times the case is very different. The young barrister, after he has taken his oaths, and duly apparelled himself in wig and gown, takes his seat on one of the back benches. After having exhibited himself for some time in this position, a friendly attorney entrusts to him 'a motion of course,' or 'a consent brief,' by which he has an opportunity of addressing the bench or woolsack for a fraction of a minute, and also of making a certain agreeable entry in his 'fee-book' The attorney then, perhaps, confides a more important task to his hands—he discharges his duty with quickness and address—his name becomes known to the judge—on the circuit he obtains a prosecution or two, which introduces him to the notice of the country attorneys—he gets on by degrees, until he obtains a moderate practice—he acquires the favour of a leader, and at last gets spoken of as a *rising young man*—a fortunate death occurs on his circuit—he succeeds the deceased—business flows in on him—he applies to the chancellor for a silk gown, which is given to him, and he leads on his circuit.

"Besides, the expenses of admission to the bar, and of the professional education, without which admission is of little value, have of late years much increased. An admired writer on law studies has declared that a clear income of *at least* (the italics are his own) 150l., and that managed with the greatest economy, 'is generally speaking a *sine quâ non* to a successful entrance into the profession.' 'In our opinion,' says the author of an admirable review of the work from which we have quoted, 'if the candidate be not blessed with a commanding connexion, he should have enough to keep him for eight or ten years, so as to give him a fair chance, and something to fall back upon should he fail. It would be difficult to go circuit and sessions, buy books and live comfortably, for less than three times the income named by Mr. Warren.' How strangely do these assertions sound to those who have been taught by precept and example, that in 'parts and poverty' lie the secret of success at the bar! Looking to the great men who have from time to time shed light and glory on their age, such assertions appear anything but reconcileable with fact. Lord Eldon was originally intended for the church. When at Oxford, he was fortunate enough to obtain the chancellor's prize for the best English essay. Considering that henceforth his fortune was made, he was bold enough to persuade a beautiful and interesting girl to elope with him. They were married, and John Scott was regarded as a lost man. The difficulty in which he thus involved himself, compelled him to relinquish all idea of the church, and to enter himself for the bar: he—the son of a coal-whipper at Newcastle—died an earl of the English peerage, in possession of an enormous fortune, and after having for more than twenty-six years presided over the high court of chancery. He says, that after he had kissed hands on receiving the great seal, the king said to him, 'Give my remembrances to Lady Eldon.' He acknowledged his Majesty's condescension, but intimated his ignorance of Lady Eldon's claims to such a notice. 'Yes, yes,' he replied, 'I know how much I owe Lady Eldon. I know you would have made yourself a country curate, and that *she* has made you my Lord Chancellor.' And the old king was right. But where Scott succeeded, how many would have failed? How many, when all the cares and anxieties that are attendant on early marriages, made without regard to prudence, in a pecuniary point of view, are pressing on them—

"'Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for the younger sons'—

how many could apply themselves, with the assiduity which they ought, to the study of a difficult profession?

"'You charge me eighty sequins,' said an Italian noble to a sculptor, 'for a bust that you made in ten days?' 'You forget,' replied the sculptor, 'that I have been thirty years learning to make that bust in ten days.

"There is an opinion current in the minds of the public, that the bar is a profession, in a pecuniary sense, highly profitable, and a few instances of immense fortunes which have been made in it, have been pointed to as evidencing the justice of this opinion. Sir Samuel Romilly is said to have realised an income of upwards of 15,000l. a-year, at the latter end of his life; and in our own

days, enormous retaining fees have, on several occasions, been given to counsel Sir Charles Wetherell is known to have received 7,000 guineas for opposing the Municipal Corporations' Bill at the bar of the house of lords; and it is generally understood that Mr. Serjeant Wilde's retaining fee, in the case of the British Iron Company against Mr. Attwood, was not less than 3000 guineas.* The leader of the home circuit is said to have had 113 retainers during the last (8 9) spring circuit. Conveyancing is probably the most profitable branch of the profession; but of late years the profits of the conveyancer have been very much diminished.

"The eloquence of the English bar belongs to a later period in history than that of which we have been speaking. From the time of Lord Cowper down to the days of Erskine, we can boast a series of forensic orators, who, in the highest attributes of eloquence, would vie with the most renowned speakers that have adorned our senate. It will also be found, that accomplished as these have been as orators, they have been also often profound, and always well-read lawyers: for it is an error to suppose that law-learning and eloquence are incompatible; and a far greater error to suppose, that in modern time, any 'figures of speech' will compensate for an intimate acquaintance with the principles of the law, and the practice of the courts.

"Lord Erskine, in a letter which has been published, says, 'That no man can be a great advocate, who is no lawyer. The thing is impossible.' In former times, however, when oratory was in greater requisition at the bar than at present, the thing was far more possible. Now the judges have a habit of interrupting counsel with remarks and questions, with a view of shortening proceedings, which would, to borrow the language of a learned friend, at once 'throw on his back' any barrister who should venture before them with but little knowledge of law, despite all his quickness and eloquence. When Lord Brougham heard a counsel addressing the court in a flowery strain, he sarcastically observed to some one near him, 'Poor young man! he has read the wrong Phillips.'

"It is, however, a great mistake to suppose that the most successful advocate is he that is the most eloquent. The present Lord Abinger, who on all hands must be admitted to have been the first advocate of his time, had not the remotest pretensions to eloquence. His style was colloquial; he *talked* over the jury. He never *bullied* them, attempting, like his great antagonist, Mr. Brougham, to wring verdicts from them, and to force them, reluctant and terrified, to do his bidding. His bearing towards them was bland and respectful; he took care never to alarm them with the fury of rhetoric; he was fluent, and as Johnson said of Churchill, was a tree that only bore crabs, but bore a great many. Sir Albert Pell was another instance of a successful advocate who never 'trod the primrose paths' of flowery speech. He was famous for violating the rules of grammar and pronunciation every time he opened his mouth. He was verbose and prolix, and yet succeeded in getting verdicts. This secret might be learnt from the following anecdote:—A gentleman happened to be in a room with him the day after he had been engaged in an important cause in the neighbourhood, and made some slight allusion to the tautologous speech which the learned counsel had delivered. Pell immediately acknowledged the justice of the censure. 'I certainly was confoundedly long,' he said, 'but did you observe the foreman, a heavy-looking fellow in a yellow waistcoat? No more than one idea could ever stay in his thick head at a time, and I resolved that mine should be that one; so I hammered on till I saw by his eyes that he had got it. Do you think I cared for what you young critics might say?' Lord Brougham used to say of Pell's style of speaking, 'that it was not eloquence, it was *pelloquence*, and deserved to have a chapter in books of rhetoric to itself.'

"A bold, familiar, and forcible manner, conveying to the minds of all present a belief that you are in earnest, is the most effective style for addressing a jury. An editor of a newspaper brought an action against three gentlemen who had been attacked in his paper, and who had vindicated their character by inflicting on him the severest chastisement. Mr. Charles Phillips, who was of counsel for the plaintiff, made a splendid speech, depicting with great eloquence the cruelty with which his client had been treated, and managed very evidently to carry the jury along with him. Mr. (afterwards Justice) Taunton, who appeared for the defendant, quickly obliterated the impression that his brilliant opponent had made, by saying in a powerful, but familiar tone, 'My friend's eloquent complaint in plain English amounts to this, that his client has received a good horse-whipping—and mine is as short—*that he richly deserved it!*'

"In ancient times the clergy monopolised all the learning in the kingdom. They were statesmen, lawyers, sometimes generals, physicians, and surgeons. The honours of this last profession they were afterwards compelled to share with the barbers.

"In the reign of Henry III. the ecclesiastical superiors of the clergy interfered, and forbad their practising in the secular courts; but the profits they derived from their practice made many openly defy, and others secretly evade, this command. The coif, or patch of black silk, which we see at the top of our serjeants' wigs to this day, was invented at this time in order to conceal the priests' tonsures. We may perceive, at present, many evidences that clergymen were the predecessors of our present 'learned friends' at Westminster. The gown and band now worn, are clearly borrowed from the ecclesiastical habit; the wig is a later invention; the term 'clerk,' as applied to several officers in our law-courts, points also to an ecclesiastical origin. The six clerks in chancery were originally the clerks in the king's chapel, over whom presided the arch-chaplain or dean, called the chancellor, who was also the king's confessor, and was said to have the charge of his conscience. The six clerks were ecclesiastics to a very late period of our history, and forfeited their offices if they attempted to marry. An act of Parliament, passed in the fourteenth year of Henry the Eighth's reign, relieved them from this disability, probably because they were no longer clergy. The clergy were not enabled to marry until sixteen years afterwards.

"The office of Chancellor continued longer in the possession of ecclesiastics than any other. Until the fall of Wolsey, when the sceptre departed from the Church, and that overwhelming influence in civil matters which she had so long exercised, to the great detriment of religion, had for ever passed away, the great seal was usually held by a dean or archdeacon, or was confided to one of the king's chaplains. We are told that there were one hundred and twenty-six clegymen who at different times held this important and onerous office. After Wolsey's time, and previous to the days of Lord Bacon, it was held, at three different times, by dignified ecclesiastics; and Bacon himself was succeeded by Williams, Dean of Westminster, who was the last clerical functionary intrusted with the seals. We proceed to make a few brief observations on the important office itself.

"To trace the rise of the equitable jurisdiction of the Chancellor in England, however interesting it might be, would demand far greater space than we can afford. We may still observe, that the result of inquiries into the records of the chancery court show, that the chief business of that court, in ancient times, did not arise, as is often supposed, from the introduction of uses of land, as very few applications on the subject are found to have been made during the first four or five reigns after the equitable jurisdiction of the court appears to have been fully established. By far the greater number of the ancient petitions appear to have been presented, in consequence of assaults and trespasses, which were cognisable at common law, but for which the party complaining was unable to obtain redress, from the protection afforded to his adversary by some powerful baron, or sheriff, or other officer of the county in which they occurred. To supply the defects and mitigate the rigour of the common law, is generally understood to have been considered the duties of the chancellor at a later period.

"It has been a usual complaint that the difficulty of understanding law is greatly aggravated by the barbarous phraseology in which the lawyers write.

"An M.D. once reproached a learned counsel with what Mr. Bentham would call the 'uncognoscibility' of the technical terms of law. 'Now, for example,' said he, 'I never could comprehend what you meant by *docking an entail*.' 'My dear doctor,' replied the barrister, 'I don't wonder at that, but I will soon explain the meaning of the phrase: it is doing what your profession never consent to—*suffering a recovery!*' Technical terms must always seem uncouth and be unintelligible to those to whom the science in which they are used is unknown; and perhaps, abstractedly speaking, law phrases are not one whit more barbarous and uncognoscible than those of any other science.

"The phrases used in Scottish law are even more difficult and obscure than those in use on this side of Tweed; and this arises from the circumstance that the Scotch lawyers employ words in ordinary use in a certain technical sense. When a judge wishes to be peremptory in an order, he ordains parties to *condescend*; when he intends to be mild, he recommends them to *love* their pleas. When anybody thinks proper to devise his estates for the benefit of the poor, he is considered by the law of Scotland to *mortify*

* The fee indorsed on the brief was 1000 guineas.

them. *Witnesses are brought into court upon a diligence,* and before they can be examined, they must be *purged.* If a man loses his deceased elder brother's estate, it is called a *conquest!* The elegant phrases of 'blasting you at the horn,' 'poinding your estate,' 'consigning you to the fisc,' exceed any barbarisms for which Westminster Hall need to blush. We have, however, assuredly some phrases which sound strange in laymen's ears—*docking an entail—seised in fee*—villains in gross, &c.

"When Sir Thomas More was at Bruges, some bold doctor offered a challenge to the world, to dispute on any given subject. More readily accepted the challenge, and proposed the following question:—'Whether beasts taken in withernam can be replevied?' This question, touching a point of our municipal law, abashed the sophist who pretended to universal knowledge, and who at once withdrew from the field.

"The judges in the courts of law and equity are esteemed by the constitution of very great dignity and importance. Striking in a superior court of law, or at the assizes, is more penal than striking in the king's palace; an offence which our law used anciently to visit with the utmost severity. Previously to the Conquest, we learn from Blackstone, to strike any one in the king's court of justice, or even to draw a sword therein, was a capital felony; but our law exchanged the loss of life for that of limb; now such an offence may be punished with the loss of the right hand, imprisonment for life, and forfeiture of goods and chattels, and of the profits of lands for life. Those even who are guilty of having used threatening or reproachful words to a judge sitting in a court are guilty of a high misprision, and have been punished with large fines, imprisonment, and corporeal punishment. Even an affray or riot near the courts, though out of their actual view, is punished with fine and imprisonment. So highly does the law respect the dignity and consequence of the judicial character. Bacon, when Lord Keeper, pronounced a decree against Lord Clifton, who was so enraged at it, that he publicly declared that 'he was sorry he had not stabbed the Lord Keeper in his chair, the moment he had pronounced judgment.' For this imprudent speech he was committed to the Tower. Bacon appears to have conducted himself with great and commendable moderation. Writing to Buckingham, he says, 'I pray your lordship, in humbleness, to let his majesty know that I little fear the Lord Clifton, but I much fear the example that will animate ruffians and *rodomonti*, extremely against the seats of justice, which are his majesty's own seats—yea, and against all authority and greatness, if this pass without public censure and example, it having gone already so far, as that the person of a baron hath been committed to the Tower.'

"Exalted as is the dignity of the judge, his labours are severe, his responsibility heavy. He is often placed in such situations as require from him the utmost control of his feelings, while his daily occupations demand the constant exercise of the highest faculties of his mind, and this especially in the dispensing of criminal justice, and most especially at a period when our criminal code was disgraced by a severity unknown to almost every other country in the world, and unworthy of a people to whom religion and civilisation were known. Remembering that he was placed on the bench not to make but to administer—not to alter but to *declare* the law, a humane and intelligent judge must have felt, and perhaps at times may even now feel, a severe conflict between his feelings and his duty.

"The 'Morality of Law and Lawyers' is neither superior nor inferior in its quality to the morality of any other class; and it is to nothing but the ignorance of calumniators that the opinion of its inferiority can be ascribed. There are indeed some practices in the profession which we would fain see abandoned; and we are confident that their abandonment, without diminishing the actual gains of the lawyer, would tend considerably to exalt him in the estimation of the public. We refer to those fictitious charges which swell the amount of the solicitors' bills; charges often for work not done by them, or perhaps not done at all; charges sometimes for the merest trifles and performance of the most insignificant duties. Every one who has been honoured with the perusal of a document of this kind, will recal to his recollection the words 'Term fee,' 'Procuration fee,' 'Attending counsel and delivering brief,' 'Attending to get deeds stamped,' 'Drawing lease for a year,' and numberless other items of a similar character which have crowded the awful sheets. Now when it is remembered that it is some errand-boy or inferior clerk, whose services are valued at ten shillings a week, that leaves the brief at the counsel's chambers, the fee usually charged surely appears too high; and also that it is, in nine cases out of ten, a stationer that obtains the stamps affixed to the parchment, for which he is paid nothing, the charge for this can hardly be defended; nor can the sum which the client is called on to pay for Drawing a lease for a year, a merely formal document, be defended, seeing that it is invariably prepared either by the aforesaid clerk or the aforesaid stationer. We could continue our remarks on this subject much longer, but enough has been said to direct public attention to the subject. We allude to it in a spirit the very reverse of hostility to the solicitors; we do so with no other wish than that they would reform their practice, and put down, by the most effectual means possible, the malicious and ungenerous insinuations to which they have been subjected. We are far from believing them as a body overpaid: it is not the amount of their gains we challenge; it is the form and means in which and by which these gains are acquired to which we object. We believe that the fair amount of these gains has in modern times been greatly diminished through the activity of interlopers and the deficiencies of the law. In the country, at this moment, there are a considerable number of persons, neither certificated nor attorneys, prosecuting a thriving practice, greatly to the detriment of those who to fit themselves for their profession have spent a considerable time in study as well as paid heavy duties to the government. This is an evil which cries aloud for speedy remedy, and we do trust that in fairness, and for the protection of an honourable profession, something will speedily be done."

A MORNING RAMBLE IN SMYRNA.

THERE is no place regarding which I ever had so many varied associations as Smyrna. My first were of reverence and awe, as, when a boy, I used to read of the seven churches of Asia; and heard clergymen speak from the pulpit of the present fallen greatness of these once-favoured spots. My second were caused by reading in the grocer's shop-window, "Fine new Smyrna figs," while my mouth watered to taste them. Later associations of Smyrna were—of the city of the plague, the dead-cart, livid corpses, oilskin cloaks, and people avoiding to touch one another in passing in the street; and my latest were—as being the rendezvous of almost all the assassins, bullies, thieves, gamblers, and villains, which infest the Levant.

All these varied recollections of churches, figs, plague, and assassins, and every thought I may say which has passed through my mind in regard to Smyrna during a period of nearly thirty years, stood in clear array before me, as I hastily performed my toilet, previous to my appearing on deck to view the place that had so long and so deeply interested my fancy.

The sun had been risen nearly two hours. The deck of our steamer was almost entirely cleared of passengers and luggage, while round the sides thirty or forty boatmen were calling out, in Greek or Italian, for the portage of the few that yet remained. Smyrna lay stretching out from the stern of our vessel, and seemed to the eye a sort of crescent of irregularly-built houses, situated on a plain; while behind it rose a chain of hills, and on the top of one of them ruins of an older date. After enjoying for some little time the view from the quarter-deck, I jumped into one of the little boats, and was rapidly pulled towards the shore. We had not proceeded far before one of the boatmen said, with an air of great satisfaction, "How you do, sir? me hope you very *bono* this day." I replied, I was very well, and asked him if he could talk much English. He rejoined, "O yes! me talk English very much; me interpreter for all English gentlemans come here; me your interpreter; me very honest man, me *non cattiva*, me not cheat same as other dragomans; all dragomans in Smyrna *barbenti* (scoundrel), me *non barbenti*." After thus delivering himself, the boatman or dragoman—for he seemed both—rested upon his oars, and drew from his breast a book, in which were a few *real* English names, and a great many *forged* ones, certifying that Andrionaico was a very honest man, and might safely be trusted by any Englishman, as dragoman, purveyor, &c. &c. I told him that I did not want any dragoman, as I could speak the language myself. At this information his countenance fell, but he said I would at least give him a certificate of his honesty. This, however, I refused to do, and he, putting the book in his pocket in high dudgeon, bent to his oars, and began again to pull for the shore. The boat was much larger than an ordinary caique of Constantinople, as well as much clumsier and stronger-looking. It was pulled by another man besides Andrionaico; they sometimes sat, and sometimes stood, as they handled their oars; and I found afterwards that caiques so small and light as those of Stamboul were not used in this port.

On arrival at a low wooden quay, I threw a piastre in the bottom of the boat, and jumped ashore; but one of the boatmen cried out that it was too little, while the other followed me, saying he was not a boatman, and begging I would allow him something for translating for me on the voyage from the steamer to the shore. I was almost confounded at the fellow's impudence, and answered him in no very select phrases; while he, seeing I was more noisy than profitable, re-entered the boat, and again pulled for the steamer. I had not been two days in Smyrna, until I learned that Andrionaico, the "very honest man," was one of the biggest rogues in the town. His father was a Maltese, and his mother a Smyrniote; and if reports are true, fitter parents to make a roguish son could not be found anywhere.

It was about six in the morning when I landed at the quay, and began to traverse the town. I found Frank and Turkish cafés in abundance, and all well filled with customers. The Greek, wine, and rakee shops were, however, by far the most numerous, and, as I wended my way through the long crooked street, that runs close upon the shore from one end of Smyrna to the other, I observed even at that early hour many drunken brawls, and in two instances saw the bright steel glitter in the morning sun, as long knives were drawn with the intention of steeping them in blood. In one of these cases the party saved himself by a precipitate retreat to another wine-shop, where, closing the door, the fugitive remained safe, while his antagonist stood in the street calling on him to come out to his death. How long this bloodthirsty Greek might have stood ere his ire was cooled I know not, for a party of armed police chancing to pass, they took him away, and ordered the wine-keeper again to open his door, and the crowd dispersed, evidently disappointed that no blood had been spilt. The other case was that of a quarrel between two Greeks who were sitting gambling at a little table. One of them drew his knife, and was in the act of stabbing his adversary when his hand was grasped, and the knife wrenched from it, with the speed of lightning. This was done by a man who was standing behind, looking on at the game, and who I suspected was a confederate of the man who was gaining, apparently more indebted to the telegraphing of his companion than to his own luck. Assassinations are here very common, and during the six days I remained in Smyrna at this time, a day never passed in which I did not see brawlers issue from the wine-shops, "on deadly purpose bent." During these six days, there were five Greeks assassinated in wine-shop brawls.

After I had traversed the long street from end to end, I retraced my steps to about the centre of it, and then struck directly through the town towards the hills. After leaving the main thoroughfare, I found the streets become very dirty and narrow, scarcely one of them possessing a good-looking house, but entirely composed of mean, low buildings. I had not walked far before the streets began to ascend, which they continued to do until I was outside of the town. The morning was very warm, and the exertion necessary to climb the rough and hilly lanes had so far exhausted me, that I was glad to sit down on the burnt-up grass, and, enjoy the scene around me. In front was the Gulf of Smyrna, on whose bosom lay at anchor about thirty merchant vessels of all nations, two steamers, and two men-of-war. In the distance, several villages could be seen skirting the far-off shore of the Gulf; under my feet stood the modern town all bustle and animation, while above my head lay the ancient city in ruin and silence. The scene to the eye was far inferior to many that I had seen in the East; but the associations connected with the spot caused me to linger. How long my thoughts might have rambled over Smyrna and its neighbourhood I know not, had something not jumped or flown past my face. I started from my seat, and cautiously looked around. It was a moment or two before I could see or hear anything moving, but soon my ear caught the loud singing of grasshoppers; the air around seemed filled with their song, but still the body that passed my nose had left an impression on my mind, that it was too large for a grasshopper. After watching the singing for a short time, and seeing nothing stir, I began to move myself,—then the nimble-legged gentry began to leap; but such leaping I never saw equalled either before or since. Some of them took the usual grasshopper leap, others leaped four times as far, while the larger ones seemed to fly as well as leap, and I sometimes pursued them a distance of more than thirty yards before they took the ground. The pursuit, however, was not like that after a butterfly, all was straightforward "go-a head." There was one of these merry animals, that when in motion made as much noise as a hedge-sparrow, and I determined, if possible, to capture it. It managed to take about ten flying leaps, resting until I approached, and then going off whirring its wings like a bird. Each leap was shorter than its predecessor; at last, it was fairly exhausted, and I caught it among some long dried grass. Its body was more than three inches long, and from the points of its feelers to the tips of its toes, when the legs were full stretched, it measured more than seven inches. It had four wings most beautifully diversified with blue, yellow, red, and green streaks.

After visiting the ruins of the castle and church, I turned again to contemplate the modern town with its minarets rising up like so many tall needles, and the flags of the various nations of Europe fluttering in the breeze from long poles, erected on the tops of the various consulates. While thus engaged, my eye caught a sight which realised all my dreams of oriental romance.

Near to the centre of the town I saw a large open space of broken and uneven ground, with a fountain in the centre, while around were strings of camels grouped in the most effective style. The distance at which I was could not enable me to distinguish the groups in detail, but I had a view of the *grand tableau* at one *coup-d'œil*. Such a scene I had long wished to enjoy; I forgot all my dreams of antiquity in the romance of the present, and, marking the bearing of the spot, dived once again into the narrow and dirty streets of "*Ghiaour Ismir*," as the Turks call Smyrna. Practice had made me an adept in threading unknown oriental towns; and I soon found myself on the spot I sought. It appeared to be an open space of about the same size as Smithfield market, with irregularly-built houses forming irregular sides to it. The ground was uneven and in many places broken up, while parts of it were here and there covered with spots of parched grass, others with a stone causeway, but the greater part of the surface was dry earth. I asked an old Turk the name of the place, and he answered me, *Devah Chana*, which signifies The Inn of the Camels; and truly it was not misnamed, for the ground was covered with more than three hundred of these curious-looking animals, grouped in every variety of position and posture. Some caravans had just arrived, and the camels of these were standing in long strings with their tall burdens towering over their ever restless heads, which does not look unlike the neck of some monstrous teapot set in motion by the wand of a magician; others were lying on the ground, side by side, in close file, loaded and unloaded, loading and unloading. In some cases, the camels were grouped with their heads towards each other, leaving a space in the centre where their burdens were placed. Among the keepers, &c. there were Arabs and Turks from all parts of Asia and Africa, dressed in the scarlet, the brown, the green, or the white robes and turbans, according to their custom or whim. Among the merchants, there were Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, to be seen, but few in the Frankish dress. Some of the camels were very young, not larger than a calf a week old, running by the side of their maternal parent, if in motion, or resting at her head, rubbing its nose on hers, and playing as many tricks as a frolicsome kitten; and I had nearly bought one of these curious animals, but, not being accustomed to *Oriental jockeying*, the vendor and I quarrelled, and I left the khan without drawing my purse. The owner asked me 200 piastres—about 35*l*., for a fine little camel, old enough to leave its mama. He assured me this was the lowest *para*, and I was, without more ado, as he also told me it was "the last word," about to pay down the sum, when he suddenly raised his demand, and I left him in disgust. Afterwards I found out that these people are never satisfied with a bargain, unless there be at least two hours of wrangling, the one extolling and the other depreciating the object of sale; when the argument is exhausted, and every comparative, argumentative, and diminutive term in their language has been used several times, then both parties feel that due justice has been done to the subject, and the money is paid, and accepted with a *sang froid* that makes it appear as if the money formed no feature of the argument just concluded.

At a subsequent period, I went with an Englishman, who was well acquainted with the manners of the people and wanted a horse, to see the proper method of striking a bargain. The gentleman took his servant, a Maltese, with him; and on our arrival at the khan, the gentleman, the horse-dealer, the servant, and myself—all sat down to smoke our pipes together; by-and-bye a *surreyhee* trotted the horse out, and, after a good deal of delay, the price was named. The gentleman shook his head, told his servant in English to buy the horse at the price named, or cheaper, if he could; but on no account to attempt to conclude the bargain under two hours. The gentleman went away, his servant and myself remained, apparently out of mere idleness, to smoke another pipe, and, after a considerable pause, the debate began. The Maltese ran the horse down at no allowance, and said it was not worth a fourth part of

the sum asked. The Turk on his part said all that was bosh lackriday (empty words), as it was worth double the sum demanded, and he would not give it now at any price. The Maltese retorted in proper style, and, after two hours of wrangling and disputing, each party seemed to consider the matter had been managed in a very creditable and praiseworthy style on both sides; the horse was bought for a trifle less than first demanded. The money was paid down, mutual compliments passed, and each took leave of the other highly satisfied at the tone, length, and result of the debate.

GALVANIC BATTERY.

AT a meeting of the Electrical Society, held on the 16th of October, 1838, a paper was read by Mr. Walker, descriptive of a battery he had prepared, (the expense of which he estimates at about as many shillings as there were cells,) and at that and subsequent meetings he made most interesting reports upon the experiments he had effected by means of his apparatus. His papers may be found at large in the printed proceedings of the Society, from whence we extract the following description of the battery; and an account of it may also be found in the third volume of the "Annals of Electricity." The original is illustrated by figures, but the description is so clear as to be easily understood without them.

"Each cell of the battery is a cylindrical vessel of white earthenware, capable of containing about half a pint. The copper elements are sheets whose width is equal to the height of the vessel, and whose length is more than equal to the inner circumference; so that when bent into a cylindrical form and placed within their respective cells, they arrange themselves closely against the sides. Attached to each is a stout copper wire—diameter 1-10th inch—supporting a small brass cup to contain mercury. The zinc elements are cylinders two inches external diameter, composed of metal 3-16th inch in thickness, and each weighing about two pounds. The wires soldered to the zinc are considerably longer than those attached to the copper.

"Great care was taken in arranging and charging the cells: narrow slips of glass well covered with shell lac varnish were spread in order on the table; on these the cells rested, to preserve as much as possible their insulation: the cells were about an inch apart. The ends of the wires within the mercury-cups were amalgamated by touching them with a copper wire, dipped into nitrate of mercury. The coppers, with these their attached wires, being placed in the cells, the cups were filled with mercury. Into each cell was then poured a measured quantity of saturated solution of sulphate of copper, about a quarter of a pint. The ends of their wires having been previously amalgamated, each zinc was rested on the centre of a circular piece of *brown paper*, the circumference of which was carefully collected round the upper edge of the cylinder: if this is done with caution, the paper will lie in very regular folds, and effectually cover the zinc. These cylinders were then filled with a saturated solution of salt and water, and being placed within the copper, in the copper solution of their cells, were connected with the neighbouring copper in the next cell by bending their wires into the mercury cups.

"The entire battery consists of 160 of these cells, and is divided into eight batteries of twenty cells each," arranged in four rows of five cells each. By means of a moveable wire the batteries may be connected at pleasure.

"On account of the comparatively small size of the zinc cylinders, the fourth part of a sheet of brown paper is sufficient to cover them; when this, after being cut circular, is folded as described, it will lie closely round their upper edge, not presenting that great accumulation of folds which must of necessity occur where larger zinc (and therefore larger paper) is used. Besides, in the case of large cylinders, the paper, after becoming saturated, is not sufficiently strong to bear the weight of the contained solution; so that in the attempt to remove it from the cell, not only is the paper destroyed, but the salt solution mixes with and destroys the solution of sulphate of copper. With moderate caution the papers of the present battery will serve for many excitations. Mr. Mason informed us that he has tested paper against animal membrane, and has found the former to last the longer.

"Again, as the copper is not *soldered* into a cylinder, any cupreous deposit may easily be detached by opening the cylinder.

"When, as in this case, zinc forms the interior cylinder, its outer becomes the efficient surface in the Voltaic combination. It is needless to add the ease with which this surface (compared *with the inner) can be cleaned. To keep the battery in proper order, the zinc should be cleaned every time the battery is taken to pieces."*

A battery consisting of twelve cells, of same dimensions as those described in Mr. Walker's paper, placed together in a box and excited with hot solutions, was exhibited at the meeting: with this miniature battery a cubic inch of the mixed gases was released in twenty-seven seconds; it produced a red heat on from twelve to fourteen inches of platinum wire, 1-100th of an inch in diameter, and afforded a very brilliant light from charcoal points. Mr. Walker states that about two dozen cells (especially if charged with hot solutions) are more than sufficient for all ordinary purposes.

The materials necessary for the manufacture of the apparatus are easily to be procured from any respectable dealers in the various articles required; and with the assistance of a tolerably skilful workman, or even without such aid, there can be little difficulty in its construction.

THE FIRST OF MARCH.

THE bud is in the bough,
And the leaf is in the bud,
And Earth's beginning now
In her veins to feel the blood,
Which, warm'd by summer's sun
In the alembic of the vine,
From her founts will overrun
In a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom
That shall decorate the flower
Are quickening in the gloom
Of their subterranean bower;
And the juices meant to feed
Trees, vegetables, fruits,
Unerringly proceed
To their pre-appointed roots.

How awful is the thought
Of the wonders under ground,
Of the mystic changes wrought
In the silent dark profound;
How each thing upward tends,
By necessity decreed,
And a world's support depends
On the shooting of a seed!

The Summer's in her ark,
And this sunny-pinion'd day
Is commission'd to remark
Whether Winter holds her sway.
Go back, thou dove of peace,
With the myrtle on thy wing,
Say that flood and tempests cease,
And the world is ripe for Spring.

Thou hast fann'd the sleeping Earth
Till her dreams are all of flowers,
And the waters look in mirth
For their overhanging bowers;
The forest seems to listen
For the rustle of its leaves,
And the very skies to glisten
In the hope of summer eves.

Thy vivifying spell
Has been felt beneath the wave,
By the dormouse in its cell,
And the mole within its cave;
And the summer tribes that creep,
Or in air expand their wing,
Have started from their sleep,
At the summons of the Spring.

The cattle lift their voices
From the valleys and the hills,
And the feather'd race rejoices
With a gush of tuneful bills;
And if this cloudless arch
Fills the poet's song with glee,
O! thou sunny first of March,
Be it dedicate to thee!

*** Can any of our readers inform us as to the authorship of this poem?

CONNUBIAL HAPPINESS—A PICTURE.

The messenger found Argalus at a castle of his own, sitting in a parlour with the fair Parthenia; he, reading in a book the stories of Hercules; she by him, as to hear him read; but while his eyes looked on the book, she looked on his eyes, and sometimes staying him with some pretty questions, not so much to be resolved of the doubt, as to give him occasion to look upon her. A happy couple! He, joying in her; she, joying in herself, but in herself because she enjoyed him. Both increased their riches by giving to each other; each making one life double, because they made a double life one; where desire never wanted satisfaction, nor satisfaction ever brought satiety. He, ruling because she would obey; or rather, because she would obey, she therein ruling.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

The number of letters daily received on the all-important subject of "Live and let Live," suggests how extensively the struggle for existence is compelling multitudes to think. The topics on which advice is solicited are (exclusive of emigration)—the best and most secure mode of investing small sums; Friendly and Assurance Societies; the easiest and most available mode by which individuals, driven from one branch of industry by machinery, may turn to some other means of earning a subsistence, &c. &c. Anxious as we are to oblige our correspondents, and give them counsel on matters so vitally interesting to themselves, it must be obvious that we cannot give specific answers to each; and that even in attending to these communications in a general way, we must ourselves *ask* for information, as well as *give* it. And this, in fact, is one of the intentions of the Letter-Box, by which unknown individuals may be brought into communication, the Journal serving as their medium of introduction.

With this view, we introduce the following letter from a Liverpool gentleman. The writer has given us his private address, as a guarantee; and we are quite satisfied as to the earnestness and honesty of his intentions. Still we shrink from advertising any particular *private* society, especially as we do not happen to know anything of it ourselves. Another correspondent has given us a statement of how he was *bitten* by a "Union Association Fund," which was fraudulently conducted; and he points to a recent statement in the newspapers, describing the application of a person for assistance to recover a sum of money sunk—alas, literally *sunk!*—for an annuity with an insolvent society. Bearing this in mind, our readers will take the following letter on the authority alone of our intelligent correspondent.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

"Sir,—My attention has just been directed to a remarkably intelligent letter from 'an Operative,' which appeared in No. 58, on a subject, in which I have taken, and still take, great interest—namely, *the application of the principle of Life Assurance, or Deferred Annuities*, or both or either, to the means of enabling the working classes to provide from their earnings early in life for that 'night' of age or sickness 'when no man can work;' as well as of providing a sum for their families in the event of their death *happen when it may*, by accident or otherwise; and to how many casualties is not almost *every* working man's life exposed?—as also to purchase for them the proud exemption of being secure from the miseries of pauperism.

"I therefore rejoice to see this letter. The working classes know not 'the might that slumbers' in their little means, if well husbanded and judiciously directed; the advantages and comforts they would produce to themselves and to their children, and the misery, degradation, and crime they would avert.

"The Poor-laws, though a national necessity, are a national evil; and it is a well-ascertained fact, that the *most deserving*, the poor but *honest and well-conducted* labourer and artisan, form but a *very minute* portion of those who prey upon the *immense sums* annually raised throughout the length and breadth of this land for 'the relief of the poor.' They—the working classes,—however, are daily becoming awake to the *fact* of the value of their resources; and I know that the 'National Loan Fund Society,' which your correspondent mentions, has done more to disseminate correct principles of this species of economy among the working and middle classes of these kingdoms than had ever before been dreamed of. I can also assure your intelligent inquirer, that the directors of it have no ambition for a '*parade of names*;' they are themselves few and known: they are '*prudent*, honourable,' and *painstaking* in deciding upon the acceptance of risks, and in the disposal of the funds accumulating from premiums—and men of too much integrity to employ any other than 'cautious, clever, and discriminating' actuaries; they are also economical, almost to a fault, in the expenses of its branches. There are few leading towns in the kingdom that have not a board of local directors; respecting which I can only say, that the Board in *this town* (Liverpool) is composed of gentlemen of the highest character and standing, both for wealth and integrity, and who *attend* to its business with as much punctuality and earnestness as if it were their own.

"But let not your inquirer, 'an Operative,' take my counsel—let him address a line, which he knows so well how to do, to the chairman or secretary, stating what he requires; and he will have an *immediate* answer, giving him full particulars, and every satisfaction. I have not the slightest interest in commending this office to him more than any other; but, from the attention I have for years given to the subject, I know this office *has been* the first to make life-assurance popular, by providing for contingencies in a manner that makes security where it is most required—namely, under adverse circumstances, and which its tables will most satisfactorily show.

"A Friend to the Poor Man.

"P.S.—I would caution your readers against the general tone of the celebrated article on this subject in the 'Quarterly'—it is a sly advertisement, badly written, and sadly inconclusive. The whole subject has *yet* to be treated in a manner worthy of its importance."

Amicus says, "In reply to the inquiry of an Operative in your Letter-Box of the 8th inst., I beg to call your attention to the following extract from the tables of government annuities, per act 3, W. IV. c. 14, entitled 'an act to enable depositors in savings banks and others to purchase government annuities, through the medium of savings banks, &c.'

Payments for a deferred annuity of 20*l.*

Aged 25 and under 26, must pay	£24	14	0	yearly for	10 years.
Or	9	5	0	do.	20 years.
Or	4	1	0	do.	30 years.

There is an annuity society, pursuant to that act, established in connexion with the St. Clement Danes' savings bank, opposite St. Clement's Church, near Temple Bar, the whole of the money being returnable in case the party contracting for the annuity does not live to the age at which the annuity is become payable, or if he is unable to continue payment of the monthly or annual instalments. The tables are calculated for annuities of 20*l.* for all ages, from 15 to 71, and from 10 years deferred to 65, but an annuity can be purchased of any amount, not less than 4*l.* or more than 20*l.*; but every information may be obtained of the actuary, Mr. Mason, I think, No. 4, Serle's-place, Carey-street, between the hours of 11 and 1."

One of the wants of Ireland is the want of capital. The writer of the following letter has a *little* capital, with which he is willing to "try his luck" in the Emerald Isle. Any of our readers, then, interested in the welfare of Ireland, will oblige us by an answer to our young Scotch correspondent.

"I have lived on a farm in Forfarshire with my father from infancy, and acquired a practical knowledge of farming. Having now reached the years of maturity, my father is to reward me for my labours with the handsome sum of 800*l.*, which I wish to invest on a farm, but land in Scotland at the present time is renting so high that I could hardly make a living by it. I have, for some time past, had a fancy for Ireland, as an agricultural country; now, I want your advice on the subject—whether it is or is not a good country for a young agriculturist settling into, and what part of it is best as regards climate and good soil."

"An Inquirer" wishes to know if there is any distinction between the terms "liquid" and "fluid," or whether they mean one and the same thing. Lengthened discussions, he says, have taken place between persons differing on this point.

When the etymology of these words is considered, we find it impossible to draw a line of distinction between them. Fluid may be traced to the Latin *flumen*, or (etymologists are not agreed as to which language owns its original) to the Anglo-Saxon *Flum*, a river; whence *fluere* (Latin), *flowan* (A. S.), to flow; and thence *fluid*, any body that either actually flows, or possesses the capability of flowing, like a river.

Liquid comes from the Latin *liquare*, to melt, to reduce to a fluid state; and this Vossius derives from the old Latin word *lix*, which he contends signified water.

Both words are thus traced up to one common type, water, and no reason can be assigned why they should not be used as strictly synonymous, but a certain distinction has been made in their application by modern chemists, who

never denominate the gases, or other invisible fluids, liquids. Webster, in his "Dictionary of the English Language," says that "Liquid is not precisely synonymous with fluid. Mercury and air are fluid, but not liquid." He does not quote any authorities in support of his dictum, and if the term liquid be properly applied to water, which it is universally, we cannot see why it is not equally applicable to quicksilver; instances may be given from our best writers of its use in reference to air; Dryden, in his translation of Ovid, (*Metamorphoses*, book 1,) speaks of "Fields of *liquid* air;" and Gray, in his Ode on Spring, describes "the *liquid* noon."

The tacit consent which seems to be given to the restriction of the term *liquid* to *visible* fluids is convenient, as tending to precision in description, but does not appear imperatively called for, if etymological accuracy be alone taken into account. Heat is the power or agent which puts a mass of particles into that mobile or flowing state which we term fluid, and therefore the word may be applied to any mobile body, visible or invisible. But it may be convenient to say, that the absence or presence of heat can make the same mass of particles a solid—ice, a liquid—water, or a fluid—steam.

W. E. asks for an "opinion concerning the creation of animals? were they all created on one spot or district, that in which Adam was created and afterwards resided? or were they created in those countries for which from their very nature they were respectively fitted, and in which they were designed to dwell? as, for example, the elephant in India or Africa, the bear in the polar regions, the sloth in South America," &c.?

In looking at God's arrangements, so far as we perceive them, we find everything pervaded by *simplicity*—there never appears to be anything like an unnecessary expenditure of POWER in effecting any given object. But to suppose that the *originals* of all the creatures which now inhabit the various parts of the earth were gathered together in Paradise merely for the purpose of being named by Adam, and then transported to the different portions which they were created to inhabit, is a reflection on the wisdom of God which no intelligent reader of the Bible would willingly entertain, if that passage in Genesis referred to could be *fairly interpreted otherwise*. *Man, gifted* with large reasoning faculties, can transport himself almost anywhere, and live almost anywhere; but birds and fish can only rival him in the power of moving over or circumnavigating the globe. We find that various portions of the earth have their peculiar vegetable products; and as *they* could not transport themselves, the conclusion is inevitable, that there was a distinct and peculiar vegetable creation for different large districts of the world. If, then, we admit distinct vegetable creations, where is the difficulty of supposing an animal creation—that each continent or large district was furnished with its own peculiar stock of animals? Nay, we *must* admit it, for the difficulties are insuperable which attend the notion of all our animals having spread from a common centre.

The passage in Genesis which speaks of all the creatures having been brought to Adam in Paradise in order to receive their names, can be explained without violence to revelation, and in consistency with what natural history assures us of. The early patriarchs had scarcely an idea of an earth or world beyond that particular portion of Asia where they resided; nay, at a much later period the Jews called the diminutive country of Palestine by the large name of the earth or the world. In very many cases also, throughout the Bible, a *part* is spoken of, as if it were the *whole*. The inference is obvious. The creatures named by Adam were those created for the particular portion of Asia in which he resided; perhaps the other portions of the world had not then received their peculiar stocks of animals.

J. T. MANCHESTER.—The subject of re-adjusting the numerical values of our currency is a very different thing from altering the standard of value. The awkwardness of our pounds, shillings, and pence, as to facility in reckoning, has been long felt; and various plans have been suggested, especially of late, by which a simpler numerical system might be obtained. In the United States the dollar is divided into 100 equal parts called cents, and this gives very great facility in mercantile transactions. Seeing that Great Britain and the United States are becoming every day more intimately united, it would be very desirable to bring our own money to a decimal standard, coining a double shilling, and thus dividing the pound into ten, and then to divide this double shilling into tenths, &c.

W. T. Y., dating from Glasgow, inquires "whether sea water has any corroding effect on the rivets used in fastening together the iron plates employed in building iron steam-ships."

Iron boilers and iron tanks, such as ships carry their water in, are found to corrode fast. In the tropics they are worn out in four or five years.

Sufficient time has not elapsed since the building of the first iron steamer to give a decided answer to our correspondent's question, but that the rivets of iron steamers are likely to fail is the opinion of those best qualified to judge.

It has been proposed to provide against such accidents by building the vessels with wooden timbers, and lining them throughout, inside the iron plates, caulking the lining as ships in the royal navy are done. With this precaution there would be no danger of sinking, even if the iron plates became separated.

There are at present no iron steamers in the navy; but one, the "Dorset," is building for a packet at Liverpool.

W. L.—"I am aware that hail and snow are both formed by water being frozen in its passage to the earth, by passing through a colder region of the atmosphere, but what is it that causes such a great difference between the form of the snow-flake and that of the hailstone?"

The formation of hail occurs *generally* in or towards the summer months, when the air, from its warmth, is capable of containing a much greater quantity of aqueous vapour than in the winter, at which time snow is most general. In the first case rain is formed in the higher regions of the atmosphere, which becomes congealed in its passage through a much colder medium; the hailstones thus formed accumulate in size according to the distance they pass through before reaching the earth, and the degree of saturation of the air. Snow on the contrary is formed by cold acting on the vapour in the atmosphere before it has been converted into rain, and the particles thus congealed becoming specifically heavier than common air fall in flakes; which vary in size, also according to the quantity of moisture in the air.

L. W. F.—"If I put a piece of lump-sugar into a cup having a little tea at the bottom, the tea gradually rises to the top of the sugar; this, I believe, is one way in which what is called capillary attraction exerts its influence. Be kind enough to inform me what is the *cause* of capillary attraction.'

The fact of a small quantity of tea in a cup rising to the top of a piece of sugar placed upon it may be considered as dependent upon two causes: capillary attraction, by which the liquid is enabled to rise among the interstices of the sugar, and the attraction by which the particles of sugar are enabled to unite with the particles of the water during the act of solution; that this was Newton's opinion is evident from his 31st query in his Optics, where he states that a saline body dissolves in water owing to such attraction.

Our correspondent wishes to know the *cause* of capillary attraction—we ask what is the *cause* of gravitation? For although they are both dependent upon the same cause, the attraction of the particles of matter according to their densities and distances from each other, still it is unfortunate that philosophers have not yet determined on what the nature of that cause may be. We simply know its effects; if, however, we should arrive at that knowledge, science will be in a very different state from what it is at present.

P. Q.—Whether the electrotype will ever supersede wood engraving we are not prepared to say, but plates formed by voltaic action may be used as substitutes for wooden blocks. These plates may be obtained in various ways: first, by engraving the figure, or whatever may be required, on a piece of newly milled lead, taking care that the cutting should be deep enough, say 1-16th of an inch, to enable the plate about to be deposited to be in sufficient relief to print from, then solder a copper wire to the back of the lead, and uniting it to the zinc plate, place it under galvanic influence, in the manner described in the 60th number of the London Saturday Journal; or an already engraved wooden block may be multiplied by taking a reversed impression from it in fusible metal, as we have recommended for obtaining copies of medals, &c.; indeed there are various methods which might be suggested for this purpose.

Whilst on this subject we beg to correct a misprint in our description of the process given in the Letter-Box of No. 60. Towards the end of the description, the words "a gentle but *horizontal* pressure," are used. Now, a horizontal pressure would destroy the effect of the experiment: it should have been a *vertical* or downward pressure.

All Letters intended to be answered in the LITERARY LETTER-BOX are to be addressed to "THE EDITOR of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL," and delivered FREE, at 113, Fleet-street.

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MACHINERY OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

NO. I.

EVERYBODY knows that the government of this country is conducted by those members of the privy council who constitute the cabinet or close council, and in whom the confidence of the sovereign, for the time being, is especially reposed. The cabinet is usually constructed in this way:—The sovereign of his or her (as the case may happen to be) free choice elects from amongst the members of either House of Parliament an individual, eminent for talents and character, and possessed of influence sufficient to enable him to associate with himself some twelve or fourteen other competent persons, in concert with whom he can hope to carry on the business of the country. The sovereign can perform no act for which some minister is not responsible. It is a question, however, which has not yet been satisfactorily solved, who is the party responsible for the sovereign's election of a new prime minister. Some authorities maintain that it is the prime minister who goes out; some, that it is the new prime minister, and that, on accepting the office, he becomes answerable for the sovereign's choice, even though the act has been performed before he could possibly have become minister. The question, however, is substantially one of little importance; for it is not the mere nomination of the first minister, but his acts after he is appointed, that are attended with consequences to the interests of the country. If he be ill-chosen—that is to say, if he be a person absolutely unfit to fill the high station to which he is called, it will be impossible for him to form a cabinet. This circumstance of itself restricts the sovereign's power of election within a very narrow compass. Indeed, the individual most suitable to the station is generally pointed out by the public voice or by the political circumstances of the time, and thus, even if the sovereign were accountable for his own acts, which would be against the doctrine of the constitution, he would scarcely be ever in a situation where that responsibility could be fixed upon him.

The new prime minister, before he formally accepts the office, consults with his friends, and frames a list containing the names of those to whom he would wish to entrust the different departments of the state, and the principal offices of the household. Upon the latter point more difficulties often occur than upon the former, especially whenever a decided change takes place in the political principles upon which the action of the new cabinet is to be based. To be obliged to dismiss from his circle a number of persons of both sexes with whom he had been long intimate, several of them perhaps his most esteemed friends, is undoubtedly the most painful sacrifice to which any individual could be subjected. It is a sacrifice for which even a crown scarcely affords compensation. Nevertheless, it happens unfortunately that such a change becomes most indispensable at periods when it may be most mortifying,—that is, when alterations of policy are forced upon the head of the state, which admit of no influences near the throne, that are not in harmony with the novel state of things. Of course, everything is done in the way of selection that can tend to reconcile the sovereign to the vicissitudes in his court, and his will is in that respect consulted as far as it is practicable. But with regard to the political appointments, the prime minister acts with almost unrestricted freedom. It does happen occasionally that the sovereign nominates one or two persons whom he wishes to see in the cabinet,—and sometimes places a veto against a name to which he may have a particular personal objection. But the premier does not at all feel himself bound to conform to the will of the sovereign in either case, if he conceives that the person so preferred would not be a colleague with whom he could satisfactorily co-operate, or that the party so proscribed is one whose assistance he would have strong reasons for desiring. He regulates his list with or without the cordial approbation of the sovereign. The royal signature being then affixed to the list, the seals of office are placed by the outgoing minister in the hands of the king, who delivers them to the members of the new cabinet. From that moment all responsibility devolves upon the new ministers, who are gazetted forthwith.

The cabinet generally consists of the first lord of the treasury, the lord high chancellor, the chancellor of the exchequer, the lord president of the privy council, the lord privy seal, the first commissioner of land revenues, the first lord of the admiralty, the three principal secretaries of state (home department, foreign affairs, and colonies), the president of the board of control, and the chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster. Of late years the master of the mint, the secretary at war, the master-general of the ordnance, the postmaster-general, and the paymaster of the forces, have been occasionally added. It was as master-general of the ordnance that the Duke of Wellington first sat in the cabinet. The Duke of Richmond sat there as postmaster-general, and Lord John Russell first entered it as paymaster-general of the forces. These arrangements are all, however, matter of convenience, which the ministers settle amongst themselves.

Their general principles of policy are of course well understood before they assemble in council: upon certain leading questions a thorough unanimity is required; upon others a latitude of opinion is allowed; but when these latter questions are discussed in cabinet, the members are to a certain extent bound by the decision of the majority, though in their places in parliament they claim the right of speaking and voting as they think fit.

There are only four cabinets in Europe which deliberate and resolve without the presence of the head of the state,—viz. those of England, Belgium, Spain, and Portugal. Louis Philippe very seldom permits *his* cabinet to discuss any measure of importance, unless in his presence. He does not sit in the chair of the president of the council. He has already argued the question to be decided with the minister to whose department it appertains, and has perfectly made up his mind upon it. He hears all that is said, pro and con.; he has before him a sheet of paper, on which he amuses himself by sketching heads, or landscapes, or groupings of men and animals, or caricatures, or anything which his fancy at the moment lays hold of. But his ear sharply listens to the effusions of his ministers, and when their resolution is taken, he expresses his own and adheres to it, whether it be conformable to their opinion or not. It is this mode of conducting the public business that has long constituted the real cause of the differences that subsisted between him and M. Thiers. They have, indeed, disagreed also occasionally upon some leading principles of policy; but Thiers, and I believe Guizot, contend, and very justly, that if the ministers are to be responsible for the acts of government, they should be allowed to deliberate and resolve upon them apart from the sovereign, who is not in law or in fact considered responsible, except in the case of a revolution,—a case, fortunately for us, more familiar to France than to England.

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The king of Holland is his own minister for every department. The Northern powers have cabinets to which they entrust a very considerable share of power. It is very well known that Prince Metternich has long been the real ruler of the Austrian empire, more especially since the accession of the present sovereign, who is afflicted by an epilepsy that often unfits him even for the ordinary routine of state affairs. Prince Nesselrode has for many years dictated the policy of Russia, although it is well understood that the Czar is a strong-minded man, and enters deeply into all the business of his wide-spread dominions. But the Austrian, Russian and Prussian chanceries, as the cabinets of those powers are more usually designated, claim no power of resolution that is not conformable with the will of the sovereign, which in those countries is absolute.

It can scarcely be said that there is any cabinet in the United States. According to their constitution the president is commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and of the militia when called out; he may require the opinion in writing of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, and he does frequently consult those officers, but he is not bound to act upon their advice. His power, however, is much restricted by the Senate and by the House of Representatives. He cannot, without the concurrence of the former, make any treaty, nor even appoint ambassadors, consuls, judges, or other civil officers. All the principal deliberations of government are in fact invested in Congress, the president being a mere officer for carrying the decrees of that body into execution. He is entitled, however, to put his veto upon any bill passed by congress, which cannot become law without his consent, unless it be subsequently re-passed by two-thirds of each house respectively. The Mexican and South American governments are constituted very much upon the model of that of the United States.

In fact, there is no cabinet in any nation which possesses so much power, or exercises it with so much independence, both of the sovereign and the legislature, as that of Great Britain. Undoubtedly the House of Commons may dissolve the government whenever it may think fit so to do, by refusing the supplies, or by placing them in a decisive minority upon any question affecting the vital principles of their policy. But so long as the ministers have a majority in the House of Commons, they may defy the power even of the sovereign. He may not give them his confidence; he may be opposed to every one of their political resolutions; and yet he must keep them in power provided they have the support of the lower house. Upon all matters of this kind the House of Lords possesses little or no control. This case now exists; for it is very well known that there is a large majority of their lordships at open, and sometimes even violent, war with the present ministers. It is also clearly understood, that the late king was often adverse to the policy of his ministers; the archives of the cabinet are full of his letters remonstrating against their proceedings,—letters, too, it is said, written with great ability and extensive knowledge of the topics on which they treat.

The title by which the British cabinet ministers are designated in their collective acts, is—"His (or Her) Majesty's confidential servants." They usually assemble about two o'clock in the afternoon, in a spacious chamber fitted out for the purpose in the Foreign-office. A cabinet is held regularly every Saturday during the sitting of parliament. There is also a cabinet frequently on other days of the week, summoned by any of the ministers who may require the advice of his colleagues on matters of special importance. He proposes to them his views of the steps that ought to be taken—those views are freely canvassed—he accepts or refuses any modifications which his colleagues suggest; if a majority be decidedly opposed to him, he either withdraws his proposition, or alters it, or resigns his office if he can make no compromise. Every resolution of the cabinet which is of particular importance is sent to the sovereign for *signature* before it is reduced to action. It is the signature which is constitutionally required, not approbation. William IV. sometimes added to his signature the words, "Highly approved." More frequently he gave his mere signature, accompanying the act with an expression of dissent, but stating that he left the matter to the ministers, who were responsible to the nation for the consequences.

Nor is that responsibility by any means a nominal one. They may be called upon at any time in their places in parliament to vindicate their measures, and to produce any documents connected with them, unless it should happen that the production of such documents might be detrimental to the public service. The old constitutional mode of punishing any gross malfaisance on the part of a public functionary was by impeachment. The accusation was brought by the House of Commons and tried by the House of Lords. The former appointed managers, who conducted the prosecution, and the accused made his own defence, assisted by counsel. But impeachment may be now said to have become obsolete. In fact, no minister or other public functionary can go wrong to a sufficient extent to bring upon himself any such visitation. They are all watched too narrowly by parliament and the public, and the expression of opinion is too rapidly poured out against them through the columns of the daily press, to allow of any really injurious conduct upon the part of the government proceeding to an extreme point. The utmost punishment a minister can now undergo is a resolution of censure passed by either house of parliament; a resolution of the House of Lords, however, possessing much less weight, under the existing circumstances of the country, than a resolution of the House of Commons, on account of the many collisions which have, of late years, occurred between the two branches of the legislature. The real power exists in the house which can tie or untie the purse-strings of the nation.

When a member of the House of Commons is appointed First Lord of the Treasury, he is also uniformly Chancellor of the Exchequer. The higher portion of the patronage of the church, such as the appointment of archbishops, bishops, deans, and canons of cathedrals, is vested in the prime minister. The Lord High Chancellor appoints to a great number of livings—indeed, it may be said to all which do not constitute parts of the patrimony of private individuals. The prime minister also superintends all the departments of government: he not only, through the treasury, controls their expenditure, but is expected to be fully informed of every material measure in progress through every branch of the state. When he is not Chancellor of the Exchequer, he is, however, understood to be in more constant communication with that department than any other. The Lord Chancellor, as a political officer, seldom much interferes in the deliberations of the cabinet, unless questions of a legal or constitutional character be connected with them. Exceptions, however, to this rule have occurred, as in the case of Lord Eldon and Lord Brougham, both of whom attended more to politics than most of their predecessors on the woolsack. The present Chancellor (Lord Cottenham) confines himself almost exclusively (it is understood) to mere law questions in the cabinet.

The Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, being the heads of the Treasury department, are assisted by two secretaries and five lords of the treasury. The civil patronage of the Treasury, which is of very great extent, is exercised practically by one of these secretaries, who of course uses his power in that respect in concert with his chief, and with a view to strengthen the power of his government as far as possible. It is by means of this patronage that the adherence of members of parliament is secured and retained. The latter ask vacant places for themselves or their friends—their claims are canvassed and considered more with reference to their influence by personal talent or political connexions than (I regret to say) by the competency of the party proposed for office. Many gross cases of utter incompetency on the part of the individual preferred have occurred under governments of every shade of politics. Indeed, I believe there is no country in Europe in which fitness for the subordinate offices is so little consulted as in England. It is enough that the candidate is strongly backed by parliamentary friends; in that case, unless he be a mere idiot or a notoriously ill-conducted person, he is certain of success.

It is the chief business of the second secretary of the Treasury to attend to the voters in the House of Commons. He is called the "whipper-in." He is constantly in the house; and whenever divisions of political importance are expected, he may be seen watching the state of the Treasury benches; if they be in a perilous state as compared with the numbers on the other side, he hastens to his messengers, whom he despatches in all directions for the supporters of government. An active "whipper-in" is an officer of the greatest importance to government, especially in the present times, when parties are so very nearly balanced in point of number.

The five *lords* of the Treasury, or most of them, assemble every day (Sundays of course excepted) at their office in Whitehall, but they exercise scarcely any real power. Their signatures are required to all the Treasury minutes; but those minutes are previously prepared either by the first secretary or by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. All the routine business of the department is managed by the "assistant secretary," who, in fact, possesses

very extensive power. He submits his minutes to the first secretary, who seldom changes them; they then go before the "lords," who practically have no power to alter them. Every thing that goes before them is, to use a vulgar phrase, already "cut and dry;" and the only duty which they have to perform is, in truth, to "register" the decrees of the superior powers—that is, of the Prime Minister or the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or the first (he is more frequently called the *job*) secretary, or in very many cases of the "assistant" secretary. The "whipper-in" has not much to do, generally speaking, with the Treasury *jobs*. The management of the discipline of his party, and of the *press*, is his affair. It is he, also, who generally moves for new writs when the stewardship of the Chiltern hundreds, or any other office of profit, is accepted by a member of the house.

The Chiltern hundreds are situated on a chain of chalk hills, covered in various places with wood, which run from east to west through the middle of Buckinghamshire, and belong, from time immemorial, to the crown. The crown of course appoints to the stewardship of these hundreds, to which office a salary (now merely nominal) is annexed. The trust committed to a member of the House of Commons is one which he cannot resign; he is compellable by order of the house to discharge the duties of it, unless he can show such cause as the house may, in its discretion, think sufficient. The only mode, therefore, he has of vacating his seat, is by acceptance of an office "of profit" under the crown. Mr. Hatsell, the great authority upon all points connected with the law of parliament, observes, that "the practice of accepting this nominal office, which began (he believes) only about the year 1750, has been now so long acquiesced in, from its convenience to all parties, that it would be ridiculous to state any doubt about its legality; otherwise (he believes) it would be found very difficult, from the form of these appointments, to show that it is an office of profit under the crown."

I have stated that the second secretary of the Treasury attends, amongst his other duties, also to the "Press." The reader will, however, be surprised to learn that this most potent weapon for wielding the force of public opinion—that this all-powerful instrument—enters but very slightly into the "machinery" of the present government. The *Morning Chronicle* is undoubtedly what is called a "ministerial paper;" but it is in no respect dependent upon ministerial patronage. It often, especially of late, complains of the mode in which the government is conducted, and remonstrates against particular measures emanating from the cabinet with great vehemence. Its connexion with the government is in fact chiefly apparent in the columns devoted to foreign affairs, which may be understood to be almost uniformly inspired by the authorities of the Foreign-office; but between that journal and the other offices of government there is little of regular intercourse, the Castle of Dublin alone excepted.

The *Courier*, before its late metamorphosis, received intelligence occasionally from the Treasury. The *Globe* is on all hands understood to be the only journal really dependent on government; a considerable share in its property is said to belong to an eminent public officer, who, if report be correct, also writes its leading articles frequently, or has them written under his superintendence. The *Observer* also receives articles of intelligence from the foreign and home departments, as well as from the Treasury, and the *Examiner* is *well* known for its advocacy of the existing cabinet. The *Sun* and the *Morning Advertiser* support the government, although they have rarely any original official intelligence. The *Weekly Chronicle* is known to be the property of Mr. Ward, one of the members for Sheffield, who aspires to a place in the cabinet. He is the writer of its principal articles, and is undoubtedly a man of distinguished ability.

But amongst all these journals, there is not one, except the *Examiner* and the *Globe*, which may be looked upon as *strictly* ministerial, so that it will be seen that the "Press" forms only a very small portion of the actual machinery of the existing government.

It appears to me that the government, no matter what its politics may be, ought to possess, as an integral part of its "machinery," an avowed official journal, authorised to communicate to the world from time to time the views of the cabinet. People in high station and in power may despise the "Press," and flatter themselves that its misrepresentations are often so gross as to deprive it of all influence; but they never recollect that what they know to be misrepresentations are not known by the great mass of newspaper readers to be at all erroneous; and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the truth comes out too tardily and too partially to eradicate the wrong impressions already made upon the public mind. A regular official paper, conducted with skill and moderation, adhering as nearly as possible to historical dignity and impartiality, well-informed from official sources, and looking solely to the welfare of the empire, is unquestionably a great desideratum in the "machinery" of our government.

It need scarcely be added that the Exchequer, in its original form, is a very ancient Court of Record, set up by William the Conqueror as a part of the *aula regis*, or royal hall of audience; it was intended principally to receive and keep account of the revenues of the crown, and to recover the king's debts and duties. It is called the "Exchequer" from the chequered cloth, resembling a chess-board, which covers the table of the court so designated at Westminster. And there are certain ancient functions of the court in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer takes a part; on these occasions he wears a judicial robe of state, not unlike those of the Lord High Chancellor and the Vice-Chancellor. It is his duty to attend to all the finances of the country; the accounts of income and expenditure are kept at the Treasury, and there all payments are made under warrants from the crown, by the Treasury solicitors.

So well contrived are all the checks now upon receipts and disbursements, that it is extremely difficult for any public officer to be guilty of any serious defalcation. Indeed, the general character of the gentlemen who have anything to do with money in the Treasury department places them beyond all suspicion. It is much to be regretted that the sweeping hand of what was called "economy," some years ago diminished to much too great an extent the number of persons employed in that office. It is a most painful operation to any of her Majesty's subjects who have business to transact with that department. The applicant must state his case either by letter or memorial; it first goes before the assistant-secretary, who, being already overwhelmed with the amount of his occupations, is obliged to let the memorial *sleep* for a time upon his table. A "reminder" must then go in; that also undergoes a species of lethargy; and the memorialist may think himself well off if he receives an answer within six months, and a settlement of his claim, or whatever else it may be, within eighteen months or two years. That is surely a most detrimental economy which thus delays the course of justice, and indeed in many cases defeats it.

For instance, it often occurs that overcharges are made in export or import duties at the Custom-house, or questions arise out of the navigation laws as to the amount of duties on articles imported from particular countries. These questions must go before the law authorities at the Treasury for solution. These authorities are always immersed in pressing business, and the new application must wait for its turn. It is at length examined, and submitted to the law officers of the crown,—the Queen's Advocates, the Attorney and Solicitor General being usually meant by that designation. In the hands of those learned gentlemen, who have usually quite enough to do with the affairs of their clients in the courts to which they respectively belong, the matter meets with still further delay; and eventually this most tedious process becomes so vexatious to the parties interested, that they abandon it altogether, finding it much less expensive to submit to the original injury than to waste their time in going on with the transaction. I have more than once seen a letter from the Treasury beginning in this way:—

"Treasury, 14th December, 18—

"SIR,—In answer to your memorial of the 3d January last," &c. &c.

Now I impute no blame to any of the Treasury officers for such delays as these. Those upon whom the business devolves are really overworked; the department is not sufficiently supplied with hands to encounter the vast and growing amount of the business of the empire.

In the catalogue of state offices, next after that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer (for the machinery of the Lord High Chancellor's offices is altogether beyond the scope of my subject) comes the Presidency of the Council. In France the "President of the Council" means the Prime Minister; but with us the office gives no rank in the cabinet, and indeed no particular line of occupation. There are, however, many matters to which the other members cannot conveniently attend, and which are, therefore, by arrangement, placed under his care,—such as the application of grants for public education, the regulation of public schools, the encouragement of the fine arts, and the management in the House of Lords of most of the bills which are introduced or sanctioned by government. The Lord President is, moreover, generally expected to take an active share in all debates of an important character.

MADAME LE NORMAND,

THE PARISIAN FORTUNE-TELLER.

AMONGST the many lions and noted persons with whom a year's residence in Paris brought us in contact, one of the most singular, and not the least interesting, was Madame le Normand, the celebrated fortune-teller, "*professor of the celestial science*," predictor of the successes and reverses of Napoleon (so she declares), authoress of a life of the Empress Josephine, an autobiography, &c. &c., works of no great merit in themselves, yet indicative of her claims to education and ability.

On the mention of Madame le Normand's name we have heard many laugh, others have denounced her as an unequivocal impostor, whilst some, with considerable pretension to mental superiority, have looked grave during the discussion; and confessed themselves at a loss to form a correct judgment, and on rational grounds, of her prophetic powers. Reason and philosophy were in opposition; at the same time, personal experience set these aside, in cases where it was impossible for her to have been assisted by direct or indirect agency. Two circumstances related to the writer of these pages shall be detailed for the amusement, if not the instruction, of the reader. Our authority was most respectable, and corroborated by several individuals of the family. But, before doing so, we will give a slight account of a visit made in company with some friends, all bound to consult "the weird woman" on our future destinies.

We were a party of five, two of us English, and all decided sceptics as to the possibility of fortune-telling. We did allow that shrewdness, and a long study of physiognomy, might lead to a tolerably correct estimate as to character, and we agreed that we would be liberal, and allow the lady all the credit of a lucky guess, bespeaking, as it generally does, some quickness on the part of the guesser.

"Au moins nous serons bien amusés," (at least, we shall be well amused,) said a gallant young Frenchman, as he handed the ladies to the carriage. "Umph! one fool makes many," was the characteristic remark of the Englishman, muttered apologetically, as a set-off against his present purpose, and the folly of being *amused*, for that was against his philosophy, *theoretically* speaking; in *practice* he was like the rest of us.

The coachman received his orders to drive to the Faubourg St. Germain, rue de Tournon, numero cinq, where, in due time, we arrived at the bibliothèque of Madame le Normand, bookselling being her ostensible avocation, though, in fact, she has long left the concern; her dwelling was situated at the back of the shop, where she has resided for many years in great apparent comfort, and, we are told, affluence.

An old domestic in handsome livery answered our summons, and conducted us to a comfortably furnished drawing-room. The gravity of our Englishman fairly gave way on encountering two other parties on the same "fools' errand" as ourselves.

As some little time was necessarily to elapse before our turn of audience, we employed ourselves in a critical examination of the apartment and its contents. A full-length picture of Madame le Normand immediately arrested our attention. It was that of a woman "fair, fat, and forty," in a white satin dress, bordered with a gold fringe. To its fidelity as a portraiture we are unable to attest, the original being now nearly eighty years of age. There were, besides, engravings of the Great Sphinx, the Pyramids, Thebes, Palmyra, and modern Cairo. A bust of Napoleon graced the mantel-piece, and in the window was a splendid Camellia Japonica, of the variegated species, bending under its weight of flowers. Presently a side-door was slowly unlocked, and Madame le Normand advanced towards us, greeting us, *à la française*, namely, with grace (even at her years), and bonhomie. In person she is little and stout, with no apparent infirmity, possessing a pair of most piercing black eyes, to which a portentous squint conveys a sinister expression: on meeting their glance one involuntarily turns away. A dingy red gown, and a curious black velvet hat or bèret of a circular form, placed on the back of her head, and to which coiffure she constantly adheres, composed her toilet. Once seen she is not to be forgotten: her eyes, independently of the extraordinary head-dress, are a passport to remembrance. "Vous voulez me consulter, n'est ce pas, Mesdames et Messieurs?" she inquired. (You wish to consult me, do you not, ladies and gentlemen?) Replying affirmatively, we passed separately into the adjoining room, the door of which she immediately locked and bolted. We ourselves were the last, and the perplexed, dissatisfied looks of the party, who nevertheless each attempted an uneasy laugh on regaining the drawing-room, rendered us nervous, and not a little so, as we seated ourselves by the lady on the sofa, in a small dark kind of boudoir or cabinet.

Whilst shuffling a pack of common cards, having previously requested her prescience on the events of the ensuing three months —curiosity alone, and not by any means belief, determining us in this interview—the priestess began her rites by inquiring the country and year of birth, the *favourite colour*, and to what *animal* we were the most averse, and the most inclined. These questions answered, the pack was cut with the *left* hand, and this operation being twice repeated, another set of cards, painted with mystical-looking figures and characters, resembling Egyptian hieroglyphics, then underwent the same ceremony. At last the oracle spoke—what, as may be supposed, was alone interesting to the applicant. Sufficient for the reader to know, that at the expiration of three months, such was the general accuracy of the predictions, that it induced a repetition of our visit (we speak of ourself), notwithstanding the hearty laughter of many acquaintances. We cannot attempt to offer any explanation or solution of a fact certainly most singular, merely observing that of the Englishman and ourself not by the remotest chance could Madame le Normand have known or heard the smallest particular. Our respective names were not even demanded!

In the short conversation that ensued, we found Madame courteous and intelligent. She expressed herself under great obligations to the Emperor Napoleon, and spoke of him with a veneration and feeling that were touching and becoming, signifying that had her warnings and advice been always relied upon, his fortune had been reversed, &c. &c.; but this, of course, was said in character. She informed us that she had formerly passed some time in London, and declared herself much pleased with her residence, and, in a tone of evident elation, added, that many of the highest classes there paid her the compliment of a *professional* call.

In the performance of an action, of the relative utility and wisdom of which we experience some mental misgivings, it is undoubtedly satisfactory to find that, if not as wise as we might or ought to be, still our neighbours are no more so than ourselves.

We now pass on to the relation of two circumstances promised in the commencement. Of the first our informant was herself the principal, an elderly French comtesse, with whom we were a guest on our arrival in Paris. Would that the charm of her recital could be imparted! that consisted in a fascination of manner, and an animation of look and gesture, far surpassing description. This lady—the wife of a French officer, who had received a General's commission from the unfortunate Louis XVI., and some appointment in the royal household, but of what nature we do not recollect—was left a widow at an early age; and, in common with many others, experienced much trial and anxiety during the unsettled state of public affairs in France, incident to the disastrous period of royal extinction. In an interview with Madame le Normand, amongst various predictions of a strictly domestic and confidential nature, the comtesse was told, "*that in a foreign land she would have it in her power to oblige princes.*" Such were the precise words. Now, at that time the Bourbons were in exile—the star of Napoleon, though on the horizon, was far from culmination—the comtesse a widow, limited in fortune, and with connexions for the most part amongst the proscribed class of aristocrats, had, indeed, slender chances of verifying the prediction. "*As to obliging princes,*" she observed, "nothing could be less promising than my position. I thought of it merely as a *romantic possibility*. It so happened, however, that it became necessary for the comtesse to visit England, where she possessed relatives of fortune and interest — considering their position. A few days before leaving Paris, the comtesse was earnestly and secretly requested to be the bearer of a packet of letters, addressed to the Comte de Provence, afterward Louis XVIII., who was then resident at Hartwell, not far from London. Though attended with some risk, the comtesse was too loyal a Frenchwoman to hesitate. The letters were stitched in her stays, safely conveyed to England, and transmitted to the hands of the Duc de Berri, who returned a personal visit of thanks, delivering a most gracious message from his royal uncle, with an intimation to Madame to pay her court at Hartwell. This, for many reasons, was evaded. A first-rate introduction enabled her to enjoy a career of London gaiety of the highest caste, frequently visiting at Carlton House, where she obtained the particular notice and attention of the Prince Regent himself.

In giving the following story, a large draft must necessarily be made on the reader's credibility. To those who possess the

organ of wonder strongly developed, it may perhaps pass unchallenged. The person who related it attached the most implicit faith, affirming that it happened to a near and dear relation. The heroine was a French lady, not exactly one who desired "to pry into futurity," though closely bearing thereupon. She wished to see the *crystal*, as it was technically termed, or magical glass, in which, through some act of legerdemain, a pictorial illusion is presented of any specified person, living or dead. It is pretended that many have not the power to see in the crystal; that to them it presents nothing but a blank; whilst to others a different result is experienced.

As described to us, in shape and size the crystal resembled a swan's egg, inclosed in a circle of brass, engraved with the names of Raphael, Gabriel, Uriel, and Samiel. This was inserted into a wooden frame of a diamond form, at the bottom of which was carved an anagram, and the mystical name of *Tetragramathon*. Accompanied by a friend, the lady signified her wishes; a considerable sum was demanded, and they were bid to come at an appointed time; for the performance of the ceremony depended upon a due observation of the planetary hour of a particular day, the moon also being in her third quarter. The lady desired to be shown her parents, whom she had lost in infancy. Such was, at least, the assertion of her aunt, with whom she had always lived, and such was, assuredly, the poor girl's own belief. We were given to understand that the scene was enacted with no incantation or display of jugglery. Strict silence was enjoined, and an invocation was read from a manuscript, with slow and solemn earnestness. It was in the French language, and at times Hebrew names were distinctly articulated. On a first survey, the crystal for some time presented nothing but a thick cloudy appearance, which was presently succeeded by a total blackness; then followed a small red speck, with a halo of something like smoke or vapour, which gradually enlarged, and formed itself into a beautiful moonlight scene, with trees and fields distinctly visible. Leaning near a gate stood a gentleman, and at some little distance a lady, instantly recognised by the beholder as her aunt, and a friend with whom she was on terms of great intimacy. "Compose yourself, my dear," was the warning charge, as the lady was on the point of breaking forth into a prompt denial as to the paternal claims of the parties there shadowed forth. In a few minutes the illusion vanished, the crystal resumed its usual appearance, and the pent-up feelings of the lady discharged themselves in a peal of exclamation and asseveration, rung through all the changes of French volubility. It was to no purpose she protested that it was her aunt and her aunt only, whose resemblance she had just beheld; that the gentleman was Monsieur ——, a distinguished military officer, well known to herself, and the intimate friend besides of the identical aunt. To this a deprecating answer was returned, and the priestess dismissed her guests with some precipitation, referring them to the aforesaid aunt for further information and interrogation. No doubt the reader anticipates the denouement. The military officer proved to be the father, and the soi-disant aunt the mother. The detection of the lady's illegitimacy led to much unhappiness and domestic dispersion; and to the day of her death, though never to be persuaded as to the possibility of Madame le Normand's knowledge being derived from a source anything less than superhuman, she regretted her application with a keenness and bitterness akin to remorse.

MAKING THE MOST OF AN EJECTMENT.

Nigh to Marburg, on the borders of a forest, rises a mountain called the Christenberg. On this mountain, in ancient times, a certain king dwelt, in a strong castle. The queen, his wife, had died, leaving an only child, a daughter, who possessed many marvellous gifts; on account of which her father, the king, became extremely fond of her. Now it came to pass that his neighbour, king Grünewald (Green wood), coveted his possessions, and came with a great army to besiege the castle on the Christenberg. Long the enemy lay before it; but the wise young princess was not at all dismayed herself, and her father took good heart when he beheld her courage, and held out against the foe. But when the morning sun of the 1st of May had risen upon the earth, behold the army of king Grünewald was seen advancing against the castle; and it seemed as if a great forest of living trees had been put in motion, for every soldier bore a large green bough in his hand. Then the maiden's courage quailed, for she now knew that all was lost; and she spake to the king these words:

"Father, nought avails us
When the wood assails us!"

Whereupon the king, who relied more upon his daughter's wisdom than his own, sent the wise princess into the enemy's camp, where she succeeded in obtaining from king Grünewald a safe passage for herself, and permission to carry with her as much as a single ass could bear. And what did the good daughter put upon her ass?—her own father and her most precious jewels; and with these, her most precious possessions, she took her way to another country.—*German Legends.*

ADVENTURES OF TWO BROTHERS DURING THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

NO. I.—ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH SAMMONS.

While Canada belonged to France, and the United States were colonies of Great Britain, there was "a debateable land" between the possessions of the rival colonists, in which many a cruel deed was done. This district is now partly included in the state of New York, and contained within it lakes George and Champlain, which are linked together by the river Chambly or Sorel, which falls into the St. Lawrence, running through that portion of Lower Canada which offered the most active resistance, and suffered severely, during the recent unhappy troubles. Lake Champlain divides for nearly a hundred miles the states of New York and Vermont, but its northern extremity is within Canada.

Amongst the officers who distinguished themselves in the border wars between the British and French colonists, in the middle of the last century, Sir William Johnson was famous. He was repeatedly engaged in battle; and after Wolfe had fallen, "in the hour of victory," at Quebec, he was of great service in bringing about the entire subjugation of the North American continent to British power. Sir William Johnson acquired large possessions in the "Mohawk valley,"—(a district in the state of New York through which the Mohawk flows,) founded Johnson-town; and having obtained great influence over the Indians, as well as over the European settlers, Germans, Highlanders, &c., he reigned quite as a patriarchal king amongst his numerous subjects. The troubles which preceded the breaking out of the American war of independence gave him much distress; he saw clearly that a revolution was approaching: but he died suddenly at his house, Johnson Hall, in 1774—so suddenly, as to excite a suspicion that he had perished by his own hand; but it appears that he died from an apoplectic attack, brought on by anxiety.

He was succeeded in his title and possessions, though not in his influence, by his son, Sir John Johnson. After the war had fairly broken out, Sir John naturally took the British side; and it was deemed advisable by the United States' Congress to send General Schuyler to drive him from his property. This was done; Sir John fled into Canada; and the extensive possessions of the Johnson family were confiscated.

Four years after his flight, Sir John Johnson suddenly entered the Mohawk valley, with a force composed of Europeans and Indians. "On Sunday, the 21st of May, 1780, at dead of night," (we quote from Mr. Stone's life of Brant, a book to which we will return in a future number,) "Sir John Johnson entered the north part of Johnstown at the head of five hundred men, composed of some British troops, a detachment of his own regiment of Royal Greens, and about two hundred Indians and tories. Sir John had penetrated the country by way of lake Champlain to Crown Point, and thence through the woods to the Sacondaga river; and so entirely unawares had he stolen upon the sleeping inhabitants, that he arrived in the heart of the country undiscovered, except by resident royalists, who were probably in the secret. Before he reached the old baronial hall at Johnstown—the home of his youth, and for the recovery of which he made every exertion that courage and enterprise could put forth—Sir John divided his forces into two detachments, leading one in person, in the first instance, directly to the hall, and thence through the village of Johnstown; while the other was sent through a more eastern settlement, to strike the Mohawk river at or below Tripe's Hill, from whence it was directed to sweep up the river through the ancient Dutch village of Caughnawaga*, to the Cayadutta Creek—at which place a junction was to be formed with Sir John himself. This disposi-

* More anciently still, the residence of the Caughnawaga clan of the Mohawk Indians, who at an early day moved into Canada, and established themselves on the St. Lawrence above the Lachine rapids.

tion of his forces was made at the still hour of midnight—at a time when the inhabitants were not only buried in slumber, but wholly unsuspicious of approaching danger. What officer was in command of the eastern division is not known, but it was one of the most stealthy and murderous expeditions—murderous in its character, though but few were killed—and the most disgraceful, too, that marked the progress of the war in that region."

Amongst the inhabitants were a family of Dutch descent, of the name of Sammons, of considerable wealth and respectability, but who, at an earlier period, had rendered themselves obnoxious to Sir John, by the bold and decided manner in which they had taken part with the revolutionary party. These were now all made prisoners, along with others. "While they were halting, on the next day, the elder Sammons applied to Sir John for an interview, which was granted in presence of his principal officers. On inquiring what he wanted, Mr. Sammons replied that he wished to be released. The baronet hesitated; but the old man pressed his suit, and reminded Sir John of former scenes, and of the efforts of friendship which he himself had made in his behalf. 'See what you have done, Sir John,' said the veteran whig: 'You have taken myself and my sons prisoners, burned my dwelling to ashes, and left the helpless members of my family with no covering but the heavens above, and no prospect but desolation around them. Did we treat you in this manner when you were in the power of the Tryon County Committee? Do you remember when we were consulted by General Schuyler, and you agreed to surrender your arms? Do you not remember that you then agreed to remain neutral, and that upon that condition General Schuyler left you at liberty on your parole? Those conditions you violated. You went off to Canada; enrolled yourself in the service of the king; raised a regiment of the disaffected, who abandoned their country with you; and you have now returned to wage a cruel war against us, by burning our dwellings and robbing us of our property. I was your friend in the Committee of Safety, and exerted myself to save your person from injury. And how am I requited? Your Indians have murdered and scalped old Mr. Fonda at the age of eighty years: a man who, I have heard your father say, was like a father to him when he settled in Johnstown and Kingsborough. You cannot succeed, Sir John, in such a warfare, and you will never enjoy your property more!'

"The baronet made no reply; but the appeal was effectual, and the old gentleman was set at liberty. He then requested the restoration of a pair of horses. Sir John replied that this also should be done, if the horses were not in the possession of the Indians, from whom he could not safely take them. On making the inquiry a span of his horses were found and restored to him. A tory officer, named Doxstadter, was seen by Mr. Sammons to be in possession of one of his horses, but he would not relinquish it, pretending that he was merely entrusted with the animal by an Indian*. The two sons, Jacob and Frederick, were carried into captivity, and suffered a protracted and severe imprisonment, interesting accounts of which will presently be given. Several of the aged prisoners, besides Mr. Sammons, were permitted to return, one of whom, Captain Abraham Veeder, was exchanged for Lieutenant Singleton, who had been taken at Fort Schuyler by Colonel Willett, and was then in Canada on his parole.

"The immediate object of this irruption by Sir John Johnson was to procure his plate, which had been buried at the time of his flight in 1776, and not recovered with the iron chest. This treasure was not indeed buried with the chest, but in the cellar, and the place of deposite was confided to a faithful slave. While Sir John was in the hall, in the afternoon, the slave, assisted by four soldiers, disinterred the silver, which filled two barrels, brought it to the baronet, and laid it down at his feet. It was then distributed among about forty soldiers, who placed it in their knapsacks—a quarter-master taking an account of the names of the soldiers, and the articles confided to each—by whom it was to be carried to Montreal.

"Governor Clinton was at Kingston at the time of the invasion. Hastening to Albany on the first rumour of the intelligence, he collected such militia and other forces as he could obtain, and moved to lake George with a view to intercept Sir John. It was supposed that the course of the enemy might possibly lie in the direction of Oswegatchie, and for the purpose of striking him upon such a march, Colonel Van Schaick, with eight hundred men, followed him by the way of Johnstown. Descending Lake George to Ticonderoga, the Governor was joined by a body of militia from the New Hampshire grants. But all was of no use; the invaders escaped—taking to their batteaux, probably, at Crown Point, whence they proceeded down the lake to St. John's. The captives were thence transferred to the fortress of Chamblee.

"The prisoners at this fortress numbered about forty. On the day after their arrival Jacob Sammons, having taken an accurate survey of the garrison and the facilities of escape, conceived the project of inducing his fellow-prisoners to rise upon the guards and obtain their freedom. The garrison was weak in number, and the sentinels less vigilant than is usual among good soldiers. The prison doors were opened once a day, when the prisoners were visited by the proper officer, with four or five soldiers. Sammons had observed where the arms of the guards were stacked in the yard, and his plan was, that some of the prisoners should arrest and disarm the visiting guard on the opening of the door, while the residue were to rush forth, seize the arms, and fight their way out. The proposition was acceded to by his brother Frederick, and one other man named Van Sluyck, but was considered too daring by the great body of the prisoners to be undertaken. It was therefore abandoned, and the brothers sought afterward only for a chance of escaping by themselves. Within three days the desired opportunity occurred, viz. on the 13th of June. The prisoners were supplied with an allowance of spruce beer, for which two of their number were detached daily, to bring the cask from the brew-house, under a guard of five men, with fixed bayonets. Having reason to suppose that the arms of the guards, though charged, were not primed, the brothers so contrived matters as to be taken together to the brewery on the day mentioned, with an understanding that at a given point they were to dart from the guard and run for their lives—believing that the confusion of the moment, and the consequent delay of priming their muskets by the guards, would enable them to escape beyond the ordinary range of musket-shot. The project was boldly executed. At the concerted moment the brothers sprang from their conductors, and stretched across the plain with great fleetness. The alarm was given, and the whole garrison was soon after them in hot pursuit. Unfortunately for Jacob, he fell into a ditch and sprained his ancle. Perceiving the accident, Frederick turned to his assistance; but the other generously admonished him to secure his own flight if possible, and leave him to the chances of war. Recovering from his fall, and regardless of the accident, Jacob sprang forward again with as much expedition as possible, but finding that his lameness impeded his progress, he plunged into a thick clump of shrubs and trees, and was fortunate enough to hide himself between two logs before the pursuers came up. Twenty or thirty shots had previously been fired upon them, but without effect. In consequence of the smoke of their fire, probably, the guards had not observed Jacob when he threw himself into the thicket, and supposing that, like his brother, he had passed round it, they followed on, until they were fairly distanced by Frederick, of whom they lost sight and trace. They returned in about half an hour, halting by the bushes in which the other fugitive was sheltered, and so near that he could distinctly hear their conversation. The officer in command was Captain Steel. On calling his men together, some were swearing, and others laughing, at the race and the speed of the 'long-legged Dutchmen,' as they called the flying prisoners. The pursuit being abandoned, the guards returned to the fort.

"The brothers had agreed, in case of separation, to meet at a certain spot at 10 o'clock that night. Of course Jacob lay ensconced in the bushes until night had dropped her sable curtains, and until he supposed the hour had arrived, when he sallied forth, according to the antecedent understanding. But time did not move as rapidly on that evening as he supposed. He waited upon the spot designated, and called aloud for Frederick, until he despaired of meeting him, and prudence forbade his remaining any longer. It subsequently appeared that he was too early on the ground, and that Frederick made good his appointment.

"Following the bank of the Sorel, Jacob passed Fort St. John's soon after day-break on the morning of the 14th. His purpose was to swim the river at that place, and pursue his course homeward through the wilderness on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain; but just as he was preparing to enter the water, he descried a boat approaching from below, filled with officers and soldiers of the enemy. They were already within twenty rods. Concealing himself again in the woods, he resumed his journey after their departure, but had not proceeded more than two or three miles before he came upon a party of several hundred men engaged in getting out timber for the public works at the fort. To avoid

* After the war was over, Doxstadter returned from Canada upon some business, was arrested in an action-at-law by Mr. Sammons, and made to pay the value of the horse.

these he was obliged to describe a wide circuit, in the course of which, at about 12 o'clock, he came to a small clearing. Within the enclosure was a house, and in the field were a man and a boy engaged in hoeing potatoes. They were at that moment called to dinner, and supposing them to be French, who he had heard were rather friendly to the American cause than otherwise—incited also by hunger and fatigue—he made bold to present himself, trusting that he might be invited to partake of their hospitality. But, instead of a friend, he found an enemy. On making known his character, he was roughly received. 'It is by such villains as you are,' replied the forester, 'that I was obliged to fly from Lake Champlain.' The rebels, he added, had robbed him of all he possessed, and he would now deliver his self-invited guest to the guard, which, he said, was not more than a quarter of a mile distant. Sammons promptly answered him that 'that was more than he could do.' The refugee then said he would go for the guard himself; to which Sammons replied that he might act as he pleased, but that all the men in Canada should not make him again a prisoner.

"The man thereupon returned with his son to the potato field, and resumed his work; while his more compassionate wife gave him a bowl of bread and milk, which he ate sitting on the threshold of the door, to guard against surprise. While in the house he saw a musket, powder-horn, and bullet-pouch, hanging against the wall, of which he determined, if possible, to possess himself, that he might be able to procure food during the long and solitary march before him. On retiring, therefore, he travelled only far enough into the woods for concealment—returning to the woodman's house in the evening, for the purpose of obtaining the musket and ammunition. But he was again beset by imminent peril. Very soon after he entered the house, the sound of approaching voices was heard, and he took to the rude chamber for security, where he lay flat upon the irregular floor, and looking through the interstices, saw eleven soldiers enter, who, it soon appeared, came for milk. His situation was now exceedingly critical. The churlish proprietor might inform against him, or a single movement betray him. But neither circumstance occurred. The unwelcome visitors departed in due time, and the family all retired to bed, excepting the wife, who, as Jacob descended from the chamber, refreshed him with another bowl of bread and milk. The good woman now earnestly entreated her guest to surrender himself, and join the ranks of the king, assuring him that his majesty must certainly conquer in the end, in which case the rebels would lose all their property, and many of them be hanged into the bargain. But to such a proposition he of course would not listen. Finding all her efforts to convert a whig into a tory fruitless, she then told him, that if he would secrete himself two days longer in the woods she would furnish him with some provisions, for a supply of which her husband was going to the fort the next day, and she would likewise endeavour to provide him with a pair of shoes.

"Disinclined to linger so long in the country of the enemy, and in the neighbourhood of a British post, however, he took his departure forthwith. But such had been the kindness of the good woman, that he had it not in his heart to seize upon her husband's arms, and he left this wild scene of rustic hospitality without supplies, or the means of procuring them. Arriving once more at the water's edge at the lower end of Lake Champlain, he came upon a hut, within which, on cautiously approaching it for reconnoissance, he discovered a party of soldiers all sound asleep. Their canoe was moored by the shore, into which he sprang, and paddled himself up the lake under the most encouraging prospect of a speedy and comparatively easy voyage to its head, whence his return home would be unattended with either difficulty or danger. But his pleasing anticipations were extinguished on the night following, as he approached the Isle aux Noix, where he descried a fortification, and the glitter of bayonets bristling in the air as the moon-beams played upon the burnished arms of the sentinels, who were pacing their tedious rounds. The lake being very narrow at this point, and perceiving that both sides were fortified, he thought the attempt to shoot his canoe through between them rather too hazardous an experiment. His only course, therefore, was to run ashore, and resume his travels on foot. Nor on landing was his case in any respect enviable. Without shoes, without food, and without the means of obtaining either—a long journey before him through a deep and trackless wilderness—it may be well imagined that his mind was not cheered by the most agreeable anticipations. But without pausing to indulge unnecessarily his 'thick-coming fancies,' he commenced his solitary journey, directing his course along the eastern lake shore toward Albany. During the first four days of his progress he subsisted entirely upon the bark of the birch—chewing the twigs as he went. On the fourth day, while resting by a brook, he heard a rippling of the water caused by the fish as they were stemming its current. He succeeded in catching a few of these, but having no means of striking a fire, after devouring one of them raw, the others were thrown away.

"His feet were by this time cruelly cut, bruised, and torn by thorns, briars, and stones; and while he could scarcely proceed by reason of their soreness, hunger and fatigue united to retard his cheerless march. On the fifth day his miseries were augmented by the hungry swarms of musquitoes, which settled upon him in clouds while traversing a swamp. On the same day he fell upon the nest of a black duck—the duck sitting quietly upon her eggs until he came up and caught her. The bird was no sooner deprived of her life and her feathers, than he devoured the whole, including the head and feet. The eggs were nine in number, which Sammons took with him; but on opening one, he found a little half-made duckling, already alive. Against such food his stomach revolted, and he was obliged to throw the eggs away.

"On the tenth day he came to a small lake. His feet were now in such a horrible state, that he could scarcely crawl along. Finding a mitigation of pain by bathing them in water, he plunged his feet into the lake, and lay down upon its margin. For a time it seemed as though he could never rise upon his feet again. Worn down by hunger and fatigue—bruised in body and wounded in spirit—in a lone wilderness, with no eye to pity and no human arm to protect—he felt as though he must remain in that spot until it should please God in his goodness to quench the dim spark of life that remained. Still he was comforted in some measure by the thought that he was in the hands of a being without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground.

"Refreshed, at length, though to a trifling degree, he resumed his weary way, when, on raising his right leg over the trunk of a fallen tree, he was bitten in the calf by a rattlesnake! Quick as a flash, with his pocket-knife he made an incision in his leg, removing the wounded flesh to a greater depth than the fangs of the serpent had penetrated. His next business was to kill the venomous reptile, and dress it for eating; thus appropriating the enemy that had sought to take his life to its prolongation. His first meal was made from the heart and fat of the serpent. Feeling somewhat strengthened by the repast, and finding, moreover, that he could not travel farther in his present condition, he determined to remain where he was for a few days, and by repose, and feeding upon the body of the snake, recruit his strength. Discovering, also, a dry fungus upon the trunk of a maple-tree, he succeeded in striking a fire, by which his comforts were essentially increased. Still he was obliged to creep upon his hands and knees to gather fuel, and on the third day he was yet in such a state of exhaustion as to be utterly unable to proceed. Supposing that death was inevitable and very near, he crawled to the foot of a tree, upon the bark of which he commenced inscribing his name—in the expectation that he should leave his bones there, and in the hope that, in some way, by the aid of the inscription, his family might ultimately be apprised of his fate. While engaged in this sad work, a cloud of painful thoughts crowded upon his mind; the tears involuntarily stole down his cheeks; and before he had completed the melancholy task, he fell asleep.

"On the fourth day of his residence at this place, he began to gain strength, and as a part of the serpent yet remained, he determined upon another effort to resume his journey. But he could not do so without devising some substitute for shoes. For this purpose he cut up his hat and waistcoat, binding them upon his feet—and thus he hobbled along. On the following night, while lying in the woods, he became strongly impressed with a belief that he was not far distant from a human habitation. He had seen no indications of proximity to the abode of man; but he was, nevertheless, so confident of the fact, that he wept for joy. Buoyed up and strengthened by this impression, he resumed his journey on the following morning; and in the afternoon, it being the 28th of June, he reached a house in the town of Pittsford, in the New Hampshire grants—now forming the state of Vermont. He remained there for several days, both to recruit his health, and, if possible, to gain intelligence of his brother. But no tidings came; and as he knew Frederick to be a capital woodsman, he of course concluded that sickness, death, or re-capture, must have interrupted his journey. Procuring a conveyance at Pittsford, Jacob travelled to Albany, and thence to Schenectady, where he had the happiness of finding his wife and family."

The adventures of his brother, Frederick Sammons, were even more varied and singular. They shall be given in our next Number.

THE SMUGGLER—A TALE OF THE SEA.

NO. II.

THE morning which dawned with such singular brilliancy on the frigate found the little Seadrift rolling about in the Channel, a considerable distance from the land; for she had had what the smuggler called a glorious run during the night. Her sails, which had done her good service when the gale blew, now hung helplessly from the yards, flapping backward and forward with the reciprocal motion which the vessel gave them. The smuggler, who seldom took off his clothes from the time of his departure until he had run his cargo, had already plunged his head into a bucket of sea-water, and was vigorously scrubbing himself with a very coarse canvas towel, when poor Harry made his appearance up the companion-hatch, looking as all people look, whether male or female, when under the infliction of sea-sickness, pitiably pale and wretchedly miserable. Harry made a desperate effort to grasp the tiller-rope; but the vessel at that moment gave a tremendous lurch—the poor little fellow lost his feeble hold, and rolled into the lee-scuppers, overcome by that horrid dizziness familiar to the minds of steam-packet voyagers.

"Hallo! Harry, my lad!" shouted the smuggler; "why you haven't got your sea-legs aboard this morning. Come, rouse up, you young dog; you'll be a man now afore your mother, if you do but look sharp. Nelson, they say, was always sea-sick when he first put out of port."

"Ay, master," replied the old helmsman, who had lashed the tiller and hastened to Harry's relief; "but Nelson didn't lie in the lee-scuppers every time he put out on a cruise, with his precious skull fractured, like this poor boy."

The smuggler was at Harry's side in an instant, and bore him down to the cabin; for he was insensible. The application of restoratives soon recovered him; a little adhesive plaster covered the slight wound which the helmsman called a fracture; and the smuggler returned to his canvas towel and bucket of sea-water.

A light breeze had now sprung up, which the already wet canvas soon caught, and steadied the vessel as she crept gently through the water.

"Them 'ere men-of-war's men don't keep their skylights open," observed the helmsman, "or they'd have disturbed our rest last night, master."

"Ay, that they would," said the smuggler; "for they were closer to the little Seadrift than she bargained for."

"Closer!" responded the helmsman; "why, bless your heart, master, they were almost within boat-hook's length of us. I could have jerked a biscuit on board as easy as I'd turn the quid in my mouth."

"She was so close as that—was she?" inquired the smuggler.

"Close!" echoed the helmsman; "why, the sleepy lubbers need only have put their helm down when first we saw them on our lee-bow, and they'd have shot aboard us afore you could have said 'Jack Robinson.'"

"Ay, but you kept all quiet, Jack—didn't you?" asked the smuggler.

"Ay, ay, master, that we did;—you might have heard a mouse run up the swifter when their bell struck eight, and their look-out men called out 'All's well!' Look-out men, indeed! I'm blessed but the king's men want the cobwebs rubbed off their sleepy peepers. Howsom'dever, we got clear this time—that's sartain; and with your leave, master, we'll drink success to the next."

"Very well," said the smuggler, ordering the helmsman a strong nor'-wester. "Go you to your berth, and sleep that off. We sha'nt want you until the dogwatch; and as we near the land, we'll lower our sails for the night—the cruisers may be about."

"Well, master," observed the helmsman, as he hitched up his trousers over his hips, "only let's have fair play—a good rattling breeze, plenty of sea-room, and no favour—we'll show them what use the little Seadrift can make of her heels."

The smuggler then descended to his breakfast, and the helmsman to his hammock. The smuggler found Harry lying on his bed; his sleep was feverish, and in his unquiet slumber he spoke of home. The hardy smuggler bent over the sleeping boy with an anxious expression of sympathy. He lay partly on his left side, with his face towards the light; his left arm was bent under his cheek, and formed a substitute for a pillow, and his hair fell in ringlets over his pale forehead. The smuggler continued in the same position, gazing stedfastly on the face of the sleeping child.

"Mama, mama, the Seadrift's coming in! I see papa!" exclaimed Harry in his sleep.

"Do you, my boy?" asked the smuggler, in the soft tone of a parent.

"Yes, that I do!" said the boy, stretching forth his arms; "look, mama—there he is!" and suddenly awoke by his energy, he started at the objects around him, for they were not familiar to his eye; but the paternal embrace of the smuggler soon restored the poor boy to the consciousness of the rocking vessel in which he was cradled, and he again fell back on the bed, overcome by the dizzy sickness under which he was suffering.

Sailors are proverbial for the accuracy of their predictions respecting the weather, and well they may be, for it forms an essential feature in their nautical acquirements. I have known a pilot on the western coast of England foretel a storm, when there was but a single speck visible in the horizon, so small and insignificant as to escape the casual notice of persons less experienced in those matters. On the other hand, I once knew an instance—I rejoice to say, but one of the kind,—wherein a gallant young officer was dismissed from the naval service of his country, and thrown friendless on the sympathy of the world, at the moment he expected his well-earned promotion, because he miscalculated the force of a sudden gust of wind, which, unfortunately for him—poor fellow!—carried the foretop-mast over the vessel's side. In this casualty, as the result was unfavourable, the delinquency was punished.

The aspect of the weather had undergone a total change when the captain of the frigate, in all the majesty of his official dignity, ascended the companion-ladder that morning. The vapour which hung sullenly over the earth gradually melted away into a broad circle, and settled in the form of a dark impenetrable wall on the extreme verge of the horizon. The distant objects which nature had before so distinctly pencilled in the wild landscape, were now obscured by the heavy fog bank, whilst the sky overhead was as bright and as clear as the brilliant sun could make it; so that the vessel lay, as it were, in a large basin surrounded by a circular barrier, which, closing in gradually upon all sides, soon united into a cold drizzling mist, which was not dispelled until the sun had crossed the meridian.

The mist had scarcely dispersed when the captain again made his appearance on deck, and as he anxiously swept the horizon with one of Dollond's best telescopes, he called for the youngster of the watch, and sent him for the first lieutenant and the master, both of whom were discussing the merits of a glass of grog, when the squeaking voice of the little middy summoned them to the august presence of their commander.

In those days a captain of a frigate was a great man.

"Well, Mr. Logship," asked the captain, addressing the master, "what think you of the weather?"

"Fine, sir," answered Logship, "very fine; the haze beyond," pointing to the fog which still lingered in the offing, "is all for heat. We shall have the sea-breeze creeping along the water, like a shoal of young mackerel, presently."

"I hope so," said the captain, thoughtfully, "for the glass is falling."

The idlers—and, to enlighten the reader, I mean by that term the fat surgeon, the lean purser, and the non-descript marine officers—were projecting an excursion amongst the huts of the wild natives, when the skipper made his appearance. "There's something in the wind," observed the surgeon in a subdued tone; "I know it by the bristly hairs on the tip of the skipper's smelling-bottle; for they always project at right angles with the mizen-mast when his mind is anxious. I don't see much chance of your getting on shore to-day."

This announcement lengthened the visage of the marine officers; the last of the wardroom stock had been consumed a week before, and the officers were now upon their scanty ship's allowance. They had had a surfeit of lobscouse and dog's-body; and the portly doctor was urging the first lieutenant to press the necessity of sending on shore for a supply of water, or holystones and sand, or, in fact, for anything his ingenuity could suggest as being required for the use of his Majesty, when the captain again made his appearance.

"What cable have we out, Mr. Logship?" he abruptly demanded, casting his anxious eye along the rocky boundary of the roadstead, against which the surf was still breaking with a hollow kind of noise, although the sea was as calm as a millpond.

"Half a cable on the best bower, sir," answered the master.

"I don't know what to make of it," observed the commander, with a perplexed air and in an under-tone, as if speaking to him-

self, yet loud enough to be heard by his officers. "That barometer never yet deceived me; it is one of Troughton's best, and although the aspect of the weather is so favourable, the quicksilver continues to fall, and has already fallen considerably below 'Stormy.' I don't know what to make of it."

Logship did not reply, for his reliance on the barometer almost equalled that of the captain, and he dreaded to offer a dissenting opinion, lest the instrument might be correct; and he would then lose the character he had long sustained of being the best living mercury in the ship for measuring the changes in the weather.

Williamson, the captain, was not the man to waver upon a case of emergency; on the contrary, he was remarkable for the quickness as well as the accuracy of his decision; but upon this occasion he was at fault. In a tropical clime he would have understood it.

He descended once more to his cabin, but as quickly reappeared, and glancing his sharp eye around him, exclaimed, "The glass is still falling! Mr. Fearnought, turn the hands up—up anchor."

Logship now quietly slipped down to take a peep at the barometer, for, as the weather had so settled an appearance, he, as well as the first lieutenant, and of course the idlers, began to question the sanity of their commander. The doctor was commencing what he intended should be a rather learned disquisition on the disorders of the mind, and the variety of cases which had fallen under his notice, when the little master returned from the cabin, with as much astonishment and anxiety depicted in his weather-beaten countenance as the captain's exhibited. "It's below 'Very Stormy,' sir," shouted Logship, "and the sooner we get the ship out of this rascally roadstead the better for all hands."

At this moment, a wild-looking subject of his Majesty came paddling up to the side of the frigate, in a wretched-looking cockle-shell of a canoe, which the natives dignified by the title of a boat. A greasy-looking letter was handed up the gangway, addressed to the "captain or commanding officer of any of his Majesty's cruisers on the coast;" and after passing through the different gradations prescribed by the etiquette of a man-of-war, it was delivered to the captain, who, thinking only of his barometer, and the importance of getting the ship under weigh, cheered the men at the capstan, and thrust the letter into his pocket, without looking at the superscription or breaking the seal.

Captain Williamson, of his Majesty's ship Palmyra, was not what the ladies would have called a pretty fellow, for he had nothing effeminate in either his person or manner. He was a fine dashing-looking sailor, not more than thirty years of age, with the exterior of a gentleman, and the bearing of a man accustomed to command, yet free from the slightest particle of hauteur. His projecting forehead overhung a pair of sharp grey eyes, which twinkled restlessly beneath long shaggy eyebrows; his aquiline nose was so pliant, that it almost bent with every movement of his features, and when he smiled it was curved like the beak of an eagle. It has already been observed that nature had, strangely enough, placed upon the very tip of this proboscis a little clump of long black hair, which, sensible of the slightest passion of his mind, projected like the quills of the fretful porcupine; and at such moments it was deemed advisable by those who knew him well to give him a clear berth. His mouth was well formed, though rather small; and a professed advertising dentist would have placed some value on the head of the noble captain for the sake of his teeth. He was tall, and, unlike sailors in general, he did not stoop; on the contrary, he held his head as erect as a life-guardsman. His bronzed complexion denoted the ever-varying climes to which he had been exposed; and, like most people who have good teeth, he contracted a habit of laughing, which threw into his features a kind of continual smile, as if the mind within was all sunshine.

At length the anchor was hove a short stay peak; the topsails were sheeted home, and the yards were braced contrariwise to swing the ship. The capstan was again manned, and the commander descended once more to look at the weather-glass. The quicksilver had fallen to a startling degree. Even Torricelli, the inventor of barometers, might have been himself puzzled on the occasion.

At length the frigate was under weigh, and stretched out to sea under a light breeze, and with all sail set. Williamson and the master looked at each other, and then at the sky, which was now beautifully bright, and then at the horizon, which was clear and serene; and the distrust in their features was manifest and amusing. As soon, however, as Fearnought could absent himself from the quarter-deck, he descended the companion-ladder, and made straight for the captain's cabin, where the first object that attracted his notice was a very small bright speck on the side of the deck, which upon further examination was discovered to be quicksilver; and underneath the ball of the barometer he perceived a small hole, through which the mineral fluid had gradually and imperceptibly oozed. Fearnought returned to the quarter-deck with a broad grin, which startled the commander almost as much as the barometer had done, until the cause was explained; and never was any man more delighted at a fracture, which at any other time, and under any other circumstances, would have very much annoyed the gallant captain.

It is a common saying—and, generally speaking, a true one—that sailors can turn their hands to anything; and there is one peculiar feature in their professional career, which, if accurately noted, will in no small degree account for the ingenuity thus observable in their character. On shore we have either an instructor at our elbow, or a means of arriving at a solution of our difficulties; but on board ship we are cut off from any such aid, and when left to ourselves, we naturally turn inwardly, as it were, to our own resources, and thus acquire by degrees a habit of contrivance, by which we eventually learn to surmount any little difficulty that may impede our progress. From this habit we also derive self-confidence,—I do not mean self-conceit,—which enables us to face difficulty, instead of shrinking from it. Mental energies are often called forth, which might have otherwise lain dormant; and although the events that led to their development might be trivial, the mind was prepared in a measure to contend with more important casualties hereafter. I once knew a young midshipman, who upon one occasion, by his persevering ingenuity, eventually overcame an obstacle which at one time threatened to conquer him; and this single instance so delighted his commander as to produce a feeling which had a considerable influense on the future destiny of the young aspirant.

Williamson descended to his cabin, and found the quicksilver rolling along the deck in a thousand particles, as the ship careened to the wind. His little middies soon gathered it together, and as Williamson was a mechanic in his way—for he could take a watch to pieces, and put it together again, build a ship upon a scale of an inch to a foot, mend a lock as well as the armourer, hoop a cask as well as the cooper, or apply a tourniquet or open a vein as well as the doctor—of course he could mend his own barometer; and so he did.

At a little before dusk that afternoon, Williamson, in drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, drew along with it the greasy letter to which we have elsewhere alluded, and it was nearly blown overboard. The midshipman on watch picked it up, and handed it to him. Williamson smiled at his own forgetfulness, but looked very grave when he read the letter: it ran thus—

"A noted smuggler, schooner-rigged, with a tanned topsail, will leave Flushing on or about the 25th instant, with a cargo of spirits and tobacco, and may be expected on the western coast of Ireland to-morrow night. She is painted black, with a patch of brown canvas in her mainsail. She may be turned into a sloop or a lugger, and is provided with a narrow strip of painted canvas to represent port-holes. She has fifteen hundred bales of tobacco on board, and her ground tier consists of hollands and brandy. It is expected that she will attempt a landing in the Mal bay, near Mutton Island."

Williamson read the letter to his first lieutenant and to the officer of the watch, and the latter hailed the man at the mast-head to keep a sharp look-out; whilst the signal midshipman was sent aloft with a telescope, to sweep the horizon before night came on. The frigate then stood in for the land, and, when within a safe distance from it, she was hove-to under easy sail, with her head off shore.

Towards midnight the breeze gradually freshened, and if the smiling aspect of the weather on the one hand, and the sinking barometer on the other, had puzzled Williamson that morning, there could be little doubt on the subject now; for the wind had that hollow mournful sound, as it rattled through the blocks and cordage, which only the accustomed ear of a sailor could truly identify as a certain harbinger of bad weather. The small drizzling rain that fell served rather to feed the wind, and the squalls which rushed suddenly down the mountain valleys kept the anxious eye of the officer of the watch on his weather-beam.

At daybreak the breeze became more steady, and Williamson, in his short round Flushing jacket, with a gold loop upon each shoulder to denote his rank, went up to the masthead, to reconnoitre with his spyglass the creeks and bays which indented that dangerous part of the coast; but there was not a vestige of a vessel

of any kind to be seen; and having shared alternately with the little master the look-out duty during the night, he ordered a sharp eye to be kept all round, and descending to his cabin, threw himself on his cot, and slept soundly for a couple of hours.

At eight o'clock, the look-out man at the foretop-gallant masthead reported "a strange sail on the weather-bow." The captain started from his couch, for the welcome sound had reached his quick ear; and in an instant every one was in motion. It was known throughout the ship that the letter which the skipper received conveyed information from the agent at Flushing, that a smuggler would attempt to land upon that part of the coast. The crew, therefore, who were at breakfast, flew up the hatchways; the captains of the tops were already half-way up the rigging; and even the portly doctor and the marine officers left their hot rolls to join in the excitement of the scene.

Amongst the most nimble of those who ran up the ratlines of the rigging on that occasion was Williamson himself, who was soon perched on the topmast-crosstrees, balancing himself, as the ship heeled over, with one hand for the king and the other for himself. Williamson went aloft, not that he mistrusted any of his officers, but because he was anxious to judge, from a single glance of his own keen eye, what the stranger looked like, how she was standing, and what should be done; but scarcely had he got his telescope to bear upon her, when a sudden squall obscured her from his view.

Prompt in his decision, Williamson descended from the masthead, and calculating that the stranger could have hardly made the Palmyra out before the squall came on, he ordered her to be put on the other tack, and then proceeded to disguise her in the following manner:—the fore and mizen top-gallant masts were sent on deck, while the maintop-gallant yard was left across; the sail loosed, and sheeted home in a slovenly manner. The courses were reefed to make them look shallow; the quarter boats lowered to a level with the gunwale; and the maindeck guns were run in and housed: a long strip of canvas, painted a light brown, and varnished, was then carefully spread over the portholes; a few trusses of hay were placed in the main-chains; and the wheels of a carriage, which Williamson kept always ready, were lashed in the fore-chains. After all this was done, the practised eye of even a close observer might have taken his Majesty's ship Palmyra for a homeward-bound West Indiaman or a clumsy transport.

As soon as the squall passed to leeward, the stranger was again seen on the weather quarter, and the signal midshipman reported her to be a schooner, with only her fore and aft sails set, standing in for Mutton Island, which, with its single small tower, the ruin of a religious temple, lay about nine miles ahead of her.

"I think we shall do that fellow, if he don't make us out before we can get him well on our weather quarter," observed the captain to little Logship.

"I don't know, sir," replied the master; "I don't much like the look of the weather. Last night's moon looked for all the world like a lump of butter in a bowl of burgou. We shan't want for wind when the flood makes—"

"So much the better," sharply answered Williamson, who, sanguine in all things, was now impatient with Logship, who had the name of being a croaker in the ship; "the devil's in the dice if the Palmyra can't outcarry that little cockle-shell yonder, let us but once get in between him and the land. You know of old what our frigate can do, especially when she gets a foot or two of the main-sheet."

Logship was muttering something in reply, but in so subdued a tone that only detached words could be caught, such as "allowing that—blows hard—soon dark—if we could—," laying a strong emphasis on the hypothetical particle; when the little man was startled by the sharp tone in which the captain abruptly inquired, "How is the moon, Mr. Logship?"

"Full moon to-night, sir, at ten o'clock."

"Ha! that's good, at all events," observed Williamson.

"Yes," replied Logship, "provided she shows her face."

"Logship," said the captain, turning round, and looking him steadfastly in the face, "will you for once in your life look at the bright side of things; or if you will not, pray do me the favour to allow the moon to do so."

Logship was silent.

Little Logship was exactly four feet eight inches tall, and his extreme breadth measured at least two-thirds of his height; he had a very large head, with very small inquisitive eyes, and his cheeks were round and plump, and very rubicund; but whether the last was caused by the bracing sea-air, or the stiff nor'westers he too frequently indulged in, is scarcely a matter worth speculating on now. Although he entered his Majesty's service from a Sunderland collier, he always wore blue cloth pantaloons and Hessian boots with large tassels; he considered them the distinguishing mark of a gentleman. He was also particular in wearing gloves, although his little horny hands had been in former days better acquainted with the tar-bucket than the sextant. Logship was nevertheless a thorough-bred seaman, a good plain navigator, as far as plane or Mercator sailing went. He could distinguish the Ursa Major from the Ursa Minor; and he could steer the Palmyra, when scudding in the heaviest gale of wind, within a point of the compass.

The little master's peculiarities often amused his captain; they had sailed together for many years, and although the skipper knew that there were times when it would have puzzled Logship, even in his Hessian boots, to walk a plank without diverging to his right or left, still he also knew that it was only when the frigate was safely moored in a land-locked harbour that he ever indulged beyond the king's allowance.

The signal midshipman, who was stationed aloft to keep his eye on the schooner, now reported that she was shaking a reef out of her mainsail, and setting her gaff-topsail.

"What colour do you make her gaff-topsail?" inquired the captain.

"It 's a tanned sail, sir," was the reply.

"How is she painted?"

"Black, sir," answered the midshipman; "and she has a patch of brown canvas in her mainsail."

"Very well," replied the captain. "Now then, Mr. Fearnought, 'bout ship; up top-gallant masts; shake a reef out; make all the sail the ship will bear. That fellow has made us out, and we shall have enough to do to get within shot of him before dark. Pipe the hammocks down, and let the chests and shot-racks be triced up underneath them; give the ship all the elasticity you can."

"Well, Logship," asked the captain, "what do you think of her now?—shall we have her or not?"

"Don't know," answered the master; "those black little devils that lie so low on the water have slippery heels, and when they get into smooth water and a steady breeze, 'twould puzzle a remora to get hold of them."

"A what?" asked Williamson.

"A remora, sir," replied Logship, chuckling at the ignorance of the skipper.

"What sort of animal may that be, Mr. Logship?" asked the captain.

"Ah! sir," said Logship, "you have never been in the Mozambique Channel, or you 'd know what a remora is. Well, sir, it's a sucking fish they bend on to a line; and then off the little devil starts with the speed of a deep sea-lead, and the moment it twigs a turtle, it fixes itself by its suckers to the calipash, and sticks to it like a leech until you haul it on board; and I'm blessed if that a'nt a useful sort of a shipmate to have on board when one 's six upon four."

The chase had now commenced in earnest; every possible effort that the ingenuity of the officers could invent was resorted to, to make the Palmyra sail; and at nightfall the schooner, although but yet a mere speck on the horizon, was yet near enough to be just visible through the night-glass, but only to one man in the ship—that man was the captain.

THE SEASONS.

THE God of Nature, who created the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night, has also given us various seasons, or divisions of the year, for the better supplying his living creatures with the produce of the earth. These seasons by us are called Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. Spring begins on the day the sun enters the first degree of Aries, which is about the 10th day of March, and continues till he enters the first of Cancer; when Summer begins, and continues till the sun moves forward to the first of Libra; when Autumn takes place, and continues to the first of Capricorn; at which time Winter begins, and closes the year, that has revolved again to the first of Aries. These are the common definitions; but as they are to be confined to the seasons on the north of the equator, so it may more strictly and universally be said, that Spring commences when the distance of the sun's meridian altitude from the zenith, being on the increasing hand, is at a medium between the greatest and the least; that Summer takes place when the sun's meridian distance from the

zenith is the least, and ends on the day when his distance is a mean between the greatest and the least; at which period Autumn begins; and that Winter commences on the day when the sun's distance from the zenith of the place is the greatest, and terminates on the day when his distance is at a mean between the greatest and the least.

These seasons, under the equator, return twice every year; but all other places have but one winter during a year, which, as before mentioned, begins when the sun enters the tropic Capricorn in the northern hemisphere. When the sun enters Cancer in the southern hemisphere, all places under the same hemisphere have their winter at the same time.—*Burt.*

RAMBLES OF AN AMERICAN NATURALIST.—No. II.

By John D. Godman.

In moving along the borders of the stream, (the brook along which the observations were made, recorded in the previous paper) we may observe, where the sand or mud is fine and settled, a sort of mark or cutting, as if an edged instrument had been drawn along, so as to leave behind it a tract or groove. At one end of this line, by digging a little into the mud with the hand, you will generally discover a shell of considerable size, which is tenanted by a molluscous animal of singular construction. On some occasions, when the mud is washed off from the shell, you will be delighted to observe the beautifully regular dark lines with which its greenish smooth surface is marked. Other species are found in the same situations, which, externally, are rough and inelegant, but within are ornamented to a most admirable degree, presenting a smooth surface of the richest pink, crimson, or purple, to which we have nothing of equal elegance to compare it. If the mere shells of these creatures be thus splendid, what shall we say of their internal structure, which, when examined by the microscope, offers a succession of wonders? The beautiful apparatus for respiration, formed of a network regularly arranged, of the most exquisite delicate texture; the foot, or organ by which the shell is moved forward through the mud or water, composed of an expanded spongy extremity, capable of assuming various figures to suit particular purposes, and governed by several strong muscles that move it in different directions; the ovaries, filled with myriads, not of eggs, but of perfect shells, or complete little animals, which, though not larger than the point of a fine needle, yet, when examined by the microscope, exhibit all the peculiarities of conformation that belong to the parent; the mouth, embraced by the nervous ganglion, which may be considered as the animal's brain; the stomach, surrounded by the various processes of the liver, and the strongly acting but transparent heart, all excite admiration and gratify our curiosity. The puzzling question often presents itself to the inquirer, why so much elaborateness of construction, and such exquisite ornament as are common to most of these creatures, should be bestowed? Destined to pass their lives in and under the mud, possessed of no sense that we are acquainted with, except that of touch, what purpose can ornament serve in them? However much of vanity there may be in asking the question, there is no answer to be offered. We cannot suppose that the individuals have any power of admiring each other, and we know that the foot is the only part they protrude from their shell, and that the inside of the shell is covered by the membrane called the mantle. Similar remarks may be made relative to conchology at large: the most exquisitely beautiful forms, colours, and ornaments are lavished upon genera and species which exist only at immense depths in the ocean, or buried in the mud; nor can any one form a satisfactory idea of the object the great Author of nature had in view, in thus profusely beautifying creatures occupying so low a place in the scale of creation.

European naturalists have hitherto fallen into the strangest absurdities concerning the motion of the bivalved shells, which five minutes' observation of nature would have served them to correct. Thus, they describe the upper part of the shell as the *lower*, and the *hind* part as the front, and speak of them as moving along on their rounded convex surface, like a boat on its keel; instead of advancing with the edges or open part of the shell towards the earth. All these mistakes have been corrected, and the true mode of progression indicated from actual observation, by our fellow-citizen, Isaac Lea, whose communications to the American Philosophical Society reflect the highest credit upon their author, who is a naturalist in the best sense of the term.

As I wandered slowly along the borders of the run, towards a little wood, my attention was caught by a considerable collection of shells lying near an old stump. Many of these appeared to have been recently emptied of their contents, and others seemed to have long remained exposed to the weather. On most of them, at the thinnest part of the edge, a peculiar kind of fracture was obvious, and this seemed to be the work of an animal. A closer examination of the locality showed the footsteps of a quadruped, which I readily believed to be the muskrat: more especially as, upon examining the adjacent banks, numerous traces of burrows were discoverable. It is not a little singular that this animal, unlike all others of the larger gnawers, as the beaver, &c., appears to increase instead of diminishing with the increase of population. Whether it is that the dams and other works thrown up by men afford more favourable situations for their multiplication, or their favourite food is found in greater abundance, they certainly are quite as numerous now, if not more so, than when the country was first discovered, and are to be found at this time almost within the limits of the city. By the construction of their teeth, as well as all the parts of the body, they are closely allied to the rat kind; though in size, and some peculiarities of habit, they more closely approximate the beaver. They resemble the rat especially, in not being exclusively herbivorous, as is shown by their feeding on the uniones or mussels above-mentioned. To obtain this food requires no small exertion of their strength; and they accomplish it by introducing the claws of their fore-paws between the two edges of the shell, and tearing it open by main force. Whoever has tried to force open one of these shells, containing a living animal, may form an idea of the effort made by the muskrat: the strength of a strong man would be requisite to produce the same result in the same way.

The burrows of muskrats are very extensive, and consequently injurious to dikes and dams, meadow banks, &c. The entrance is always under water, and thence sloping upwards above the level of the water; so that the muskrat has to dive in going in and out. These creatures are excellent divers and swimmers; and being nocturnal, are rarely seen unless by those who watch for them at night. Sometimes we alarm one near the mouth of the den, and he darts away across the water, near the bottom, marking his course by a turbid streak in the stream: occasionally we are made aware of the passage of one to some distance down the current in the same way; but, in both cases, the action is so rapidly performed, that we should scarcely imagine what was the cause, if not previously informed. Except by burrowing into and spoiling the banks they are not productive of much evil, their food consisting principally of the roots of aquatic plants in addition to shell-fish. The musky odour which gives rise to their common name, is caused by glandular organs placed near the tail, filled with a viscid and powerfully musky fluid, whose uses we know but little of, though it is thought to be intended as a guide by which these creatures may discover each other. This inference is strengthened by finding some such contrivance in different races of animals, in various modifications. A great number carry it in pouches similar to those just mentioned. Some, as the musk animal, have the pouch under the belly; the shrew has the glands on the side; the camel on the back of the neck; the crocodile under the throat, &c. At least no other use has ever been assigned for this apparatus; and in all creatures possessing it, the arrangement seems to be adapted peculiarly to the habits of the animals. The crocodile, for instance, generally approaches the shore in such a manner as to apply the neck and throat to the soil, while the hinder part of the body is under water. The glands under the throat leave the traces of his presence, therefore, with ease, as they come in contact with the shore. The glandular apparatus on the back of the neck of the male camel seems to have reference to the general elevation of the olfactory organs of the female; and the dorsal gland of the peccary no doubt has some similar relation to the peculiarities of the race.

The value of the fur of the muskrat causes many of them to be destroyed, which is easily enough effected by means of a trap. This is a simple box, formed of rough boards nailed together, about three feet long, having an iron door, made of pointed bars, opening *inwards*, at both ends of the box. This trap is placed with the end opposite to the entrance of a burrow observed during the daytime. In the night, when the muskrat sallies forth, he enters the box, instead of passing into the open air, and is drowned, as the box is quite filled with water. If the traps be visited and emptied during the night, two may be caught in each trap, as muskrats from other burrows may come to visit those where the traps are placed, and thus one be taken going in as well as on coming out. These animals are frequently very fat, and their flesh has a very wholesome appearance, and would probably prove

good food. The musky odour, however, prejudices strongly against its use; and it is probable that the flesh is rank, as the mussels it feeds on are nauseous and bitter, and the roots which supply the rest of its food are generally unpleasant and acrid. Still, we should not hesitate to partake of its flesh in case of necessity, especially if of a young animal, from which the musk-bag had been removed immediately after it was killed.

In this vicinity, the muskrat does not build himself a house for the winter, as our fields and dikes are too often visited. But in other parts of the country, where extensive marshes exist, and muskrats are abundant, they build very snug and substantial houses, quite as serviceable and ingenious as those of the beaver. They do not dam the water as the beaver, nor cut branches of trees to serve for the walls of their dwellings. They make it of mud and rushes, raising a cone two or three feet high, having the entrance on the south side under water. About the year 1804, I saw several of them in Worrall's marsh, near Chestertown, Maryland, which were pointed out to me by an old black man, who made his living principally by trapping these animals, for the sake of their skins. A few years since, I visited the marshes near the mouth of Magerthy river, in Maryland, where I was informed by a resident that the muskrats still built regularly every winter. Perhaps these quadrupeds are as numerous in the vicinity of Philadelphia as elsewhere, as I have never examined a stream of fresh water, diked meadow, or mill-dam, hereabout, without seeing traces of vast numbers. Along all the water-courses and meadows in New Jersey, opposite Philadelphia, and in the meadows of the neck below the Navy-yard, there must be large numbers of muskrats. Considering the value of the fur, and the ease and trifling expense at which they might be caught, we have often felt surprised that more of them are not taken, especially as we have so many poor men complaining of wanting something to do. By thinning the number of muskrats, a positive benefit would be conferred on the farmers and furriers, to say nothing of the profits to the individual.

My next visit to my old hunting-ground, the lane and brook, happened on a day in the first hay harvest, when the verdant sward of the meadows was rapidly sinking before the keen-edged scythes swung by vigorous mowers. This unexpected circumstance afforded me considerable pleasure, for it promised me a freer scope to my wanderings, and might also enable me to ascertain various particulars concerning which my curiosity had long been awakened. Nor was this promise unattended by fruition of my wishes. The reader may recollect that, in my first walk, a neat burrow in the grass, above ground, was observed without my knowing its author. The advance of the mowers explained this satisfactorily; for in cutting the long grass they exposed several nests of field-mice, which, by means of these grass-covered alleys, passed to the stream in search of food or drink, unseen by their enemies, the hawks and owls. The numbers of these little creatures were truly surprising; their fecundity is so great, and their food so abundant, that were they not preyed upon by many other animals, and destroyed in great numbers by man, they would become exceedingly troublesome. There are various species of them, all bearing a very considerable resemblance to each other, and having to an incidental observer much of the appearance of the domestic mouse. Slight attention, however, is requisite to perceive very striking differences; and the discrimination of these will prove a source of considerable gratification to the inquirer. The nests are very nicely made, and look much like a bird's nest, being lined with soft materials, and usually placed in some snug little hollow, or at the root of a strong tuft of grass. Upon the grass-roots and seeds these nibblers principally feed; and where very abundant, the effects of their hunger may be seen in the brown and withered aspect of the grass they have injured at the root. But, under ordinary circumstances, the hawks, owls, domestic cat, weasels, crows, &c., keep them in such limits as prevent them doing essential damage.

I had just observed another and a smaller grassy covered-way, where the mowers had passed along, when my attention was called towards a waggon at a short distance, which was receiving its load. Shouts and laughter, accompanied by general running and scrambling of the people, indicated that some rare sport was going forward. When I approached I found that the object of chase was a jumping-mouse, whose actions it was truly delightful to witness. When not closely pressed by its pursuers, it ran with some rapidity in the usual manner, as if seeking concealment. But in a moment it would vault into the air, and skim along for ten or twelve feet, looking more like a bird than a little quadruped. After continuing this for some time, and nearly exhausting its pursuers with running and falling over each other, the frightened creature was accidentally struck down by one of the workmen, during one of its beautiful leaps, and killed. As the hunters saw nothing worthy of attention in the dead body of the animal, they very willingly resigned it to me; and with great satisfaction I retreated to a willow shade, to read what nature had written in its form for my instruction. The general appearance was mouselike; but the length and slenderness of the body, the shortness of its fore limbs, and the disproportionate length of its hind limbs, together with the peculiarity of its tail, all indicated its adaptation to the peculiar kind of action I had just witnessed. A sight of this little creature vaulting or bounding through the air strongly reminded me of what I had read of the great kangaroo of New Holland; and I could not help regarding our little jumper as in some respects a sort of miniature resemblance of that curious animal. It was not evident, however, that the jumping-mouse derived the aid from its tail, which so powerfully assists the kangaroo. Though long and sufficiently stout in proportion, it had none of the robust muscularity which, in the New Holland animal, impels the lower part of the body immediately upward. In this mouse the leap is principally, if not entirely, effected by a sudden and violent extension of the long hind limbs, the muscles of which are strong and admirably suited to their object. We have heard that these little animals feed on the roots, &c., of the green herbage, and that they are every season to be found in the meadows. It may, perhaps, puzzle some to imagine how they subsist through the severities of winter, when vegetation is at rest, and the earth generally frozen. Here we find another occasion to admire the all-perfect designs of the Author of nature, who has endowed a great number of animals with the faculty of retiring into the earth, and passing whole months in a state of repose so complete as to allow all the functions of the body to be suspended, until the returning warmth of the spring calls them forth to renewed activity and enjoyment. The jumping-mouse, when the chill weather begins to draw nigh, digs down about six or eight inches into the soil, and there forms a little globular cell, as much larger than his own body as will allow a sufficient covering of fine grass to be introduced. This being obtained, he contrives to coil up his body and limbs in the centre of the soft dry grass, so as to form a complete ball; and so compact is this, that, when taken out, with the torpid animal, it may be rolled across a floor without injury. In this snug cell, which is soon filled up and closed externally, the jumping-mouse securely abides through all the frosts and storms of winter, needing neither food nor fuel, being utterly quiescent, and apparently dead, though susceptible at any time of reanimation, by being very gradually stimulated by light and heat.

The little burrow under examination, when called to observe the jumping-mouse, proved to be made by the merry musicians of the meadows, the field crickets; *acheta campestris*. These lively black crickets are very numerous, and contribute very largely to that general song which is so delightful to the ear of the true lover of nature, as it rises on the air from myriads of happy creatures rejoicing amid the bounties conferred on them by Providence. It is not *a voice* that the crickets utter, but a regular vibration of musical chords, produced by nibbling the nervures of the elytra against a sort of network intended to produce the vibrations. The reader will find an excellent description of the apparatus in Kirby and Spence's book: but he may enjoy a much more satisfactory comprehension of the whole, by visiting the field cricket in his summer residence, see him tuning his viol, and awakening the echoes with his music. By such an examination as may be there obtained, he may derive more knowledge than by frequent perusal of the most eloquent writings, and perhaps observe circumstances which the learned authors are utterly ignorant of.

Among the great variety of burrows formed in the grass, or under the surface of the soil, by various animals and insects, there is one that I have often anxiously, and as yet fruitlessly explored. This burrow is formed by the smallest quadruped animal known to man, the minute *shrew*, which, when full grown, rarely exceeds the weight of *thirty-six grains*. I had seen specimens of this very interesting creature in the museum, and had been taught, by a more experienced friend to distinguish its burrow, which I have often perseveringly traced, with the hope of finding the living animal, but in vain. On one occasion, I patiently pursued a burrow nearly round a large barn, opening it all the way. I followed it under the barn floor, which was sufficiently high to allow me to crawl beneath. There I traced it about to a tiresome extent, and was at length rewarded by discovering where it terminated, under a foundation stone, perfectly safe from my attempts. Most probably a whole family of them were then present, and I had my labour for my pains. As these little creatures are nocturnal, and

are rarely seen from the nature of the places they frequent, the most probable mode of taking them alive would be by placing a small mousetrap in their way, baited with a little tainted or slightly spoiled meat. If a common mousetrap be used, it is necessary to work it over with additional wire, as this shrew could pass between the bars even of a close mousetrap. They are sometimes killed by cats, and thus obtained, as the cat never eats them, perhaps on account of their rank smell, owing to a peculiar glandular apparatus on each side that pours out a powerfully odorous greasy substance. The species of the shrew genus are not all so exceedingly diminutive, as some of them are even larger than a common mouse. They have their teeth coloured at the tips in a remarkable manner; it is generally of a pitchy brown, or dark chestnut hue, and, like the colouring of the teeth in the beaver and other animals, is owing to the enamel being thus formed, and not to any mere accident of diet. The shrews are most common about stables and cow-houses; and there, should I ever take the field again, my traps shall be set, as my desire to have one of these little quadrupeds is still as great as ever.

BENARES, THE "HOLY CITY" OF HINDUSTAN.

Benares, the celebrated "holy city" of Hindustan, is built on the north bank of the Ganges, and is about 460 miles from Calcutta, 950 from Bombay, and 1103 from Madras, travelling distance. It has been, from time immemorial, famous as a seat of Hindu learning; and is held in such estimation by the Hindus, that pilgrimages from all quarters are made to it. The late Bishop Heber thus describes it in his "Travels in India."

"No Europeans live in the town, nor are the streets wide enough for a wheel-carriage. Mr. Fraser's gig was stopped short almost in its entrance, and the rest of the way was passed in tonjons, through alleys so crowded, so narrow, and so winding, that even a tonjon (a species of litter) sometimes passed with difficulty. The houses are mostly lofty, none I think less than two stories, most of three, and several of five or six, a sight which I now for the first time saw in India. The streets, like those of Chester, are considerably lower than the ground-floors of the houses, which have mostly arched rows in front, with little shops behind them. Above these, the houses are richly embellished with verandahs, galleries, projecting oriel windows, and very broad and over-hanging eaves, supported by carved brackets. The number of temples is very great, mostly small, and stuck like shrines in the angles of the streets, and under the shadow of the lofty houses. Their forms, however, are not ungraceful, and many of them are entirely covered over with beautiful and elaborate carvings of flowers, animals, and palm branches, equalling in minuteness and richness the best specimens that I have seen of Gothic or Grecian architecture. The material of the buildings is a very good stone, from Chunar, but the Hindus here seem fond of painting them a deep red colour, and, indeed, of covering the more conspicuous parts of their houses with paintings, in gaudy colours, of flower-pots, men, women, bulls, elephants, gods, and goddesses, in all their many formed, many-headed, many-handed, and many-weaponed varieties. The sacred bulls devoted to Siva, of every age, tame and familiar as mastiffs, walk lazily up and down these narrow streets, or are seen lying across them, and hardly to be kicked up, (any blows, indeed, given them must be of the gentlest kind, or woe be to the profane wretch who braves the prejudices of this fanatic population!) in order to make way for the tonjon. Monkeys sacred to Hunimaun, the divine ape who conquered Ceylon for Rama, are in some parts of the town equally numerous, clinging to all the roofs and little projections of the temples, putting their impertinent heads and hands into every fruiterer's and confectioner's shop, and snatching the food from the children at their meals. Faqueers' houses, as they are called, occur at every turn, adorned with idols, and sending out an unceasing tinkling and strumming of vinas, biyals, and other discordant instruments; while religious mendicants of every Hindu sect, offering every conceivable deformity, with chalk, cow-dung, disease, matted locks, distorted limbs, and disgusting and hideous attitudes of penance, as superstition can show, literally line the principal streets on both sides. The number of blind persons is very great (I was going to say of lepers also, but I am not sure whether the appearance on the skin may not have been filth and chalk): and here I saw repeated instances of that penance of which I had heard much in Europe, of men with their legs or arms voluntarily distorted by keeping them in one position, and their hands clenched till the nails grew out at the backs. Their pitiful exclamations as we passed, 'Agha Sahib, Topee Sahib' (the usual names in Hindustan for a European), 'kana ke waste kooch cheez do' (give me something to eat), soon drew from me what few pieces I had; but it was a drop of water in the ocean, and the importunities of the rest, as we advanced into the city, were almost drowned in the hubbub which surrounded us. Such are the sights and sounds which greet a stranger on entering this 'the most holy city' of Hindustan, the Lotus of the world, not founded on common earth, but on the point of Siva's trident, a place so blessed, that whoever dies here, of whatever sect, even though he should be an eater of beef, *so he will but be charitable to the poor Bramins*, is sure of salvation. It is, in fact, this very holiness which makes it the common resort of beggars; since, besides the number of pilgrims, which is enormous, from every part of India, as well as from Tibet and the Burman Empire, a great multitude of rich individuals in the decline of life, and almost all the great men who are from time to time disgraced or banished from home by the revolutions which are continually occurring in the Hindu states, come hither to wash away their sins, or to fill up their vacant hours by the gaudy ceremonies of their religion, and really give away great sums in profuse and indiscriminate charity."

BULLUM v. BOATUM.

"Law," says the facetious author of the "History of John Bull," "Law is a bottomless pit;" and every one who has ever had the misfortune to fall into it has felt the difficulty of getting out. The "glorious uncertainty" of the law has afforded too good a mark for the shafts of our wits to be suffered to pass unaimed at, and one of the best hits ever made, which we must allow to be "in the clout," is the famous case of "Bullum v. Boatum," as reported by the renowned George Steevens, that laugh-loving "Lecturer upon Heads." Steevens's Lectures, which were originally delivered by himself, somewhat after the fashion of Mathews's Monopolologues, and illustrated now by a puppet, anon by a barber's block, and sometimes by the due adjustment of the lecturer's own visage, obtained great repute and favour in their day, and were published in a small volume adorned by very laughable wood-cuts; but the book is now seldom to be met with, and the memory of its author is fading into oblivion. The report of the case "Bullum v. Boatum," which was delivered by the lecturer arrayed in full legal costume, was prefaced by the following luminous definition of "Law."

"Law is—law,—law is law, and as, in such and so forth, and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance, people are led up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is also like physic, they that take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is also like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it; it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it." The same learned authority observes, that the case before referred to, and hereafter immediately stated, came before him, that is to say,

Bullum v. *Boatum.*
Boatum v. *Bullum.*

There were two farmers, farmer A. and farmer B. Farmer A was seised or possessed of a bull; farmer B. was seised or possessed of a ferry-boat. Now the owner of the ferry-boat, having made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay, twisted rope-fashion, or as we say, *vulgo vocato*, a hay-band. After he had made his boat fast to a post on shore, as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, he went *up town* to dinner; farmer A.'s bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came *down town* to look for a dinner; and the bull observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out, some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat—he ate up the turnips, and to make an end of his meal, he fell to work upon the hay-band. The boat, being eaten from its moorings, floated down the river, with the bull in it: it struck against a rock—beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard. Thereupon, the owner of

the bull brought his action against the boat, for running away with the bull, and the owner of the boat brought his action against the bull for running away with the boat.

At trial of these causes, Bullum *v.* Boatum, Boatum *v.* Bullum, the counsel for the bull began with saying,

"My lord, and you, gentlemen of the jury,

"We are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls before. Now, my lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? Or how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable? Therefore, my lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

The counsel for the boat affirmed, that the bull should be nonsuited, because the declaration did not specify of what colour he was; for thus wisely and thus learnedly spoke the counsel: "My lord, if the bull was of no colour, he must be of some colour; and if he was not of any colour, of what colour could the bull be?" I overruled this objection myself (says the reporter) by observing the bull was a white bull, and that white is no colour: besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of colour in the law, for the law can colour anything. The causes went to reference, and, by the award, both bull and boat were acquitted, it being proved that the tide of the river carried them both away. According to the legal maxim, there cannot be a wrong without a remedy, I therefore advised a fresh case to be laid before me, and was of opinion, that as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a right of action against the water-bailiff.

Upon this opinion an action was commenced, and this point of law arose,—how, whether, when, and whereby, or by whom, the facts could be proved on oath, as the boat was not *compos mentis.* The evidence point was settled by Boatum's attorney, who declared that for his client he would swear anything.

At the trial, the water-bailiff's charter was read, from the original record in true law Latin, to support an averment in the declaration that the plaintiffs were carried away either by the tide of flood, or the tide of ebb. The water-bailiff's charter stated of him and of the river, whereof or wherein he thereby claimed jurisdiction, as follows:—*Aquæ bailiffi est magistratus in choisi, sapor omnibus, fishibus, qui habuerunt finnos et scalos, claws, shells, et talos, qui swimmare in freshibus, vel saltibus, riveris, lakos, pondis, canalibus et well-boats, sive oysteri, prawni, whitini, shrimpi, turbutus solus;* that is, *not turbots alone, but turbots and soles* both together. Hereupon arose a nicety of law; for the law is as nice as a new-laid egg, and not to be understood by addle-headed people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood, to avoid quibbling; but it being proved, that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood, nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high water, they were nonsuited; and thereupon, upon their paying all costs, they were allowed, by the court, to begin again *de novo.*

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

No complicated story can be related in marble, and much that suits description can find no historian in art. Darwin, the poet, planned a monument, recording the genius and inventions of Arkwright: the design exhibited the Pyramids of Egypt, a sphinx, a mummy, and a spinning-machine! On the darkness of his sketch he threw a little light from his pen, and the whole became, in appearance, at once clear, consistent, and characteristic. But when the words were away, and the sculptor tried to tell the story with his modelling-tool, all grew dark again. Many are the absurdities committed even in our own times in marble. The invention of the steam-engine has been recorded by the figure of an elephant, which may imply power, but cannot surely represent active motion. When a basis for Chantrey's statue of Grattan was under discussion, one of the orator's friends, and a witty one too, said, "Pedestal! the best pedestal for him is the Rock of the Constitution—carve that, and put him upon it." "A good notion," answered another of his countrymen; "but how are we to know the Rock of the Constitution from any other rock?"—*Family Library; Lives of British Painters and Sculptors.*

THE BLIND BOY.

Where's the blind child, so admirably fair,
With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair
That waves in every breeze? He's often seen
Beside yon cottage wall, or on the green,
With others, match'd in spirit and in size,
Health on their cheeks, and rapture in their eyes.
That full expanse of voice to childhood dear,
Soul of their sports, is duly cherish'd here;
And, hark! that laugh is his—that jovial cry:
He hears the ball and trundling hoop brush by,
And runs the giddy course with all his might—
A very child in every thing but sight.

With circumscribed but not abated powers—
Play the great object of his infant hours—
In many a game he takes a noisy part,
And shows the native gladness of his heart.
But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,
The new suggestion and the quick assent:
The grove invites, delight thrills every breast:
To leap the ditch, and seek the downy nest,
Away they start—leave balls and hoops behind,
And one companion leave—the boy is blind!

His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,
That childish fortitude awhile gives way;
He feels his dreadful loss: yet short the pain:
Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again.
Pondering how best his moments to employ,
He sings his little songs of nameless joy;
Creeps on the warm green turf for many an hour,
And plucks, by chance, the white and yellow flower;
Smoothing their stems, while resting on his knees,
He binds a nosegay which he never sees;
Along the homeward path then feels his way,
Lifting his brow against the shining day,
And, with a playful rapture round his eyes,
Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

Bloomfield.

LORD COLLINGWOOD.

It has been said that no man is a hero in the eyes of his *valet-de-chambre*, but that this is not universally true, is proved by the account which was given by Mr. Smith, Admiral Collingwood's valued servant. "I entered the admiral's cabin," he observed, "about day-light, and found him already up and dressing. He asked if I had seen the French fleet; and on my replying that I had not, he told me to look out at them, adding that in a very short time we should see a great deal more of them. I then observed a crowd of ships to leeward; but I could not help looking with still greater interest at the admiral, who during all this time was shaving himself with a composure that quite astonished me."—"Admiral Collingwood dressed himself that morning with peculiar care; and soon after, meeting Lieutenant Clavell, advised him to pull off his boots. 'You had better,' he said, 'put on silk stockings, as I have done; for if you should get a shot in the leg, they would be so much more manageable to the surgeon.' He then proceeded to visit the decks, encouraged the men to the discharge of their duty, and addressing the officers, said to them, 'Now, gentlemen, let us do something to-day that the world may talk of hereafter.'"—*Life of Lord Collingwood.*

NOBLEMEN ENVIOUS AND IDLE.

Nobility of birth commonly abateth industry; and he that is not industrious envieth him that is: besides, noble persons cannot go much higher; and he that standeth at a stay when others rise can hardly avoid motions of envy.—*Bacon.*

ETYMOLOGISTS.

Dr. Parr being asked who was his immediate predecessor in the mastership of the Free School at Norwich, he said it was Barnabas Leman, an honest man, but without learning, and very tyrannical in his discipline. This man had the impudence to publish, by a half-guinea subscription, what he called an "English Derivative Dictionary," in quarto. He pretended to find a derivation for every word in Saxon, German, Dutch, Latin, Greek, Hebrew. No matter what the word was, however culinary or vernacular, he undertook to find its etymology. Coming to "Pig's Petty-toes," (a Norfolk way of dressing the feet of sucking pigs,) he was a little puzzled, but it did not stop him; so he wrote, as it now stands in the book, "Pig's Petty-toes—a dish of which the author of this Dictionary is extremely fond."

SONG.

Sing to me in the days of spring-time, beloved;
In those days of sweetness, oh, sing to me!
When all things by one glad spirit are moved—
From the sky-lark to the bee.

Sing to me in the days of summer-time, dearest;
In those days of fire, oh, sing to me, then!
When suns are brightest, and skies are clearest,
Sing, sing in the woods again.

Sing to me still in the autumn's glory;
In the golden fall-time, oh, be not mute!
Some sweet, wild ditty from ancient story,
That well with the times may suit.

Sing to me still in the hours of sadness,
When winter across the sky is driven;
But sing not the wild tones of mirth and gladness—
Then sing of peace and heaven.

G. P. R. James.

OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

We have been so much gratified by the perusal of the following letter, that, at the risk of being thought excessively egotistical, and at the risk, too, of offending some of our English readers who cannot *decipher* Scotch *hieroglyphics*, we give it as we received it, with the exception of a very little pruning. The *censure* of the writer is worth a thousand laudatory criticisms, because the censure proceeds from a man who not only reads but appreciates. In reply to him, and to others who have written in a similar strain, we say first, that our sins of omission and commission are not very extensive; and, second, that they arose chiefly from inexperience, and the hesitation and uncertainty which inexperience causes. Circumstances, too, arose from time to time, over which we had little control, which prevented us from immediately fulfilling promises. We trust that, in future, our attentive and attached readers will find less cause of complaint; and though, in addressing an audience of various tastes and inclinations, it is impossible to please everybody, and some will be offended with the very things which gratify others, still, with the Letter-Box as an *echo*, it is not likely that we shall stray very far from our right path.

"*Glasgow*.

"Mr. Editor,—Ceremonics and apologies are the fashion of the day in which we live, and at the hands of a puir Scotchman sic like things may be luiked for by you, for this daring attempt to trespass on yer attention for a wee while; sae I maun frankly tell ye, that ye hae yersel to blame a'thegither.

"Ye hae open't a Letter-Box for the use o' your readers, an' as I am ane o' them—and may be nane o' the least attentive—why I should be thocht impertinent for availing mysel o' a preeviledge o' yer ain granting is mair than I can foresee. However, be that as it may, I shall try my han' for ance, an' wi' some kind o' confidence too, because I am really disposed to look upon ye as a decent, ceevil sort o' chiel, an' a lad that's no likely to tak amiss ony thing whilk I—ane o' the simplest and poorest o' yer readers—may gie utterance to.

"I hae vera little doubt but that, since ye opened yer Letter-Box, yer correspondents will hae slaiket ye ower wi' praise on nae sma' scale; maybe by this time ye're sick o' sic like commendations. Ye maun bear wi' me, however while I cast in my puir mite o' admiration; for, truly, they wha attempt to gie ye ower muckle praise wull hae nae easy task to perform.

"On the first appearance o' yer Journal, I was tempted to buy the Preliminary Number; ye promised sae fair that I bought the next, an' so forth, till I hae at this moment a' the monthly Parts. It wad be but a puir meed o' praise to say that ye hae keepit yer Prospectus to the letter; yer articles, sae far as they gang, are irreproachable: an' it is cheerin to my heart at least, to see ae Journal stan' opposed like a giant to the trashy, balefu', ephemeral publications with which the press teems in our day. An' even when we compare yer periodical wi' ithers stamped as truly valuable by the unanimous voice o' the public, they, in my opinion, may hide their dimeenished heads before yours. Sincerely do I hope that your example may speedily be followed by ithers o' yer brethren. I wad rejoice to see the whole tribe o' Journals an' Magazeens conducked on the same principles as yours; and in that case I wad cheerfully respond to your favourite maxim, 'Man *is* progressing.'

"It is truly gratifying to see ye tak every opportunity for conneckin the discoveries o' science, o' natur', and airt, wi' the halesome doctrines o' *Holy Writ*—I mean the Bible. Ay, ay, my man, ye hae ta'en the richt gate to muk' man *progress*—ye seem to be thoroughly alive to the fact, that science, airts, and natur, *benefit the human race only in sae far as thae things are made subservient to God's Word. I trow ye are sensible o' this, and I just beg that* ye may continue in the gude way ye hae begun. Dinna heed the cry o' some senseless craiturs that may say, 'This is a' cant, humbug, an' I dinna ken what a'; '—geese, ye ken, maun hiss an' cackle. Kennin this, ye need naither heed their senseless blethers, nor alter yer principles; for, were ye to do sae, I wad venture to prophesy, yer great aim, and the great means needfu' to mak man progress, wad be knocked on the head completely. Gang on then, and prosper; and, my man, while ye may quite lawfully pray that yer Journal may pay in a pecuniary point o' view, dinna forget, at the same time, to ask a blessin upon yer labours intended for the benefit o' yer fellow craiturs. 'Whatsoever ye do, whether ye eat or drink, or anything else, do all for God's glory,' is a Bible precept, but ower muckle neglecked by this wise generation.

"I'm fley'd that I may hae been tiresome; just excoose me, I haena' dune yet. I hae gart this gude pen o' Mosley's sound yer praises; I maun try noo gif it can gie ye a bit flyte (i. e. scold). How in the world does it happen that ye begin articles to whilk there is nae conclusion? Ye gied us a capital wee sketch o' our English translations o' the Bible in a vera early Number, promisin to return to the subject on a subsequent occasion. Ye left the article 'Madagascar' in the same condition, gif I'm no mista'en; and maybe mair lay ower in the same plight, for ocht I ken. Noo, shame fa' ye! What d'ye mean by '*a subsequent occasion*'—whan will that be?—whan wull the '*future Number*' come out, gien the finishing stroke to apparently forgotten articles? Ye want hints, an' if it war agreeable and convenient, I wad just hint that subjects ocht to be fecnished wi' the volume at ony rate. D'ye no think this wad be a better arrangement yersel? 'Hope deferred maks the heart sick;' and really I hae tint hope a'thegither o' ever seein some o' yer promises fulfilled.

"As regards yer articles, the 'Dawnin o' the Day,' and 'the Mornin Overcast,' they, too, bore the stamp of that excellence whilk pervades the rest, but really I canna but say I was meeserably disappointed wi' the conclusion. Of course, I dinna mean to dictat to ye; I mean naething mair than to gie hints; an' vera far be the thocht frae ye that I mean to gie offence. I hae plenty mair to say, and—but what o'clock's that?—nae less than twal at e'en, an' I scribblin' awa as viciously as ever, while near my side lie my ain sonsie, canty, tosh, bit wifie, an' rosy-cheeked, chubby, wee callan [boy], sleeping fu' snugly and sweetly in the airms o' Morpheus. I maun lay a' the blame o' my late sittin' on you. Ye'll excoose me for takin' leave o' ye abruptly, and I'll promise that, if spared, ye'll hear frae me again, provided ye dinna gie contrair orders in your Letter-Box. Ae word at pairtin';—dinna set me up as a mark in your Journal, whereat to shoot all yer shafts o' English wit and ridicule;—hae some pity, and spare the feelings of

"A Puir Scotchman."

P. S.—"Allow me to beg the favour of your informing me, through the medium of your 'Letter-Box,' if a young man, well acquainted with the retail bookselling, but little conversant with the French language, and who could be well recommended, would have any means of obtaining a situation in Paris in that line of business, and what would be about the salary he might expect;—would it be sufficient to keep him in board and lodging becoming his situation? Could you give the writer any hint or advice on the subject, you will greatly oblige him."

The desire to "go to Paris," or to the Continent generally, is very strong amongst our young men, and becomes more general every day. In itself it is very commendable, since no mode of improving oneself is so gratifying, so permanent, and so useful, as seeing with one's own eyes, and hearing with one's own ears, and being, as it were, *driven* into a foreign language by the daily intercourse and necessities of one's position. It is practised to a very large extent by Germans, hundreds of whom annually leave their native places, to spend a given time in Paris and London, and then to return with their accumulated experiences. But to Englishmen in certain circumstances the advantages to be derived should be carefully weighed with the disadvantages, and the probable results. Not a few individuals are in London, who have spent years in Paris, expressly to become perfect in French speech, and who are now in situations, and likely to remain in them, where much of that knowledge, to acquire which they encountered many privations, is of little use to them, because they have no occasions to call it into use. To the great body of persons destined to earn their bread at *home*, that knowledge of French which they can easily acquire *at home* will be quite sufficient.

Our correspondent confessedly knows very little of French. His only chance, there would be, we think, with Galignani, who, our correspondent must be aware, publishes the well-known *English* newspaper in Paris, and who has also an extensive publishing concern. Galignani, who speaks and writes English perfectly, is an exceedingly active man, is in perpetual correspondence with London, and has always a choice both of English bookselling assistants and printers. Let our correspondent apply to him; we have known instances where answers have been obtained months afterwards, which shows that

Galignani registers applications, and makes use of them when vacancies occur. Our correspondent would not get more, at first, than about 1000 francs per annum (that sounds very large, does it not?) or say 40*l.* per annum. Now, to an Englishman, with *his* English notions of comfort, 40*l.* in Paris will not go much farther than 50*l.* in London. In fact, an Englishman, not very well acquainted with French, and dependent on a situation, must, in Paris, be prepared to encounter hardships, and either be content to be thrown amongst his own countrymen for society, (which would defeat one of his objects in going to Paris,) or else, amongst Frenchmen, submit to much of that jealousy and aversion which is as strong amongst the mass of the Parisians towards Englishmen, as it was in London some thirty years ago towards Frenchmen. Nor can we wonder at it; the struggle for existence being much stronger in Paris than in London, and foreigners who go thither to earn their bread appear as interlopers.

Our BOSTON friend, who inquires about the salary he is likely to receive as a bookseller's assistant in London, is informed that it is not likely he would obtain more than 60*l.* (if so much) at first. But some experience of the London trade would be valuable to a young man who intends to return to the provinces; and if, therefore, he can procure a situation in some respectable house before he comes up, or can bring a little money with him, to enable him to live until he can get a situation, we should think a year's residence in London would do him no harm, provided he has the moral courage and the common sense to take care of himself, and be content to live very economically.

A CONSTANT READER says, "In your 34th Number, under the article 'Coco-de-Mer,' is mentioned the difficulty experienced in effecting their germination in this country. Perhaps it may not be known to *some* of your readers, that seeds which do not commonly germinate in our climate, or in our hot-houses, and which we cannot raise for our gardens or fields, were found by Humboldt to become capable of germinating, when immersed for some days, in a weak *solution of chlorine*. This discovery has been turned to great advantage in some botanic gardens.

S.—Beef-eater is a jocular appellation given to the yeomen of the royal guard. "It seems probable that the name of *buffetiers* was formerly assigned to that portion of the yeomen of the guard only who from time to time waited at tables at great solemnities, and were ranged near the *buffets*. The French in the same manner called their valets who attended the side-board *buffets*." Beef-eater may therefore be a corruption of *buffetier*.

N. S., MANCHESTER, asks respecting the general mode in which the NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS dispose of their dead. There is no universal mode, almost every tribe having a mode somewhat peculiar to itself, with this exception, that by every tribe the dead are placed with their feet to the rising sun. Along with the dead bodies are placed their weapons and *medicine* bags, pipes, tobacco, provisions, and apparatus for procuring fire,—in fact, everything for a far journey to those "beautiful hunting grounds" which constitute their future state, and where, in the words of Pope, "admitted to that equal sky," they think "their faithful dog will bear them company." The Indians are particular in paying honours to the dead. The funerals of chiefs and warriors, and of distinguished women, are (we may say, *were*) attended by the heads of the tribes and all the people, and the ceremonies are impressive. Some tribes bury their dead in a sitting posture, others prostrate. Several tribes (the Sioux, Mandans, and Riccarees) envelop the bodies in skins, and elevate them on scaffolds, or in the crutches of trees—except where one dies in dishonourable combat, is executed, or otherwise loses his claim to honourable burial, when the public condemnation assigns him an *ignoble* burial, under the ground. Some tribes deposit the dead bodies in canoes, to float about upon their favourite lakes, &c.; and others by suspending their canoes in the branches of trees.

In Mr. Catlin's "Indian Gallery," there is a picture—a scene on Upper Missouri—representing a "back view of the Mandan village, showing their mode of depositing their dead on scaffolds, enveloped in skins, and of preserving and feeding the skulls; 1800 miles above St. Louis. Women feeding the skulls of their relatives with dishes of meat." Mr. Catlin informs us, that this Mandan mode of treating the dead is by no means a "*peculiar*" mode, as several contiguous tribes are found treating them in a similar manner.

Connected with this North American Indian subject, we may mention that an EDINBURGH correspondent inquires respecting the mode in which the TOMAHAWK is used. This weapon is a handsomely-shaped axe, the handle being usually perforated, to serve as a pipe—the pipe-head being the hammer-shaped projection which forms a *cross* with the axe at the end of the handle. It is difficult to restrict its use to any *precise form* or *rule*; and, in fact, it is an article not *legitimately* connected with Indian modes, being, like guns and scalping-knives, a weapon of civilised construction. The tomahawk, however, is generally made for the treble purpose of smoking, and wielding in war, and also for cutting wood, tent-poles, &c. &c.

It is a mistaken notion generally held, that the tomahawk is *thrown at an enemy* in battle; in the chase, however, it is often done; but in war, it is a weapon of too great value to an Indian to be out of his hand, and is only used when in close combat, and then is always aimed at the head, preparatory to the use of the scalping-knife.

AN AMATEUR COLLECTOR.—Statements have so repeatedly appeared in periodicals, respecting FARTHINGS of the reign of Anne, that we are surprised our correspondent is not aware that these coins are neither very scarce nor very valuable. Every now and again we hear of somebody having picked up a Queen Anne's farthing, and straightway he imagines he has laid hands on one of the wonderful Three farthings which are supposed to be all that are in existence! Even supposing that there were *only* three Queen Anne farthings in the wide world, where would be their value? The reign is too recent to give them any historical or antiquarian interest, and their intrinsic value we should hardly fancy to be much more than—a farthing!

Y. X. W., HENLEY ON THAMES.—"Have any further discoveries been made on the subject of Electro-Magnetism?—and is there any probability of its superseding steam in commercial purposes?"

The first part of this question is so exceedingly undefined, that it is not practicable to answer it, unless some data had been given. With regard to the second part of the question, although we must refrain from giving an opinion, we will mention that Professor Jacobi spent several entire days on the Neva with ten or twelve persons, on board a ten-oared shallop, furnished with paddle-wheels, which were put in motion by an electro-magnetic machine; and, although he was not satisfied with this trial, he adds, "If Heaven preserve my health, which is a little affected by continual labour, I hope that within a year from this time [June last] I shall have equipped an electro-magnetic vessel of from forty to fifty-horse power." Mr. Davidson, of Aberdeen, has also been eminently successful in the same field of discovery; and Professor Patrick Forbes, who writes to Dr. Faraday upon this subject, remarks, that "from what has already been done (i. e. by Mr. Davidson) it seems to be probable that a very great power, in no degree inferior even to that of steam, but much more manageable, much less expensive, and occupying greatly less space (if the coals be taken into account), may be obtained." It also appears that a Mr. William H. Taylor, late of New York, took out a patent in November last, for improvements in obtaining power by means of electro-magnetism.—With these few out of many facts, we will leave Y. X. W. to form his own conclusions.

"Why do lobsters turn red when boiled? Can you give us any philosophical reason?"

Our correspondent is of course familiar with the famous experiment of Sir Joseph Banks, as recorded by Peter Pindar, in *his* Philosophical Transactions. Joking apart, however, the question *is* a philosophical one. Mr. Edwards informs us, that in the greater number of the crustaceans, though not in all, the tegumentary envelope is very firm, forming a shelly case or armour, in which all the soft parts are contained. The integument consists of a corium and an epidermis, or outer covering, with a pigmentary matter of a peculiar nature, destined to communicate to the epidermis the various colours with which it is ornamented. With regard to the *pigmentum*, it is not so much a membrane as an amorphous matter diffused through the outermost layer of the superficial membrane. In plain words, the shell contains a colouring matter, which alcohol, ether, the acids, and water at 212° Fahrenheit, change to *red*, in the greater number of species; though there are some species which may be exposed to the action of all these agents without undergoing any change.

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COMMON EVENTS.

DURING two years of a delicious portion of my life, my leisure was devoted to her whose life is now devoted to mine. Three or four evenings each week, and every Sunday, were considered as sacred to each other: we walked, talked, laughed, and whispered in perfect unison; went to church regularly, and returned, commenting on the services of the day. Reposing in one another mutual and entire confidence, and looking forward to a "common event" as the natural termination of our present attachment, we had no "lovers' quarrels," no fears, no jealousies; the course of *our* "true love" was as smooth as the surface of a placid lake on a summer's eve.

There was but one circumstance which threw a bitter into my gentle girl's cup of happiness and disturbed the serenity of her temper. In going and coming, we had to pass a house which contained a large family of grown-up daughters, and these had the idle habit of perpetually staring out from their parlour window into a quiet little street, whose chief events were the passing of the baker, the butcher, the beggar, or the ballad-singer. We, of course, were conspicuous objects for the "broad stares" of what the Scotch call "tawpies," an expressive word for idle, hoyden girls; and as the window was scarcely ever without a sentinel, our approach was telegraphed; "along the line the signal ran," and some seven or eight heads were presently seen bobbing over one another, like fish leaping in the water. Nothing annoyed my companion more than to have regularly to run the gauntlet of observation from these "*idle* creatures," as she rather bitterly termed them. She could not change a ribbon on her bonnet, or alter a boot-lace, without its being carefully noted. I knew, also, that I was diligently scrutinised by these diligent observers, who "read off," as the astronomers say, my air, aspect, height, walk, complexion, dress, &c. &c., not without an occasional sneering comparison (what an abominable thing it is for a young woman to *sneer!*—the almost unfailing indication of a selfish disposition), but I did not mind it—or rather I liked the "joke." A coarse or a common mind would have enjoyed the triumph of having an attentive "bachelor" to parade regularly before half-a-dozen damsels, not one of whom could boast that a "bachelor" ever entered their door; but Eliza held the faith that *all* young women should be married, and comfortably married too; and therefore she shrank from provoking envy, where no envy should exist. Passing this, however, I may repeat that these girls were almost the only troublers of our quiet and happy courtship; but so sensitive was Eliza, that, as there was no other way of getting out of the street than by passing the window of the "tawpies," we have frequently sat till it was dark, and thereby lost our evening's walk, rather than go out in daylight and pass under the ordeal of observation.

The wedding-day was fixed, and time flew on. We were a "sensible" couple, and resolved that our wedding should be sober and sedate—a quiet breakfast with a few choice friends after the important ceremony, and a still quieter excursion. In fact, being so *very* "sensible," our imaginations vaulted beyond the wedding-day, and sketched out our future domestic felicity. Eliza wanted a nice little cottage "out of town," where, at the garden-gate, on summer evenings, she would watch for me as I returned fatigued from business; and I, on my part, saw my own dear wife, the "light and life" of my existence, moving about my own house, more as an angel than a woman, and making my fireside radiant. Nay, we speculated, too, about our prospective family; and though Eliza blushed, and smiled and laughed, her imagination had already dressed up three or four delightful little creatures with "golden" hair, clear complexions, sparkling eyes, and loud, ringing, merry voices. Then we shook our heads about the awful responsibility of a family; and we laid down plans about how they were to be brought up, educated, and provided for; and we resolved to be economical in our expenses, correct in our deportment, and exact in all our doings—our prospective children were to become little models for the human race. What a deal of romance there is in the hearts of a fond young couple, to be gradually dissipated by broken china bowls, smashed toys, and a number of little *et ceteras*, "too numerous to mention!"

About three o'clock on a dark, dreary, stormy November morning, I was suddenly roused out of a profound sleep by somebody shaking my shoulder and flaring a candle in my face. When very fatigued, as was the case on the present occasion, I am, like some wild animals, difficult to be awakened, and usually stare in bewilderment before comprehension exerts its influence. "You did not hear me," said a voice; "I knocked first at the door, and then made bold to enter. You had better get up, sir, for mistress is becoming very bad."

The words of the summons were very indistinctly heard, but I knew the cause; so I drawled out, "Ye-es, I'll get up, immediately." So saying, I sank back in the bed, and was in an instant once more in a sound sleep.

I do not know whether I slept five minutes or an hour, but I was startled by a sharp clicking, caused by the sudden turning of the handle of the door, and the hasty re-entry of my disturber. "Oh, sir, you must get up, you must indeed! I'll leave the candle, sir, but you must be smart."

The voice was the voice of one of a privileged class, who, like the fools of the ancient time, sometimes presume on their prerogative. There was no time, however, for ceremony on the present occasion. "Yes, nurse," I replied, "I'll be up instantly;" and as at that moment a moan struck on my ear, proceeding from the adjoining bed-room, my heart spoke to my heels;—I was on the floor in a moment, and dressed in a minute.

The wind blew in gusts, the windows danced in their frames, and the rain plashed against the glass. My poor wife tried to hide her agony, and apologised for raising me, though the apology was interrupted by a scream. "Oh, my dear, I am so sorry—but nurse thinks the doctor should be sent for." The house shook, at that moment, to the very foundations. "Really, William, I cannot think of letting you out—you'll be killed by the falling of some chimney-top—send Mary."

Now, I had no particular fancy for going out; but to let the girl go rather jarred with my selfishness. "No, no, my dear, you'll require Mary yourself—I won't be many minutes."

"Well, William, wrap yourself up; take care of yourself. Nurse, go down and help him on with his great-coat—William, take care—oh!"

"Poor dear soul!" said I to myself, as I went out; "thinking of me in the midst of her own suffering. Well, after all, the women are a good set—I hope my poor wife will get well over it!"

In about ten minutes I was standing at the door of a corner

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house, with my hand on the brass handle of a bell-pull, round which were engraved the words "Night Bell." It answered my rather vigorous pull with a loud and long-continued reverberation. Meantime I tried to shelter myself within the doorway, for the wind howled round me, and the rain battered and slashed at me, as if it were glad to get a solitary victim who could feel its violence. Nobody came. I rang again. Nobody answered. The interval might be five minutes, but at that moment I could have sworn in a court of justice that I had stood there half the night. I pulled the third time, and the bell seemed destined to ring for ever, while I made the knocker do the work of a sledge-hammer. At last a footstep shuffled along the passage; the door-chain rattled; the bolts were withdrawn; the key was turned; and a head, the front of which must have weighed heavy from the profusion of its papers, projected, like the Irishman's gun, "round the corner."

"Rouse up Dr. Nugent—tell him *I* want him."

"Oh, sir, he's out—but he left word he should be sent for. Are you from Angel-place, sir?"

"Yes, yes, yes—where *is* the doctor? I will go for him myself."

"At No. 20, Manchester Terrace—just turn round, and——"

The rest of the direction might or might not have been given. I knew whereabouts Manchester Terrace lay, so off I ran, at full gallop, facing wind and rain.

Arrived at the terrace, I saw a long row of houses, every door alike, every knocker alike, and every area alike. I began to doubt whether or not it were 20 or 30 I had to call at, and I paused to consider. The wind drove me onwards, and I began to get angry with myself; my anger only confused my recollection the more. I was now uncertain whether it might not be 36, or 46, or 56. "Drat babies, doctors, nurses, and all!" I exclaimed; "what the plague brings me here?" I looked upwards to see if I could discern any symptoms of bustle, or any glimmering indications that human beings were watching the agonies of human beings. Every window and every house seemed dark and silent as the grave. I now looked round for the watchman, or for anybody who by instinct or observation might help me to detect the presence of a doctor in some one of the "uniformities" of Manchester-terrace. Not a living soul could I see. I knocked at 36—no answer. I knocked at 46—the same result. In a passion I knocked and rang at 56, and presently high above-head I heard the whistling sound of a window thrown up, and a deep voice called out, "Well, sir, what do *you* want?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, I am afraid I am mistaken, but I thought Doctor Nugent was here."

"No!" thundered the voice, and the window thundered down after it.

Drenched with rain, and out of humour with myself, I blamed the flickering lamps for making me forget the number, and then resolved to run back and give the doctor's servant a good "blowing-up," which she would remember for some time. Turning the corner, I came in rather violent contact with a man wrapped in a cloak, and could have throttled him. Shame, however, succeeded to wrath when I discovered in my antagonist the "Doctor" I was in search of.

"Oh, doctor," said I, "this is lucky—I have been seeking for you like a fool, up and down here. Come along."

We walked for a little way in silence, for the doctor was a thoughtful man and had left a death-bed. I *should* talk, however. "Well, now, doctor, this circumstance of strangers coming home in the night-time is not very pleasant. I am rather out of humour with the joke."

"Sir," said the doctor, "your wife at home thinks it no joke, and I fancy she has the worst of the bargain. Do you not think, now, that if *your* safety, or even your comfort required it, she would go out for you, if it were raining cats and dogs?"

I need not record my answer, nor tell whether it were in the affirmative or negative. We shortly arrived at home; I went down stairs to dry myself at the kitchen fire, and the doctor went up stairs to—his patient I was going to say, but that is not exactly the word.

By and bye, down came the nurse, her looks full of importance, but struggling to maintain her professional equanimity. A few orders were given to Mary, and Mary flew like a mad-cap, evincing by her excited manner how highly she estimated the honour of even a very humble share in the important proceedings. Then, approaching the fire, where I was standing, nurse muttered a "Beg your pardon, sir," in a tone which seemed to insinuate that I ought to beg *her* pardon and get out of the way. I never felt so insignificant in my life.

Left for some time to myself, I became uneasy, and went on the stairs to listen if "anybody were coming." I heard the bed-room door open, and presently a shrill scream announced the important fact that I was a papa, and the father of a child blessed with excellent lungs.

Mary now descended, her face as round and as full as the moon, and "wreathed with smiles." "I wish you much joy, sir; you have got a son." "Indeed, I am glad it is a boy." "Well then, sir, it is as pretty a baby as I have seen this many a day." I gave Mary half-a-crown. "Thank you, sir—well, I'm sure you will quite doat on the little dear—it's a fine baby, sir, and *so* large!"

The *size* of a baby is an essential ingredient in its value. So think the women; and, reader, if you ever visit on such an occasion, beware how you drop a syllable about the little thing being little, even if you should think it could be immersed in a pint vessel.

Up went Mary; and down she came again, to desire me to walk up to see my son. At the door the doctor met me, and we shook hands; and the nurse, sitting in all the glory of her state, called on me to come over and see what a fine little fellow he was. But I went to the mother first; kissed her, and she looked up in my face with such an aspect of *triumphant* affection, that I loved her more than ever. Then I went to visit my son. "Take him in your arms, sir," said the nurse; "isn't he a glorious little fellow?"

I had never in my life seen a new-born baby. I was the youngest of my father's family, and circumstances so happened that I had never seen a child younger than three weeks or a month old. I now felt shocked. Had it been any other person's child, I could have *philosophised* on the matter; but *my* child—*my* first-born—the child of her whom I had loved with all the ardour of a youth, and now with all the graver yet stronger attachment of a man—it was shocking—horrible. The little thing seemed so very little, measured by my usual habits of comparison,—it seemed so helpless, so miserable, and—the skin of its face hanging loosely—so like a little old man, and therefore so ugly—that I involuntarily turned away.

"Well now," exclaimed the nurse, who had marked the expression of my countenance, "what's the matter with master? Isn't it a pretty little dear?"

"No!" I replied rather fiercely, and walked away. My wife followed me with her eyes—she could not divine the cause. Mary and the nurse were in raptures with the child; both affirmed it to be so large and so pretty, and the doctor, though not so extravagant in his encomiums, still pronounced it to be a very healthy, fine boy. "Are you sorry it is born, William?" said my wife gently, while the tears were in her eyes. I now felt the necessity for acting the *hypocrite*, if I did not wish to agitate, perhaps dangerously, her whom I really loved. "No, no, Eliza, no, no! my feelings have been so much excited about *you!*" I kissed her again, and went over to look a second time at my son. The features were small and regular, and an experienced eye might easily have prognosticated that the child would *become* a very pretty child. But, as I gazed on it, the face became distorted, preliminary to a scream; and the idea of its smallness and its ugliness so fastened on me, that I was obliged to retreat from the room, under the pretence of faintness and fatigue.

In truth, it is a great mistake which the women commit in supposing that men generally feel interest in new-born babies. Whenever we hear a happy father chiming in with the chorus—"glorious little fellow—pretty little dear—great, stout, beautiful baby!" we set him down either as partly a fool, or partly enacting the hypocrite. The feeling of the MOTHER has been growing for months before the stranger makes its appearance, and her interest in it is identified with herself. But the feeling of the FATHER cannot properly be stirred till the little eyes begin to beam with intelligence, and a smile plays over the face of the child.

On coming home one afternoon, Mary opened the door sobbing convulsively. "Oh, sir! oh, sir! little Johnny!" I flew up stairs, and found my darling boy in a fit. He was then about fifteen months old—could toddle about the room—and was, to my apprehension a singularly interesting and attractive child. From about the time that he was three months old, he had been gradually gaining on my affections, and now he was enshrined in my heart of hearts." He lay on a pillow on his mother's knees; the pale and passionless expression of her countenance too plainly told me that the shock had been sudden, and was serious enough to absorb her tears. The doctor, also, was present; a warm bath had been administered, and another was ordered. Seizing the doctor by the arm, I led him out of the room, and when out of hearing of the mother, I gasped out, "Tell me, sir, is my child in danger?"

"Yes," was the firm reply, "but while there is life, there is hope."

"Oh, don't talk to me about hope—is my child dying?"

"Compose yourself, my dear sir, and go down stairs for a few minutes: we are trying what we can do for him, and you must wait the result—children have many lives."

"Children have many lives!" I muttered, as I walked away. The idea of the death of my son was quite stupifying. I had left him in apparently robust health in the morning—that very day I had been speculating on his growing up, and becoming the little delightful babbling companion of my walks—and here he was in the jaws of death! If ever I prayed in earnestness, I prayed now—I went out into the garden, and looking up to the sky, prayed in convulsive, silent agony, that God would spare my child!

Towards evening he revived, though apparently much exhausted, having, in addition to successive warm baths, been copiously bled and blistered. Poor little fellow! he recognised his father, and stretched out his hands. I took him, in my arms, on his pillow, and walked with him up and down the room. "Are you better, my dear?" I said, and the little fellow smiled, as if thanking me for the interest I felt on his behalf. How my heart yearned! I thought it had been impossible for me to feel *deep* interest on behalf of a young child, even if that child were my own. Now, I felt as if I could lay down untold money at the feet of the man who would save him.

The doctor was gone; but had left strict orders to be sent for if the slightest change should take place. The child fell into a placid slumber; and his mother and I sat down together, watching him with hope and fear. But towards the middle of the night a change took place—he became rapidly worse, and before morning dawned the "light of my eyes" was dead!

Some days afterwards, I went about my business as usual, and, amongst others, encountered an individual, with whom I was on intimate terms—a hearty, jocular man, and to whom a laugh was far more congenial than a tear. He first expressed his sympathy, but in a tone so ludicrous, that I could not resist a smile. Mistaking my smile for the absence of sorrow, he began to joke, and, in what he thought a very funny way, told me not to fret. From that moment my heart turned against him; and, at this distance of time, I still regard him as the brute who joked over the grave of my first-born.

FILIAL AFFECTION OF THE MOORS.

A PORTUGUESE surgeon was accosted one day by a young Moor from the country, who, addressing him by the usual appellation of foreign doctors in that place, requested him to give him some *drogues* to kill his father, and, as an inducement, promised to pay him well. The surgeon was a little surprised at first, as might be expected, and was unable to answer immediately; but quickly recovering himself (for he knew the manners of the people well), he replied with *sang-froid* equal to the Moor's, "Then you don't live comfortably with your father, I suppose?" "Oh, nothing can be better," returned the Moor; "he has made much money, has married me well, and endowed me with all his possessions; but he cannot work any longer, he is so old, and he seems unwilling to die." The doctor, of course, appreciated the value of the Moor's reasoning, and promised to give him what he desired. He accordingly prepared a cordial potion, more calculated to restore energy to the old man, than to take it away. The Moor paid him well, and departed. About eight days after, he came again, to say that his father was not dead. "Not dead!" exclaimed the apothecary, in well-feigned surprise; "he will die." He composed, accordingly, another draught, for which he received an equal remuneration, and assured the Moor that it would not fail in its effects. In fifteen days, however, the Moor came again, complaining that his father thrived better than ever. "Don't be discouraged," said the doctor, who doubtless found these periodical visits by no means unprofitable; "give him another potion, and I will exert all my skill in its preparation." The Moor took it, but returned no more. One day the surgeon met his young acquaintance in the street, and inquired the success of his remedy. "It was of no avail," he replied, mournfully; "my father is in excellent health. God has preserved him from all our efforts; there is no doubt now that he is a Marabout" (a saint).—*Monthly Magazine.*

ADVENTURES OF TWO BROTHERS DURING THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

NO. II.—ADVENTURES OF FREDERICK SAMMONS.

NOT less interesting, nor marked by fewer vicissitudes, were the adventures of Frederick Sammons. The flight from the fort at Chamblee was made just before sunset, which accounts for the chase having been abandoned so soon. On entering the edge of the woods, Frederick encountered a party of Indians returning to the fort from fatigue duty. Perceiving that he was a fugitive, they fired, and called out, "We have got him!" In this opinion, however, they were mistaken; for although he had run close upon them before perceiving them, yet, being like Asahel of old, swift of foot, by turning a short corner and increasing his speed, in ten minutes he was entirely clear of the party. He then sat down to rest, the blood gushing from his nose in consequence of the extent to which his physical powers had been taxed. At the time appointed, he also had repaired to the point which, at his separation from Jacob, had been agreed upon as the place of meeting. The moon shone brightly, and he called loud and often for his brother—so loud, indeed, that the guard was turned out in consequence. His anxiety was very great for his brother's safety; but, in ignorance of *his* situation, he was obliged to attend to his own. He determined, however, to approach the fort—as near to it, at least, as he could venture; and in the event of meeting any one, disguise his own character by inquiring whether the rebels had been taken. But a flash from the sentinel's musket, the report, and the noise of a second pursuit, compelled him to change the direction of his march, and proceed again with all possible speed. It had been determined by the brothers to cross the Sorel, and return to the east side of the river and lake; but there was a misunderstanding between them as to the point of crossing the river—whether above or below the fort. Hence their failure of meeting. Frederick repaired to what he supposed to be the designated place of crossing, below the fort, where he lingered for his brother until near morning. At length, having found a boat, he crossed over to the eastern shore, and landed just at the cock-crowing. He proceeded directly to the barn where he supposed chanticleer had raised his voice, but found not a fowl on the premises. The sheep looked too poor by the dim twilight to serve his purpose of food, but a bullock presenting a more favourable appearance, Frederick succeeded in cutting the unsuspecting animal's throat, and severing one of the hind quarters from the carcase, he shouldered and

marched off with it directly into the forest. Having proceeded to a safe and convenient distance, he stopped to dress his beef, cutting off what he supposed would be sufficient for the journey, and forming a knapsack from the skin, by the aid of bark peeled from the moose-wood.

Resuming his journey, he arrived at the house of a French family, within the distance of five or six miles. Here he made bold to enter, for the purpose of procuring bread and salt, and in the hope also of obtaining a gun and ammunition. But he could neither obtain provisions, nor make the people understand a word he uttered. He found means, however, to prepare some tinder, with which he re-entered the woods, and hastened forward in a southern direction, until he ascertained, by the firing of the evening guns, that he had passed St. John's. Halting for the night, he struck a light; and having kindled a fire, occupied himself until morning in drying and smoking his beef, cutting it into slices for that purpose. His knapsack of raw hide was cured by the same process. Thus prepared, he proceeded onward without interruption or adventure until the third day, when he killed a fawn, and secured the venison. He crossed the Winooski, or Onion river, on the next day; and having discovered a man's name carved upon a tree, together with the distance from the Lake (Champlain), eight miles, he bent his course for its shores, where he found a canoe with paddles. There was now a prospect of lessening the fatigue of his journey; but his canoe had scarce begun to dance upon the waters ere it parted asunder, and he was compelled to hasten ashore and continue his march by land.

At the close of the seventh day, and when, as he supposed, he was within two days' travel of a settlement, he kindled his fire, and lay down to rest in fine health and spirits. But ere the dawn of day, he awoke with racking pains, which proved to be an attack of pleurisy. A drenching rain came on, continuing three days; during which time he lay helpless, in dreadful agony, without fire, or shelter, or sustenance of any kind. On the fourth day, his pain having abated, he attempted to eat a morsel, but his provisions had become too offensive to be swallowed. His thirst being intense, he fortunately discovered a pond of water near by, to which he crawled. It was a stagnant pool, swarming with frogs; another providential circumstance, inasmuch as the latter served him for food. Too weak, however, to strike a light, he was compelled to devour them raw, and without dressing of any kind. Unable to proceed, he lay in this wretched condition fourteen days. Supposing that he should die there, he succeeded in hanging his hat upon a pole, with a few papers, in order that, if discovered, his fate might be known. He was lying upon a high bluff, in full view of the lake, and at no great distance therefrom. The hat thus elevated served as a signal, which saved his life. A vessel sailing past, descried the hat, and sent a boat ashore to ascertain the cause. The boatmen discovered the body of a man, yet living, but senseless and speechless, and transferred him to the vessel. By the aid of medical attendance he was slowly restored to his reason, and having informed the captain who he was, had the rather uncomfortable satisfaction of learning that he was on board of an enemy's ship, and at that moment lying at Crown Point. Here he remained sixteen days, in the course of which time he had the gratification to hear, from a party of tories coming from the settlements, that his brother Jacob had arrived safe at Schenectady, and joined his family. He was also apprised of Jacob's sufferings, and of the bite of the serpent, which took place near Otter Creek, close by the place where he had himself been so long sick. The brothers were therefore near together at the time of the greatest peril and endurance of both.

Frederick's recovery was very slow. Before he was able to walk, he was taken to St. John's, and thence, partly on a wheelbarrow, and partly in a calash, carried back to his old quarters at Chamblee—experiencing much rough usage by the way. On arriving at the fortress, the guards saluted him by the title of "Captain Lightfoot," and there was great joy at his recapture. It was now about the 1st of August. As soon as his health was sufficiently recovered to bear it, he was heavily ironed, and kept in close confinement at that place until October 1781—fourteen months, without once beholding the light of the sun. Between St. John's and Chamblee he had been met by a British officer with whom he was acquainted, and by whom he was informed that severe treatment would be his portion. Compassionating his situation, however, the officer slipped a guinea and a couple of dollars into his hands, and they moved on.

No other prisoners were in irons at Chamblee, and all but Sammons were taken upon the parade-ground twice a week, for the benefit of fresh air. The irons were so heavy and so tight as to wear into the flesh of his legs; and so incensed was Captain Steele, the officer of the 32d regiment, yet commanding the garrison at Chamblee, at the escape of his prisoner, that he would not allow the surgeon to remove the irons to dress the wounds of which they were the cause, until a peremptory order was procured for that purpose from General St. Leger, who was then at St. John's. The humanity of the surgeon prompted this application of his own accord. Even then, however, Steele would only allow the leg-bolts to be knocked off—still keeping on the hand-cuffs. The dressing of his legs was a severe operation. The iron had eaten to the bone, and the gangrened flesh was of course to be removed. One of the legs ultimately healed up, but the other has never been entirely well to this day*.

In the month of November 1781, the prisoners were transferred from Chamblee to an island in the St. Lawrence, called at that time Prison Island—situated in the rapids some distance above Montreal. Sammons was compelled to travel in his hand-cuffs, but the other prisoners were not thus encumbered. There were about two hundred prisoners on the island, all of whom were very closely guarded. In the spring of 1782, Sammons organised a conspiracy with nine of his fellow-prisoners, to make their escape, by seizing a provision-boat, and had well nigh effected their object. Being discovered, however, their purpose was defeated, and Sammons, as the ringleader, once more placed in irons; but at the end of five weeks the irons were removed, and he was allowed to return to his hut.

Impatient of such protracted captivity, Frederick was still bent on escape, for which purpose he induced a fellow-prisoner, by the name of M'Mullen, to join him in the daring exploit of seeking an opportunity to plunge into the river, and taking their chance of swimming to the shore. A favourable moment for attempting the bold adventure was afforded on the 17th of August. The prisoners having, to the number of fifty, been allowed to walk to the foot of the island, but around the whole of which a chain of sentinels was extended, Sammons and M'Mullen, without having conferred with any one else, watching an opportunity when the nearest sentinel turned his back upon them, quietly glided down beneath a shelving rock, and plunged into the stream—each holding up and waving a hand in token of farewell to their fellow-prisoners, as the surge swept them rapidly down the stream. The sentinel was distant about six rods when they threw themselves into the river, and did not discover their escape until they were beyond the reach of any molestation he could offer them. Three-quarters of a mile below the island, the rapids were such as to heave the river into swells too large for boats to encounter. This was a frightful part of their voyage; both, however, were expert swimmers, and by diving as they approached each successive surge, both succeeded in making the perilous passage—the distance of this rapid being about 150 rods. As they plunged successively into these rapids, they had little expectation of meeting each other again in this world; but a protecting Providence ordered it otherwise, and they emerged from the frightful billows quite near together. "I am glad to see you," said Sammons to his friend; "I feared we should not meet again." "We have had a merry ride of it," replied the other; "but we could not have stood it much longer."

The adventurous fellows attempted to land about two miles below the island, but the current was so violent as to baffle their purpose, and they were driven two miles farther, where they happily succeeded in reaching the land, at a place on the north side of the St. Lawrence, called by the Canadians "The Devil's Point." A cluster of houses stood near the river, into some of which it was necessary the fugitives should go to procure provisions. They had preserved each a knife and tinder-box in their waistcoat pockets, and one of the first objects, after arming themselves with substantial clubs, was to procure a supply of tinder. This was effected by boldly entering a house, and rummaging an old lady's work-basket. The good woman, frightened at the appearance of the visiters, ran out and alarmed the village, the inhabitants of which were French. In the mean time they searched the house for provisions, fire-arms, and ammunition, but found none of the latter, and only a single loaf of bread. They also plundered the house of a blanket, blanket-coat, and a few other articles of clothing. By this time the people began to collect in such numbers, that a precipitate retreat was deemed advisable. M'Mullen, being seized by two Canadians, was only released

* April, 1837—fifty-six years ago! Frederick Sammons is yet living, and otherwise well; and was chosen one of the electors of president and vice-president of the United States in November 1836.

from their grasp by the well-directed blows of Frederick's club. They both then commenced running for the woods, when Sammons, encumbered with his luggage, unluckily fell, and the loaf rolled away from him. The peasants now rushed upon them, and their only course was to give battle, which they prepared to do in earnest; whereupon, seeing their resolution, the pursuers retreated almost as rapidly as they had advanced. This demonstration gave the fugitives time to collect and arrange their plunder, and commence their travels anew. Taking to the woods, they found a resting-place, where they halted until nightfall. They then sallied forth once more in search of provisions, with which it was necessary to provide themselves before crossing to the south side of the river, where at that day there were no settlements. The cattle fled at their approach; but they at length came upon a calf in a farmyard, which they captured, and appropriating to their own use and behoof a canoe moored in the river, they embarked with their prize, to cross over to the southern shore. But, alas! when in the middle of the stream their paddle broke, and they were in a measure left to the mercy of the flood, which was hurrying them onward, as they very well knew, towards the rapids or falls of the Cedars. There was an island above the rapids, from the brink of which a tree had fallen into the river. Fortunately, the canoe was swept by the current into the branches of this tree-top, among which it became entangled. While struggling in this predicament the canoe was upset; being near shore, however, the navigators got to land without losing the calf. Striking a fire, they now dressed their veal, and on the following morning, by towing their canoe along shore round to the south edge of the island, succeeded in crossing to their own side of the river. They then plunged directly into the unbroken forest, extending from the St. Lawrence to the Sacondaga, and, after a journey of twelve days of excessive hardship, emerged from the woods within six miles of the point for which, without chart or compass, Sammons had laid his course. Their provisions lasted but a few days, and their only subsequent food consisted of roots and herbs. The whole journey was made almost in a state of nudity, both being destitute of pantaloons. Having worn out their hats upon their feet, the last three days they were compelled to travel barefooted. Long before their journey was ended, therefore, their feet were dreadfully lacerated and swollen. On arriving at Schenectady, the inhabitants were alarmed at their wild and savage appearance—half naked, with lengthened beards and matted hair. The people at length gathered round them with strange curiosity; but when they made themselves known, a lady named Ellis rushed through the crowd to grasp the hand of Frederick, and was so much affected at his altered appearance that she fainted and fell. The welcome fugitives were forthwith supplied with whatever of food and raiment was necessary; and young Sammons learned that his father and family had removed back to Marbletown, in the county of Ulster, whence he had previously emigrated to Johnstown.

STUDY OF ASTRONOMY.

Sir William Herschel was the second son of a musician at Hanover, and his early life was spent in connexion with the musical profession, though few correct particulars respecting it are known. It is stated that he began to turn his attention to astronomy while he was resident at Bath, as organist of the Octagon Chapel; and having devoted himself for many years to the study of its principles and details theoretically and practically, he became gradually known to a small circle, as an almost self-taught astronomer of no mean pretensions. In 1780, he began to contribute to the Philosophical Transactions; and in 1781 announced that he had discovered a new comet—which, by creating an "immense sensation," drew him out from his obscurity, paved the way for his future prosperity, and, by removing the obstacles in his career, enabled him, doubtless, to enrich science with discoveries which he, perhaps, would never have been able to accomplish, had he been left to struggle through life unaided.

Herschel was made private astronomer to George III. with a salary of 400*l*. He established his residence at Datchet, and afterwards at Slough, near Windsor, where he erected his stupendous telescope—a forty-feet reflecting telescope, "the apparatus for supporting and directing which strikes the eye of the traveller in passing through Slough."

The supposed comet which drew Herschel into public notice turned out to be a planet—an addition to our solar system. He called it "Georgium Sidus," in honour of his royal patron, and, as he expressed it, "as an appellation which will conveniently convey the time and country where and when it was brought to view." But this appellation has not permanently attached itself to the planet. It has been called after the discoverer himself, but is now more generally termed Uranus.

Sir William Herschel's future life was spent in enriching astronomical science with extraordinary discoveries and speculations—gradually familiarising the minds of even men of science themselves with ideas and facts which before his time would have appeared almost too daring to be entertained. He died in 1822, leaving one son, Sir John Herschel, the most eminent of the scientific men of the present day.

Sir John Herschel is not reckoned a great astronomer because his father was one. In this case, we have one of the rare instances of father and son becoming famous in the same pursuit—they have each their distinct reputation, and yet doubtless the one reflects glory on the other. Sir John Herschel's mind is like a deep river, which, to a casual observer, seems comparatively shallow from its extreme clearness. His profound knowledge he communicates with an ease, a plainness, and a docility, which entitle him to a reverential affection from all who value the combination of wisdom, earnestness of purpose, and simplicity of character.

We have thus told our young readers something about Sir John Herschel, in introducing to them his well-known "Treatise on Astronomy," in Lardner's Cyclopædia. Plain and practical as it is, however, there is a class who could not enter on its study with understanding, even though it is divested, as far as possible, of technical details. The cause is explained by Sir John Herschel himself, in the work alluded to. A very slight knowledge of a few elementary mathematical principles will enable a reader of ordinary understanding to follow the author, and to comprehend his reasonings: but to those who are wholly destitute of that knowledge there is a difficulty at the very threshold of the study of astronomy.

To young readers, then, about to enter on the study of astronomy, and who seek only to get such a mere general knowledge of it as may satisfy their own minds, we would say, in the first place. Acquire a knowledge, however slight it may be, of the elements of mathematics. Your mind may not be of a mathematical turn, and there may not be the slightest prospect of your deriving any positive advantage from posing your brains with the "First Book of Euclid." No matter; try and go over it; it is worth your while. You cannot stir in astronomy without knowing something of the properties of the circle and the triangle. He, therefore, who wishes to comprehend the "reasons" on which astronomy is based, will acquire this preliminary knowledge, without which it is useless for him to enter on the study. After he has acquired it, and after he has studied an astronomical work, he may be far—very far, indeed—from having the smallest pretensions to the name of astronomer. But he will be in possession of a few of the "fundamentals" of the science; he stands on the same platform with the astronomer himself; he can follow him, as he ascends his "Jacob's ladder," till he loses him in the clouds: but he has this satisfaction, that he sees the ground on which the "ladder" rests, and is quite assured that it is no mere vision of a speculator.

In the words of Sir John Herschel, a popular treatise, such as he describes his own to be, on astronomy, can have no other pretension than to place its readers "on the threshold of this particular wing of the temple of science, or rather on an eminence exterior to it, whence they may obtain something like a general notion of its structure; or, at most, to give those who may wish to enter a ground-plan of its accesses, and put them in possession of the pass-word. Admission to its sanctuary, and to the privileges and feelings of a votary, is only to be gained by one means—[mark, reader, the *italics*, for they are Sir John Herschel's own—his mode of giving additional emphasis to his words]—*a sound and sufficient knowledge of mathematics, the great instrument of all exact inquiry, without which no man can ever make such advances in this or any other of the higher departments of science as can entitle him to form an independent opinion on any subject of discussion within their range.* It is not without an effort that those who possess this knowledge can communicate on such subjects with those who do not, and adapt their language and their illustrations to the necessities of such an intercourse. Propositions which to the one are almost identical, are theorems of import and difficulty to the other; nor is their evidence presented in the same way to the mind of each. In teaching such propositions, under such circumstances, the appeal has to be made, not to the pure and abstract reason, but to the sense of analogy—to practice and experience: principles and modes of action have to be established, not by direct argument from acknowledged axioms,

but by bringing forward and dwelling on simple and familiar instances in which the same principles and the same or similar modes of action take place; thus erecting, as it were, in each particular case, a separate induction, and constructing at each step a little body of science to meet its exigences. The difference is that of pioneering a road through an untraversed country, and advancing at ease along a broad and beaten highway; that is to say, if we are determined to make ourselves understood, and will appeal to reason at all."

In our cloudy climate, a man must be somewhat of an enthusiast who can stand out on a piercing night and "study Astronomy" by gazing up at the stars. How different in those regions where we can lie on our backs until the day melts into night, and form the dazzling bright stars into a thousand shapes, until sleep seals our eyelids! *There*, the constellations have something like a meaning; *here*, they are ridiculous. Such of our readers, therefore, who may have listened to an itinerant lecturer, and been amused and confused by some ugly transparency representing the signs of the zodiac, had better dismiss from their minds all the men and brutes in the heavens, and just regard the stars as stars. These "uncouth figures," says Sir John Herschel, "and outlines of men and monsters, which are usually scribbled over celestial globes and maps, and serve, in a rude and barbarous way, to enable us to talk of groups of stars, or districts in the heavens, by names which, though absurd or puerile in their origin, have obtained a currency from which it would be difficult, and perhaps wrong, to dislodge them,—in so far as they really have (as some have) any slight resemblance to the figures called up in imagination by a view of the more splendid constellations, they have a certain convenience; but as they are otherwise entirely arbitrary, and correspond to no *natural* subdivisions or groupings of the stars, astronomers treat them lightly, or altogether disregard them, except for briefly naming remarkable stars, as α Leonis, β Scorpii, &c. &c., by letters of the Greek alphabet attached to them. This disregard," he adds, "is neither supercilious nor causeless. The constellations seem to have been almost purposely named and delineated to cause as much confusion and inconvenience as possible. Innumerable snakes twine through long and contorted areas of the heavens, where no memory can follow them; bears, lions, and fishes, large and small, northern and southern, confuse all nomenclature, &c.* A better system of constellations might have been a material help as an artificial memory."

If once we fairly master the idea of our earth being a *floating globe*—or, in other words, a wandering star, a planet—we have laid a foundation for our astronomical knowledge. This is now considered to enter into the education of our youth, as much as a knowledge of the shapes of the letters of the alphabet. Some of the popular arguments for the rotundity of the earth are easy enough—such as, where do sun and stars go, when they set in the west and rise in the east? The earth cannot be an extended plain, for if it is, the heavenly bodies must penetrate it every twelve hours. Or—how do vessels appear to rise out of the sea, or sink into it, as they approach or recede from our view? The largest and most solid portion of a vessel, the hull, is the first to disappear and the last to appear, while the masts and sails are the last to disappear and the first to appear; and this takes place at a point where, if the sea lay as an extended level, the eye could see beyond. These are common and popular illustrations; and there are others, such as that of vessels sailing round about the globe, and losing or gaining a day in their reckoning, &c. But how many of our younger readers, who are familiar with the popular arguments for the globular form of the earth, could sit down on the instant and *demonstrate* the fact? They can only do so by being acquainted with some of the properties of the circle and triangle; that is, by having a hold of some of the simple, elementary truths of mathematics; and then they can make the fact as *undeniable* as the fact that the earth is a reality.

From being able to *demonstrate* that the earth is globular, the transition would be easy to master the general proof that it moves, or that it is a *revolving* and a *floating* globe. This would be a great triumph to the young student, and worth any mental exertion which it may cost him. There are popular arguments for this, too, which are easy. Either the sun and the stars fly over our heads, and pass under the earth, every day and night, or the earth turns round. The one idea makes a much larger draft on our reason than the other. Although, to our senses, the earth appears immutably fixed, and the heavenly bodies appear all visibly to move, yet when we bear in mind the previously-proved fact that the earth is globular, we can explain the phenomena by the simple fact of the earth turning round. From a diurnal motion of the earth, we can go to an annual one. If the earth is globular and revolves on its axis, is it affixed to anything, like a coach-wheel, or does it turn on a pivot? Not being affixed to anything, and yet revolving every twenty-four hours on its axis, we can easily go to an annual motion, or a revolution in a space of time called a year, through a portion of the heavens, called the orbit of the earth.

Our advice, then, to the young reader, desirous of gaining a slight knowledge of astronomy, such as would be satisfactory to an inquiring mind, is this:—first, acquire some knowledge, however slight, of the elements of mathematics. There are certain affirmations, called axioms, or matters to be received as self-evident, such as the definition of a point, a straight line, or a circle. By the aid of these definitions, other things are proved; such as, that all lines drawn from the centre of a circle to its circumference are of equal length, &c. Second, having got a slight but satisfactory idea of these elements of mathematics, apply this knowledge to the *demonstration* of the fact that the earth is globular, and to the *proof* of the facts that it has a diurnal and an annual motion. If these are laid down in the mind with anything like certainty, the student is prepared to ascend higher, and to become familiar with facts and speculations the most astounding with which the human intellect can deal.

The inducements to a study of astronomy lie on the very surface of the subject, and are sprinkled over all books and lectures. Day and night "the heavens are telling" of a universe within our inspection and yet beyond our reach; and to send the mind out on a voyage amongst the stars is one of the most exalting and yet humbling of mental exercises. The eye and the hand of the astronomer unfold that which even his imagination fails to conceive. Strange that the human eye, looking through an instrument, the work of human hands, can descry a universe, whose vastness the human mind cannot comprehend! And yet even all that the telescope of a Herschel reveals to us—even that "Milky Way," which, when examined, "is found (wonderful to relate!) to consist entirely of stars scattered by millions, like glittering dust, on the black ground of the general heavens"—may be but a small portion of the universe. No wonder that even a Newton is reported to have said, that he had been all his life like a child gathering pebbles on the sea-shore, while the vast ocean of Truth lay undiscovered before him*!

PASSPORT PERPLEXITIES.

The following lively account of the difficulties experienced by Mr. Lieber, well known as the author of "Political Ethics," &c., in making his way from Ancona to Rome in spite of an insufficient passport, and of his subsequent introduction to Niebuhr, the justly celebrated diplomatist and historian, then resident at Rome as Prussian ambassador; is extracted from "Reminiscences of an Intercourse with George Berthold Niebuhr, the historian of Rome," written by Mr. Lieber, who had ample opportunities, during a long residence with that extraordinary man, of becoming intimately acquainted with him, and has in his "Reminiscences" produced a valuable as well as very amusing volume:—

I went in the year 1821 to Greece, led by youthful ardour to assist the oppressed and struggling descendants of that people whom all civilised nations love and admire. After having suffered many hardships and bitter disappointments, and finding it impossible either to fight or to procure the means for a bare subsistence, however small, I resolved in 1822 to return, as so many other Philhellenes were obliged to do. The small sum which I had obtained by selling nearly every article I possessed, was rapidly dwindling away: I should have died of hunger had I remained longer. Before, therefore, my money was entirely exhausted, I took passage at Messalunghi, in a small vessel bound for Ancona. One scudo and a half was all that remained in my purse after I had paid the commander of the tartan—a price which was very high for the poor accommodation, or rather absence of all accommodation, but only natural, considering my helpless state, and that the commander of the vessel was a Greek. We had a rough passage, during which we were obliged to seek shelter in the bay of Gorzola, on the coast of Dalmatia; and on Easter-eve we entered the port of Ancona. I remembered having heard from a fellow-student of mine in Germany, that he intended to abandon the pandects and follow the fine arts: if he had done so, I concluded he would be

* There was an article termed "Faith in Astronomy," in No. 22 of the *London Saturday Journal*.

by this time in Rome. In a letter, therefore, to one of the first artists in that city, whom I knew only by reputation, I inclosed another to my friend, hoping that the former might have happened to hear of him. In this letter I asked for money to enable me to defray the expenses of the quarantine: should I be unable to do this, the captain who had brought me would have been bound to pay my expenses, and I should have been obliged to pay him by serving on board his vessel. This regulation is fair enough. Caution prohibits anything being touched which comes from persons in quarantine; the establishment, therefore, must furnish articles of comfort and sustenance on credit, which would be often abused if the quarantine establishment had not the right to look to the captain, and the captain to the passenger.

There was then a fair chance that I should have to work for some time as a sailor on board a Greek vessel, until we should go to anchor in some large port, where I might find a consul of my own nation, to whom I could disclose my situation, and who would feel disposed to assist me until I could obtain from home the means of returning. But my friend happened to be at Rome and to have money, and, with the promptness of a German student, sent me all he possessed at the time.

Unfortunately, an old woman who had come with us from Greece died shortly after we entered into quarantine, and we were sentenced to full forty days' *contumacia.* At length the day of liberty arrived. My intention was, of course, to go to Rome; and no sooner had we *pratica,*—as the Italians so justly call this permission to go where you like, all confinement being but a life in theory,—than I went to the police-office to ask for the necessary signature to my passport for Rome.

My passport happened to be in wretched disorder. When I resolved on going to Greece, I lived in Dresden, not unwatched, as I had but lately left the prison, where I had been confined for political reasons. It was impossible for me to obtain a passport for any length of time, and particularly for a journey to France: yet I had to make my way to Marseilles, where I intended to embark for Greece. I took, therefore, a passport for a journey to Nuremberg, and for the short period of a fortnight only. Once in possession of this paper, I emptied an inkstand over the words which declared it to be limited to so short a space of time. I then had it signed in every small place on my route to Nuremberg, so that it finally looked formidable enough. When I arrived there, I accounted for the defacing ink-blot by the awkwardness of the police-officer of some precious *bureau*, and got the paper signed for Munich. There I chose the time when the chief officers of my legation would probably be gone to dinner, to have it farther signed for Switzerland, pretending to be in a great hurry. It was signed. I passed through Switzerland; and on the French frontier I received, according to rule, a provisionary passport, the other being taken from me to be sent to Paris; from thence it would be forwarded to any place I should indicate. It will be easily supposed that I never cared to receive back the original passport, and it was the provisional French paper with which I had to make my way through the police-office at Ancona.

There was thus an immense gap in my passport; in addition to which, the police-officer, a very polite man, declared that but a few days previously they had received an order from Rome, not to sign the passport of any person coming from Greece except for a direct journey home. I was thunderstruck.

"Would you prevent me from seeing Rome?" said I, probably with an expression which showed the intenseness of my disappointment; for the officer replied in a kind tone, "You see, *carissimo mio*, I cannot do otherwise. You are a Prussian, and I must direct your passport home to Germany. I will direct it to Florence: your minister there may direct it back to Rome. Or I will direct it to any place in Tuscany which you may choose; for through Tuscany you must travel in order to reach Germany."

I think I never felt more wretched than on leaving the police-office. I had sailed for Greece from Marseilles, and had now returned to Ancona. Had I made my way round Rome without seeing the Eternal City—without seeing her perhaps ever in my life?

A Danish gentleman, who had gone to Greece for the same purpose as myself, who had sailed with me from Messaiunghi, and with whom I now had taken lodgings, felt equally disappointed. We went home and threw ourselves on the only bed in our room in silent despair. Could we venture to go to Rome without passports? We should certainly be impeded in our way by gendarmes, particularly as our shabby dress was far from removing all suspicion from these watchful servants of public safety. We could think of no means of obtaining the object of our most ardent wishes, and yet we could not resolve to abandon it. Thus lying and meditating, I took up, mechanically, a map of Italy: we gazed at it, and our disappointment became but the keener while the classic ground with its thousand associations was thus strikingly represented before our eyes. Suddenly an idea struck us, which showed one possible means of realising our almost hopeless desire.

The map pointed out to us how near the south-western frontier line of Tuscany approaches to Rome. The road from Ancona to Orbitello, a Tuscan place, we thought was nearly the same as that of Rome. Once near the city, we did not doubt that we might contrive to get into it; and once there, means would be found to remain there.

I started back immediately to the police-office, pretended to have received a letter which informed me of a friend of mine being at Orbitello, and requested the officer to direct my passport to that place. "Orbitello," I added, "is in Tuscany, you know." Italians generally, as is well known, are exceedingly poor geographers; and the gentleman upon whom at this moment the gratification of my fondest wishes depended, inquired of another officer in an adjoining room, whether Orbitello was in Tuscany or belonged to the Papal territory. I went into the next room, showed with a trembling hand that Orbitello was situated within the colour which distinguished on the map Tuscany from the other states of Italy;—it was green, I recollect well;—and, to my infinite joy, this gentleman replied, "Yes, sir, it belongs to Tuscany."—"Then direct the passport of the two gentlemen to that place," was the delightful answer; and I hurried away with it from the office, not to betray my emotion.

Whether my anxiety to get to Rome had won us the good graces of these gentlemen of the police, or whatever else may have been the cause, certain it is that they treated us with much kindness; though I should have blamed no one for keeping at a respectful distance from us, shabby as our whole exterior was. The officer whom I had had the good luck to teach geography, extended his politeness even so far as to invite us to take a ride with him: which we, however, prudently declined.

A vetturino was hired, and we left Ancona as soon as possible. At Nepi we had to inform the coachman that we intended to go to Rome, and not to Orbitello, as the roads divide a few miles beyond Nepi, at the *Colonetta.* A trifle smoothed over his objections; and when we were near Rome, we jumped out of the carriage, directed the vetturino to retain our knapsacks until we should call for them, and entered the Porta del Populo as if the porticoes of the churches near it and the obelisk were nothing new to us. My heart beat as we approached the tame-looking sentinel of the Papal troops, more than it ever had beaten at the approach of any grenadier of the enemy; and the delight I experienced when I had safely passed him, and felt and saw I was in Rome, is indescribable.

I found the friend whom I have already mentioned: he shared his room with me. After I had somewhat recovered from the first excitement caused by the pleasure of seeing him, and a rapid glance at the wonders of Rome, and the consciousness of treading her hallowed ground, I reflected on my situation. I could not reside at Rome for any length of time without having permission from the police. This, again, I could not obtain without a certificate from the minister of my country that my passport was in order. The very contrary was the case, as the reader knows: in fact, I was ashamed to show my passport at the Prussian legation. I resolved, therefore, on disclosing frankly my situation to the minister, Mr. Niebuhr; hoping that a scholar who had written the history of Rome could not be so cruel as to drive me from Rome without allowing me time to see and study it. Yet I did not go to the Prussian legation without some fear; for should I be unsuccessful, it was clear that I should be deprived of the residence even of a few weeks at this most interesting of all spots on the face of the globe, which I might have enjoyed before the police regulations would have been applied to me. I knew nothing personally of Mr. Niebuhr; nor whether he would consider himself authorised to grant my wishes, however easy it might be for him to understand all their ardour. He knew nothing of me; and then, how should I appear before him? Certainly not in a very prepossessing condition.

The Prussian minister resided at the Palazzo Orsini, or, as it is equally often called, Teatro di Marcello; for the palace is on and within the remains of the theatre which Augustus built, and dedicated to his nephew Marcellus. My heart grew heavier the nearer I approached this venerable pile, to which a whole history is attached, from the times of antiquity, through the middle ages, when it served as a castle to its proud inmates, and down to the most recent times.

I did not see the minister; he was busily engaged; but the secretary of the legation received me with a humanity which made my heart thrill, heightened as was its effect by the contrast with all I had lately experienced. I told my story plainly: he went to the minister, and returned with a paper written in his own hand, on showing which the Papal police were to give me the necessary permission to reside in Rome:—"For," said he, "it is clear that without means you cannot proceed; and as you are probably in want of funds necessary for the moment, the minister has directed me to hand you this as a loan. You can take it without any unpleasant feeling, as it is part of a sum which Prince Henry (brother to the reigning king, then residing in Rome) has placed at the disposal of Mr. Niebuhr for the assistance of gentlemen who might return from Greece. Prince Henry, of course, does not wish to know the names of those who have been assisted by his means; so you need feel no scruples."

I had to make yet another request. I was anxious to read Mr. Niebuhr's History of Rome in Rome, and had been unsuccessful in obtaining a copy; I therefore asked whether I might borrow one from Mr. Niebuhr's library. Here my frankness embarrassed the secretary, and he very justly observed that the minister, after all, knew as yet nothing of me. I felt the propriety of his remark, and answered, that I was so desirous of reperusing the work just at this moment, that I had considered it due to myself to make so bold a request, though I was aware I had nothing upon which I could found any hope of success except the honesty of my purpose. He advised me to ask the minister myself, which I might do the following day at a certain hour when he had expressed a wish to see me.

When I went the next morning at the appointed time, as I thought, Mr. Niebuhr met me on the stairs, being on the point of going out. He received me with kindness and affability, returned with me to his room, made me relate my whole story, and appeared much pleased that I could give him some information respecting Greece, which seemed to be not void of interest to him. Our conversation lasted several hours, when he broke off, asking me to return to dinner. I hesitated in accepting the invitation, which he seemed unable to understand. He probably thought that a person in my situation ought to be glad to receive an invitation of this kind; and, in fact, any one might feel gratified in being asked to dine with him, especially in Rome. When I saw that my motive for declining so flattering an invitation was not understood, I said, throwing a glance at my dress, "Really, sir, I am not in a state to dine with an excellency." He stamped with his foot, and said with some animation, "Are diplomatists always believed to be so cold-hearted? I am the same that I was in Berlin when I delivered my lectures: your remark was wrong." No argument could be urged against such reasons.

I recollect that dinner with delight. His conversation, abounding in rich and various knowledge and striking observations; his great kindness; the acquaintance I made with Mrs. Niebuhr; his lovely and interesting children; a good dinner (which I had not enjoyed for a long time) in a high vaulted room, the ceiling of which was painted in the style of Italian palaces; a picture by the mild Francia close by; the sound of the murmuring fountain in the garden, and the refreshing beverages in coolers, which I had seen but the day before represented in some of the most masterly pictures of the Italian schools;—in short, my consciousness of being at dinner with Niebuhr in his house in Rome—and all this in so bold relief to my late and not unfrequently disgusting sufferings, would have rendered the moment one of almost perfect enjoyment and happiness, had it not been for an annoyance which, I have no doubt, will appear here a mere trifle. However, reality often widely differs from its description on paper. Objects of great effect for the moment become light as air, and others, shadows and vapours in reality, swell into matters of weighty consideration when subjected to the recording pen;—a truth, by the way, which applies to our daily life, as well as to transactions of powerful effect;—and it is, therefore, the sifting tact which constitutes one of the most necessary yet difficult requisites for a sound historian.

My dress consisted as yet of nothing better than a pair of unblacked shoes, such as are not unfrequently worn in the Levant; a pair of socks of coarse Greek wool; the brownish pantaloons frequently worn by sea-captains in the Mediterranean; and a blue frock-coat, through which two balls had passed—a fate to which the blue cloth cap had likewise been exposed. The socks were exceedingly short, hardly covered my ankles, and so indeed were the pantaloons; so that when I was in a sitting position they refused me the charity of meeting, with an obstinacy which reminded me of the irreconcilable temper of the two brothers in Schiller's Bride of Messina. There happened to dine with Mr. Niebuhr another lady besides Mrs. Niebuhr; and my embarrassment was not small when, towards the conclusion of the dinner, the children rose and played about on the ground, and I saw my poor extremities exposed to all the frank remarks of quick-sighted childhood; fearing as I did, at the same time, the still more trying moments after dinner, when I should be obliged to take coffee near the ladies, unprotected by the kindly shelter of the table. Mr. Niebuhr observed perhaps that something embarrassed me, and he redoubled, if possible, his kindness.

After dinner he proposed a walk, and asked the ladies to accompany us. I pitied them; but as a gentleman of their acquaintance had dropped in by this time, who gladly accepted the offer to walk with us, they were spared the mortification of taking my arm. Mr. Niebuhr, probably remembering what I had said of my own appearance in the morning, put his arm under mine, and thus walked with me for a long time. After our return, when I intended to take leave, he asked me whether I wished for anything. I said I should like to borrow his History. He had but one copy, to which he had added notes, and which he did not wish, therefore, to lend out of his house; but he said he would get a copy for me. As to his other books, he gave me the key of his library to take whatever I liked. He laughed when I returned laden with books, and dismissed me in the kindest manner.

A short time after, I had the pleasure of accompanying him and Mr. Bunsen, then his secretary, now minister in his place, to Tivoli, where we remained a few days, residing in a house which belonged to Cardinal Gonsalvi; and, but a few days after, he invited me to live with him, assisting, if agreeable to me, in the education of his son Marcus. I thus became the constant companion of this rarely-gifted man at meals and on his daily walks after dinner, which were the most instructive hours of my life. He also gave to the Danish gentleman whom I have mentioned the means of returning to his own country.

THE SMUGGLER—A TALE OF THE SEA.

CONCLUDED.

It would be difficult to describe (so as to convey an accurate idea to shore-going people) the excitement on board a man-of-war when engaged in a chase. The quick, loud cry from the masthead of "A sail, a sail!" is followed by a simultaneous shout along the lower deck; all, every one, without reference to occupation, age, or rank, rush on deck: for although mercenary feelings were forgotten at the moment, yet a rich smuggler was not less an object of importance than the legitimate trader of France or Holland would have been in the war time: and then follow the anxious queries—"What does she look like?—Is she large or small—square-rigged or fore-and-aft; does she look lofty?" and the quick eyes of the mariners scan the horizon, to gather from it how far the stranger may be off. We then come to the active, bustling preparations for the chase. Sails are loosed and spread like magic to catch the welcome breeze; the cordage flies through the blocks with the rapidity of lightning; and presently the stately ship bends to the favouring gale, and the sailors almost bless their ship because she bears herself gallantly through the water: and then come the alternate moments of hope and fear, varying with the breeze, which at one time favours the pursuer, and at another time the pursued. Thus the naturally buoyant feelings of the man-of-war's men are kept in an almost thrilling state of apprehension and uncertainty—one of the few instances wherein suspense is the reverse of being painful.

Williamson had taken his station for the night on the forecastle, and his eye was seldom removed from his night-telescope. At one time the Palmyra seemed to gain on the schooner; at another she seemed to fall astern of the chase. Towards midnight the breeze freshened so much as to require another reef in the top-sails, and this duty was performed with the alacrity of seamen who knew the value of seconds at such a moment. But the yards were scarcely trimmed again, when the wind suddenly changed, and threw the chase three points in the wind's eye of the frigate. She was about six miles off, and had the advantage of smooth water from her affinity with the land.

"Curse that fellow's luck!" impatiently exclaimed Williamson; "he'd have been ours by daylight: we were coming up with him hand-over-hand."

"The breeze is unsteady, sir," observed Fearnought. "No higher, my man, no higher; your jib-sheet is chattering like a

monkey—it may veer round again more in our favour. I say, Mr. Logship, what is that man about at the helm? tell him to keep his sleepy eye on the weather-leech of the mainsail, will you?"

In this way Fearnought continued alternately speaking to the captain and directing the steerage of the ship, which now laboured under rather more sail than it was prudent to carry. In a short time she fell off three points more, which threw the schooner on her beam.

"Now, then, Fearnought," exclaimed the captain, "ready about."

"She won't stay, sir," said Fearnought.

"She must stay, sir," said the captain.

"What, in this heavy chop of a head sea, sir?" asked Fearnought.

"Yes, Mr. Fearnought," replied the captain in a determined tone; "if you can't make the Palmyra stay, I will;" and relinquishing his night-glass to the forecastle lieutenant, Williamson walked aft, and took his station on the weather-side of the quarter-deck.

Every officer and man were now at their station; for their commander's experience would be of but little avail if they were not prompt in obeying his orders. They had each their own separate duty to perform, whilst he kept his eye on the ship, watching a favourable moment.

Upon a sudden the word of command was given, "Hard down—helm a-lee." Away flew the fore and jib-sheets; and the frigate, released from the pressure of her head-canvas, flew nobly up into the wind's eye in gallant style. For one anxious moment she remained stationary, and it was very doubtful which way she would cant. But her commander was not inattentive to the motion of the sea at such a moment; he had his sharp eye fixed on the weather-leech of the fore-topsail, and by bracing to a little, but very little, he gave the ship a fresh impulse, and she swung round with her head once more towards the schooner.

The noble frigate, under treble-reefed topsails and courses, rose on the very edge of the waves, and darting along the troubled surface of the ocean, proudly dashed the foamy spray from her bows, as if conscious that the eyes of her commander were on her. Then, after descending into the hollow of the sea, and tottering for a moment under the mighty force of the waves which broke over her, she rose again to the margin of the deep, and, under the pressure of her well-trimmed canvas, skimmed once more along the wide waste of waters, as if resolved to sustain at this critical moment the character she had long borne of being one of the best sea-boats in the service.

For four hours both vessels carried on famously through the gale; tacking alternately, and bending and straining to the frequent squalls which came off the land. Day was now beginning to break feebly through the folds of night, and the grey mist hung sullenly over the land and almost obscured the dreary coast.

Williamson stood erect upon a quarter-deck carronade, holding on by the weather-hammock rail, and watching, with calm yet intense interest, a dark squall which was gathering on the lee-beam; for upon the issue of that squall he well knew the fate of the schooner, and possibly that of his own vessel, might depend. The officers and crew, at their respective posts, with well-disciplined silence, steadfastly eyed every motion of their commander with that firm reliance his seamanlike skill was calculated to inspire; for they had served long and happily under his command; but little could they at this trying moment gather from the tranquillity of his mien, whether the energy of his mind was at all disturbed by the change which the gathering squall denoted.

At last the tremendous blast came, "like a mighty rushing wind," with fearful violence. The noble frigate trembled for a moment under the shock of the hurricane, and was thrown on her beam-ends. The tacks and sheets snapped like spun-yarn, the sails flapped about the masts and rigging, and the sudden noise they made resembled the report of cannon.

In five minutes the squall had passed away. The ship rose again to her bearings, and her crew were actively engaged bending new sails. The rain now came down in torrents, and the hurricane of the moment was succeeded by a dead calm.

The schooner, who was lost sight of during the squall, appeared again, without a stitch of sail set; and both vessels lay rolling about in the trough of the sea, almost within gun-shot of each other—helpless and partly dismantled.

In trying moments Williamson always consulted his first lieutenant; and it would be well for some of our young naval commanders if they followed the same prudent example.

"Fearnought," said the captain, "our cutters would reach that fellow in half an hour."

"Yes, sir," answered Fearnought; "but if in the mean time the breeze should spring up, he will get the start of us whilst we heave to, to pick up our boats."

"True," said Williamson with an anxious expression, "I confess I neither like the look of the weather nor our affinity with this rascally coast." Then, turning to the master, he inquired—

"How is the tide, Mr. Logship?"

"Low water at ten o'clock, sir," replied the master; adding, as if to draw the attention of the captain to the danger and anxious to be included in the consultation, "Mutton Island bears S. by E. two short leagues."

It would be difficult to imagine a ship in a much more critical position than that in which the Palmyra was now placed. Williamson, in the eagerness of the chase, had allowed himself to be drawn farther into the Mal Bay than the safety of his frigate justified; but, in so settled a gale, who could have predicted that so sudden a squall would have sprung up from almost the opposite point of the compass, fearful in its consequences?

Fearnought would have hinted to Williamson the risk he incurred, but we have seen that he had already received a rebuff from his captain on the tacking question; and little Logship refrained from doing what would have been after all but his duty, under the foolish apprehension of being again jeered at for his croaking propensity. Williamson paced the quarter-deck in a thoughtful mood;—the broken water along the shore was distinctly visible, as it dashed against the bold promontory with a noise resembling distant thunder; the rain still continued to fall in torrents; and there were now occasional flashes of lightning, which, with the increasing swell, denoted the coming storm.

"Fearnought," said Williamson, "keep your eye on the sheets and halyards—let good ones be rove and bent—we may require them before we sleep."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the first lieutenant.

The schooner was preparing to get her sweeps out, when the dreaded breeze sprung up from the S.S.W., which threw her on the lee-bow of the frigate; and now the eventful moment to both vessels had arrived. It was possible that they might weather the island. The frigate had the better chance, being a little more to windward. At any other time of tide, the schooner could have run between the island and the main, for although the channel was intricate, her captain knew every rock in it; but now he had no such alternative. Both vessels were again under as heavy a press of sail as the already increasing gale would permit them to carry, and the crew almost held in their breath, as every succeeding wave carried the ship nearer to the lee-shore. The gallant frigate plunged again into the hollow of the sea—her very timbers shook under the pressure of her canvas—and her noble commander stood erect and resolute at his former station, with his eye calmly fixed upon the breakers under the lee-bow, over which the sea broke in long successive waves of mountain height.

And now the schooner approached so near the island as to appear from the frigate to be almost in the midst of the breakers.

"That fellow," exclaimed Williamson, "carries through it in gallant style; he deserves a better fate than to be wrecked or captured."

The officers and crew appeared to participate in the feelings of their commander; for every eye was turned towards the schooner, and their own critical position seemed to be almost lost sight of in the interest which she excited.

"Sharp work, Mr. Fearnought," said Williamson to his first lieutenant, as a white spray dashed against his face and drenched him to the skin. "The old craft is resolved to give us a sprinkling this morning."

"Not the first time, sir," answered Fearnought, laughingly, for he had already had forty such seas over him;—"it shows the old lady is walking through it, sir."

"Yes," observed Williamson; "but I wish the old lady would keep her favours to herself:" then addressing the helmsman,—

"Luff! my man,—luff! mind your steerage! I'll tell you what, Mr. Fearnought, if that fellow yonder don't weather the island, we have no business here. If he but once touches the ground in such a sea as this, he'll be to pieces in five minutes.—Have all ready for wearing round at the moment."

Fearnought had scarcely time to answer, when Williamson exclaimed, "She's struck!" All eyes were instantly directed towards the schooner, who appeared to be in the midst of the breakers, with the sea breaking over her, and at that moment on

her broadside,—but she rights once more and weathers the threatened danger.

It was very beautiful to see the small sylph-like schooner, at this instant so fragile-looking, and to all appearance so helpless, forcing her way through the breakers, at one moment lifted with the apparent lightness of a feather to the very top of the wave, and at another suddenly sunk into the hollow of the sea and wholly obscured from view. There were times when only a portion of the white sail of the tiny craft was visible, and then it might have been easily mistaken for the wing of the stormy petrel, so light and beautiful did it appear on the troubled surface of the ocean.

The vessels were now within a mile of each other, and the schooner had already weathered the low reef of rocks which ran out from the island. The frigate, like an angry leviathan, eager and impatient, dashed the broad foam from her bows, under which the broken water almost bubbled. "Luff! my boy,—luff!" exclaimed her commander to the helmsman; and "Luff it is, sir," was the quick reply. "Luff again to the gale!" continued the captain; "a point—another point!—Hold on good tacks and sheets,—full and by, my lad—full and by," again exclaimed Williamson; and well did the anxious helmsman discharge his arduous duty. The rocks were on the lee-beam; another anxious, trying moment, and the danger was cleared—the bow lines were checked—the main-sheet was eased off—and the stately vessel, grateful for being released from the pressure of her canvas, then sailed gallantly onward in pursuit of her chase and towards the haven she had only left the day before.

The moment the danger was passed, Williamson ordered the bow-guns to be cleared away; and when ready, a shot was dropped to leeward of the chase, and the small storm ensign of St. George was hoisted at the peak. But the schooner did not heed it or show any flag in return. Williamson then ordered the shot to be fired over her. "Do not," said he to Fearnought, "strike her hull, but rather cripple the masts and rigging if we can."

The Palmyra was now nearly within musket-shot of the chase. The deck of the latter seemed deserted, save by one man who took his station at the helm; and there he stood alone, erect and undaunted, steering his little vessel through the danger that encompassed him, with a countenance as free from fear as it was singularly placid and determined. He did not once alter his position, nor did he make a single effort to discern whether the frigate was closing on him or not. There the old man stood, a conspicuous solitary mark for the small arms of the marines.

The frigate was now obliged to yaw about to avoid running over the schooner, who still held on her course, though hailed repeatedly to shorten sail. The marines were firing volleys into her, but still there stood the solitary helmsman, after each succeeding volley, as erect and as undaunted as before.

"What!" exclaimed the captain impatiently, "is there no one can knock that stubborn fellow on the head?"

At that moment a shout from the crew announced the fatal reply;—a bullet had done its duty,—it had pierced the back of the skull. The old man sprang upwards from the deck, and then fell dead at the wheel of his little vessel.

On the following morning the sea was as tranquil as if it had never been disturbed; the sky was clear and serene; the waters seemed refreshed by the tempest; and the frigate, with her little prize, lay in apparent sluggishness, as though they were reposing from their previous labours.

At the head of the roadstead lay a small fishing hamlet, which in that day consisted of only a few humble dwellings, so rudely constructed as to resemble strange-looking mounds of earth rather than the wretched tenements of human beings; a small river, after winding its course from the neighbouring mountain through a deep valley or ravine, clothed on either side with the wildest verdure, emptied itself into the Atlantic a little below the village, and a small cove inside the rude breakwater before spoken of afforded a welcome asylum for the boats of the fishermen.

The margin of the sea was sprinkled with many of those picturesque-looking little vessels which had emerged with the first grey streak of morning twilight from the creeks wherein they had sheltered themselves during the storm. Some were creeping along the land with a light partial breeze, which barely rippled the water; while others lay at a distance upon the broad bosom of the smooth Atlantic, with their white sails glittering in the brilliant rays of the morning sun.

The stirring events of the previous day left those on board the frigate sufficient to engage the attention of both officers and men. The fore-works of the ship were much strained from the heavy press of sail that had been carried on; it was even feared that the gammoning and quick-work was injured; and the bowsprit was discovered to be slightly sprung between the knightheads.

Fearnought was discharging the responsible duties of a first lieutenant with his usual seamanlike activity. The little master was superintending the sails; the fat doctor and marine officers were on shore scouring the huts of the natives for something in the shape of provender; and the only idlers on board the Palmyra that day were the unfortunate smugglers, who gazed about them in dogged silence, stung to their heart's core at having been captured when within an hour's sail of their destined beach.

Towards the close of that day preparations were made for committing to the deep the corpse of the smuggler. The crew of the first cutter were dressed in their Sunday suit, and the smugglers were permitted to take a last sad view of their brave but ill-fated leader as he lay partly sown up in a hammock.

But who is that curly-headed boy who throws himself across the body of the smuggler, and in silent yet convulsive agony presses his warm lips against the cold clammy features of the dead?

This, reader, was the adopted child of our departed friend,—the boy he had sheltered in his bosom, and to whom he had been as a father. It was Henry Trevillian.

Oh! how beautiful, and yet how sorrowful, it was to see that friendless boy, unknown to all around him, cling to the lifeless body of the only protector he had ever known in this world, and sob in all the bitterness of agonizing, heart-rending grief, as he cried in a broken voice, "Kiss me, dear papa."

And where was then the spirit of him who had looked upon that dear child with all the love and pride of a parent?—where the sanguine tone of confidence with which he had told the anxious wife that this trip, if well ended, should be his last. Last, did he say?—yes, he said, "This shall be my last voyage." Little did the old man then foresee that his swollen corse might probably be thrown in, after the ninth day, on that very beach where he intended to run his cargo!

As the sun's disk was sinking into the horizon, the body of the smuggler was cautiously lowered into the boat; and the only persons permitted to enter her were Roderick, the mate of the smuggler, and Harry Trevillian.

The assembled officers and crew stood in meek silence uncovered on the quarter deck of the frigate, and the captured smugglers were ranged along the gangway. The crew of the boat destined to tow that which contained the dead, lay on their oars abreast of the ship. The body rested upon gratings, with the union flag of England spread over it.

The captain then read the beautiful and solemn service for the burial of the dead, and the boat pulled silently away from the ship to a considerable distance. There was not at that moment a passing cloud in the studded canopy of heaven,—all around was hushed in the silence of midnight,—the tint which the setting sun had left was still faint in the western horizon. The body was consigned to the waters of the Atlantic, while the stars twinkled in countless myriads overhead, and sparkled like diamonds on the broad dark surface of the grave of THE SMUGGLER.

A VISIT TO "THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA*."

THE town of Hernani, the scene of one of those memorable tragedies, in which the British Legion was doomed, as usual, to play the principal part, is situated about two and a half leagues eastward of San Sebastian, and composed principally of one long, continuous, and narrow street; flanked, however, by many tolerably well-built and substantial houses. Major B——, as we rode through the town, suddenly pulled up into a walk, and pointing to a house of very respectable exterior, recommended my attention to the first-floor windows, where it was probable we should see—surprise and incredulity took possession of me as he spoke—the Maid of Saragossa. He could not have named a name to which my imagination had attached warmer associations of interest and admiration; having, just before I left England, purchased the beautiful engraving of Wilkie's spirited picture representing that heroic being in the act of discharging a cannon from the heights of Saragossa, to avenge her fallen lover and injured country.

We looked in vain for her at the windows; but so anxious was I to see this celebrated heroine, that I immediately made a vow that I would not leave Hernani without effecting my object. Observing the obstinacy of my resolve, and not himself sorry for the opportunity, Major B—— forthwith hit upon an expedient for the purpose.

* From Rambles in the Pyrenees, by F. W. Vaux, Esq.—Longman and Co. 1838.

It was not at all an unlikely policy, especially at that moment, to add to the military garrison of the town; and by no means an unusual proceeding for an officer to pay a preliminary visit to a respectable inhabitant, for the purpose of ascertaining how many men could be conveniently billeted in a given house.

Now, as the father of the fair object who was the occasion of this manœuvre was absent—holding, as he did, a high office under Don Carlos in the medical department,—it became necessary to make known our pretended mission to his daughter, who, notwithstanding the politics and situation of her father, still resided at Hernani, where she was universally respected for her amiable and excellent qualities.

Having put up our horses at a stable in the neighbourhood, we went straight to the house; and Major B—— having informed a domestic that he had business with the señora, we were ushered into an upper apartment, where we awaited her entrance for some minutes.

At length the door opened, and a lady of middle stature, but finely proportioned, made her appearance. Her countenance was of the most pleasing cast; her dark eyes beaming with expression; her nose slightly arched, and her mouth displaying, when she spoke or smiled, a row of teeth like polished ivory, and giving instant animation to her whole countenance. Her age did not appear to accord with what a reference to historic data would attribute to her; for, though approaching the "mezzo del cammin," the colour on her cheeks and the lively expression of her features still arrayed her in the mantle of youth. She received us in the most courteous manner, and conversed for a considerable time with Major B——, who, as my interpreter, alluded to the interest attached to her character in England, and to the fact of her portrait having been drawn, not only by our artists, but by the greatest of our poets; of which she seemed to be aware, but by no means vain; and testified her acknowledgment of the compliment by a smile of very winning sweetness. It is said she has had numerous offers of marriage since her residence at Hernani, but on that point she is inexorable; a determination which enhances the interest of her character, and the universal regard in which she is held. Having protracted our visit as long as politeness would admit, we took our leave of the señora; and remounting our horses, we rode gently through the town.

JOURNEY FROM BAGHDAD TO AL HADHR.

Al Hadhr is the name given by the Arabs to the ruins of an ancient city situated about two hundred miles to the north-west of Baghdad. These have been rarely visited by Europeans; but in 1836 and 1837, Dr. Ross, the surgeon to the British Residency at Baghdad, succeeded in reaching them twice. His account of his journeys, published in the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, gives so lively a picture of Eastern travelling, that we have been induced to transfer it in an abridged form to our columns.

"After numerous failures," says Dr. Ross, "for nearly two years, in endeavouring to get Bedwins to escort me to the ruins of Al Hadhr, I have at length succeeded in persuading Salah-el-Mezeini, a well-known Ajeili, to make the attempt. The ruins themselves and the country around them are looked upon by the Arabs with superstitious awe, as the haunts of evil spirits; moreover, the roads to them are always infested by plundering parties of the Shammah and Aneizah, passing to and from forays; so Salah determined to proceed with as few attendants and as little display as possible. I take two servants, and Salah two Bedwins: we are all to ride horses except one, who rides the dhulul, or racing camel, carrying our small store of provisions."

Setting out with his party on the 6th of May, 1836, Dr. Ross travelled on in the direction of Al Hadhr till the 12th, when, on encamping, they found themselves utterly deserted by the donkeys and their drivers, who had charge of the barley they carried for the horses' provender.

The next morning, the barley not making its appearance, "Salah called a council of war, and, after commenting very strongly upon the treachery of the Tekritis and the revenge he should have on his return, he told old Shi'al the object of our coming, and said that as Al Hadhr was only a day's journey off, it would be a disgrace to turn back, and proposed that, as the horses were good, and a chance of green grass inland, and that as we could see the ruins and return to Tekrit in five days, we should trust in God and go on. We unanimously agreed to his proposal, and, after the Arabs had repeated a short prayer aloud for safety and divine protection, we, at 7h. 30m. A.M., mounted and struck off N.W. ¼ W., first over undulating ground, then along the bed of a small brackish stream in a small valley called Wadi-el-Meheih. At 9h. 30m. halted at a plot of fine green grass to give the horses a feed, Sherkat bearing S.E. ½ E. Here I observed the Arabs were evidently not at ease; each got on the top of a small knoll, and, lying flat on his face, kept scanning the horizon in all directions, for upwards of an hour looking for smoke or any signs of human beings being about. At noon we mounted; at 2 P.M. Sherkat bore S.E. ¾ E.: here we crossed a brackish rivulet called 'Ain-el-Tha'leb: the country now consists of long low undulating ridges, like the waves of the sea, and we can see nothing beyond the one we happen to be on. Between each undulation is a valley, which in winter must have abundance of water. The Arabs are now gloomy and silent, looking suspiciously about; their very features are changed, and, as I happen to have the best eyes of the party, they are constantly reminding me to make good use of them. At 4 P.M., in ascending one of the backs or ridges, came upon the foundation of a thick stone wall or pavement running in a straight line nearly N.W. At 4h. 15m. I saw ruins far distant W. by S., which the Arabs instantly pronounced to be Al Hadhr, and we changed our course straight for them. The distant ruins soon appeared with an awfully grand effect; a thick black cloud behind them was darting out the most vivid flashes of lightning, and we could distinctly hear the peals of thunder. Old Salah shook his head and said, 'Sir, I do not like this, we should not have come here; this ground belongs to Iblis.' I confess I myself felt a sort of creeping sensation coming over me. At 5h. 15m. having reached grass and water, and finding it impossible to arrive at the ruins to-night, we halted, and had barely time to fasten the cattle and huddle together, when there burst over us the most terrific storm I ever beheld: we were ankle-deep in water in a few minutes, though on a slight declivity. The storm lasted for about four hours, and the water settled into the valley; yet in less than an hour afterwards the Arabs, to my astonishment, contrived to light a fire and boil a little coffee.

"14th.—At 4h. 30m. A.M. mounted and made straight in the direction of the ruins. At 6h. 40m. got to the Tharthar, in a Wadi about 200 yards broad covered with grass. The Tharthar itself is here about 50 feet broad, deep, and the water just drinkable. We wandered up and down, but could find no ford: at last Salah and I stripped to our shirts, and I tied my watch, compass, and note-book on my head, and, being sure of my horse, plunged in, followed by Salah, at 7h. 45m. The current was rapid, but a few strokes landed us in safety. We reached the ruins at 8h. 10m.

"We had been about two hours among the ruins, taking rough sketches, measurements, &c., and I was just proceding to measure the diameter of the city walls, and to count the bastions, when I saw on a rising ground in the distant horizon to the north a horseman. I called Salah, but he could not distinguish him. While pointing out the direction, I saw another join the first. Salah still doubted, saying it must be a wild hog or a bush, as no human being could be there—for if the Aneizah were out, they must appear from the south, or if the Shammar, from the west. The appearance of a third, though still invisible to Salah, settled the business. He said, with a hollow, changed voice, 'We must be off. Allah! Allah! what brought us here?' And off we went, as hard as our horses could, to join our people. I had just time in passing to observe that the general course of the Tharthar is S.E. and S. by E. On getting to our people we instantly saddled, and at 10h. 40m. we were on our return, flying by the same route which brought us. I told Salah to be more calm—we were five, the enemy only three: he called out, 'Oh, sir, where you see dogs, you will find fleas.'

"At 11h. we heard the horrible war-howl of Arabs behind us. Salah called out to us to stand fast together while he went to meet them. If they are Shammar, we shall be plundered; but if Aneizah, my party may get off: but the Bedwins must fall. I ordered my people to be cool, and not on any account to fire unless I ordered. We were in a hollow, and our speeches were cut short by the appearance of about a hundred horsemen coming over the low ridge behind us at full gallop, and about the same number on our flank. The sight, though far from pleasant, was very grand; the wild disorder, loose flying robes of every colour, spears with round tufts of ostrich-feathers; the howling and yelling had a most romantic effect. When within about 150 yards, my camel man called out that they were Shammar (he himself was of that tribe), and told us not to attempt resistance. In another instant they were upon us, and I found myself alone, separated from my people, whose

horses had started, perfectly jammed up by the Arabs, and their spears within a few inches of every part of my body. One called to me to dismount and throw down my gun. I asked, 'And if I do?' He answered, 'Safety; fear not.' I uncocked my gun, and laid it across the saddle: they at the same time shouldered their spears. One seized me by the clothes, and, my horse having kicked out at his, the part gave way; another then seized my gun and pulled me off, and in the fall the gun remained with him. My old horse appeared to take the matter up, and by kicking and fighting cleared an open space; in the mean time Salah had been undergoing the same treatment, but, getting a hearing, said he was an Ajeil and a Shammari. The chief asked what he did here? Salah said, 'By Allah, we were going from 'Ali Pasha to Mohammed Pasha of Mosul, and that I was an Albanian.' The chief answered, 'Oh, Bedwin, do not lie: first, this is not the road; and, secondly, your backs are to Mosul, and your faces to Baghdad.' All called out, 'They are from Reshid Pasha; cut the dogs' heads off.' A second scramble took place; our camel was made to kneel, and the baggage thrown off. I was knocked down, and in an instant was nearly naked, when an old man (for they were still galloping up by dozens) pushed them all aside with an air of authority, calling out in a thundering voice, 'Avast (awash)! that is no Turk,—that is the Baliyoz*. I saw him two years ago in Sheikh Zebaid's tent: let no one touch him; I protect him.' An immediate calm ensued, when Salah, now nearly naked, advanced, and said, 'Now that you know us, I shall tell you the truth;—that is the Baliyoz; we came here to see Al Hadhr, and we are now going back.' Everything was now set right; an order was given to restore everything taken, even to a hair if one had fallen from our heads, and duly obeyed. We sat on the ground, good friends. Their chief told us we had done a very foolish thing in coming here without their knowledge, as it was dangerous ground; they never see any one here except themselves or their enemies, and for the latter they had taken us. He then said, in the most beautiful Arabic style, 'If we had in the hurry killed you all, what answer could we give your friends, or what satisfaction could they expect? When we find strange people here, it is not the time to ask who they are, or whence they have come. Allah has saved you.' He then told us that all was in confusion, that Reshid Pasha had in a most treacherous manner seized their sheikh, Sufuk, while a guest in the Turkish camp on the most solemn pledge of safety, and had sent him prisoner to Constantinople; consequently the Shammar had all rebelled and come to the desert. They then invited us to their camp, and I was inclined to go, but Salah whispered to me that we must get off as soon as possible, for as soon as the seizure of Sufuk was known there would be a great outbreak in Mesopotamia.

"They are the 'Abdah and Aslam branches of the Shammar, and had seen me this morning on the top of the ruins, when, taking us for Aneizah, the tocsin was sounded; even as long as we remained with them parties were dashing in. All carried reed spears, and many rode beautiful horses. After many protestations and oaths by the Arabs, that their tribe and ours had, thank God! always been friends, and that they had never seen anything from us but good (illa-al-khir), and that, please God, that friendship would last for ever, the affair of to-day being nothing at all, and after many huggings and kissings, we parted, they to their tents, and we on our return."

After this adventure, Dr. Ross made the best of his way back to Baghdad, which he reached in safety on the 20th May.

Disappointed in his hopes on his first visit, Dr. Ross determined to make a second attempt, on which occasion he was successful, and made a minute examination of the ruins, which "occupy a space of ground upwards of a mile in diameter, inclosed by a circular, or nearly circular wall, of immense thickness, with square bastions or towers at about every sixty paces, built of large square cut stones. The upper portions of the curtains have in most places been thrown down, as have been also some of the bastions; but most of the latter may still be said to be in very fair preservation, each having towards the city vaulted chambers. Outside the wall is a broad and very deep ditch, now dry; and 100 or 150 paces beyond it is a thick rampart, now only a few feet high, going round the town; and at some distance beyond the fortifications stand two high mounds with square towers upon them, one on the eastern side, the other on the north.

"In nearly the exact centre of the town stands the grand object of curiosity, whether temple or palace I shall not pretend to say, enclosed by a strong, thick, square wall (partly demolished), with bastions similar to those of the city wall, fronting the four cardinal points, each face measuring 300 long paces inside. The square is in its centre intersected from north to south by a range of buildings greatly damaged, a confused mass of chambers, gateways, and one built pillar reduced to about thirty feet. Between this range and the eastern wall appears to have been a clear space. The principal buildings occupy the western side, and consist of a huge pile fronting the east, and part of a wing fronting the north. The ground-story only remains perfect, and consists of a range of vaulted halls of two sizes."

He thus relates his second journey:—

"My examination of the ruins of Al Hadhr having been put a stop to in such a sudden and disagreeable manner in May 1836, I determined to revisit them as soon as possible: accordingly, early in May 1837, a party of Shammar Arabs being about to return from Baghdad to join the Sheik, who was encamped near the ruins, I resolved to accompany them, and having easily made their acquaintance, and all arrangements being settled, on May 10th, 1837, we left Baghdad by the Kadhimein gate; the party consisting of myself, two servants, seven Shammar Bedwins, and a native of Baghdad going on business to the tribe. The Bedwins carry a present from 'Ali Pasha to Mohammed-el-Faris (the Horseman, Cavaliere), the Shammar sheikh.

No particular incident occurred till the 13th, when they halted in an immense camp of the Shammar at Sultaniyah bitter wells.

"The Arabs are the Alian branch of the tribe, under Sheikh Dukheil-ibn-Shebanah, to whose tent we went, and met with a real Arab welcome. I got the Sheikh's own camel-saddle to lean against as a pillow, and, as no concealment of my character was necessary, we were at home with each other. The Sheikh is a venerable-looking old man, and is looked upon as one of the patriarchs of the tribe, and has great influence. After about an hour had been spent in coffee-drinking, smoking, and news-telling, about ten or a dozen men carried in a sort of net a huge wooden dish of boiled rice; others followed with one of stewed meat: part of the latter was shovelled over the former by the not over-clean hands of the Bedwins; and over all were poured a pot of melted butter and a skin of sour milk, and then to work we went. As one set left the dish, another sat down. I am certain that after all present, not less than a hundred, had finished, enough for fifty more was carried away. After this we had coffee, and then troughs of fresh camel's milk were brought in, of which each drank *ad libitum*; the milk, with the exception of being slightly salt, was equal to the richest cream. Outside the tent was placed in a rude sort of tripod a monstrous leathern bucket, filled with camel's milk; to this our horses were led up in succession, and they drank very copiously with great zest.

The next day they reached the Tharthar, and crossed it, only knee deep; and in five min. halted in a camp of the Zobah branch of the Shammar.

"This year the Tharthar is very low, and the water abominably bitter and salt, the source of it having been blocked up by the Yezidis in Jebel Sinjar.

"15th.—Formed a party of eleven spears with the young Sheikh. I only take three of my own people. At 6h. 15m. A.M. we crossed the Tharthar, and went over the country at a quick walk, about N.W. by N. The Tharthar was close to us for about one hour; it then took a sweep to the right. At 10h. 45m. were surprised to see tents on the stream; made for them; and at 11h. 20m., on getting close to them, found all the men under arms, but their number only about twenty. Nijirib galloped up alone to them, and quieted their alarm. They prove to be a few families of the Al Bu Mohammed Arabs flying to the Shammar for protection, as the Aneizah are out in good earnest; as is also Fa'ad, the deposed Shammar Sheikh, with a band. My fellows got a good deal staggered by the intelligence; but, as the ruins were close to us, I promised to be ready to return at sunset. At 11h. 45m. turned off left; and at 12h. 30m. P.M. got to Al Hadhr. I examined the ruins thoroughly, but at last, being unable to keep my people in good humour any longer, (and one of them, an old man, bringing up my horse and saying, 'For God's sake, my son, take for this once the advice of an old man, who has seen many days, and let us return!') we at 4h. 15m. P.M. mounted and kept about S.S.E., often cantering. A snake having started, Nijirib drove his spear right through its head. The Arabs called out, 'Bravo!' I said it was an accident: he threw it down, and said, 'Where will you have me pierce it this time?' I said, in the tail. The reptile was wriggling about, yet he made a rush at it,

* Consul: from the Greek Ballos, and Italian Bailo.

and in an instant it was whirling in the air on the point of the spear, the weapon having passed within an inch of the point of the tail. At sunset we could see the Al Bu Mohammed marching in the distance to the left, across the Tharthar. At 9h. 30m. we reached our camp in safety, after a ride of upwards of 50 miles. From the ruins the Sinjar mountains are seen high in the N.W.

"16th.—At 6 A.M. the Arabs struck their tents, and marched along the stream till 7h. 10m., then halted and pitched. To-day the Yezidis are coming in by scores, men, women, and children, flying from the Turks under Hafiz Pasha, who has already conquered nearly all the district of Sinjar.

On the 15th, they came to Nejm's camp; and he insisted upon our party and the Sheikh's halting to feed, which we did, the Arabs all going on. Nejm, with Zeidan, is pitched to-day near a pool of rain-water, which, though horrid stuff, is delicious after the Tharthar water. Nejm's feed was like the others; except that, to show us greater respect, he covered the whole dish over with about two stones of butter, so that I was obliged to thrust my arm up to the elbow through butter, in order to grope underneath for rice and a bit of mutton. After all had been demolished, I went out, to the great wonder of the Arabs, to measure the dish, it being the largest I ever saw. It was made of pieces of wood fastened together by twine; and I found its diameter exactly 4 feet 9¼ inches, and that it contained to-day, at one time, the divided carcasses of four full-grown sheep: as to the quantities of rice, melted butter, and sour milk, I should be afraid to hazard a guess. In the evening we rode on to our own camp.

"19th.—There being plenty of grass, did not move. This was about the hottest day I ever felt.

"20th.—Halted. I observe the valley of the Tharthar gets broader, and has lately been cultivated, the water-courses, and even the shapes of the fields, being still visible. The stream here winds more than above. At 9 A.M. a camel with two people on his back came up to the tent, and one of them was no other than Mohammed el Faris, Sheikh Shammar, ruler of upwards of 12,000 families. He was a fine-looking young man, with large eyes, a slightly aquiline nose, and wore his hair in long plaited tresses, hanging over his shoulders. He was very well dressed; but appears to have discarded the effeminate practice of wearing shoes, and even trousers. He made many excuses for being away so long, declaring that the instant he learned our being in his camp, he mounted on his return, and had been in the saddle since yesterday at noon. The news of his arrival soon spread; and in an hour the tent and the whole front of it presented a dense mass of the wildest human beings I ever saw. Every naked rascal, as he arrived, went up to the Sheikh, and, having kissed him, sat down to light his pipe without the slightest ceremony. The Pasha's present, consisting of a full suit of clothes, was brought forward, and while the letter accompanying it was being read, every man stood up, and when finished, all called out "God lengthen Ali Pasha's days!" The dresses were put on the Sheikh; but they did not appear to sit easy. The Kashmir turban was too heavy for the head, and was taken off and presented to the person sitting next him. The other articles were soon dispersed in a similar manner, and in 20 minutes Mohammed wore only his own Bedwin dress.

"Yesterday I felt rather heavy, and to-day was seized with very strong fever and dysentery, I suppose owing to bad water and the intense heat; but the Arabs declare it is owing to having eaten some small fish shot yesterday by Sayyed Hindi in the Tharthar.

"About noon old Dukheil came to visit the Sheikh, and brought the disagreeable intelligence of the Aneizah having sent three ghazas, or plundering parties, into Mesopotamia: they severally crossed the Euphrates at Hillah, Jubbah, and above Anah, and were last heard of going towards the Tarmiyah. I consequently determined to be off for Tekrit before things got worse, and there see what is to be done. The plan laid down by the Sheikh and the old men for us, was to start after dusk for Dukheil's camp at Sultaniyah, stay there all to-morrow, then at night to go on, and hide next day in the thick wood about Kharneinah, and get into Tekrit on the third morning. I seemingly agreed to it, but, after a private consultation with Sayyed Hindi, determined upon quite another mode of proceeding as soon as we were clear of the tents. I got several of the chiefs to point out on the compass the bearing of Sultaniyah: this was done in presence of the Arabs going with us, and they were satisfied that we could not now go wrong. After dinner, though far from well, I determined to be off, when the Sheikh brought me a present of a horse trained to plundering excursions, which he declares will, if it should come to a run, carry me off from all the Aneizah.

"Our party, nine in number, mounted, and after taking leave and having had prayers said for our safety, we at 7h. 40m. P.M. moved on in an E. by S. direction. I soon found the Arabs were going straight for Sultaniyah, but, as I declared the compass must be right, they were easily persuaded to keep to the right of the true course. At 11h. 30m. we were going E. over sandy ground called Zobeidi.

"22nd.—At 1 A.M. kept edging to the right. At 2h. kept E. by S., and at 2h. 20m. got to the high road, when the Arabs at once discovered that I had taken them completely out of the track they intended coming by. Our object was now gained; and, having told them it would be a disgrace for us to turn back to Sultaniyah, as well as a loss of time, we must put our trust in God and go at once straight on for Tekrit. Sayyed Hindi smoothed them down, and we went on.

At 7h. 15m. halted on the bank of the Tigris. I had now almost lost all sense of feeling in the lower limbs, and became covered with a cold clammy sweat, but I never recollect having experienced so great a pleasure as I did in drinking a draught of the Tigris water after the horrid stuff we have had for the last ten days. At 8h. 10m. A.M. went on again. At 9h. 42m. went up from the hawi at Jeberaniyah, and just as we got to the high land we found footmarks of horses not an hour old, and in another minute saw the horses themselves in the bush below. Their owners sprang upon them and fell in; we closed up, lighted matches, and got ready: they were about half a mile off, and only eight in number. The Shammar at once knew them to be Aneizah, and we prepared for a skirmish (being only nine), keeping on the high road, daring them to come on with prime abuse, but they stood still close together. My men declared it would be in vain to charge them, their cattle being fresh, while ours were done up: moreover, some of our men being on camels, we should be obliged to divide—a thing not at all advisable. As long as we could see them they had not moved. The excitement of the affair caused a reaction in me, and I was now in a burning fever. As we went on, the day became dreadfully hot, the glare intolerable, and not a breath of wind stirring. I thought it was to be my last; my senses deserted me, and all I can recollect is that at 1 P.M. we got to Tekrit.

"About sunset I awoke and found myself in Haji Omar's house: covered up and in a most profuse perspiration, and consequently much easier. A small thermometer, cut to 125° in the usual sort of leathern case, was burst in my pocket by to-day's heat.

"I find the road by Mesopotamia is not to be attempted at present, so I determine to dismiss the Arabs here, and send them down by Samarrah; and, finding myself perfectly inadequate to another day's ride, I have made up my mind to go down by water, and have ordered a kelek, or raft, to be made."

Dr. Ross afterwards met with a friend who was going down the river in a covered boat, whom he joined, and reached Baghdad on the 26th.

HOT AND COLD IRON BLAST.

In smelting cold-blast iron, the fuel used is *coke*. It is put in the furnace alternately with the iron-stone, according to a specified weight of iron and measurement of coke, together with a certain quantity of limestone, to flux the iron. A strong blast of cold air is forced into the furnace by mechanical power. The smelted iron is drawn off twice in twenty-four hours.

In the hot-blast system, coal is burnt instead of coke, which effects a considerable saving of trouble and expense, attendant on the burning coal into coke. The blast, in passing to the furnace, is forced through retorts highly heated, which raises the temperature of the air in the pipes to a very high degree—so much so, that an iron rod passed into the current of air becomes red-hot instantly. By this system double the quantity of iron is smelted in the same time that is done by the cold blast.

It is obviously greatly to the advantage of the iron-master to work with the hot-blast, but the quality of the iron is greatly inferior. Were pure, unmixed, hot-blast iron to be used for casting machinery or beams, where great strain or tension is required, it would be weaker by one-third than had cold-blast been used. For casting cylinders or rollers that require to be turned, or the skin broke, it is totally unfit. It may do for stoves, plain plates, or fancy castings; any castings where a body of iron is

formed, from four to five inches in diameter, are found to be hollow on the top when cast (technically termed sunk or drawn), although the greatest precautions are taken to prevent it, and are often found drawn in the very centre. The reason of its inferiority arises from its being imperfectly smelted. Scotch coal, when burned, turns into a fine powder, through which the iron-stone, being denser, falls through before it is thoroughly melted, and lies in a dead body at the bottom of the furnace, below the blast, until it be drawn off. The limestone used for fluxing is likewise drawn off in a partially burned condition, and in some instances is used as a manure. The iron, when running off, becomes a thick coagulated mass, entirely different from that smelted by cold-blast with coke fuel.

RAMBLES OF AN AMERICAN NATURALIST.—No. III.

By John D. Godman.

Hitherto my rambles have been confined to the neighbourhood of a single spot, with a view of showing how perfectly accessible to all are numerous and various interesting natural objects. This habit of observing in the manner indicated began many years anterior to my visit to the spots heretofore mentioned, and have extended through many parts of our own and another country. Henceforward my observations shall be presented without reference to particular places, or even of one place exclusively, but with a view to illustrate whatever may be the subject of description, by giving all I have observed of it under various circumstances.

A certain time of my life was spent in that part of Anne Arundel county, Maryland, which is washed by the river Patapsco on the north, the great Chesapeake bay on the west, and the Severn river on the south. It is in every direction cut up by creeks, or arms of the rivers and bay, into long flat strips of land, called necks, the greater part of which is covered by dense pine forests, or thickets of small shrubs and saplings, rendered impervious to human footsteps by the growth of vines, whose inextricable mazes nothing but a fox, wild cat, or weasel, could thread. The soil cleared for cultivation is very generally poor, light, and sandy, though readily susceptible of improvement, and yielding a considerable produce in Indian corn, and most of the early garden vegetables, by the raising of which for the Baltimore market the inhabitants obtain all their ready money. The blight of slavery has long extended its influence over this region, where all its usual effects are but too obviously visible. The white inhabitants are few in number, widely distant from each other, and manifest, in their mismanagement and half indigent circumstances, how trifling an advantage they derive from the thraldom of their dozen or more of sturdy blacks, of different sexes and ages. The number of marshes formed at the heads of the creeks render this country frightfully unhealthy in autumn, at which time the life of a resident physician is one of incessant toil and severe privation. Riding from morning till night, to get round to visit a few patients, his road leads generally through pine forests, whose aged and lofty trees, encircled by a dense undergrowth, impart an air of sombre and unbroken solitude. Rarely or never does he encounter a white person on his way, and only once in a while will he see a miserably-tattered negro, seated on a sack of corn, carried by a starveling horse or mule, which seems poorly able to bear the weight to the nearest mill. The red-head woodpecker, and the flicker or yellow-hammer, a kindred species, occasionally glance across his path; sometimes when he turns his horse to drink at the dark-coloured branch (as such streams are locally called), he disturbs a solitary rufous-thrush engaged in washing its plumes: or as he moves steadily along, he is slightly startled by a sudden appearance of the towhé-bunting close to the side of the path. Except these creatures, and these by no means frequently seen, he rarely meets with animated objects; at a distance the harsh voice of the crow is often heard, or flocks of them are observed in the cleared fields, while now and then the buzzard, or Turkey-vulture, may be seen wheeling in graceful circles in the higher regions of the air, sustained by his broadly-expanded wings, which apparently remain in a state of permanent and motionless extension. At other seasons of the year, the physician must be content to live in the most positive seclusion; the white people are all busily employed in going to and from market; and even were they at home they are poorly suited for companionship. I here spent month after month, and, except the patients I visited, saw no one but the blacks; the house in which I boarded was kept by a widower, who, with myself, was the only white man within the distance of a mile or two. My only compensation was this: the house was pleasantly situated on the bank of Curtis's creek, a considerable arm of the Patapsco, which extended for a mile or two beyond us, and immediately in front of the door, expanded so as to form a beautiful little bay. Of books I possessed very few, and those exclusively professional; but in this beautiful expanse of sparkling water, I had a book opened before me, which a lifetime would scarcely suffice me to read through. With the advantage of a small but neatly made and easily manageable skiff, I was always independent of the service of the blacks, which was ever repugnant to my feelings and principles. I could convey myself in whatever direction the objects of inquiry might present, and as my little bark was visible for a mile in either direction from the house, a handkerchief waved, or the loud shout of a negro, was sufficient to recall me in case my services were required.

During the spring months, and while the garden vegetables are yet too young to need a great deal of attention, the proprietors frequently employ their blacks in hauling the seine, and this in these creeks is productive of an ample supply of yellow perch, which affords a very valuable addition to the diet of all. The blacks in an especial manner profit by this period of plenty, since they are permitted to eat of them without restraint, which cannot be said of any other sort of provision allowed them. Even the pigs and crows obtain their share of the abundance, as the fishermen, after picking out the best fish, throw the smaller ones on the beach. But as the summer months approach, the aquatic grass begins to grow, and this fishing can no longer be continued, because the grass rolls the seine up in a wisp, so that it can contain nothing. At this time the spawning season of the different species of sun-fish begins, and to me this was a time of much gratification. Along the edge of the river, where the depth of water was not greater than from four feet to as shallow as twelve inches, an observer would discover a succession of circular spots cleared of the surrounding grass, and showing a clear sandy bed. These spots, or cleared spaces, we may regard as the nest of this beautiful fish. There, balanced in the transparent wave, at the distance of six or eight inches from the bottom, the sun-fish is suspended in the glittering sunshine, gently swaying its beautiful tail and fins; or, wheeling around in the limits of its little circle, appears to be engaged in keeping it clear of all incumbrances. Here the mother deposits her eggs or spawn, and never did hen guard her callow brood with more eager vigilance than the sun-fish the little circle within which her promised offspring are deposited. If another individual approach too closely to her borders, with a fierce and angry air she darts against it, and forces it to retreat. Should any small and not too heavy object be dropped in the nest, it is examined with jealous attention, and displaced if the owner be not satisfied of its harmlessness. At the approach of man she flies with great velocity into deep water, as if willing to conceal that her presence was more than accidental where first seen. She may, after a few minutes, be seen cautiously venturing to return, which is at length done with velocity; then she would take a hurried turn or two around, and scud back again to the shady bowers formed by the river grass, which grows up from the bottom to within a few feet of the surface, and attains to twelve, fifteen, or more feet in length. Again she ventures forth from the depths; and if no further cause of fear presented, would gently sail into the placid circle of her home, and with obvious satisfaction explore it in every part.

Besides the absolute pleasure I derived from visiting the habitations of these glittering tenants of the river, hanging over them from my little skiff, and watching their every action, they frequently furnished me with a very acceptable addition to my frugal table. Situated as my boarding-house was, and all the inmates of the house busily occupied in raising vegetables to be sent to market, our bill of fare offered little other change than could be produced by varying the mode of cookery. It was either broiled bacon and potatoes, or fried bacon and potatoes, or cold bacon and potatoes, and so on at least six days out of seven. But, as soon as I became acquainted with the habits of the sun-fish, I procured a neat circular iron hoop for a net; secured to it a piece of an old seine, and whenever I desired to dine on *fresh* fish, it was only necessary to take my skiff, and push her gently along from one sun-fish nest to another, myriads of which might be seen along all the shore. The fish, of course, darted off as soon as the boat first drew near, and during this absence the

net was placed so as to cover the nest, of the bottom of which the meshes but slightly intercepted the view. Finding all things quiet, and not being disturbed by the net, the fish would resume its central station, the net was suddenly raised, and the captive placed in the boat. In a quarter of an hour I could generally take as many in this way as would serve two men for dinner; and when an acquaintance accidentally called to see me during the season of sun-fish, it was always in my power to lessen our dependence on the endless bacon. I could also always select the finest and largest of these fish, as while standing up in the boat one could see a considerable number at once, and thus choose the best. Such was their abundance, that the next day would find all the nests re-occupied. Another circumstance connected with this matter gave me no small satisfaction; the poor blacks, who could rarely get time for angling, soon learned how to use my net with dexterity; and thus, in the ordinary time allowed them for dinner, would borrow it, run down to the shore, and catch some fish to add to their very moderate allowance.

IDLENESS.

IDLENESS, which is the opposite extreme to immoderate exercise, is the badge of gentry, the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the stepmother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause, not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases; for the mind is naturally active, and if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief, or sinks into melancholy. As immoderate exercise offends on the one side, so doth an idle life on the other. Idleness, as Rasis and Montaltus affirm, begets melancholy more than any other disposition; and Plutarch says, that it is not only the sole cause of the sickness of the soul, but that nothing begets it sooner, increases it more, or continues it so long. Melancholy is certainly a familiar disease to all idle persons; an inseparable companion to such as live indolent and luxurious lives. Any pleasant company, discourse, business, sport, recreation, or amusement, suspends "the pains and penalties of idleness;" but the moment these engagements cease, the mind is again inflicted with the torments of this disease. The lazy, lolling race of men are always miserable and uneasy. Seneca well says, "Malo mihi male quam molliter esse" (I had rather be sick than idle). This disposition is either of body or of mind. Idleness of body is the improper intermission of necessary exercise, which causes crudities, obstructions, excrementitious humours, quenches the natural heat, dulls the spirits, and renders the mind unfit for employment. As ground that is untilled runs to weeds, so indolence produces nothing but gross humours. A horse unexercised, and a hawk unflown, contract diseases from which, if left at their natural liberty, they would be entirely free. An idle dog will be mangy; and how can an idle person expect to escape? But mental idleness is infinitely more prejudicial than idleness of body: wit, without employment, is a disease. "Ærugo animi, rubigo ingenii" (the rust of the soul, a plague, a very hell itself): "maximum animi nocumentum." "As in a standing pool," says Seneca, "worms and filthy creepers increase; so do evil and corrupt thoughts in the mind of an idle person." The whole soul is contaminated by it. As in a commonwealth that has no common enemy to contend with, civil wars generally ensue, and the members of it rage against each other; so is this body natural, when it is idle, macerated, and vexed with cares, griefs, false fears, discontents, suspicions, and restless anxiety, for want of proper employment. Vulture-like, it preys upon the bowels of its victims, and allows them no respite from their sufferings.

> For he's the Tityus, here, that lies opprest
> With idleness, or whom fierce cares molest;
> These are the eagles that still tear his breast.

Idle persons, whatever be their age, sex, or condition—however rich, well allied, or fortunate—can never be well, either in body or mind. Wearied, vexed, loathing, weeping, sighing, grieving, and suspecting, they are continually offended with the world and its concerns, and disgusted with every object in it. Their lives are painful to themselves, and burthensome to others; for their bodies are doomed to endure the miseries of ill-health, and their minds to be tortured by every foolish fancy. This is the true cause why the rich and great generally labour under this disease: for idleness is an appendix to nobility, who, counting business a disgrace, sanction every whim in search of, and spend all their time in, dissipated pleasures, idle sports, and useless recreations; and

> Their conduct, like a sick man's dreams,
> Is formed of vanity and whims.

—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

LIGHT READING.

Ah, this word "light" is the cause of much heaviness. A pound of feathers, it must be remembered, weighs as heavily as a pound of lead. It is a mistake to suppose, that the nearer we approach a vacuum, the more agreeable is the atmosphere. To be "light," in the opinion of most people, is to be ideaLess. It is most true that the more common the ideas of a composition are, the more numerous will be the audience by whom it will be understood; and this principle seems to guide the advocates of "light" reading and writing. Write that, say they, which shall require the least education and the commonest experience to understand it, and you will write that which must be popular. Compare the merits of Tacitus and Clarendon, and very few know or care anything about the matter. Discuss Pope and Dryden, and your audience is a little more enlarged. Talk of Lord Byron, and your auditors are multiplied by a hundred. Criticise the manners of a dinner-table, and the vulgarities of half-bred pretenders or low-bred Cockneys, and the very housekeepers and ladies'-maids can relish your discourse. This is the modern meaning of the term "light," and the principle of the management of more than one popular periodical.—*London Magazine.*

OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

INTERSPERSED amongst the more agreeable compliments and "flatteries" of the majority of our correspondents, occurs an occasional remonstrance for our neglect of certain communications. Now, as we rather "pique" ourselves on attention to our friends of the "Letter-Box," we must confess that we dislike being taken roundly to task for supposed delinquencies. In all instances where letters are *not* answered, our correspondents may rest assured it is for what we consider a *sufficient* reason; or else the communication is held over, to be better answered than we could do on the instant. Let our impatient correspondents, then, not be too selfish; the "Letter-Box" is the property of all our readers, and we would rather "shut" it, than keep it "open" for the mere gratification of individuals.

"SIR,—In the 61st Number of your Journal, there are a few remarks made on Novel-reading, by one of your Letter-Box correspondents, which has induced me to relate a circumstance which may not only convince the writer that novel-reading may be advantageous, but may likewise be useful to parents and guardians of children, in reclaiming their wayward charges.

"When about eighteen years old, I was an associate of a few youths a little my seniors, whose chief pleasures were cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and poaching. My parents were respectable, but not wealthy; they could not, in justice to my other brothers and sisters, keep me idle, and they grieved to think of the consequences likely to result from the course I was pursuing. Every means they could think of were tried to reclaim me, but in vain. No argument they could use, no reward they could offer, no punishment they could inflict, would induce me to give up my pursuits and attend to my occupation. Things went on in this way for some years, and I was rather getting worse than better. But at last a noble thought struck my mother, who from her education knew the power of reading on the young mind. She got from a library a few good novels, which she pressed me to read. At first I refused—I would not do it. Still she persisted; and as she knew there were a number of little favours which could only be got through her intercession with my father, she perceived that I would be forced, in order to obtain her assistance and gain my purpose, to make the experiment upon which she placed her last hope: and it succeeded. At first I read only a few chapters; but through time I got interested in the tale, and she paid strict attention to the kind that pleased me best. As I finished one work, she had another ready; till at last I gave up my associates, and with them my former pursuits, for such works as she was pleased to lay before me; and my reading, I am happy to say, was not confined to novels.

"At the time to which these remarks refer, I was a hand-loom cotton-weaver. Some years ago, I dropped that occupation, and have since then gone on gradually bettering my worldly condition; and that parent is still alive, happy in the affection of her reclaimed son. Nor do I ever look back upon that period of my life without blessing her, and the first hour in which I took up a novel.

"J. P."

A LADY.—The word "Normal," which has in recent years been applied to schools established as models for the management of other schools by the pupils—in a word, to schools for schoolmasters—is derived from the Italian word "norma," literally a carpenter's rule; and thence, as the word rule in our own language, metaphorically used as a model or pattern. For example, "La sua vita serva a norma a tutti,"—his life was a *pattern* to all.

A correspondent, who dates from Dundee, and who assumes the cognomen of M'VULCAN, inquires what chemical preparation is used for cleaning marine shells. The best reply we can give is the transcription of the following directions for cleaning shells, given by the well-known naturalist Donovan, in his "Instructions for collecting and preserving Subjects of Natural History." We have altered and condensed the original, but we have preserved the substance, which, as the experience of a well-informed practical man, may be relied upon.

Many shells, such as the cypræa, or cowrie, possess such a natural polish as to need no cleaning, except the removal of any dirt which may adhere to them; and in cleaning others much care is needed, as, by the partial removal of the inferior layers, the appearance of the shell may often be entirely changed; a process too frequently practised by "curiosity dealers," who have various means of "manufacturing" very extraordinary specimens.

Shells encrusted with extraneous matter should be allowed to steep for some time in warm water, both for the sake of moistening those substances, and of extracting as much as possible of the marine salts. They may be suffered to remain in water two or three minutes without any injury. After this, brush them well, observing only that the brush be not too hard. If that prove insufficient to clean them, rub or brush them again with tripoli or emery, or put them into a mixture of from one-sixth to one-tenth part of nitrous acid to five-sixths or nine-tenths of water, according to the exigency of the case; which process may be repeated as often as will be necessary to remove the extraneous matter. Strong soap may also be used, with a rag of woollen or linen cloth to rub them, or a ley of pearlashes; and when cleansed, finish them with a soft brush and fine emery.

In some cases it may be necessary to use the acid undiluted, but this must be done with great care; the mouth of the shell should be covered with soft wax, and a careful examination should be made with a magnifying glass every time the shell is taken out of the acid, which should be every minute; and if the enamel appears in any spot, it should be coated with wax, to prevent injury when the shell is again submitted to corrosion.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that great caution should be observed in the management of the acid; for it is within our personal experience that permanent injury has been done to the nails of persons cleaning shells carelessly.

In some cases, where the epidermis is very thick, it is necessary to make use of files, or pumice-stone, to get rid of it; and Mr. Donovan says, that even the aid of a grindstone is occasionally needful. When the shell is quite clean, polish it with fine emery, and pass a camel's-hair pencil with gum arabic over it, to heighten the colours; the white of egg is sometimes used, but is very apt to turn yellow with age, though at first it appears glaring; and varnish communicates a disagreeable smell.

Shells which have a natural polish may be rubbed by the hand with chamois leather, which will give them a bright glossy appearance. Avoid, when possible, the use of emery powder, as it is apt to injure the beautiful workings on the shells: it cannot, however, be often dispensed with.

Scientific collectors endeavour to preserve one specimen at least of every shell with the epidermis on, to exhibit its natural appearance.

INQUIRER, PERTH.—The dimensions, tonnage, &c. of an 18-gun brig are as follow:—

			Feet.	In.
Length of deck			100	0
Of keel for tonnage			77	3½
Breadth for ditto			30	6
Extreme breadth			30	9
Depth of hold			12	9
Burthen in tons, No.			382	
			Feet.	In.
Draught of water	Light	Forward	6	6
		Aft	11	4
	Load	Forward	11	4
		Aft	14	7
Height of Ports.	Fore		5	5
	Midship		4	9
	Aft		5	10

J. C., GLOUCESTER.—The authorship of the Letters of Junius is usually affixed to Sir Philip Francis, though he denied it to the last. Those who have considered the subject think that the circumstantial evidence is strong enough, however, to rebut his denial. He was a schoolfellow of Woodfall's, who printed the "Letters;" during his political life he was placed in circumstances which enabled him to obtain some of the peculiar information which "Junius" exhibited; and his acknowledged productions are considered as having a resemblance in style to that of the "Letters." The "interest" of this literary puzzle has nearly altogether died away.

R. S.—Nitrate of soda is found in layers on the surface of the earth in the western part of South America, and is brought on mules to the coast, where it undergoes a process of refining, so that it never contains more than 5 per cent. of alloy in the original packages in the docks of London, while saltpetre, or nitrate of potash, is brought from the East Indies and Turkey with from 30 to 50 per cent. of alloy. Let our correspondent consult the last number of the Journal of the English Agricultural Society.

ED. S. WILTS, SALISBURY.—The Mosaic account of the creation is the only document referring to the origin of the present world which has any trustworthy pretence to antiquity and authenticity; and all who receive the bible as a revelation, are utterly precluded from the idea that human beings existed on our globe before the creation of Adam. True, learned men have supposed that there might have been "Pre-Adamites;" even in our own day, a book was published by a very clever and extraordinary young man, the late Mr. O'Brien, called "An Essay on the Round Towers of Ireland," in which, amongst other startling things, he affirms that the Saviour had been repeatedly incarnate, and had suffered repeatedly in the flesh, ages before Adam was created; and, moreover, he contends, in his book, that the earth was very populous when Adam was born! There is much in the early history of our world of which we are ignorant, and on which it is possible light may be thrown, especially from the literature of Hindustan, just as the tombs of Egypt have, in these modern days, revealed to us much of which no other record remains. But it is not wise to abandon the known upon a mere speculation on the unknown. The "giants" of the antediluvian time are supposed to be so termed, not from their physical but their moral characteristics—great hunters, great warriors, "men of renown" for violence and blood, rather than remarkable for extraordinary size and strength.

IN reply to "A Smatterer," who, in reference to the account of Nicolas Flamel in No. 50 of the Lond. Sat. Journal, suggests that "if it be true, as the experiments of Sir Humphrey Davy and Berzelius appear to prove, that ammonia has a metallic base, and if ammonia can be produced from hydrogen and nitrogen, may it not be inferred that gold may be produced from other known or unknown gases, and that the labours of the old celestials were not so utterly absurd?" we can only reply, that although the wonderful discoveries of later years seem to promise ultimately to lead us so deep into the arcana of nature as to render it not improbable that the exact process by which metals are formed may at some future period be ascertained, yet it does not appear that the facts already known are sufficient to warrant our correspondent's supposition.

The "old celestials" do not appear to have made any approaches to the right path. "The theory avowed by the more recent alchemists is as follows: They believe that the metals were composed of two substances—metallic earth and an inflammable substance called sulphur. Gold possesses three principles in nearly a pure state; in other metals they are more or less corrupted and intermixed with other ingredients. Hence it is only necessary to purify them from these debasements to convert them into gold; and this is the precise object of all the different alchemical processes."

Although at various periods, and even in comparatively recent times, there have been multitudes who have pretended to be in possession of the secret, yet one circumstance seems to give the lie to all their pretensions—none of these gentlemen ever got rich.

All Letters intended to be answered in the LITERARY LETTER-BOX are to be addressed to "THE EDITOR of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL," and delivered FREE, at 113, Fleet-street.

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MACHINERY OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

NO. II.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL, as a department of state, is a most ancient and important institution, and enters essentially into the machinery of government. It is emphatically called "The Council;" the "noble, honourable, and reverend assembly" of the king, and such as he wills to summon together to be his advisers. Its numbers have varied from time to time,—sometimes they were limited by special enactment; at present they are, and have been since the Revolution, indefinite. No inconvenience arises in this respect, inasmuch as those only attend who are specially summoned. Upon extraordinary occasions, such as the accession of a new sovereign, all the members are summoned,—and all, of whatever political party they may be, obey the mandate, unless they are prevented by indisposition or by absence from the country. Usually those only are summoned who coincide with Ministers in their general policy.

No person can be a member of the Privy Council, who has been born out of the dominions of the crown, unless born of English parents. No act even of naturalization can qualify a foreigner to sit in this assembly, a fact which it is interesting to know at this moment, looking to the recent event of her Majesty's marriage. The oath of a privy councillor still retains much of the old English, baronial, magna-charta sort of expression of loyalty to the sovereign; it consists of seven articles,—to advise the king to the best of his cunning and discretion—to advise for the king's honour and good of the public without partiality through affection, love, meed, (i. e. hope of reward,) doubt or dread—to keep the king's counsel secret—to avoid corruption—to help and strengthen the execution of what shall be there resolved—to withstand all persons who would attempt the contrary—and in general to observe, keep, and do all that a good and true councillor ought to do to his sovereign lord.

There are many acts, such as the issuing and signing of proclamations, ordering new coinage, new seals of office, the granting of charters to colonies or corporations, which must be performed by the sovereign "in council." As a court of justice it exercises authority, both original and in appeal, with reference to cases from the colonies, as well as from the ecclesiastical and other tribunals at home. There has been established for some years a judicial committee of this assembly, consisting exclusively of law lords, before which all such cases are argued and decided. But they are supposed to be argued in the presence of the sovereign, and are formally referred to the crown before judgment is considered final. This is a great improvement upon the former system, which allowed cases to be decided by a single judge and any lay members who chose to attend—a mode of administering justice which was attended with the most injurious consequences, inasmuch as the principles upon which judgments were founded varied with almost every new judge, precedents having been then altogether passed over, as having, and indeed often deserving of, no authority. The change has been highly beneficial to the country, and especially to our foreign dependencies. By recent regulations the Privy Council has cognisance of all matters relating to patent rights, thus securing to genius the fair reward of its noble occupation in inventing new machinery for the use of mankind.

The keeper of the privy seal is generally a member of the cabinet. The duties of the office are very limited. The seal is the privy signet of the sovereign, as distinguished from the great seal which is in the custody of the lord high-chancellor, or of a keeper, or, at occasional intervals, when the office of chancellor is vacant, of a commission especially appointed for that purpose. There are several species of warrants which must, according to law or prescription, be signed (the royal signature is always at the top of the document) by the sovereign, and sealed with his privy signet. Some warrants so signed and sealed pass at once under the great seal, as a matter of course; in other cases a document having been previously signed by the king, is sent to the keeper of the privy seal, who makes out a writ or warrant thereupon to the chancery, where the great seal is affixed to it. The difference between the two modes of proceeding only causes a difference in the title of the warrant, the warrant or patent in the former case being said to be "By the king himself," in the latter "By writ of privy seal." It must be confessed that this is one of our old state "mysteries," the retention of which may not seem in the eyes of unlearned persons absolutely essential to our national safety in these reforming days. The office is in fact a sinecure, but one which perhaps it has been found convenient to continue, as it frequently furnishes a seat in the cabinet for an individual who, though unequal to the duties of an office requiring much active exertion, may be possessed of experience or character capable of giving weight to a government. It is also often given to young statesmen of distinguished talent, who are introduced into the ministry with a view to prepare them for higher appointments.

The duties of the commission of land revenue are principally to manage the income arising out of the crown lands. This income has been for many years dedicated to the construction of public works, and in lieu of it, a settled annuity, called the civil list, has been granted by parliament to the reigning sovereign for life. This grant of course expires with the demise of the crown, and is subject to revision upon the accession of the successor. The expenditure of the land revenue is under the control of the board of public works, to whose enterprise we are indebted for many great improvements in the metropolis. It must be admitted that several of the buildings executed under their superintendence are by no means distinguished for refinement of architectural taste. Buckingham Palace, the National Gallery, and the new offices at Whitehall, are certainly not calculated to raise our character for the arts very high in the estimation of foreigners. A better order of things is however arising amongst us. The new houses of parliament, designed in a great measure by Barry, promise to be a truly splendid pile. His Reform Club House in Pall Mall is certainly the most beautiful edifice in the metropolis.

It would be superfluous to make many remarks upon the functions of the admiralty, or of the home, foreign, and colonial departments. The duties assigned to each of those branches of the government are too well known to require explanation in this journal. A few miscellaneous observations, however, may not be uninteresting, especially as to the foreign department. The chief of this office has under him two secretaries, one of whom is considered a permanent officer; the other is his personal confidential friend, and of course goes out of office with him whenever he resigns. The business of this department, which extends to all parts of the world where governments are established and in communication with England, is divided as nearly as possible between the two under-secretaries, who have again under them a number of clerks and writers to assist them in carrying on the voluminous correspondence of the establishment.

Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

Every letter or memorial which reaches the office upon ordinary affairs is opened by either of the under-secretaries, and submitted to the principal secretary, who writes upon the back in pencil in a few words his answer. It is the business of the under-secretary, or of any clerk to whom he may confide the task, to make out a draught of a more extended reply in an official form, which being approved and signed by the under-secretary, is forwarded to the applicant. But generally speaking, all despatches from the British ministers abroad, especially when questions of importance are in agitation, are opened only by the principal secretary.* If the matter to which they refer requires, from its pressing nature, to be immediately communicated to his colleagues, he summons a cabinet for that purpose, and reads to them the whole or such portions of the papers as he may deem most essential, and advises with them upon the answer he is to send.

But more generally when the matter is not urgent, after reading the despatches, he gives them to one of the under-secretaries, who has them copied; the copies are transmitted to the members of the cabinet at their residences, in small boxes covered with red morocco, locked by a key of which each member has a duplicate. To the sovereign also similar copies are sent in the same way. If variation in the leading points of foreign policy be involved in the answer to be given, discussions ensue; if not, the details are generally left to the entire discretion of the minister responsible for them. In some cases the minister has commissioned his under-secretary, especially if the latter be a person of distinguished talent, to frame an answer for him: but usually he himself writes his despatches, whether they be answers or instructions to the ministers abroad. The amount of labour which this work requires, especially during war, or in times like the present, when war is imminent at many points, and if possible to be avoided at them all, may be easily imagined. The ambassador abroad is obliged to conform most strictly to the instructions which he receives from home. So much is this the case that he seldom addresses a note of any consequence to any foreign minister with whom he is in communication, which has not been dictated by the secretary of state. The great merit of an envoy to a foreign court, is to adhere most scrupulously to every phrase that is set down for him, to report with accuracy whatever is said orally to him by the minister at the court where he is stationed, to watch its proceedings with a most vigilant eye, to observe and note the characters of all the persons of whom it is composed, and at the same time to preserve a dignity and mildness in his conduct that shall conciliate the good opinion of all parties. It becomes his duty also occasionally to suggest for the consideration of his government points of policy, and it is in the expediency and foresight of his course that the talent of a sound diplomatist may be rendered most advantageous to the country which he represents.

Our foreign office, like our treasury, is extremely deficient in the strength which it ought to possess for the ready despatch of all the business that devolves upon it. The quantity of copying that often presses upon the clerks employed there is very severe—so much so as to break down the health of some of them. There is another defect in the constitution of this office, which ought to be remedied without delay. Our merchants, in the course of their trade with foreign nations, frequently sustain injuries to a very material extent. Their ships are captured under the pretext of their violating quarantine or revenue regulations, or of attempting to break blockades. Those ships are sometimes only detained, sometimes they are confiscated together with their cargoes. For these or other injuries the merchant has no means of obtaining redress, unless through the secretary of state for foreign affairs. He goes with the statement of his case, and the protests of his captains and supercargoes, and whatever other evidence he can procure, to the foreign office; he presents them to the under-secretary, who lays them before his chief, who desires them to be sent to the queen's advocate, who is much employed in his own professional career, and consequently has but little time to devote to any other affairs. The papers *sleep* of necessity month after month, upon his table; they are probably drawn up and arranged with little skill; many points necessary to guide his judgment are left out, and he is obliged to send them back for additional information. This process, which may be said to be the first stage of the suit, takes in many cases a full year.

The aggrieved party then sets about obtaining the fresh information called for. He procures it with difficulty, and at great expense, and amends his case, which is returned to the foreign office. There it *slumbers* again for a while, and unless frequent remonstrances be made, it is ten to one but another and another year slips over before any decision is obtained; so much is the principal secretary, and indeed every individual in the office, taken up with political affairs. Add to this, that from the chief down to the most subordinate rank in the office, there is not an individual to be found, who has not an absolute distaste for all matters of a merely legal or commercial character; a distaste not at all to be wondered at, for their pursuits are of a different nature.

It happens in many cases, that from the very outset the view taken of the matter by the merchant is really erroneous. His servants may, very probably from ignorance, or over desire of gain, have violated the law of the country of whose acts he complains, and then of course he must submit to the consequences. But suppose the matter to be otherwise, and that his claims are founded upon justice, and after two or more years they are admitted to be so by the law authorities at home, we have next to follow the train of negotiation between our secretary of state and the government of the offending power. It is utterly impossible to say when a proceeding of this kind is to come to an end, when once it assumes a controversial shape between the two governments. I have known of cases of this description which have remained undecided for thirty years; and of several which have been continued during periods varying from three to twenty years.

Let it not be understood, however, that for such delays as these the minister at home is wholly answerable. The foreign government naturally enough, though with little justice, takes as much time as it can for consideration. It has a great reluctance to pay money, sometimes it has not the money to pay. It is not worth while to go to war even for millions. In the mean time the merchant has become a bankrupt; his family is plunged from a state of wealth and happiness into poverty and wretchedness. "Hope deferred hath made the heart sick;" death sweeps onward in its career, and at the end of some thirty years comes some scanty indemnity to a new generation! This is no ideal picture. I have known it in reality in many an instance, where it was perfectly practicable, if proper "machinery" had been in operation, to have had the whole matter satisfactorily arranged within three or four months.

The "machinery" which I would apply ought to be something of this description. A commission consisting of three individuals sufficiently skilled in commercial, navigation, and international law, should be attached permanently to the foreign office, the queen's advocate of course to be the chief commissioner. To this tribunal, should be addressed all complaints of our merchants against the injurious acts of the authorities of foreign countries. The parties making the complaint should be forthwith summoned before this commission; all the parts of their case, and of the evidence by which it is supported, should be thoroughly sifted, and when the whole of the evidence is obtained and fully considered, judgment should be passed. If the judgment be in favour of the claim, it should be transmitted to the secretary of state, and by him forwarded without delay to the government responsible for the injury. A certain reasonable period, previously defined by common consent between the two governments, should be allowed for the investigation of the claim abroad: if that period should pass over without a complete defence having been made on the other side, judgment to go by default. If defence be made within the time, then, unless it be admitted to be an adequate one by our commission, an umpire selected from among the foreign ambassadors at either court—an individual not merely eminent for integrity and impartiality, but also for his knowledge of international law—should be called upon to decide in the last resort. In either case,—that of judgment by default, or of judgment by the umpire, the amount of indemnity settled by the commission or the umpire to be advanced out of our treasury, in order that the merchant should be kept no longer out of his capital. For it is not merely the loss of interest upon that capital which he sustains, but the privation of the profits which he might have acquired had he not been interrupted in the progress of his lawful trade. The amount of the claim so advanced, it would be the business of the secretary of state to recover from the government convicted of having done the wrong. If any difficulty should occur on that point, if, for example, as Spain has been for some time situated, there was a disposition in the Spanish Government to pay, but no funds in their treasury, it might be expedient to let the claim stand over for a while. But that expediency being a question of national concern, it ought not to be consulted at the expense of the merchant, who should not be taxed beyond any other private individual for matters of national concern. A commission of the kind I have described has been for some years established in the foreign office at Paris, and has been found to work with great advantage to the department, and to the country.

Nothing can be more objectionable than the "machinery" now in use for the settlement of claims such as those which have been above mentioned. After all the delays that arise from the course of preliminary investigation according to the mode at present established, the question still remains to be solved—What is the amount of the injured party's claim, assuming it to be admitted by both governments that he has a right to an indemnity to some amount? This question is sometimes submitted for adjudication to a mixed commission; that is, a commission consisting of two or more commissioners, one half British, the other subjects of the country which has done the wrong. It is very seldom that any good results from a tribunal of this nature. It is a fact which has come within my own knowledge, that a mixed Spanish and British commission sat in London for five years, and that although upwards of three hundred claims were entered upon their register, only one award was made by the commissioners during that period. The reason of this indecision is obvious enough. The Spanish members were for refusing every claim, or at least throwing every obstacle in the way of adjudication, and they were remarkably successful. The commissioners, moreover, considered the claims according to principles derived from different laws—one judging by Spanish, the other by English rules of law or equity, some of the commissioners being very superficially, if at all, versed in jurisprudence either foreign or domestic.

The selection of commissioners for duties of this description is an affair of mere patronage. Persons utterly ignorant even of the most common principles of municipal or international law have been thrust into places in which they are called upon to deal with the rights of parties—those rights being often dependent upon very nice constructions of articles of treaties, or principles of commercial law. I have known commissioners absolutely ignorant of the existence of treaties, by which the rights of claimants were nevertheless to be adjudged. Cases are within my experience to which foreign laws were applied, which laws had nothing whatever to do with the facts that gave rise to the claim. These are matters requiring to be forthwith reformed.

Under the department for foreign affairs is placed the whole of our consulate establishment. Consuls-general, consuls, or vice-consuls, are stationed in the capitals and principal ports of almost all foreign countries with which we carry on mercantile intercourse to any considerable extent. The consuls-general have been of late years reduced in number, and are now rather political than commercial officers. In most of the states of South America, in Egypt, Servia, Wallachia, and Moldavia, we have no envoys of a higher rank than that of consul-general. It is generally the business of mere consuls and vice-consuls to protect the interests of our merchants trading to the ports or places where they are stationed. They have all salaries, varying according to the ordinary extent of duties which they have to perform.

The "London Gazette" establishment is considered, for what reason I do not know, as under the authority of the foreign department. Probably in its origin it was intended chiefly to publish despatches which arrived from abroad, and with which it was of importance that the country should become officially acquainted. It is now chiefly occupied with advertisements relating to railways and bankruptcies, and other notices particularly required by acts of parliament to be inserted in it. If profits be derived from this journal, I am ignorant of the fund to which they are paid.

To the foreign, and indeed to all the higher departments of state, a certain amount of "secret service" money is voted annually by parliament. The minister who uses any portion of this money is not bound to explain the mode in which it is applied. He generally discloses it to the prime minister: but the account is passed upon his oath that the sum which he has drawn has been by him faithfully dedicated to purposes connected with the public service. The sums drawn from this fund of late years have been very inconsiderable as compared with the years of war. While we were engaged in hostilities with foreign countries, it was necessary that we should employ hosts of secret agents: during peace England has very little state "machinery" of a secret nature. Russia is known to have a regular establishment of agents who are dispersed all over Europe and Asia: some are employed to write in the public journals, with a view to cover, under plausible appearances, the deep policy of that ambitious empire; others watch the progress of public opinion, and collect statistics of the public wealth, and report them to head-quarters.

The machinery of the home office is admitted upon all hands to be excellent. The under secretary is an accomplished lawyer; and as his office has to transact a great deal of business connected with the magistracy and administration of justice in every part of the country, it is fortunate that he is a person perfectly competent to all the duties of his situation. The police department, and that for the administration of the poor laws, has been vested for some time in separate commissions; with what degree of success it is scarcely necessary to say. Our police is most admirably organised, and whatever complaint may be made of the poor laws, the conduct of the commissioners appears free from just reproach.

THE SLAVE-TRADE.

Notwithstanding the unceasing efforts of the British Government to put an end to the horrible traffic in human beings, it is a fact, too long uncared for by the nation generally, but to which they have been powerfully called upon to give attention by the efforts of Mr. Buxton, that this odious and unjustifiable trade continues to increase, and that the very means taken to annihilate it have only served to increase the sufferings of the unhappy victims. The more widely a knowledge of the real state of this unnatural commerce is extended, the greater, we hope and believe, is the probability that the voice of England will be raised so loudly against it, as to force those nations who still wink at, if not openly encourage its continuance, to join with us in the adoption of effective means for putting it down.

With this view we proceed to extract several passages from a work * recently published by Mr. Turnbull, being the result of his experience during a visit to Cuba in 1838, and detailing many particulars relative to the Slave Trade, derived from the best authority. We may here notice that the author states, that "the present volume represents the fragment of a tour of considerable extent on the western side of the Atlantic, begun in 1837, and concluded towards the close of 1839;" and that he purposes following it up by other volumes, descriptive of the rest of the West Indian settlements, precedence being given to Cuba, "under a strong conviction that the suggestions it will be found to contain on the subject of the slave-trade, if once sanctioned by public opinion and adopted by the government, would lead to an easy, cheap, and almost immediate solution of the much-vexed question of its suppression."

We will first notice the character which slavery assumes in Cuba, premising that the term *Bozal*, literally "unbroken," but often applied to beings broken indeed, is the denomination of the native African; and *Creole*, that of the slave born on the island.

"As the experience of years had taught me to believe that the Spaniards are a kind and warm-hearted race, and as I had frequently been told that the slave-owners of the Havana were the most indulgent masters in the world, I was not a little surprised to find, as the result of personal inquiry and minute observation, that in this last particular I had been most miserably deceived, and that in no quarter, unless perhaps in the Brazils, which I have not visited, is the state of slavery so desperately wretched as it is at this moment on the sugar plantations of the queen of the Indies, the far-famed island of Cuba.

"The error I had fallen into is so universal among people who have never visited the island, and so common even with those who have made some stay at the Havana, but have never proceeded into the interior, that when I discovered it, I felt that it deserved some little investigation. When a stranger visits the town residence of a Cuba proprietor, he finds the family surrounded by a little colony of slaves, of every variety of complexion from ebony to alabaster. Most of them have been born in the house, have grown with the growth of the family, and are, perhaps, the foster brothers or foster sisters of the master or his children. In such circumstances, it would be surprising if an uncivilised barbarian were to treat them harshly; and for a Spanish, and much more for a Creole, master to do so—imbued as he is with all the warmth of the social affections—is totally out of the question. These long retinues of domestics are kept up by some from an idle love of pageantry, but by others from the more honourable desire of not parting with those born under their roof, and for that reason bearing their name; as it is the practice in Cuba, and in other slave countries into which Africans are imported, for the first

* Travels in the West.—Cuba; with Notices of Porto Rico, and the Slave Trade. By David Turnbull, Esq. M.A.—London, 1840. Longman and Co.

proprietor, whether his title be acquired by purchase or inheritance, to bestow his own patronymic, together with a Christian name, on his slave, whether an imported Bozal or an infant Creole, at the time when the indispensable ceremony of baptism is performed.

"In our own sugar colonies, during the prevalence of slavery, there was the same tendency to an unreasonable increase of the planter's domestic establishment; but as 'the great house' was probably situated within sight of the sugar-mill, so that the master became acquainted with the persons and characters of his field negroes and their families, by daily observation and intercourse, it was not unusual to make exchanges from the house to the field, or *vice versâ*. These changes, although still a punishment sufficiently severe for the one party, had nothing so terrible in their aspect, as the banishment from a life of pampered luxury and ease in the Havana, to that worst of penal settlements, a Cuba sugar plantation. Under the tender-mercies of the Mayoral, he knows well, before leaving the Havana, that he has nothing to expect in the plantation but a wretched existence of over-labour and starvation, accompanied by the application, or at least the constant terror, of the lash as an incentive, relieved only by the hope of that dissolution, which sleepless nights and incessant toils are so speedily and so surely to accomplish.

"To those who are not wilfully blindfold, there are not wanting even at the Havana, not to speak of the sugar or even of the coffee plantations, a thousand palpable indications of the misery which attends the curse of slavery, independent altogether of the superior horrors of the slave-trade.

"On the public Alameda, just outside the gates of the fortified portion of the city, and therefore within the limits of a dense population, there may be seen a modest-looking building, protected from public gaze by lofty wooden parapets, in the interior of which are a series of whipping-posts, to which unwilling or disobedient slaves are sent to receive their allotted quota of punishment, as a saving of time or labour, or perhaps to spare the too tender feelings of their masters or mistresses. But although, by means of the parapets, the authorities have succeeded in shutting out the inquisitive glances of the passers-by, excluding from public view the streaming blood and lacerated flesh of the sufferers, they have totally failed in shutting in their piercing screams and piteous shrieks for mercy.

"Those visitors at the Havana who are accustomed to speak in terms of inconsiderate satisfaction of the comforts and indulgences of the slaves, sometimes sneeringly comparing them with the privations to which an English or an Irish labourer is exposed, have probably never heard of those family arrangements by which the spirit of a slave, who has first been spoiled by over-indulgence, is to be systematically and periodically broken. The mistress of many a great family in the Havana will not scruple to tell you that such is the proneness of her people to vice and idleness, she finds it necessary to send one or more of them once a month to the whipping-post—not so much on account of any positive delinquency, as because, without these periodical advertisements, the whole family would become unmanageable, and the master and mistress would lose their authority."

When we recollect that the Spanish government professedly repudiates the slave-trade, and inflicts penalties on such of its subjects as engage in it, we can scarcely connect the idea of good faith with such details as the following:—

"As if to throw ridicule on the grave denials of all knowledge of the slave-trade, which are forced from successive captains-general by the unwearied denunciations of the British authorities, two extensive depôts for the reception and sale of newly-imported Africans have lately been erected at the further end of the Paseo, just under the windows of his excellency's residence—the one capable of containing 1000, the other 1500 negroes; and I may add, that these were constantly full during the greater part of the time that I remained at the Havana. As the *barracoon*, or depôt, serves the purpose of a market-place as well as a prison, these two have, doubtless for the sake of readier access, and to save the expense of advertising in the journals, been placed at the point of greatest attraction, where the Paseo ends, where the grounds of the captain-general begin, and where passes the new railroad into the interior, from the carriages on which the passengers are horrified at the unearthly shouts of the thoughtless inmates; who, in their eagerness and astonishment at the passing train, push their arms and legs through the bars of their windows, with the cries, the grimace, and gesticulation which might be expected from a horde of savages placed in circumstances, to them, so totally new and extraordinary.

"On entering one of the barracoons, which are of course as accessible as any other market-place, you do not find so much immediate misery as an unreflecting visitor might expect. It is the policy of the importer to restore as soon as possible, among the survivors, the strength that has been wasted, and the health that has been lost, during the horrors of the middle passage. It is his interest, also, to keep up the spirits of his victims, that they may the sooner become marketable, and prevent their sinking under that fatal home-sickness which carries off so many during the first months of their captivity. With this view, during their stay in the barracoon, they are well fed, sufficiently clothed, very tolerably lodged; they are even allowed the luxury of tobacco, and are encouraged to amuse themselves, for the sake of exercise and health, in the spacious *patio*, or inner court, of the building. I have been assured, also, that after leaving the barracoon, and arriving at the scene of their future toils, the Mayoral finds it for the interest of his master to treat them, for several months, with a considerable degree of lenity, scarcely allowing them, if possible, to hear the crack of the whip, and breaking them in by slow degrees to the hours and the weight of labour, which are destined to break them down long before the period which nature prescribes.

"The inmates of these sad receptacles, from their age, demeanour, and appearance, convey to the visitor a lively idea of the well-organised system of kidnapping to which the trade has been reduced, in order to make provision, in the interior of Africa, for the supply of the factories and slave-markets on the coast. The well-understood difficulty of breaking-in men and women of mature age to the labours of the field has produced a demand at the barracoons for younger victims; so that it is not, as formerly, by going to war, but by the meaner crimes of kidnapping and theft, and the still baser relaxation of social ties and family relations, that these human bazaars are supplied. The range of years in the age of the captives appears to extend from twelve to eighteen, and as the demand for males is much greater than for females, the proportion between the sexes is nearly three to one, I had almost said, in favour of the masculine gender. In fact, this is pretty nearly the relative proportion between the sexes on most of the estates throughout the island. The facilities still left for the practice of the slave-trade, and the consequent cheapness of young Bozals at the barracoons, make it more for the interest of the planter to keep up the numbers of his gang by purchase than by procreation. There are some so totally regardless of every human sentiment, save the sordid sense of their own pecuniary interests, that they people their estates with one sex only, to the total exclusion of females, taking care to prevent the nocturnal wanderings of the men, by locking them up in their plantation prisons, called also barracoons, as soon as their daily labour is concluded.

"Another motive for the continuance of the slave-trade is to be found in the well-known fact, that a state of hopeless servitude has the effect of enervating the slave, and reducing the physical power of his descendants far below the average of his African ancestors. At Demerara, Honduras, and Trinidad, to which colonies the greater part of the captives emancipated by the courts of mixed commission within the last few years have ultimately found their way, I was assured that the labour of eight emancipated Africans was considered equal to that of twelve of the apprenticed labourers born in the colony; and on the same principle a Bozal African, fresh from one of the market places of the Havana, commands an average price of twenty-four ounces of gold, when sold by retail; whereas a Creole of similar age is not worth more than twenty. On this ground, the keeper of one of these market barracoons, with whom I chanced to enter into conversation on the subject of his trade, concluded an argument in favour of its perpetuity, by laying it down as a proposition, not less capable of mathematical demonstration than any of the problems of Euclid, that the difference of four ounces between the value of the Creole and the Bozal made the suppression of the traffic a matter of hopeless, irremediable, and perpetual impossibility!"

The number of slaves annually imported into Cuba alone is very great, although Mr. Turnbull thinks that the amount of *bales*, in the language of slave-dealers,—in that of Christians, human beings, possessed of immortal souls,—stated by Mr. Buxton at 60,000, is overrated. Numbers also are conveyed to the Brazils and to Porto Rico; and Mr. Turnbull is of opinion that, despite the laws of America, which subject the slave-dealer to the penalties of piracy, not a few are carried to the Floridas and Alabama. The only check upon the slave-trade is that of the watch kept by

the British cruisers, who, although zealous in the cause, and further stimulated by the profit derived from the capture of a slaver, are much embarrassed by the legal regulations which hamper their movements. Since the treaty of 1835, it has been lawful to seize Spanish vessels without slaves on board, if certain specified "equipments," such as water-tanks and boilers larger than required for legitimate purposes, were discovered on board; but until a very recent act of Parliament was passed, no Portuguese ship was liable to capture unless slaves were actually on board. America has to this day refused to accede to a mutual right of search; and although an American having negroes on board may be seized, yet it is necessary first to ascertain the fact before taking such a step with safety to the captor. The slave-dealers, who manage their business in a very "business-like" manner, have taken too effectual advantage of these different national arrangements, and it is not unusual for one vessel to carry three sets of papers, to be used as occasion serves. We have not space to point out all the ingenious means used to effect this purpose, but, especially since Portuguese vessels have been brought under the liability of capture for carrying slaving equipments, it is not unusual for an American to be put on board a slaver, to represent the master in case of need.

"By slow degrees the Spanish traders have been compelled to resort to the Portuguese for assistance, until at length, in 1839, the Spanish flag is all but abandoned. The measure tardily adopted by the British Parliament at the close of the last session, deprives the Portuguese authorities of the power to which they clung, of reaping a disgraceful profit from the sale of fabricated registries and the protection they afforded. Extend this principle a little farther; obtain the consent of all the world to the conditions of the equipment clause, the recognition of a mutual right of search, and a declaration that the trade is piracy; and no profits, however exorbitant, will suffice to command the services of agents and supercargoes, masters, officers, and seamen, when they see the gibbet staring them in the face as the fit reward of their crimes.

"If the government of the United States, or any other naval power, refuse its consent, then deal with that power as you have just dealt with Portugal. After browbeating, as you have done, this feeble ally, you will be but too justly accused of equal truculence and truckling—the one as arrant as the other is base,—if you stop short there, speaking one language to the weak and another to the strong. The people of the United States will never suffer their government to go to war for the purpose of countenancing a trade confessedly injurious to the 'peculiar institutions of the south;' but if they did, they would deprive themselves of that moral force which, happily for the peace of the world, neither people nor government can conveniently dispense with at this advanced period of the nineteenth century."

At present, as soon as a negro is landed in Cuba, the interests of the slave-dealer are secured. The "equipments" of his vessel are soon got rid of, and the vessel enters the port without fear. The negro has no quarter from whence he can hope for redress, no advocate to take his part, he can sue out no habeas corpus, nor can any other do it for him. Upon this fact Mr. Turnbull takes his strong ground, and states his firm conviction that if such a resource were given to the Bozal negro, it would be more effectual in putting a finishing blow to the trade. He states that there can be in no instance any difficulty in distinguishing and proving the difference between a Bozal and a Creole negro; and admitting this fact, we give his proposed amendments to the existing treaties in his own words:—

"In every negotiation with the Spanish government, it is of course assumed that her Catholic Majesty is as desirous as we are to prevent the pollution of the soil of her transatlantic dominions by the continuance of this wholesale system of murder. The suggestion I have now to offer would first of all apply an effectual test to the sincerity of those unblushing assertions so constantly addressed to our minister at Madrid by her Catholic Majesty's government, and by the captain-general at the Havana to the British commissioners, but hitherto in practice so totally disregarded.

"It is matter of notoriety that in Spanish courts of justice, whether in the colonies or the peninsula, all judicial proceedings, civil or criminal, take place with closed doors; the discussion is not even conducted *viva voce*. The pleadings of the lawyers and the deliberations of the court are uniformly reduced to a written form, and are as perfectly private in their nature as it is possible to conceive. In what I have to suggest, therefore, there would not be room for the groundless pretence, set up as an apology by Captain-General Espeleta for his refusal to publish in the 'Diario de Habana,' the royal order which enjoined him and his subordinate functionaries to use their utmost exertions for the suppression of the slave-trade. That apology was the pretended fear of insurrection among the negroes.

"By extending the powers of the court of mixed commission, conducted, as its proceedings have always been, in strict conformity with the Spanish principle of closed doors, written pleadings, and secret deliberations, there could be no pretence for the fear of commotion, or of danger to the public peace, if it were suffered to consider the civil right, under the existing laws of Spain, of an imported African to his freedom, after the fact of his being landed in the island.

"If this simple extension of the powers of the court were strongly pressed on the Spanish government by such a minister as Lord Clarendon, who has so often received the assurances of successive administrations of their earnest desire to abolish the traffic, the argument would be utterly irresistible, and the court of Madrid would be shamed into instant compliance.

"It remains to inquire what would be the probable effect of this extension of the power and jurisdiction of the Havana court of mixed commission.

"The first consequence would be to produce a radical and practical change in the legal condition of the imported African. As matters now stand, the mere fact of his touching the soil of the island is sufficient to doom him to perpetual bondage. Once put on shore, the interests of the slave-dealer are secured. From that instant the slave may safely be transferred into another ship, and removed to any other point of her Catholic Majesty's possessions. Thenceforward the property in the slave, having become an acquired, and, practically speaking, an acknowledged right, the pretended owner may laugh a whole squadron of British cruisers to scorn.

"If the ordinary courts of justice would but do their duty, and if some poor Bozal were put into a position to assert his right to his personal liberty by the ordinary forms of judicial process, there cannot be a doubt that he would be entitled by the existing law to a judgment in his favour. The possessor of the slave might be compelled to prove his right of dominion over him; and that right could not be supported without a legal title.

"The only real difficulty in the way is the unwillingness of the public functionaries (the judges not excepted) to carry the law into effect. Strictly speaking, there can be no legal right of ownership in a Bozal negro under the existing laws of the Spanish monarchy; and if the captain-general had not been prevented by secret counter orders from carrying these laws into effect, the trade would long ago have been effectually suppressed.

"Most certainly the public barracoons, which notoriously exist under the very windows of the suburban palace of the viceroy, could never have been suffered to remain there to give a standing lie to his excellency's professions. But place those barracoons where you please, they could not escape the attention of the British commissioners, nor of the superintendant of liberated Africans. The tried moral courage of the gentleman who now holds that office, and his distinguished zeal in the cause of abolition, would admirably qualify him for the performance of the duties of an official protector and assertor of the liberties of these newly-imported Bozals.

"Suppose the court of mixed commission at the Havana to remain in its present form, and that by an additional article to the treaty of 1835 it should be authorised to deliberate on the right of an African to his freedom, as well after as before his merciless persecutors have thrown his body on the beach, it would not be easy for any minister in Madrid, in dealing with Lord Clarendon, after all that has passed on the subject, and after all the solemn assurances of the sincere desire of the Spanish government to abolish the traffic, to bring forward any plausible pretext for refusing his consent to this extension of the jurisdiction of the court, rendered indispensable by the acknowledged evasion of the equipment clause, and by the notorious transfer of the trade to the flag of Portugal.

"In this view of the matter, the mere existence of the court for twenty years, in the course of which discussions have arisen affecting the freedom of entire cargoes of Africans, without producing a single practical evil, to give the captain-general or the

government any substantive cause of complaint, affords a broad basis on which the demand for an enlargement of the powers of the court may be conveniently founded. Any case that could come before it under the proposed additional article, however important in principle, would not be of a nature to justify the fear of insurrection. Each particular cause brought up for adjudication would only involve the right of a single African to his freedom.

"If pushed to its full extent, it is true that, by the constant repetition of the process, it would go far to depopulate the sugar estates, and deprive them of their prædial labourers. On this ground, unless limited to future importations, it would be loudly objected to by almost all classes of the inhabitants of Cuba; but if in the new article or the new treaty a day were fixed, past, present, or future, which was to become the *terminus a quo*, from whence its operation was to begin, the number of persons who could suffer in their interests would be exceedingly limited, and would also be clearly defined. But suppose it to have no retroactive effect, and that all past infractions of laws and treaties are to be overlooked; then, as the only parties who would really sustain any grievance would be those who have invested their capital in Baltimore clippers, and who would thereby be deprived of the means of turning their purchases to profitable account, no man would venture to say that the future and contingent advantages to arise from the further prosecution of the slave-trade, whether agricultural, commercial, or political, could be seriously taken into account. As well might the contingent profits of the shipbuilders of Maryland be entitled to a favourable consideration."

In our eyes there appears to be much sound sense in the amendment proposed by Mr. Turnbull; but to be perfectly efficient, an alteration is needed in the constitution of the "mixed courts of commission," which at present decide upon the capture of slavers, where, by the terms of treaty, when a difference takes place between the judges, the case is literally decided by the dice-box, or drawing straws.

LOVER'S LEAP,

MIDDLETON DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

It may be remarked, that in almost every country where mountains and rocks abound, some legend exists of a Lover's Leap, some sad tale to perpetuate the deplorable catastrophe of some victim to blighted affections or unrequited love. These, however, generally rest in traditions, and are so far thrown backward into the depth of ages as scarcely to bear on the face of them any resemblance to truth or probability. What I am now going to relate took place about four-score years ago, and the facts were related to me by an old man who saw the young woman the morning of the occurrence, and who knew her the greater part of her after-life.

Stoney Middleton is a Peak town on the road to Manchester from Chesterfield and Sheffield, and at about the distance of twelve miles from each of the latter places. It was originally inhabited by miners and persons dependent on the manufacture of lead, but at present that class of inhabitants forms but a very inconsiderable portion of its population. From the advantage of a good road, it has become a town of carriers and quarry-men, and the limestone rocks are in a daily state of transportation to the foundries at Chesterfield as a flux for iron-stone; the carriers bringing back from the Chesterfield canal, or from other carriers that meet them from Mansfield, loads of malt to be forwarded to Manchester. Such is the extent of this branch of industry, that there may be seen on this line of road daily perhaps a score or two of single-horse carts, all engaged in the same employment.

Few towns, even in Derbyshire, present more rusticity in their appearance than Stoney Middleton; no one can be more irregularly or inconveniently built. Its natural site is a collection of abrupt prominences, rising from a very circumscribed point, scarcely admitting the denomination of a plain or a vale. On these prominences, ranged one above another in a succession of natural terraces, are built the houses—rude, mean erections of unshaped limestone blocks, with walls of enormous thickness, and apartments consequently small and low and gloomy in the extreme,—a rude set of habitations, which just serve the purposes of dwellings, but which are devoid of even the most common of accommodations.

At the northern end of the town, the Manchester road runs up the bottom of a narrow dale, originally nothing more than a long, frightful chasm betwixt the rifted rocks, forming merely a channel for one of those mountain streams with which the Peak landscape is so commonly diversified; its bottom has been widened, a beautiful road completed, and an impetus given to the industry of the neighbourhood. The little stream skirts the road on one side, putting in motion the machinery of a colour-mill and other works built at the foot of the sloping mountain; while the other side is almost overhung by a long irregular ridge of perpendicular limestone rocks of uncommon altitude, and of various beautiful but fantastic forms. Sometimes the rock assumes the appearance of a castle, and in the grey twilight, or when the morning mist softens the hard outline, turrets and ruined battlements with mouldering parapets and embrasures, are presented to the eye. Spires and minarets distinguish another portion of the rocks, and the whole length, nearly two miles, displays such a succession of singular and interesting scenery as perhaps no other country can produce. To describe the various beauties of this dale, and of those branching from it, would require a volume of no ordinary dimensions.

At the lower end of the dale, just after leaving the town, the traveller sees on his left hand, built under and perhaps partly within the rock, a public-house bearing the name upon its sign of "The Lover's Leap Inn." Close beyond it, projecting towards the road, is the bold profile of a rock of tremendous height, apparently divided into stages and fringed by stunted trees springing from the clefts, where no one could imagine they could find support, breaking its outline and softening the harshness of its aspect. This rock is the Lover's Leap; a name which it has acquired from the following singular occurrence:—

About the time, I think, of making the road up the dale, when labourers came from a distance to seek employment, a young man of the name of Johnson, a stranger in those parts, took lodgings at the house of a farmer in Middleton. A Don Juan in humble life, he courted all the ruddy-faced girls in the neighbourhood, but paid particular attention to *Hannah Baddeley*, a comely handsome maiden who lived as servant in his lodgings. To her, as to others, he promised marriage; but she, more confiding than her companions, believed that he meant not to deceive. The wedding day was appointed, every preparation made for the nuptials, when Johnson slipped away and was never heard of more. The girl, dispirited and heart-broken at his perfidy, could not endure to live, and leaving her bed early in the morning, she wandered to the pastures which are on a level with the summit of the rocks, and making her way to the precipice, cast herself headlong down in the hope of terminating her sorrows and her life together. But such was not her fate; her garments caught on some of the projecting bushes, and bounding from stage to stage, her fall still broken by the obstacles she encountered, she at length reached the bottom and was received in a saw-pit among the soft saw-dust which lay at a great thickness on the floor. Stunned with the fall, but otherwise unhurt, she lay some time unable to move; she had however the power of thinking, and she felt convinced she had done wrong; she was sorry she had attempted suicide, but she found herself cured of her passion for her lover, and she resolved, if she could get out of the pit, to go home and let no one know of her adventure. While she was thus ruminating, the sawyers came to work, and were much surprised to find a woman in the pit. She said she was following her cow, and had fallen in, but could not get out again; and this would have been believed had they not looked up and seen several parts of a woman's dress torn and dangling from the bushes, which, coupling with the scratches on her arms and face and neck, gave them an idea of what had been done. In the course of the day this idea was confirmed by her bonnet and handkerchief being found on the point of the rock directly over the saw-pit. The men lifted her out, and so little was she hurt that she walked to her master's house without assistance. She had learned wisdom by her fall; she no longer thought of her lover, but lived for many years in the neighbourhood, and died unmarried.

Such is the origin of the name of this projecting rock; it is truly a *Lover's Leap*, and will be known as such so long as it remains unblasted or uncarried to the furnace.

DR. DODDRIDGE'S EPIGRAM ON HIS FAMILY MOTTO,

"DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS."

"Live while you live," the epicure would say,
"And seize the pleasures of the present day."
"Live while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies."
Lord, in my view let both united be—
I live in pleasure when I live to thee.

A CASTILIAN LEGEND.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

In the cloisters of the ancient Benedictine convent of San Domingo, at Silos, in Castile, are the mouldering yet magnificent monuments of the once powerful and chivalrous family of Hinojosa. Among these, reclines the marble figure of a knight, in complete armour, with the hands pressed together, as if in prayer. On one side of his tomb is sculptured in relief a band of Christian cavaliers, capturing a cavalcade of male and female Moors: on the other side, the same cavaliers are represented kneeling before an altar. The tomb, like most of the neighbouring monuments, is almost in ruins, and the sculpture is nearly unintelligible, excepting to the keen eye of the antiquary. The story connected with the sepulchre, however, is still preserved in the old Spanish chronicles, and is to the following purport.

In old times, several hundred years ago, there was a noble Castilian cavalier, named Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, lord of a border castle, which had stood the brunt of many a Moorish foray. He had seventy horsemen as his household troops, all of the ancient Castilian proof; stark warriors, hard riders, and men of iron: with these he scoured the Moorish lands, and made his name terrible throughout the borders. His castle hall was covered with banners, and cimeters, and Moslem helms, the trophies of his prowess. Don Munio was, moreover, a keen huntsman; and rejoiced in hounds of all kinds, steeds for the chase, and hawks for the towering sport of falconry. When not engaged in warfare, his delight was to beat up the neighbouring forests; and scarcely ever did he ride forth without hound and horn, a boar-spear in his hand, or a hawk upon his fist, and an attendant train of huntsmen.

His wife, Donna Maria Palacin, was of a gentle and timid nature, little fitted to be the spouse of so hardy and adventurous a knight; and many a tear did the poor lady shed, when he sallied forth upon his daring enterprises, and many a prayer did she offer up for his safety.

As this doughty cavalier was one day hunting, he stationed himself in a thicket, on the borders of a green glade of the forest, and dispersed his followers to rouse the game, and drive it toward his stand. He had not been here long, when a cavalcade of Moors, of both sexes, came prankling over the forest lawn. They were unarmed, and magnificently dressed in robes of tissue and embroidery, rich shawls of India, bracelets and anklets of gold, and jewels that sparkled in the sun.

At the head of this cavalcade rode a youthful cavalier, superior to the rest in dignity and loftiness of demeanour, and splendour of attire: beside him was a damsel, whose veil, blown aside by the breeze, displayed a face of surpassing beauty, and eyes cast down in maiden modesty, yet beaming with tenderness and joy.

Don Munio thanked his stars for sending him such a prize, and exulted at the thought of bearing home to his wife the glittering spoils of these infidels. Putting his hunting-horn to his lips, he gave a blast that rung through the forest. His huntsmen came running from all quarters, and the astonished Moors were surrounded and made captives.

The beautiful Moor wrung her hands in despair, and her female attendants uttered the most piercing cries. The young Moorish cavalier alone retained self-possession. He inquired the name of the Christian knight who commanded this troop of horsemen. When told that it was Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, his countenance lighted up. Approaching that cavalier and kissing his hand, "Don Munio Sancho," said he, "I have heard of your fame as a true and valiant knight, terrible in arms, but schooled in the noble virtues of chivalry. Such do I trust to find you. In me you behold Abadil, son of a Moorish Alcayde. I am on the way to celebrate my nuptials with this lady; chance has thrown us in your power, but I confide in your magnanimity. Take all our treasure and jewels; demand what ransom you think proper for our persons, but suffer us not to be insulted or dishonoured."

When the good knight heard this appeal, and beheld the beauty of the youthful pair, his heart was touched with tenderness and courtesy. "God forbid," said he, "that I should disturb such happy nuptials. My prisoners in troth shall ye be for fifteen days, and immured within my castle, where I claim, as conqueror, the right of celebrating your espousals."

So saying, he despatched one of his fleetest horsemen in advance, to notify Donna Maria Palacin of the coming of this bridal party; while he and his huntsmen escorted the cavalcade, not as captors, but as a guard of honour. As they drew near to the castle, the banners were hung out, and the trumpets sounded from the battlements; and on their nearer approach, the drawbridge was lowered, and Donna Maria came forth to meet them, attended by her ladies and knights, her pages and her minstrels. She took the young bride, Allifra, in her arms, kissed her with the tenderness of a sister, and conducted her into the castle. In the mean time, Don Munio sent forth missives in every direction, and had viands and dainties of all kinds collected from the country round; and the wedding of the Moorish lovers was celebrated with all possible state and festivity. For fifteen days the castle was given up to joy and revelry. There were tiltings and jousts at the ring, and bull-fights, and banquets, and dances to the sound of minstrelsy. When the fifteen days were at an end, he made the bride and bridegroom magnificent presents, and conducted them and their attendants safely beyond the borders. Such, in old times, were the courtesy and generosity of a Spanish cavalier.

Several years after this event, the King of Castile summoned his nobles to assist him in a campaign against the Moors. Don Munio Sancho was among the first to answer to the call, with seventy horsemen, all staunch and well-tried warriors. His wife, Donna Maria, hung about his neck. "Alas, my lord!" exclaimed she, "how often wilt thou tempt thy fate, and when will thy thirst for glory be appeased!"

"One battle more," replied Don Munio, "one battle more, for the honour of Castile, and I here make a vow, that when this is over, I will lay by my sword, and repair with my cavaliers in pilgrimage to the sepulchre of our Lord at Jerusalem." The cavaliers all joined with him in the vow, and Donna Maria felt in some degree soothed in spirit: still, she saw with a heavy heart the departure of her husband, and watched his banner with wistful eyes, until it disappeared among the trees of the forest.

The King of Castile led his army to the plains of Almanara, where they encountered the Moorish host, near to Ucles. The battle was long and bloody; the Christians repeatedly wavered, and were as often rallied by the energy of their commanders: Don Munio was covered with wounds, but refused to leave the field. The Christians at length gave way, and the king was hardly pressed, and in danger of being captured.

Don Munio called upon his cavaliers to follow him to the rescue. "Now is the time," cried he, "to prove your loyalty. Fall to, like brave men! We fight for the true faith, and if we lose our lives here, we gain a better life hereafter."

Rushing with his men between the king and his pursuers, they checked the latter in their career, and gave time for their monarch to escape; but they fell victims to their loyalty. They all fought to the last gasp. Don Munio was singled out by a powerful Moorish knight, but having been wounded in the right arm, he fought to disadvantage, and was slain. The battle being over, the Moor paused to possess himself of the spoils of this redoubtable Christian warrior. When he unlaced the helmet, however, and beheld the countenance of Don Munio, he gave a great cry and smote his breast. "Woe is me!" cried he, "I have slain my benefactor—the flower of knightly virtue, the most magnanimous of cavaliers!"

While the battle had been raging on the plain of Salmanara, Donna Maria Palacin remained in her castle, a prey to the keenest anxiety. Her eyes were for ever fixed on the road that led from the country of the Moors, and often she asked the watchman of the tower, "What seest thou?"

One evening, at the shadowy hour of twilight, the warden sounded his horn. "I see," cried he, "a numerous train winding up the valley. There are mingled Moors and Christians. The banner of my lord is in the advance. Joyful tidings!" exclaimed the old seneschal: "my lord returns in triumph, and brings captives!" Then the castle court rang with shouts of joy; and the standard was displayed, and the trumpets were sounded, and the drawbridge was lowered, and Donna Maria went forth with her ladies, and her knights, and her pages, and her minstrels, to welcome her lord from the wars. But as the train drew nigh, she beheld a sumptuous bier, covered with black velvet, and on it lay a warrior, as if taking his repose: he lay in his armour, with his helmet on his head, and his sword in his hand, as one who had never been conquered; and around the bier were the escutcheons of the house of Hinojosa.

A number of Moorish cavaliers attended the bier, with emblems of mourning, and with dejected countenances; and their leader cast himself at the feet of Donna Maria, and hid his face in his hands. She beheld in him the gallant Abadil, whom she had once welcomed with his bride to her castle, but who now came with the body of her lord, whom he had unknowingly slain in battle!

The sepulchre erected in the cloisters of the Convent of San Domingo, was achieved at the expense of the Moor Abadil, as a feeble testimony of his grief for the death of the good knight Don Munio, and his reverence for his memory. The tender and faithful Donna Maria soon followed her lord to the tomb. On one of the stones of a small arch, beside his sepulchre, is the following simple inscription :—" *Hic jacet Maria Palacin, uxor Munonis Sancij De Hinojosa :*" Here lies Maria Palacin, wife of Munio Sancho de Hinojosa.

The legend of Don Munio Sancho does not conclude with his death. On the same day on which the battle took place on the plain of Salmanara, a chaplain of the Holy Temple at Jerusalem, while standing at the outer gate, beheld a train of Christian cavaliers advancing, as if in pilgrimage. The chaplain was a native of Spain, and as the pilgrims approached, he knew the foremost to be Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, with whom he had been well acquainted in former times. Hastening to the patriarch, he told him of the honourable rank of the pilgrims at the gate. The patriarch, therefore, went forth with a grand procession of priests and monks, and received the pilgrims with all due honour. There were seventy cavaliers, beside their leader, all stark and lofty warriors. They carried their helmets in their hands, and their faces were deadly pale. They greeted no one, nor looked either to the right or to the left, but entered the chapel, and kneeling before the Sepulchre of our Saviour, performed their orisons in silence. When they had concluded, they rose as if to depart, and the patriarch and his attendants advanced to speak to them, but they were no more to be seen. Every one marvelled what could be the meaning of this prodigy. The patriarch carefully noted down the day, and sent to Castile to learn tidings of Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa. He received for reply, that on the very day specified, that worthy knight, with seventy of his followers, had been slain in battle. These, therefore, must have been the blessed spirits of those Christian warriors, come to fulfil their vow of a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Such was Castilian faith in the olden time, which kept its word even beyond the grave.

If any one should doubt of the miraculous apparition of these phantom knights, let him consult the History of the Kings of Castile and Leon, by the learned and pious Fray Prudencio de Sandoval, Bishop of Pamplona, where he will find it recorded in the History of the King Don Alonzo VI., on the hundred and second page. It is too precious a legend to be lightly abandoned to the doubter.—*From the Knickerbocker.*

GOOD AND BAD LUCK.

One of the smartest young fellows in my native provincial town was Tom Featherstone—he was " the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." Tom Featherstone belonged to that class of handy-looking, clean-built people, who always appear genteel, even if shabbily dressed—which, however, was never Tom's case. Lively, active, and ever smiling, he was a pet when a child, a favourite when a boy, and popular as a young man. " Och, then, bless his heart ! " said an old Irishwoman, who kept a stall hard by his mother's house, and to whom Tom, when he could toddle, was not an indifferent customer—" Och, then, bless his heart, but he's born to good luck ! Didn't I see a gentleman looking at him *by the hour* as he played in the sun there, and then he put his hand in his pocket and gave him a penny ; and the dear little craiture came over to me, and I picked out the nicest apple I had on my stall for him—bless his heart, but he's born to good luck ! "

So thought Tom's mother. She was a widow, and, by a sort of not unnatural confusion of ideas, thought that because she was a widow, that therefore her child was under some peculiar providential care. She knew that the Scripture said, " Leave thy fatherless children, and let your widows trust in ME ;" and she also knew that " pure religion and undefiled " was said to consist in " visiting the widow and fatherless in their affliction," and to keep oneself " unspotted from the world." And am not I a widow? thought Mrs. Featherstone to herself, and is not my child fatherless? Why, then, should she doubt but that Providence should take special care of her boy? So far did she carry this notion, that she believed her boy to be specially exempted from the common casualties of children ; when he had a fall, somehow or other he always " fell on his feet ; " and when, one day, after a tumble from top to bottom of a flight of stairs, his alarmed mother picked him up, and found not a scratch on his body, she ran over to the stall of the Irishwoman, and told the wonderful story, without abating a particle of the particulars. " And am not I always telling you," said the Irishwoman, " that that boy is born to good luck? Sorra a ha'porth will ever come over him ! "

Tom became a general favourite at school. He had not daring enough, nor mischief enough, to be a " leader " amongst his school-fellows, but then he was just as far removed from cowardice or cunning. Nobody could ever accuse Tom of skulking off, or shuffling, yet Tom never—at least seldom—got into a scrape. He was used by his companions as a sort of " acting secretary," or " standing counsel," and his instinctive fertility of judgment and invention was not only the justification, but the cause, of their preference. If a favour was to be solicited, Tom was made the spokesman, for he had a frank, ingenuous manner, which made it difficult to refuse him ; if fishing-rods and lines were to be set in order, or bait to be got, Tom could arrange and unravel the one, or quickly find out the other ; if a kite wanted balancing, Tom was the boy to do it. In fact, as the old Irishwoman *said* he was *born* to good luck, so his schoolfellows *thought* he was *made* for it ; and " Lucky Tom " became so common a phrase, that the very schoolmaster, when he chose to relax a little in dignity, and to become jocular, would ask him about the last run of " good luk" he had.

When Tom grew up, his " good luck " did not appear to desert him. A commercial firm—the most respectable in the town—wanted a genteel youth for their counting-room ; and not a few applications had been made, from heads of families, too, of some repute. Mrs. Featherstone heard of the situation, and strong in the faith of her son's " good luck," she walked straight into the counting-house. After she told in few words what she wanted, one of the principals looked at Tom, and you might have thought that Tom, by a wink of his eye, or some other potent action, had " fascinated him." He walked into an inner room, to consult an elder partner, and presently returning, desired Tom to come next Monday. Going home, he met one of the youths who had been a candidate for the situation, and told him how he had succeeded. " You are a lucky fellow ! " was the reply ; and when he reached the house, his mother told him for the three hundredth and sixty-fifth time, how the poor, old, decent Irishwoman, that used to keep the stall opposite the door, had always said he was " born to good luck."

For five years Tom Featherstone continued to rise in the good graces of the Firm. His activity, prompt business habits, conciliatory manner with customers, and sharp, quick turn, all favoured him. Yet Tom had no cunning, no meanness, no " sneaking ways." Nobody knew better when to bow with solemnity, when to touch his hat with gay familiarity, when to shake hands with a rough boisterousness, according to the character he was dealing with : yet it was all done, not from observation, but by a sort of natural instinct. His more awkward or solemn companions would sometimes ask for his " secret : " but Tom had no " secret ; " it was merely his " good luck," he said, and no particular merit ; " try and do as I do," he would add, " and perhaps you will turn out alucky."

Tom never thought of saving money, because he never felt the want of it. Somehow or other he was always getting " extras ; " if he was sent to make purchases, he was permitted to accept an occasional commission from some of the smaller folks in the same line, who put perfect confidence in him ; and having a considerable reputation as an accountant, not unfrequently he received a job to disentangle some complicated matters, which he usually effected with an ease that seemed miraculous to some people. " How in the world do you do it, Featherstone? " said a crusty old, pragmatical fellow-clerk, over whom he had been virtually promoted ; " you get through business in a day that would take me a week ! " Tom did not know how he did it ; it was his " luck " he said, and who could help being lucky?

Amongst youth of his own age, Tom Featherstone was welcome. With a number of young men he got up a choral society, of which

he was secretary; he also kept the books of a ladies' society for charitable purposes; and at evening parties he was quite a privileged man. Some of the young ladies, who, perhaps, thought they had but a remote chance of him, called him "slammakin Tom," but all the others voted him unanimously the most obliging, good-natured, and genteelest young man in the town. Not a few of the matrons thought that somebody's daughter would be in "luck's way," that would get "lucky Tom," for he seemed predestined to rise in the world.

A whisper ran through the town that lucky Tom Featherstone was about to be married. "Who?" was the invariable first response; and when quite assured that it was actually Tom Featherstone, the next inquiry, uttered in a sort of suppressed, almost breathless and bewildered anxiety, was, "Who is he going to have?" Those who put great faith in Tom's "good luck," thought that undoubtedly it would be one of the daughters of one of the partners of the firm; he had frequently been seen escorting them. "And I pity him, then," said Mrs. Fitzwilliam to Mrs. Hervey, "for the proud, upstart creatures think themselves above him, and if one of them is going to take him, it must be because her father wishes it, and she will lead him a dog's life!" "Ah but, my dear, there is plenty of money in the family—let lucky Tom alone, he knows what he is about." Some other informant now came in with more accurate information; it was "currently reported" that Tom Featherstone was going to have Miss Baillie, the eldest daughter of Doctor Baillie, the chief medical man of the town. "A very good match, I say, then, it is; she's a good and a pretty girl." "Oh, nonsense, he might have done much better—her father has nothing to spare her!" But, again, somebody said that *she* had heard that it was old John Murray's daughter, the daughter of an old fellow who had kept a shop for fifty years, and was thought to be worth "a bit of money." "Oh, horrid," replied the objector, "he never could think of marrying such a vulgar thing as that—positively if he does, my good opinion of him will be quite gone!" In this way nearly all the marriageable girls of the town had their characters discussed, and their respective families' condition commented on, in every circle, when it became known that Tom Featherstone was going to be married.

Murder, they say, will not hide, neither will marriage. The truth came out at last, and the whole town was electrified by learning that Tom Featherstone was going to be married to Mary Blundell. "Mary Blundell!" died on everybody's lips. "La! did you hear that it is Mary Blundell Tom Featherstone is going to have?" "Mary Blundell!" Only to think that lucky Tom Featherstone should throw himself away! His common sense, his taste, his prudence, and the goodness of his eyesight, were all called in question—Tom Featherstone fell one hundred and fifty per cent. in the estimation of one half of the ladies of the town. But a minority, an uninfluential minority, took up the cudgels for Mary Blundell. She was a good girl, and a nice girl, and though not to say pretty, a very pleasing girl; and though her parents were poor, they were respected, if not respectable. She would make a very good wife for Tom Featherstone, and it showed his good sense not to aspire too high. He was a very nice young man, but what was he, after all, that he should be thought too good for Mary Blundell? In this way opinions differed; the only matter about which there was unanimity, was in perfect wonder and astonishment how he had carried on his courtship. Not a few thought that he must be a "sly" fellow after all; and a few of the sneerers insinuated that Mary Blundell was to be caught without any courtship at all.

But Tom Featherstone, from the time of his being a schoolboy, had always a corner in his heart for Mary Blundell. Love it could hardly be called, for Tom Featherstone's temperament was rather volatile for so sedate and sentimental a matter at so early an age. Still, Mary Blundell was so quiet, so composed, so nice a looking girl, that one might hardly wonder how her dark eyes and silken-like fringes of eyelids, had impressed Tom's fancy. Mary, though a very amiable, sweet-tempered girl, was not particularly bright; and Tom, at school, had often saved her from a headache and a scold by working up sums for her on her slate, over which poor Mary sat poring, as if they were impenetrable masses of figures. As both grew up, they always exchanged cordial greetings, when they chanced to meet on the street; but they never met in company, and nobody ever dreamed—perhaps Mary did herself, though—about there being anything more than a mere acquaintance. When Tom Featherstone occasionally thought of Mary Blundell for his wife, it was as a sort of remote visionary idea, floating, like a pleasing but unreal speculation through a brain not disposed to dwell too long on one idea.

Now, how Tom Featherstone came to marry Mary Blundell was as follows:—Tom was not without ambition; and being frequently in the company of the daughters of one of the partners of the Firm (as already mentioned), and being much patronised by their mother, a proud woman, who thought of Tom as a fine young man, and regarded him as a sort of superior servant "out of livery," he had been led to entertain the idea of aspiring to the hand of one of the young ladies. The one he selected permitted him to say a great many agreeable things to her; they generally walked in the vanguard of the procession; and latterly Tom's services as an escort were perpetually in requisition, and for a time he supped every night at his employer's house. Tom's mind was quite made up; he received with complacency the hints, insinuations, and jokes of his fellow-clerks, about his usual "good luck:" and he firmly believed that his condition was an enviable one. Elated one evening by the unusual kindness of the mother and the hilarity of the daughter, he took "heart o' grace," and fairly proposed himself as they were out on their evening walk. The young lady at first did not appear to comprehend him, but Tom attributed this to her native modesty, and pressed his suit in plainer terms. When it was no longer possible for the lady to misunderstand him, her countenance assumed an aspect that rather put Tom out of his calculation. *She*, who was thinking of nothing less than making a conquest of a young baronet, whose estate was in the neighbourhood of the town, to be thus addressed, and on the highway too, by one of her father's clerks! Scarcely a word, however, was spoken, and Tom still imagined he was in "luck's way;" but they turned homewards, and on entering the house, the daughter, in a tone between scorn and crying, addressed her mother,—"That fellow has had the insolence to propose marriage to me!"

Truth should be spoken; and the truth was, that mother and daughters looked upon Tom as an agreeable sort of puppy-dog, whom they graciously permitted to gambol out with them on their walks, and allowed the *entrée* of the drawing-room. Poor Tom! this was the first really serious rubber of ill luck he had played in his life. The mother, in the most grave and provokingly palliating tone, desired her daughter to excuse the young man's inexperience; she was positive he was too well-meaning a young man to intend any rudeness—if it was a joke, let it be so, and she hoped Tom would not forget himself again. Then, in the most gracious manner, she dismissed him, telling him that if they should require his services they would be sure to let him know.

Lively as Tom was, he could hardly hold up his head for some weeks after this event; yet nobody out of the family knew anything at all about it—it was only Tom's own consciousness which mortified him. This was aggravated by the particularly kind manner with which mother and daughters walked into the counting-house, one day, to inquire after Tom's health—hoped he was quite well, and desired him to execute a few small commissions for them. He was stung to the quick; yet all the while his fellow-clerks thought that he was higher in favour than ever! It was then that he resolved to marry Mary Blundell, and in a month from that fatal visit in the counting-house, Mary Blundell was Mrs. Featherstone.

After the wonder had ceased in the town, and even the servant-maids had given over criticising the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Featherstone, Tom became reconciled to his lot, and began to find himself happy. His salary was raised; higher duties were assigned to him; greater confidence was placed in him. Tom

determined to show that he was none the worse for his marriage; set up a very nice establishment; gave dinner and supper parties; keeping a sort of open house. His "good luck," that for a moment seemed checked, appeared to flow stronger than ever. Time, too, wrought its wonders. In as brief a space as possible, there came little Tom Featherstone, little Mary Featherstone, little George Featherstone, little Eliza Featherstone, little Anna Featherstone, and little baby Featherstone. "Ah! you dog, you," he would say to some bachelor visitor, "why don't you get married? see how happy I am!" Eight years had elapsed, and the proud dame who had treated him so disdainfully was still a spinster, and likely soon to turn round into a sour old maid; and despised Mary Blundell, not more than twenty-eight years of age, was the contented mother of six healthy and happy little Featherstones; while old Mrs. Featherstone, still light and active, gazed upon her grandchildren with an affection a little more doting than she had done on Tom; and she prognosticated that all these Featherstones would turn out as lucky as their father.

But Tom, as a married man, committed sundry grave faults; and the first of them was not allowing his wife to take any active share in the management of the household expenses. Mary, as we have said, was a mild, quiet creature; but her mind was not particularly active, and Tom, all unwittingly, circumscribed its sphere. It was his "conceit" to lay in all the household supplies himself; he bought wine and potatoes, beef and calicoes, silks and vegetables—Mary had not even to distress herself about as much as a pair of baby's socks. Her mind, thus trammelled, had no field for exercise in what ought to be the peculiar province of a married woman—she became confirmed in habits of helplessness. And out of this fault grew another, that Tom never consulted his wife about anything; it never was a habit with him, and she was contentedly ignorant of annual income and annual expenditure.

Another fault was his living up to his income. True, he could talk about savings, annuities, assurances, &c. in a very off-hand manner; and was perpetually calculating what small sums would amount to, in a given time, when laid out at compound interest. But "talk" was all Tom did, as far as he was himself concerned: the evil day, with him, had not appeared on the horizon, and he was always active, and busy, and "lucky."

A distant relation persuaded Tom to become security for him for a considerable sum; and the fatal time arrived when the relation was nowhere to be found, and the money to pay. It so happened, at that particular time, that Tom was shorter than usual of cash; his family had been on a trip to a watering-place, and his salary had been overdrawn. Had it happened some six months before, Tom could have got over the difficulty, but just then—it was so unlucky! Payment of the money was pressed; Tom did not like to ask for assistance; and in a thoughtless moment he tried a mode of getting rid of the difficulty that proved anything but "lucky." He was now chief manager of the business; and he put the name of "The Firm" to a bill on his own account. The matter *might* have passed; the bill *might* have been taken up in the usual course of business. But, by one of those seemingly innocent casualties on which important events often hang, the bill, along with others, came—a rare circumstance—under the scrutiny of the senior partner of the Firm! a stern old man, with rigid notions of mercantile honour, and highly impressed with the importance of the reputation of his "house," of which he had been the founder. A few inquiries were made, not from any suspicion, but merely for information; and Tom—no rogue in grain, but lax in principle—coloured up to the eyes, faltered—the truth came out! A consultation was immediately held amongst the partners; Tom was cross-examined; he recovered his self-possession; told the facts in a clear and explicit way; brought his books to show that he could make them up at a minute's notice, and that all was right; and then, in an humble but manly tone, petitioned for pardon for this his first commercial offence. One or two were inclined to forgive him; but the old man—shook his head! Poor Tom Featherstone went home to his family a dismissed and a disgraced man, and the amount of his salary overdrawn, as well as the amount of the bill, were set down as so much defalcation, equal to the value of his household goods!

It is an old story about ill news flying fast; and though "The Firm" had sealed its lips on the cause of Tom Featherstone's dismissal, yet it became known that he *was* dismissed, and that suddenly, for something discovered to be wrong. Next morning a buzz was amongst the shopkeepers, all of whom knew Tom well; from them it passed to their wives and daughters, and from these again to the servants. At one corner, a shopkeeper and his wife had collected a group, who were busily discussing the matter, when up bustled a lively retailer of news.

"Good morning, gentlemen. Oh, beg pardon—good morning, ma'am; hope you're well, and the children?"

"Thankee, pretty well—and how are you yourself, and the mistress?"

"Tol oll—you've heard the news, of course?"

"What news?" asked, with apparent eagerness, one of the group; at the same time giving a sort of side signal to the rest to keep him in countenance, and he would show them some fun.

"Oh, all about Tom Featherstone."

"What about him? Is he dead?"

"Oh, no—worse, much worse; shocking, horrible—very bad indeed."

"Can't you tell us what it is, man, and not keep us in suspense?"

"Why, some serious disclosures have taken place; they say he has forged a bill for a thousand pounds: but that I am not certain about, though this I know, that the books have been overhauled, and extraordinary defalcations have been discovered."

The "funny" man, not observing any particular mode of carrying on his "lark," broke out with, "Oh, we knew all about it before you came up: but we have heard a different version of the story, and perhaps from as good an authority."

"Then I can tell you, my information came from head-quarters. Featherstone's books were examined yesterday, and, when he went away, his desk and keys were taken possession of. There's something very serious, you may depend on it."

"Well, well," said a decent old man, one of the party, "who's to know the world, if Featherstone is a swindler!"

"And what is to become of his beautiful family of children?" ejaculated the shopkeeper's wife.

"Poh! as to his children, they must just do as other people's do. My wife tells me that Mrs. Featherstone is an extravagant creature, and I'm sure she was never brought up to it."

Somebody now rushed up. "Boys, boys, have you heard?—Featherstone—Tom Featherstone!—gone to the 'cage!'—it's a fact!"

"For what?"

"Forgery—forgery—they say he has put the Bank in for some thousands! He was taken at five o'clock this morning—handcuffed. I don't know if he made any resistance, but he's in the 'cage' sure enough."

"Poor Mrs. Featherstone!" exclaimed the shopkeeper's wife; "she's a nice little body—how very shocking!"

"Now, what could he have been doing with the money?" said the decent old man, who was still somewhat incredulous, and anxious to prevent Featherstone's character being completely rolled in the ditch.

"Why, as to that, we all know that there are ways of disposing of money which we simple folks are not up to."

"For my part," added another, "I always thought Featherstone a shade too clever; he was always here and there and everywhere, instead of attending his business. I have heard, too, that he had a queer set coming about him; they used to gamble to a great extent, I'm told."

At this moment Featherstone was seen coming up the street, walking, apparently, in his old lively, brisk manner. The man who said he was in the 'cage' sneaked off. The man who said he kept a gambling set about him put his hands in his waistcoat pockets, and in his trousers pockets, and then drew out his pocket

handkerchief, and made the street echo with a nasal sound. The shopkeeper and his wife entrenched themselves in their doorway, as if anxious to make sure of the security of their homestead. Featherstone approached; as he drew near, he saw the group staring at him, and the "good morrow," with which he had intended to salute them, stuck in his throat. This gave the group an advantage; and the man with the pocket-handkerchief advanced: "Good morning, Mr. Featherstone—hope you're quite well, sir; any news to-day, Mr. Featherstone?"

Featherstone had gone out that morning for the very purpose of preventing the spreading of "false reports," by showing himself, in his usual cheerful manner, in all parts of the town. He had intended to stand and talk with the group; but his throat was dry, and he had not his usual buoyancy; he therefore gravely returned the salutes, and passed on.

"There's something wrong," said the man who still had his pocket-handkerchief in his hand: "don't you see how queer he looks?"

"Yes," said the decent old man, "but there's something wrong in these reports—I don't like to believe all I hear."

"I hope so," added the shopkeeper's wife, as the group were breaking up; "I hope so, for the sake of Mrs. Featherstone and the children. John," she continued, to her husband, as he turned into the shop, "look and see what the Featherstones owe us."

That day another consultation was held by "The Firm," the result of which was this. It appeared that all was quite right under the management of Featherstone, except in this single instance; he had abused his trust only in one case, but that involved an alarming and dangerous example. On this ground, propositions for mercy were rejected by the stern senior partner of "The Firm;" but in consideration of Featherstone's services, it was agreed that he should be forgiven the amount of the bill, and also of his salary overdrawn, and thus be dismissed—for ever!

Matters being thus settled, the "town" was duly informed, "on authority," of the real nature of the case: but though the truth was believed, the first impression remained. Tom's character had struck on this "unlucky" bill, as he foolishly designated it; and though, by exertion and future care, the damage might be materially repaired, still he had lost what could not be regained—a confidential situation in a wealthy house, in which he might have remained as snug, almost, as if it had been secured by patent under the Crown.

Tom Featherstone was an honest man, undoubtedly; but his honesty was more an impulse than a principle. Knowing, in his own mind, that he had not the remotest intention of cheating his employers, and that the bill to which he had put their names was within his means, if a little time had elapsed, he looked on the transaction more as an "unlucky" affair, than as a breach of morality; and from thence he came to consider himself an ill-used man. Wherever he went, therefore, about the town, and whenever the subject was introduced, he broke out in exclamations about his services, his exertions, the injustice which had been done him, and the ingratitude of The Firm. This was all duly conveyed to The Firm; and nipped in the bud a plan which was growing up in the minds of two of the partners, about setting up Tom Featherstone in business. This dropped intention was, in its turn, as duly conveyed to Tom, who thereupon blamed his "ill-luck," instead of blaming his tongue; but, plucking up courage, he said he would let them see what he could do for himself.

Tom took a little shop; and for a brief space his energy and activity appeared to return. But he had neither learned himself, nor inspired his wife with, the virtue of economy: she, poor body, was very willing to submit to anything, but having been schooled by her lively husband into something like "passive obedience," she did not know how to begin. Tom, after a time, complained that the shop was dull, and frequently left it to the management of his wife; he himself spending whole days with a borrowed gun, or with a fishing-rod. His old mother, who still lived, wondered how things were going on so "unlucky;" the rent of the shop mounted up; bills came in; Tom Featherstone was sold out!

He now took a couple of apartments in a small house in the suburbs; and accepted the situation of half clerk, half shopman, at a small salary. But he became rapidly altered for the worse in his appearance—no longer the lively, smart, active fellow, but rather a slouching kind of man, who never could look you straight in the face. Mrs. Featherstone—Mary Blundell that was—sunk down into a dirty sloven; naturally not very active, she made a poor use of her hands when compelled to exercise them. The children were neglected. The eldest boy got his leg broken, when he was out "bird-nesting," with some rough companions; the eldest girl, scrambling with another brother, was thrown on the fire, and sadly burned; another boy, in running up a court-way, came smack against the porter of a wine-cellar, who was carrying boiling wax in a pan, for the purpose of sealing bottles, and a quantity of the wax was spilled over him; and another addition to the family, which had come in the days of their poverty, a puny thing, crawled over the floor, one day, to where the mother had set down a teapot, on a trunk, in her awkward hurry to open the door, and the scalding contents were poured over the unhappy child. Then the eldest boy, when he got well of his broken leg, teased his mother, one day, to get out; and she gave him twopence to get rid of him. With this he joined a band of other boys, who were going a-shooting with an old gun; and having, during their sport, a bag of powder under his arm, a spark entered, blew it up, and he was led home blind. He recovered, after two months of suffering; and his eyes proved "luckily" to be uninjured: but in jumping with some other boys, over a dung-heap, in the neighbourhood of his home, at a game of "keeping the pudding hot," he laughed in the act of jumping, put his leg that had been broken "out," and besides bit a hole clean through his tongue, with which he lingered in agony for weeks. Poor, helpless Mrs. Featherstone! she sat down and wept like a child, and said to a condoling neighbour, that their family had never known "luck" since the time of that "unlucky bill!"

As for Tom Featherstone, you would scarcely have known him, he was so altered. But a sad truth began to ooze out amongst those of the town who took any interest in the fortunes of this fallen family—Tom Featherstone and his wife had taken to drinking! At first, it was stealthily done; the ragged eldest girl being sent over to the public-house to smuggle a drop of gin in a small square bottle. But by-and-by, concealment was disregarded; Tom was seen occasionally reeling homewards, covered sometimes with mud; and now and again the neighbours heard a noise and screams, as if he and his wife were fighting. Tom said his ill-luck had broken his heart, and he took a drop to keep up his spirits—it did him good, he said. Poor wretch! that was the canker-worm that was consuming the energy, manly feeling, and life, of the once handy, smart, active, and well-to-do Tom Featherstone!

Tom lost two or three situations one after another, and then had nothing to do. Having got a shilling for carrying a parcel, he went straight to the public-house, and filled himself dead drunk. In this state he lay out all night amongst some bricks and stones of an unfinished house; and as it was winter, he was found in the morning nearly frozen. Tom Featherstone was carried home, to be laid down on a miserable bed, from whence he was never to rise; and those who bore him home found his wife, even at that early hour, half-tipsy, and the children naked and quarrelling.—But why pursue the painful details? Tom Featherstone, at the age of forty, was laid down in a dishonoured grave; and Mrs. Featherstone—the once mild, quiet, and pretty Mary Blundell—was taken with her family into the workhouse.

Oh, reader, if you have a family, train them up to higher, to nobler principles of action, than the degrading ones of GOOD OR BAD LUCK!

RAMBLES OF AN AMERICAN NATURALIST.—No. IV.

By John D. Godman.

After the sun-fish, as regular annual visitants of the small rivers and creeks containing salt or brackish water, came the crabs, in vast abundance, though for a very different purpose. These singularly-constructed and interesting beings furnished me with another excellent subject for observation; and during the period of their visitation, my skiff was in daily requisition. Floating along with an almost imperceptible motion, a person looking from the shore might have supposed her entirely adrift; for as I was stretched at full length across the seats, in order to bring my sight as close to the water as possible without inconvenience, no one would have observed my presence from a little distance. The crabs belong to a very extensive tribe of beings, which carry their skeletons on the *outside* of their bodies, instead of within; and, of necessity, the fleshy, muscular, or moving power of the body is placed in a situation the reverse of what occurs in animals of a higher order, which have internal skeletons or solid frames to their systems. This peculiarity of the crustaceous animals, and various other beings, is attended with one apparent inconvenience: when they have grown large enough to fill their shell or skeleton completely, they cannot grow further, because the skeleton, being external, is incapable of enlargement. To obviate this difficulty, the Author of nature has endowed them with the power of casting off the entire shell, increasing in size, and forming another equally hard and perfect, for several seasons successively, until the greatest or maximum size is attained, when the change or sloughing ceases to be necessary—though it is not always discontinued on that account. To undergo this change with greater ease and security, the crabs seek retired and peaceful waters, such as the beautiful creek I have been speaking of, whose clear sandy shores are rarely disturbed by waves causing more than a pleasing murmur, and where the number of enemies must be far less in proportion than in the boisterous waters of the Chesapeake—their great place of concourse. From the first day of their arrival, in the latter part of June, until the time of their departure, which in this creek occurred towards the 1st of August, it was astonishing to witness the vast multitudes which flocked towards the head of the stream.

It is not until they have been for some time in the creek that the moult or sloughing generally commences. They may be then observed gradually coming closer in-shore, to where the sand is fine, fairly exposed to the sun, and a short distance farther out than the lowest water-mark, as they must always have at least a depth of three or four inches water upon them.

The individual, having selected his place, becomes perfectly quiescent, and no change is observed during some hours but a sort of swelling along the edges of the great upper shell at its back part. After a time, this posterior edge of the shell becomes fairly disengaged, like the lid of a chest; and now begins the more difficult work of withdrawing the great claws from their cases, which every one recollects to be vastly larger at their extremities, and between the joints, than the joints themselves. A still greater apparent difficulty presents itself in the shedding of the sort of tendon which is placed within the muscles. Nevertheless, the Author of nature has adapted them to the accomplishment of all this. The disproportionate-sized claws undergo a peculiar softening, which enables the crab, by a very steadily continued, scarcely perceptible effort, to pull them out of their shells; and the business is completed by the separation of the complex parts about the mouth and eyes. The crab now slips out from the slough, settling near it on the sand. It is now covered by a soft, perfectly flexible skin, and, though possessing precisely the same form as before, seems incapable of the slightest exertion. Notwithstanding that such is its condition, while you are gazing on this helpless creature, it is sinking in the fine loose sand, and in a short time is covered up sufficiently to escape the observation of careless or inexperienced observers. Neither can one say how this is effected, although it occurs under their immediate observation; the motions employed to produce the displacement of the sand are too slight to be appreciated, though it is most probably owing to a gradual lateral motion of the body, by which the sand is displaced in the centre beneath, and thus gradually forced up at the sides until it falls over and covers the crab. Examine him within twelve hours, and you will find the skin becoming about as hard as fine writing-paper, producing a similar crackling if compressed; twelve hours later, the shell is sufficiently stiffened to require some slight force to bend it, and the crab is said to be in *buckram*, as in the first stage it was in *paper*. It is still helpless, and offers no resistance; but at the end of thirty-six hours, it shows that its natural instincts are in action; and by the time forty-eight hours have elapsed, the crab is restored to the exercise of all his functions. I have stated the above as the periods in which the stages of the moult are accomplished; but I have often observed that the rapidity of this process is very much dependent upon the temperature, and especially upon sunshine. A cold, cloudy, raw, and disagreeable interval happening at this period, though by no means common, will retard the operation considerably, protracting the period of helplessness.

This is the harvest season of the white fisherman and of the poor slave. The laziest of the former are now in full activity, wading along the shore from morning till night, dragging a small boat after them, and holding in the other hand a forked stick with which they raise the crabs from the sand. The period during which the crabs remain in the paper state is so short, that great activity is required to gather a sufficient number to take to market, but the price at which they are sold is sufficient to awaken all the cupidity of the crabbers. Two dollars a dozen is by no means an uncommon price for them when the season first comes in; they subsequently come down to a dollar, and even to fifty cents; at any of which rates the trouble of collecting them is well paid. The slaves search for them at night, and then are obliged to kindle a fire of pine-knots on the bow of the boat, which strongly illuminates the surrounding water, and enables them to discover the crabs. Soft crabs are, with great propriety, regarded as an exquisite treat by those who are fond of such eating; and though many persons are unable to use crabs or lobsters in any form, there are few who taste of the soft crabs without being willing to recur to them. As an article of luxury, they are scarcely known north of the Chesapeake, though there is nothing to prevent them from being used to considerable extent in Philadelphia, especially since the opening of the Chesapeake and Delaware canal. The summer of 1829, I had the finest soft crabs from Baltimore. They arrived at the market in the afternoon, were fried according to rule, and placed in a tin butter-kettle, then covered for an inch or two with melted lard, and put on board the steam-boat which left Baltimore at five o'clock the same afternoon. The next morning before ten o'clock they were in Philadelphia, and at one they were served up at dinner in Germantown. The only difficulty in the way is that of having persons to attend to their procuring and transmission; as when cooked directly after they arrive at market, and forwarded with as little delay as above mentioned, there is no danger of their being the least injured.

At other seasons, when the crabs did not come close to the shore, I derived much amusement by taking them in deep water. This is always easily effected by the aid of proper bait; a leg of chicken, a piece of any raw meat, or a salted or spoiled herring, tied to a twine string of sufficient length, and a hand-net of convenient size, is all that is necessary. You throw out your line and bait, or you fix as many lines to your boat as you please, and in a short time you see, by the straightening of the line, that the bait has been seized by a crab, who is trying to make off with it. You then place your net where it can conveniently be picked up, and commence steadily but gently to draw in your line, until you have brought the crab sufficiently near the surface to distinguish him: if you draw him nearer, he will see you, and immediately let go; otherwise, his greediness and voracity will make him cling to his prey to the last. Holding the line in the left hand, you now dip your net edge foremost into the water, at some distance from the line, carry it down perpendicularly until it is five or six inches lower than the crab, and then with a sudden turn-out bring it directly before him, and lift up at the same time. Your prize is generally secured, if your net be at all properly placed; for as soon as he is alarmed, he pushes directly downwards, and is received in the bag of the net. It is better to have a little water in the bottom of the boat to throw them into, as they are easier emptied out of the net—always letting go when held over the water. This a good crabber never forgets; and should he unluckily be seized by a large crab, he holds him over the water, and is freed at once, though he loses his game. When not held over the water, they bite sometimes with dreadful obstinacy; and I have seen it necessary to crush the forceps or claws before one could be induced to let go the fingers of a boy. A poor black fellow also placed himself in an awkward situation: the crab seized him by a finger of his right hand, but he was unwilling to lose his captive by holding him over the water; instead of which, he attempted to

secure the other claw with his left hand, while he tried to crush the biting claw between his teeth. In doing this, he somehow relaxed his left hand, and with the other claw the crab seized poor Jem by his under-lip—which was by no means a thin one,—and caused him to roar with pain. With some difficulty he was freed from his tormentor; but it was several days before he ceased to excite laughter, as the severe bite was followed by a swelling of the lip, which imparted a most ludicrous expression to a naturally comical countenance.

On the first arrival of the crabs, when they throng the shoals of the creeks in vast crowds, as heretofore mentioned, a very summary way of taking them is resorted to by the country people, and for a purpose that few would suspect without having witnessed it. They use a three-pronged fork or gig, made for this sport, attached to a long handle; the crabber, standing up in the skiff, pushes it along until he is over a large collection of crabs, and then strikes his spear among them. By this several are transfixed at once, and lifted into the boat; and the operation is repeated until enough have been taken. The purpose to which they are to be applied is to feed the hogs, which very soon learn to collect in waiting upon the beach when the crab-spearing is going on. Although these bristly gentry appear to devour almost all sorts of food with great relish, it seemed to me that they regarded the crabs as a most luxurious banquet; and it was truly amusing to see the grunters, when the crabs were thrown on shore for them, and were scampering off in various directions, seizing them in spite of their threatening claws, holding them down with one foot, and speedily reducing them to a state of helplessness by breaking off their forceps. Such a crunching and cracking of the unfortunate crabs I never have witnessed since; and I might have commiserated them more, had not I known that death, in some form or other, was continually awaiting them, and that their devourers were all destined to meet their fate in a few months in the sty, and thence through the smoke-house to be placed upon our table. On the shores of the Chesapeake, I have caught crabs in a way commonly employed by all those who are unprovided with boats and nets. This is to have a forked stick and a baited line, with which the crabber wades out as far as he thinks fit, and then throws out his line. As soon as he finds he has a bite, he draws the line in, cautiously lifting but a very little from the bottom. As soon as it is near enough to be fairly in reach, he quickly—yet with as little movement as possible—secures the crab by placing the forked stick across his body, and pressing him against the sand. He must then stoop down and take hold of the crab by the two posterior swimming-legs, so as to avoid being seized by the claws. Should he not wish to carry each crab ashore as he catches it, he pinions or *spansels* (as the fishermen call it) them. This is a very effectual mode of disabling them from using their biting claws; yet it is certainly not the most humane operation: it is done by taking the first of the sharp-pointed feet of each side, and forcing it in for the length of the joint behind the moveable joint or thumb of the opposite biting claw. The crabs are then strung upon a string or withe, and allowed to hang in the water until the crabber desists from his occupations.

The circumstance of the external skeleton has been mentioned, but who would expect an animal so low in the scale as a crab to be furnished with ten or twelve pair of jaws to its mouth? Yet such is the fact; and all these variously-constructed pieces are provided with appropriate muscles, and move in a manner which can scarcely be explained, though it may be very readily comprehended when once observed in living nature. But, after all the complexity of the jaws, where would an inexperienced person look for their teeth? Surely not in the stomach. Nevertheless, such is their situation; and these are not mere appendages that are called teeth by courtesy, but stout, regular, grinding teeth, with a light brown surface. They are not only within the stomach, but fixed to a cartilage nearest to its lower extremity; so that the food, unlike that of other creatures, is submitted to the action of the teeth as it is passing *from* the stomach, instead of being chewed before it is swallowed. In some species the teeth are five in number, but throughout this class of animals the same general principle of construction may be observed. Crabs and their kindred have no brain, because they are not required to reason upon what they observe; they have a nervous system excellently suited to their mode of life, and its knots or ganglia send out nerves to the organs of sense, digestion, motion, &c. The senses of these beings are very acute, especially their sight, hearing, and smell. Most of my readers have heard of crabs' eyes, or have seen these organs in the animal on the end of two little projecting knobs, above and on each side of the mouth: few of them, however, have seen the crab's ear, yet it is very easily found, and is a little triangular bump placed near the base of the feelers. This bump has a membrane stretched over it, and communicates with a small cavity, which is the internal ear. The organ of smell is not so easily demonstrated as that of hearing, though the evidence of their possessing the sense to an acute degree is readily attainable. A German naturalist inferred, from the fact of the nerve corresponding to the olfactory nerve in man being distributed to the antennæ in insects, that the antennæ were the organs of smell in them. Cuvier and others suggest that a similar arrangement may exist in the crustacea. To satisfy myself whether it was so or not, I lately dissected a small lobster, and was delighted to find that the first pair of nerves actually went to the antennæ, and gave positive support to the opinion mentioned. I state this, not to claim credit for ascertaining the truth or inaccuracies of a suggestion, but with a view of inviting the reader to do the same in all cases of doubt. Where it is possible to refer to *nature* for the actual condition of facts, learned *authorities* give me no uneasiness. If I find that the structure bears out their opinions, it is more satisfactory; when it convicts them of absurdity, it saves much fruitless reading, as well as the trouble of shaking off prejudices.

The first time my attention was called to the extreme acuteness of sight possessed by these animals, was during a walk along the flats of Long Island, reaching towards Governor's Island, in New York. A vast number of the small land-crabs, called fiddlers by the boys, (*gecarcinus,*) occupy burrows or caves dug in the marshy soil, whence they come out and go for some distance, either in search of food or to sun themselves. Long before I approached close enough to see their forms with distinctness, they were scampering towards their holes, into which they plunged with a tolerable certainty of escape; these retreats being of considerable depth, and often communicating with each other, as well as nearly filled with water. On endeavouring cautiously to approach some others, it was quite amusing to observe their vigilance; to see them slowly change position, and from lying extended in the sun, beginning to gather themselves up for a start, should it prove necessary; at length, standing up as it were on tiptoe, and raising their pedunculated eyes as high as possible. One quick step on the part of the individual approaching was enough; away they would go, with a celerity which must appear surprising to any one who had not previously witnessed it. What is more remarkable, they possess the power of moving equally well with any part of the body foremost; so that, when endeavouring to escape, they will suddenly dart off from one side or the other, without turning round, and thus elude pursuit.

My observations upon the crustaceous animals have extended through many years, and in very various situations; and for the sake of making the general view of their qualities more satisfactory, I will go on to state what I remarked of some of the genera and species in the West Indies, where they are exceedingly numerous and various. The greater proportion of the genera feed on animal matter, especially after decomposition has begun; a large number are exclusively confined to the deep waters, and approach the shoals and lands only during the spawning season. Many live in the sea, but daily pass many hours upon the rocky shores for the pleasure of basking in the sun; others live in marshy or moist ground, at a considerable distance from the water, and feed principally on vegetable food, especially the sugar-cane, of which they are extremely destructive. Others, again, reside habitually on the hills or mountains, and visit the sea only once a year for the purpose of depositing their eggs in the sand. All those which reside in burrows made in moist ground, and those coming daily on the rocks to bask in the sun, participate in about an equal degree in the qualities of vigilance and swiftness. Many a breathless race have I run in vain, attempting to intercept them, and prevent their escaping into the sea. Many an hour of cautious and solicitous endeavour to steal upon them unobserved has been frustrated by their long-sighted watchfulness; and several times, when, by extreme care and cunning approaches, I have actually succeeded in getting between a fine specimen and the sea, and had full hope of driving him farther inland, have all my anticipations been ruined by the wonderful swiftness of their flight, or the surprising facility with which they would dart off in the very opposite direction, at the very moment I felt almost sure of my prize. One day, in particular, I saw on a flat rock, which afforded a fine sunning place, the most beautiful crab I had ever beheld. It was of the largest size, and would have covered a large dinner-plate, most beautifully coloured with bright crimson below, and a variety of tints of blue, purple, and green above; it was just such a specimen as could not fail to excite all the solicitude of a collector

to obtain. But it was not in the least deficient in the art of self-preservation; my most careful manœuvres proved ineffectual, and all my efforts only enabled me to see enough of it to augment my regrets to a high degree. Subsequently I saw a similar individual in the collection of a resident: this had been killed against the rocks during a violent hurricane, with very slight injury to its shell. I offered high rewards to the black people if they would bring me such a one; but the most expert among them seemed to think it an unpromising search, as they knew of no way of capturing them. If I had been supplied with some powder of nux vomica, with which to poison some meat, I *might* have succeeded.

The fleet-running crab (*Cypoda pugilator*), mentioned as living in burrows dug in a moist soil, and preying chiefly on the sugar-cane, is justly regarded as one of the most noxious pests that can infest a plantation. Their burrows extend to a great depth, and run in various directions; they are also, like those of our fiddlers, nearly full of muddy water; so that, when these marauders once plump into their dens, they may be considered as entirely beyond pursuit. Their numbers are so great, and they multiply in such numbers, as in some seasons to destroy a large proportion of a sugar-crop; and sometimes their ravages, combined with those of the rats and other plunderers, are absolutely ruinous to the sea-side planters. I was shown, by the superintendant of a place thus infested, a great quantity of cane utterly killed by these creatures, which cut it off in a peculiar manner, in order to suck the juice; and he assured me that, during that season, the crop would be two-thirds less than its average, solely owing to the inroads of the crabs and rats, which, if possible, are still more numerous. It was to me an irresistible source of amusement to observe the air of spite and vexation with which he spoke of the crabs; the rats he could shoot, poison, or drive off for a time with dogs. But the crabs would not eat his poison while sugar-cane was growing; the dogs could only chase them into their holes; and if, in helpless irritation, he sometimes fired his gun at a cluster of them, the shot only rattled over their shells like hail against a window. It is truly desirable that some summary mode of lessening their number could be devised; and it is probable that this will be best effected by poison, as it may be possible to obtain a bait sufficiently attractive to ensnare them.

The land-crab, which is common to many of the West-India islands, is most generally known as the Jamaica crab, because it has been most frequently described from observation in that island. Wherever found, they all have the habit of living, during great part of the year, in the highlands, where they pass the daytime concealed in huts, cavities, and under stones, and come out at night for their food. They are remarkable for collecting in vast bodies, and marching annually to the sea-side, in order to deposit their eggs in the sand; and this accomplished, they return to their former abodes, if undisturbed. They commence their march in the night, and move in the most direct line towards the destined point. So obstinately do they pursue this route, that they will not turn out of it for any obstacle that can possibly be surmounted. During the daytime, they skulk and lie hid as closely as possible; but thousands upon thousands of them are taken for the use of the table by whites and blacks, as on their seaward march they are very fat and of fine flavour. On the homeward journey, those that have escaped capture are weak, exhausted, and unfit for use.

Before dismissing the crabs, I must mention one which was a source of much annoyance to me at first, and of considerable interest afterwards, from the observation of its habits. At that time I resided in a house delightfully situated about two hundred yards from the sea, fronting the setting sun, having, in clear weather, the lofty mountains of Porto Rico, distant about eighty miles, in view. Like most of the houses in the island, ours had seen better days, as was evident from various breaks in the floors, angles rotted off the doors, sunken sills, and other indications of decay. Our sleeping room, which was on the lower floor, was especially in this condition; but as the weather was delightfully warm, a few cracks and openings, though rather large, did not threaten much inconvenience. Our bed was provided with that indispensable accompaniment, a musquito bar or curtain, to which we were indebted for escape from various annoyances. Scarcely had we extinguished the light and composed ourselves to rest, than we heard, in various parts of the room, the most startling noises. It appeared as if numerous hard and heavy bodies were trailed along the floor; then they sounded as if climbing up by the chairs and other furniture, and frequently something like a large stone would tumble down from such elevations with a loud noise, followed by a peculiar chirping note. What an effect this produced upon entirely inexperienced strangers may well be imagined by those who have been suddenly waked up in the dark, by some unaccountable noise in the room. Finally, these invaders began to ascend the bed; but, happily the musquito bar was securely tucked under the bed all around, and they were denied access, though their efforts and tumbles to the floor produced no very comfortable reflections. Towards daylight they began to retire, and in the morning no trace of any such visitants could be perceived. On mentioning our troubles, we were told that this nocturnal disturber was only Bernard the Hermit, called generally the soldier-crab, perhaps from the peculiar habit he has of protecting his body by thrusting it into an empty shell, which he afterwards carries about until he outgrows it, when it is relinquished for a larger. Not choosing to pass another night quite so noisily, due care was taken to exclude Monsieur Bernard, whose knockings were thenceforward confined to the outside of the house. I baited a large wire rat-trap with some corn-meal, and placed it outside of the back door, and in the morning found it literally half-filled with these crabs, from the largest-sized shell that could enter the trap down to such as were not larger than a hickory nut. Here was a fine collection made at once, affording a very considerable variety in the size and age of the specimens, and the different shells into which they had introduced themselves.

The soldier or hermit-crab, when withdrawn from his adopted shell, presents about the head and claws a considerable family resemblance to the lobster. The claws, however, are very short and broad, and the body covered with hard shell only in that part which is liable to be exposed or protruded. The posterior or abdominal part of the body is covered only by a tough skin, and tapers towards a small extremity, furnished with a sort of hook-like apparatus, enabling it to hold on to its factitious dwelling. Along the surface of its abdomen, as well as on the back, there are small projections, apparently intended for the same purpose. When once fairly in possession of a shell, it would be quite a difficult matter to pull the crab out, though a very little heat applied to the shell will quickly induce him to leave it. The shells they select are taken solely with reference to their suitableness, and hence you may catch a considerable number of the same species, each of which is in a different species or genus of shell. The shells commonly used by them, when of larger size, are those of the whelks which are much used as an article of food by the islanders, or the smaller conch (*strombus*) shells. The very young hermit-crabs are seen in almost every variety of small shell found on the shores of the Antilles. I have frequently been amused by seeing ladies eagerly engaged in making a collection of these beautiful little shells, and, not dreaming of their being tenanted by a living animal, suddenly startled, on displaying their acquisitions, at observing them to be actively endeavouring to escape; or, on introducing the hand into the reticule to produce a particular fine specimen, to receive a smart pinch from the claws of the little hermit. The instant the shell is closely approached or touched, they withdraw as deeply into it as possible, and the small ones readily escape observation; but they soon become impatient of captivity, and try to make off. The species of this genus (*pagurus*) are very numerous, and during the first part of their lives are all aquatic; that is, they are hatched in the little pools about the margin of the sea, and remain there until those that are destined to live on land are stout enough to commence their travels. The hermit-crabs, which are altogether aquatic, are by no means so careful to choose the lightest and thinnest shells as the land troops. The aquatic soldiers may be seen towing along shells of most disproportionate size; but their relatives, who travel over the hills by moonlight, know that all unnecessary incumbrance of weight should be avoided. They are as pugnacious and spiteful as any of the crustaceous class; and when taken, or when they fall and jar themselves considerably, utter a chirping noise, which is evidently an angry expression. They are ever ready to bite with their claws, and the pinch of the larger individuals is quite painful. It is said, that when they are changing their shells, for the sake of obtaining more commodious coverings, they frequently fight for possession; which may be true where two that have forsaken their old shells meet, or happen to make choice of the same vacant one. It is also said, that one crab is sometimes forced to give up the shell he is in, should a stronger chance to desire it. This, as I never saw it, I must continue to doubt; for I cannot imagine how the stronger could possibly accomplish his purpose, seeing that the occupant has nothing to do but keep close quarters. The invader would have no chance of seizing him to pull him out, nor

could he do him any injury by biting upon the surface of his hard claws, the only part that would be exposed. If it be true that one can dispossess the other, it must be by some contrivance of which we are still ignorant.

These soldier-crabs feed on a great variety of substances, scarcely refusing anything that is edible: like the family they belong to, they have a decided partiality for putrid meats, and the planters accuse them also of too great a fondness for the sugar-cane. Their excursions are altogether nocturnal; in the day-time they lie concealed very effectually in small holes, among stones, or any kind of rubbish, and are rarely taken notice of, even where hundreds are within a short distance of each other. The larger soldier-crabs are sometimes eaten by the blacks; but they are not much sought after, even by them, as they are generally regarded with aversion and prejudice. There is no reason, that we are aware of, why they should not be as good as many other crabs, but they certainly are not equally esteemed.

THE MERRY MONTH OF MARCH.

THE bloom is in the bud, and the bud is on the bough,
And Earth hath grown an emerald, and heaven a sapphire now;
The snowdrop and the daisy wild are laughing everywhere;
And the balmy breath of opening buds floats sweetly thro' the air.
Ten thousand birds are on the wing whene'er the morning dawns,
And the merry huntsman's horn and hounds are dashing o'er the lawns;
There's a busy hum of insect crowds, all full of life and joy;
Age shakes his scatter'd locks of snow, and thinks himself a boy.
For the bloom, &c.

The mountain-streams are leaping in a galaxy of light;
The dew on every blade of grass is beaming pure and bright;
There's such a fragrance in the fields—such beauty far unfurl'd,
That God himself doth seem to walk in glory through the world.
Oh, how the sunny soul expands, how leaps the bounding heart,
As notes of music from the lips of kneeling seraph start;
What promise in the verdant plains—what hope is on the wing!
A blessing on thy balmy breath, thou merry month of spring.
For the bloom is in the bud, &c.

*** A number of our readers instantly recognised the hand of FELICIA HEMANS in the lines "The bud is in the bough," given in No. 62. Will some of them now exercise their knowledge or their ingenuity in giving us information respecting the above "parallel passage?"

THE USES OF MYTHOLOGY.

The history of the religious ideas of man is an important portion of the history of the human mind; and the legends of mythology, silly as they may appear to narrow minds, will always be deemed by the true philosopher worthy of attentive consideration; the poetic beauty of many of them will recommend them to all readers of taste; and the arrival of a period when the cultivation of the severer sciences, and more practical philosophy, shall have so completely extinguished poetic feeling as to render them objects of contempt and neglect, is a consummation hardly, perhaps, to be desired by any true friend of mankind.—*Keightley.*

MUSIC AND NOVELS.

I have been told by a physician of the first eminence, that music and novels have done more to produce the sickly countenances and nervous habits of our highly-educated females, than any other causes that can be assigned. The excess of stimulus on the mind, from the interesting and melting tales that are peculiar to novels, affects the organs of the body and relaxes the tone of the nerves; in the same manner as the melting tones of music have been described to act upon the constitution, after the sedentary employment necessary for skill in that science has injured it.—*Clarkson's Portraiture of Quakerism.*

RETURNING ENERGY.

Dr. Kitchiner, to show how the strength of man may be diminished by indulging indolence, mentions the following ludicrous fact:—"Meeting a gentleman who had lately returned from India, to my inquiry after his health, he replied, 'Why, better—better, thank ye; I think I begin to feel some symptoms of the return of a little English energy. Do you know that the day before yesterday I was in such high spirits, and felt so strong, that I actually put on one of my stockings by myself.'"—*Traveller's Oracle.*

OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

WE have been disappointed in not obtaining information relative to the EMPLOYMENTS OF FEMALES in different parts of Britain, as we had fancied that the subject would be one of general interest. We can, therefore, only give what we have received.

"MR. EDITOR,—In answer to your inquiries respecting the employment of females, I can inform you that, in the counties of Hereford and Salop, young girls commence their duties as household servants as early as twelve or fourteen years of age, in the families of petty shopkeepers, clerks, &c., where they receive from 1*l.* to 2*l.* per annum; as they become older and know more of household work, they obtain situations in more respectable families where only one servant is kept, and their wages are advanced to 4*l.* or 5*l.*; and from these places they become cooks and housemaids in the houses of the more wealthy, with about 8*l.* wages. In the two latter classes of situations, they are generally very well off, as far as regards their physical comforts; but the irksomeness of the restraint attendant upon a life of service, is too apt to induce them to accept the first offer of marriage, without duly considering the character or the means of the man who solicits their hand, and too often find their after-life one of hardship and privation. There is another class of females, who are in the habit of apprenticing themselves for two or three years to the dress-making, as being something more *respectable* than service; but, after becoming proficient in their calling, they seldom earn more than 10*d.* or 1*s.* per day, sometimes with and sometimes without their board.

"Another class—the daughters of tradespeople who are well to do in the world—after spending ten or a dozen years in learning the accomplishments usually taught in modern boarding-schools, sometimes obtain situations as governesses in private families or schools, where they often have to teach music, drawing, dancing, French, geography, and the use of the globes, English grammar and history, and have the manners, and keep up the appearance of ladies, with salaries varying from 14*l.* to 20*l.* per annum; and it is very seldom, indeed, that the latter sum is obtained.

"Such, as far as my own knowledge extends, are the unfavourable circumstances in which women who have 'to learn and labour to get their own living' are placed, and if your inquiries should elicit any information which may tend to improve their condition, you will confer a benefit, not only on the parties themselves, but on every *man* who has a wife, sister, or daughter to provide for."—AN OPERATIVE.

Another correspondent, writing from GLASGOW, informs us, that "many hundreds of females are employed in *warehouses*, and their labour is in sewed muslin, or making ladies' collars, and other such articles—they are, for the most part, respectable tradesmen's daughters; their weekly earnings are from 6*s.* to 10*s.*, and sometimes, but very seldom, a little more; their hours are from 10 to 8. Some are employed in tambouring, and make about the same; *fine* work is paid higher. Some, but comparatively few, obtain work as fringers—*i. e.* putting fringes to shawls; they are chiefly for exportation, and it is done in their own houses; their employ is uncertain, and I think cannot average more than from 4*s.* to 6*s.* per week. We have also *women* employed in winding yarn, and they make about 4*s.* Common tradesmen's servants have from 5*l.* to 7*l.*; the higher classes give from 8*l.* to 14*l.* GOOD servants are much in demand, but *bad* ones, I am sorry to say, are far too plentiful.

"In reference to the query, Could females easily be enabled to acquire skill and facility in occupations usually left to men, such as those we have mentioned, watch-makers, pianoforte-makers, &c., and also as designers, or pattern-drawers for manufactures, household furniture, &c.? I can only answer, that *male* pattern-drawers are generally in constant employment, and are well paid, I believe chiefly by the *designs*. I think *tasty* (excuse the vulgarism) females *might* make a good livelihood by it; but I have never known any who have, as yet, tried it.

"I know several persons in Edinburgh, which cannot be called a manufacturing city, who find employment as follows:—in binding shoes, they make at the very most 7*s.*, and as low as 3*s.* In folding and stitching for bookbinders, about from 6*s.* to 8*s.*, paid according to their dexterity. By straw hat-making, dress-making, stay-making, millinery, &c., many make a good livelihood; their earnings vary from 9*s.* to 15*s.*, and some even make upwards of 1*l.* I speak of the common sort, or those who work only for tradespeople. Some find work in making up boas, muffs, &c., for furriers; their earnings are various. Others make vests, and are paid about 2*s.* by tailors, and about 3*s.* 6*d.* by private individuals; these are *light* vests. It must be taken into consideration that 1*l.* here [the letter is from Glasgow,] will go about as far as 2*l.* in London. *Respectable* lodgings can be had for 1*s.* 6*d.* per week, or even less (these are comfortably furnished). Good small houses can be had from 3*l.* to 5*l.* per annum. Provisions are also very much below those of London; and a person

can board and lodge well at 7s. per week, *including* 6d. per week for a fire; this is the common rate with the working classes—some are even less.

" W. S. I. E."

Bristoliensis.—That coal is of vegetable origin appears to admit of no dispute. But the nature and character of the vegetation which has been gradually converted into coal, and the *modus operandi*, or nature of the process by which fossil plants have been thus mineralised, have been, and still are, matters of controversy amongst the geological "doctors." The vegetable origin of coal is proved by the numerous impressions of plants found in connection with it, and by the traces of organisation which are still discoverable in it. Professor Buckland, speaking of the coal-mines of Bohemia, says, "The most elaborate imitations of living foliage upon the painted ceilings of Italian palaces bear no comparison with the beauteous profusion of extinct vegetable forms with which the galleries of these instructive coal-mines are overhung. The roof is covered as with a canopy of gorgeous tapestry, enriched with festoons of most graceful foliage, flung in wild, irregular profusion over every portion of its surface. The effect is heightened by the contrast of the coal-black colour of these vegetables with the light groundwork of the rock to which they are attached. The spectator feels himself transported, as if by enchantment, into the forests of another world; he beholds trees of forms and characters now unknown upon the surface of the earth, presented to his senses almost in the beauty and vigour of their primeval life; their scaly stems and bending branches, with their delicate apparatus of foliage, are all spread forth before him, little impaired by the lapse of countless ages, and bearing faithful records of extinct systems of vegetation, which began and terminated in times of which these relics are the infallible historians."

This, however, is a rare case: for the difficulty of recognising the particular character of the vegetation which has been converted into coal, has been in general very great. "Of the leaves the greater part is more or less mutilated; those of ferns, which are extremely numerous, have lost their fructification in the majority of instances; and it frequently happens that the leaflets of compound leaves have been dis-articulated, either wholly or partially. Stems or trunks are in all cases in a state, which must be supposed to result from decay previously to their conversion into coal; destitute of bark, or with the principal part of that envelope gone, and often pressed quite flat, so that all trace of their original convexity is destroyed. Where ripe fruits are met with, they are not in clusters, as they probably were when alive, but separated into single individuals."

From the limited number of plants which have been identified in the coal-measures, an inference was drawn, that "in the beginning nature was in reality little diversified; that a few forms of organisation of the lower kind only were all that clothed the face of the earth: and that it was only in after ages that nature assumed her many-coloured, ever-varying robe." But Professor Lindley has proved that plants are capable of enduring suspension in water in very different degrees, some resisting a long suspension almost without change, others rapidly decomposing and disappearing. The meagre character of the coal Flora may, therefore, be owing to the different capabilities of different plants of resisting destruction in water. Professor Lindley's conclusions are:—1. Coal is of vegetable origin. 2. That at the period of its deposit the earth was covered with a rich vegetation, of which only a small portion has been preserved. 3. That the plants which formed coal, were, for a period of some duration, floating in water.

One or two correspondents have addressed us on points of domestic economy, which we scarcely conceive to fall within our particular "line;" one wishes to receive instruction about rearing poultry, keeping a cow, &c. Now, if our correspondent is really in earnest in these matters, we do not know that we can do better than to refer him, and similar correspondents, to the Editor of the Magazine of Domestic Economy—a cheap, useful, and excellently conducted periodical, from the perusal of which we have frequently derived pleasure and profit.

A Glasgow Lady wishes to know the origin of the terms "Blues," "Blue Stockings," &c., as applied to literary ladies. In Boswell's Johnson the following is given:—"About this time (under the date of 1781) it was much the fashion for several ladies to have evening assemblies, where the fair sex might participate in conversation with literary and ingenious men, animated by a desire to please. These societies were denominated *Blue Stocking Clubs*; the origin of which title being little known, it may be worth while to relate it. One of the most eminent members of these societies when they first commenced was Mr. Stillingfleet, whose dress was remarkably grave, and in particular it was observed that he wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation, that his absence was felt as so great a loss, that it used to be said, 'We can do nothing without the *blue stockings*;' and thus, by degrees the title was established. Miss Hannah More has admirably described a *Blue Stocking Club* in her '*Bas-Bleu*;' a poem, in which many of the persons who were most conspicuous there are mentioned."

Hans. "Are women naturally weaker than men? or is it their occupations and habits that make them so?"

Our correspondent surely does not doubt that the organisation of woman is more delicate than that of man; and, therefore, that the one is naturally weaker than the other. When we meet with a stout amazon, we must not compare her with a small or weak man, whom she perhaps could lift with her finger and thumb, but we must compare her with men of her own class, habits, &c. Country women of the working or labouring class, themselves the children of stout, hardy parents, and who have been inured to occupations out of doors, are frequently more masculine, more hardy, and far better able to endure fatigue, than many a healthy, active citizen; but then, look at the fathers, husbands, and brothers of these women. Our *dictum* then is—Women are constitutionally weaker than men, and the sedentary nature of their occupations, in civilised society more especially, increases rather than diminishes their physical inferiority.

An Edinburgh correspondent, in asking for advice, gives the following statement of his case:—"Sent to the grammar-school of my parish at an early age, it was with no good will that I got crammed in a pretty fair smattering of its staple commodity; but not continuing more than eighteen months or so, and being 'drafted' to a commercial academy, I soon forgot the last vestige of 'penna' and 'amo,' amid the incessant repetitions of a multiplication-table, and endless 'workings' of the 'rule of three.' On leaving school, though doomed to the very unclassical occupation of standing behind a counter, I did not altogether forget the names of my old friends in Nepos, Hannibal and Alcibiades, &c., but 'plucking up a spirit,' applied myself at leisure-hours once more to the first principles of Ruddiman. Having since mustered Ovid, Cæsar, Virgil, and Horace, I can safely affirm that all the pain felt in the learning has been more than compensated by the pleasure experienced in the reading of these worthies. Now, sir, by saying whether you recommend an advance, and possibly catching a 'grip' of some 'crabbed Greek' by the way, or whether you recommend a halt, and perusal of our own best authors, as I cannot overtake both, you will much oblige 'Juvenis."

After reading this letter, we were inclined to say to "Juvenis," "Go on and prosper." But there is a deficiency in his statement, which prevents an opinion being given. He does not say whether his prospects for life are exclusively commercial, or whether he has some intention of attempting to enter one of the "professions." Seeing that he must either give up English literature or Greek, we would, under the idea that his life is to be devoted to commercial pursuits, advise a halt, at least for some time, until he can take a range in the wide field of our noblest and best authors, as well as obtain some general knowledge of science. Nor let our correspondent despise the "unclassical occupation of standing behind a counter;" the counter will never degrade his learning, while his learning *may* add respect and even dignity to the counter. It is the mark rather of a weak than of a strong mind, to despise the daily occupations of daily life, under the idea that habits, feelings, tastes, &c., are too fine and delicate for such *vulgar* affairs. But if our correspondent feels a strong impulse to add Greek to his Latin, by all means let him follow the bent of his inclination. The knowledge which we acquire with pleasure is worth a thousand constrained tasks.

"Carlow.—Sir,—A question proposed in the 'Literary Letter-Box' of your valuable journal of the 29th ult., signed W.W., strongly reminds me of an anecdote told of Charles II. It is said the king proposed to some '*savans*' of his day the following:—'What is the reason, that if a fish be placed in a vessel of water previously accurately weighed, it will not increase the weight?' The courtiers looked puzzled—some, however, ingeniously attempted to account for the phenomenon. At length, one more cunning than the rest shrewdly observed, 'Please your majesty, I doubt the fact.'

"Greatly doubting the truth of 'W.W.'s' statement, I immediately tried the experiment, and found that the camphor did *not* revolve; nor, when the oil was dropped in, did it 'recede to the side of the vessel. "Samuel Haughton."

We have also tried the experiment, with much the same result. The camphor had a very slight—almost imperceptible—rotary motion, but the drop of oil had no effect.

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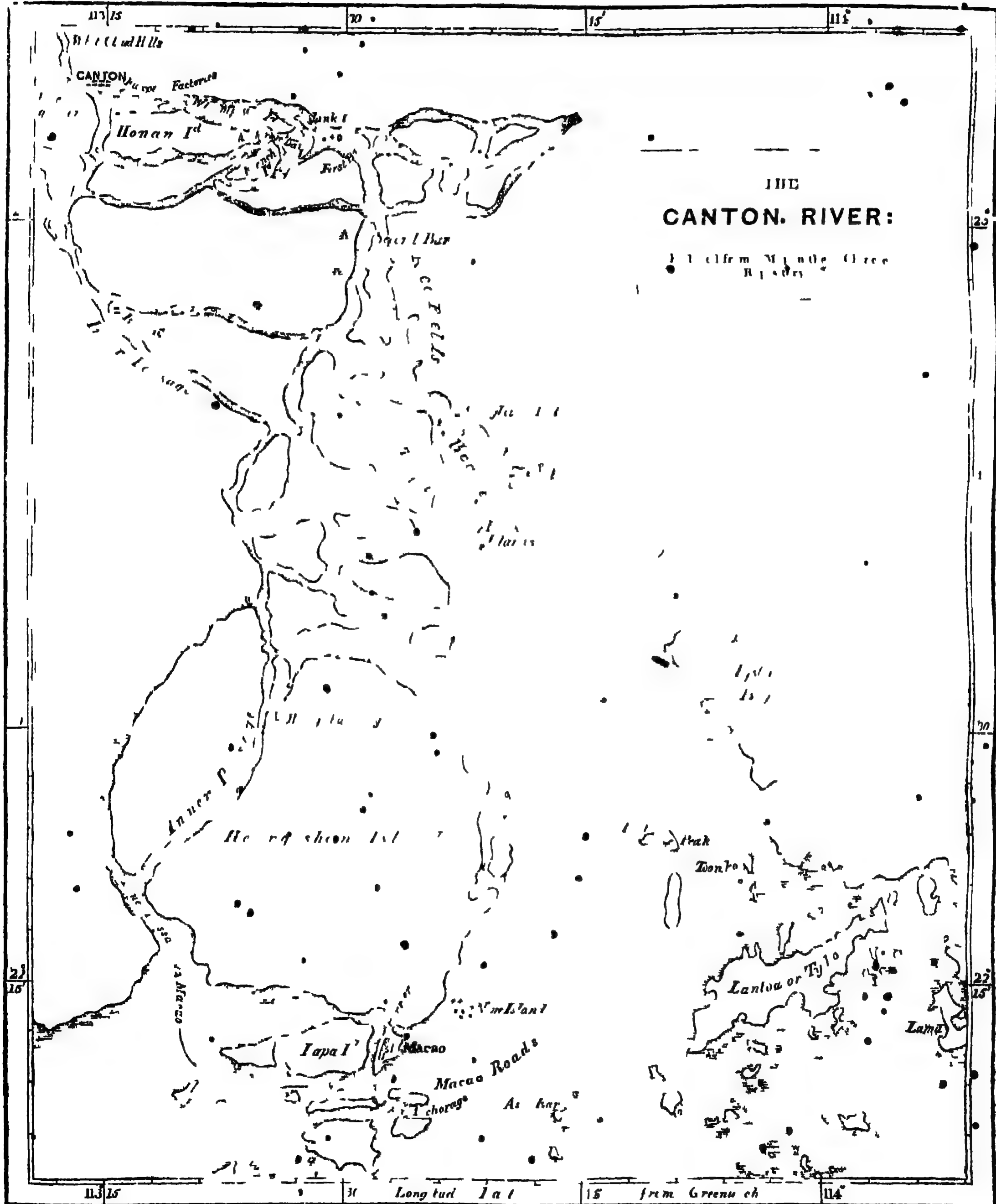
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CHINA AND THE CHINESE. No. I



CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

NO. I.

LANDING AT MACAO, AND PASSAGE FROM THENCE TO CANTON; OR, A SAIL UP THE PEARL RIVER.

MACAO is situated upon a peninsula at the southern extremity of Heang Shan, an island in the magnificent estuary of the Canton River, and therefore lies on the left hand of seafaring men in their voyage to that city. Now, after an individual has endured the tedium of crossing the line, amidst heavy rains and long calms, a month's driving before a gale of wind in the southern ocean, and then sweated under the sultry heats of the Chinese Sea, till, in all, four moons or more have passed over his head, he hails, with a thrilling sense of delight, the sight of the well-built edifices of Macao as they glisten in the sun, and readily consents to pay the Chinese pilot a certain number of dollars, to allow a partner to convey him ashore in the boat that had brought the said pilot to the ship. The sum varies, as a Chinaman knows how to "ask enough;" but, if I remember rightly, I paid six dollars for a distance of about eight miles, which was not unreasonable. As the boat draws within the semicircular indentation of the land in front of Macao, a shoal of little skiffs, or floating cots, gather round, and a peal of voices—"My boote," "My boote!"—salute the ear of the stranger. The beings from whom these sounds issue are the "Tanka women," who make their little vessels both their home and the means of their livelihood. Their countenance is often comely, always good-humoured; their clothing neat and becoming; their persons short, but very erect; their feet small, and so well proportioned that a lady of the West might fairly envy them. The shortness of their stature seems to arise from their habits, which have betimes introduced them to an acquaintance with hard labour and thoughtfulness.

The eager sounds we have just mentioned are meant as a challenge to the stranger, who is pressed with an anxiety of feeling, that has scarcely its fellow, to divide himself into half-a-score shares, and go ashore in as many Tanka boats. But, as this is impossible, he descends into one, and takes his seat upon a camp-stool or a four-footed settle of bambu, amidst an obstreperous din created by the disappointed parties. In a second or two all is hushed, and he is at leisure to survey with interest the comfort and neatness that are visible in every corner of this floating edifice. A stranger has only one thing to abate his satisfaction, and that is found in his own breast. Report has told him that the Chinese have a dislike to foreigners, and are unwilling to admit them to a full participation in those sentiments of esteem and kindness which they deal out to one another. He feels, reasons, and acts upon this assumption, and views them from a position in which he cannot judge of them truly, nor excite in them those spontaneous effluences of kindness which he would like to see. If, however, he is a man of experience, he pays his hostess a quarter of a dollar; but if he is somewhat "green," or moved by generosity, he gives her four times that sum, which is usually the lowest amount of her demands. She is obliged to land him opposite to the Chinese custom-house, which, through the wretched imbecility of the Portuguese, is allowed to hoist its official flag and tax foreigners within a few yards of the governor's residence. The fee paid to this custom-house is one dollar for each person; it is a sort of paying one's footing upon the "celestial" land. If you refuse, the sum is exacted of the poor boatwoman who conveyed you: generosity, therefore, prompts you to payment.

After the stranger has saluted his friends, or beaten up for a few acquaintances, by means of commendatory letters, which is not a difficult thing, as the residents are hospitable and courteous, he prepares for the necessary voyage to Canton. This was usually performed in one of the schooners, which at intervals plied between Macao and Canton, to carry passengers, goods, and so forth. The fare was for some time ten dollars, and the passenger, of course, provided for himself. Every one, when he sets out for the place of embarkation, is followed by one or more Colies, carrying fowls, eggs, rice, wine, ale, and items for the tea-table, with a stock of all kinds of fruit, besides his luggage. He is obliged by authority to start from the landing opposite to the custom-house, where his trunks are opened and examined by the Chinese officers. This, with a little tact, is generally a very slight business, though, without it, oftentimes a source of great annoyance. No fraud or bribery is needed among the ingredients of this tact—a civil and patient demeanour, with the keys in your hand, are all that is required. Your servant takes them when the officer comes up, opens the trunk, and begins to lift up the clothes; but is at once ordered to shut and lock it again. The process of examination is thus settled in a few seconds, and you are allowed to proceed on board the schooner, and choose your berth for the night.

The first objects that meet you on the way are the Nine Islands, a cluster of small islets that are strewed upon the surface of the water, like so many ant-hills. If your passage is in the summer, when the wind is from the north-west, or the south-west monsoon prevails, you advance gaily towards the point of your destination, with a calm or two, perhaps, during the hotter parts of the day. If, on the contrary, your passage be during the winter, when the north-east monsoon prevails, you not unfrequently get a foul wind and rough weather, which modify the pleasure of a trip not a little. The island of Lintin, or Linting, as it ought to be spelt, lies in your way, about twenty miles from Macao. It is a conical island, terminating in a peak, which renders it a conspicuous object from a great distance. Some of the nooks near the shore wear an inviting green; but, like many of the hills in this part of China, they are not clothed with trees. No inconsiderable portion of this estuary is covered with fishing-stakes, which give the navigator no small degree of annoyance, especially in the night. Many hundred Chinese, of all ages and sizes, are occupied in watching over these contrivances, and securing such fish as happen to be caught within their toils. If the schooner approaches these stakes unwarily, the loud call of the fisher warns him against doing a piece of mischief for which he would never think of atoning, and the getting into circumstances which are by no means to be desired. To these fishing-stakes the white dolphins are very great foes, without, perhaps, intending to do any harm. They are a merry race of creatures, and often amuse themselves, like the dolphins on this side of the world, in leaping out of the water, in lines of greater or less inclination to the vertical. When young, they are of a grey colour; but as they increase in size, this grey changes to a pinky white, which, as far as I can judge, is proportioned to the age of the fish. The fondness which these dolphins feel for aerial excursions does not appear unaccountable, when we remember they breathe that element, not when diffused in thin solution, like the true fish, but as it floats in life-sustaining streams around us. The change which the colour undergoes is analogous to what takes place in the tropic-bird, where the young are mottled with black and white, but assume a spotless white when full-grown. This fact I ascertained by personal observation, when I visited the Matilda reef in the southern Pacific, about thirteen years ago.

The hills on the island whereon Macao is situate are lofty and barren, and present a peculiarly rugged appearance. These, as you proceed up the river, stretch to a distance partly behind and partly to the left, or, as seamen say, upon your larboard quarter. On your right you have series of lofty hills, of rude and castellated forms. Their barrenness I once imputed to the nature of the soil, or rather to the rock from which it is derived, since it contains quartz in abundance, with mica, but very little feldspar, or material for clay. I learned, however, to infer that this was chiefly owing to the keen winds from the north and east, which hinder the growth of vegetables, wherever they have a free and constant access. A few miles above Macao, on the west, is the anchorage of Cum-sing-moon, formed by an island and an indentation in the coast. Here the foreign ships used to lie during the summer months, and brave the typhon in July or August, with very little shelter from the land, by which they were too partially surrounded. Here I landed in my last visit to China, and was very courteously treated by the inhabitants, who were much amused at my botanical pursuits, and still more in inspecting my clothes, boxes, pins, and so on. I bought some sweet cakes of a man, and presented an old lady who was sitting by with one. This act of attention seemed to overwhelm her—she smiled, blushed, and sat motionless in a conscious fit of confusion. Stretching far to the west is the harbour of Cap-suy-moon, to which the vessels were compelled to repair, after they had been driven away from Cum-sing-moon, for the misconduct of the opium-dealers, who sold the drug to buyers, under the patronage of the government cruisers, whose commanders received a fee for every chest that was lowered down the ship's side.

After the ebbs and flows of a day or two, the voyager comes in sight of the "Bocca Tigris," or narrow entrance into what is more evidently a branch of the Canton River; for, on the outside of this, one might fancy oneself at sea, from the breadth of the estuary. The hills near this entrance, on the left side, are of a peculiar form—gibbous, or hump-backed, on one side, and nearly perpendicular on the other. It seems that after the hill had been formed by the upheaving of the strata below, as in the case of other risings and acclivities, a circumscribed action lifted one half of the hill

above the other, and gave it a form that one might easily liken to an Egyptian sphinx, or to some wild beast in the act of couching. One of these has been compared to a tiger, whence the Portuguese term this entrance the "Bocca Tigris,"—bocca signifying "mouth." These hills, by their rifted shape, present some symptoms of volcanic action, and give notice to the eye of the geologist that formations of this kind cannot be very far off. A conjecture drawn from these appearances was verified when I visited Hong-kong, which is composed of trap, and, by its water-falls and peaks, shows its proximity to the seat of those terrible but magnificent phenomena.

On your right is the beautiful little anchorage of Chuen-pe, formed in part by a jutting ridge of hills, whose summits are fairly crested with pine-trees. On the extremity of the hilly projection is a small watch-tower, which, among the shady fir-trees, has a very picturesque effect. Around this point, within the withdrawing nook, is seen the Chinese squadron, which presents a spectacle that has very little of the sublime about it, as these vessels are rigged in a very unsightly manner, and their sides are without port-holes to give them any martial effect. The guns rest upon the upper deck, and make their appearance near the middle of the vessel, where a certain portion of the gunwale, or parapet, is removed for their accommodation. They are small, mounted upon a sorry imitation of a carriage, and are, I believe, incapable of elevation or depression, except by a recourse to a tedious and clumsy contrivance. It was in this lonely nook that the redoubted fleet of Admiral Kwan lately attacked her Majesty's sloops, and would have been sent to the bottom with his fleet, had our vessels continued their fire.

On each side of the entrance the Chinese have erected fortifications, to keep out aggressors. I forgot, when upon the spot, to reckon the number of guns; but they are enow, if well manned, to disable any ship that should attempt to pass up. In the face of these fortifications, with one, two, or three others upon the islands hard by, the Imogene and the Andromache attempted to enter the Bogue, as this entrance is otherwise called, at the command of Lord Napier, in 1834, and, amidst calms and baffling winds, effected their purpose. The pleasant nook and the forts, amidst a curious and interesting scenery, are destined, perchance, to be the silent witnesses of some preliminaries, that in their issue will break off the yoke that presses so heavily upon the neck of the Chinese.

After the stranger has entered the Bogue, a new scene presents itself—a smooth and even lapse of water, gliding in soft tranquillity between two verdant banks. These banks are the alluvium which the current has brought down and deposited in its present situation; and thus shows how, in many instances, a river not only brings water to irrigate the soil, but even the soil itself, where the hilly portions, from the nature of the rock, or the meteoric changes that act upon them, are not susceptive of ready cultivation. By what a simple cause is a most beneficial effect produced!—the water sweeps the soil from the mountains by the greatness of its velocity, and when it has gained a level, and lost its momentum, lets it fall gradually to the bottom of the channel, where it is most shallow; and in this way gives origin to islands and the fertile plains that skirt the hills upon the main land. On the right you have rice-fields without number, which are of such an inviting green, that the character for this grass has a tropical sense of fair or beautiful, when used in composition. As the tide runs down nearly eighteen out of twenty-four hours, your progress is generally slow and tedious, and the monotonous hours of a tranquil night and a scorching day are varied only by taking up and letting go your anchor. It would not be difficult to land and refresh yourself with a walk; but the conduct of the Chinese magistrates, who never let slip an opportunity of rendering the minds of the common people evil-affected towards the stranger, has rendered such a walk a little hazardous. And here I cannot acquit John Bull altogether of blame; for, to be plain with him, his carriage is too overbearing when he encounters the inhabitants of other soils. He may, perhaps, fancy that his good qualities, and above all his noted generosity, may make amends for rudeness; but the natives seldom understand the matter in this light. They would prefer a look of kindness, or an expression of civility, to the whole amount of his unknown perfections. Many of my predecessors in these passages from Macao to Canton have landed, and walked about the country without insult and annoyance; and, for my part, I should have been glad of the same opportunities.

On your left, upon an isolated hill of a rounded outline, stands one of those structures which the obliging humour of our painters and engravers has rendered so familiar to our eye—I mean the pagodas. The original design of these singular edifices has often been a matter of question; but we shall not be far from the truth, perhaps, if we guess that they were at first intended for altars reared to the heaven which, in the earliest departure from the knowledge of the true God, usurped his place. They are built of various materials, and generally in a series of stories for the convenience of erection. The Chinese seem to think that they exert a kindly influence upon the surrounding country, in the way of obtaining rain and fruitful showers.

The plains of alluvium, to which we adverted just now, are divided into fields by raised terraces of earth; for a Chinese farmer's estate is just the inverse of ours in the mode of plotting the ground. For with us the field is dry land, and the fence, or line of demarcation, a ditch for letting off the water; with him, the way-mark is a bank of dry land, while the field is a splash of water. Upon these terraces, near the margin of the water, the plantain-tree is set in rows, which within a few months rises from a sprout to a tree, bears a load of fruit, and dies to make way for its successors, which germinate in offsets from the same root. These rows have a very pretty appearance, and thus are a source of beauty as well as utility. They do not, however, please us more than the *Lechi*, which is planted in the same way, but a little farther from the water's edge. The tree is a sort of pollard, from frequent pruning, and has a head that is nearly hemispheric upon a trunk of not more than ten or fifteen feet in height. The foliage is of a deep green, which is a beautiful groundwork for the red dye of the fruit. The effect is not one that dazzles the eye by a splendour of contrasted colours vividly striking upon the sense, but one on which the lover of nature's beauty delights to gaze at leisure.

We now approach Whampoa, where the foreign vessels are obliged to anchor, to take in their cargoes. Here the English language is heard on all sides, in a curious mongrel when uttered by Chinese, but such as answers the purpose of buyer and seller, servant and master. Strangers never resorted to a practice more prejudicial to their reputation, than when they made up their minds that a Chinaman should communicate with them in such a broken dialect; for he has been led to think that we have not wit enough to learn his language, and that our own is so poor and scanty that he could learn it in about six weeks. The island of Whampoa, which here divides this part of the river into two channels, is low in most of its extent, but here and there rises into a hillock. On one stands a very curious pagoda, which is surrounded by scaffoldings from top to bottom, whether for beauty or architectural purposes I did not learn.

French Island and Dane's Island are tolerably elevated, and are of a picturesque kind, especially as the hills are terraced in some places. On these foreigners often take an excursion; and as the Chinese here are most of them acquaintances, disturbances are unfrequent.

A Chinese village appears in the distance, as if it were seated in a grove; and is therefore a specimen of the native taste, which delights in the combination of trees and houses,—a taste by no means alien from our own, though I must confess the Chinese have the advantage of us; for they have neither a glistening expanse of white, nor an offensive groundwork of red colours, which in such large proportions do not harmonise with the tints around them. Their bricks are small and of a bluish-grey colour, and, being parted in construction by narrow white lines, they have a very neat appearance. The gable-ends of the cottage are expanded into a round lobe or facing at the top, and wind in a revolute manner towards the eaves. The native builder by this means contrives to exchange straight lines for others of various curvature; an idea which he pursues in finishing the ridge of the roof—for, instead of a straight line, we have a crest that is figured so as to secure a variety of inflections. The gable-ends are finished with great neatness and taste; and it is these that impart a singularity to the aspect of the village now supposed to be within our ken.

As we draw near to Canton, we find few objects of an architectural kind to elicit our admiration. There is an edifice on our right, which is a combination of the temple and the pagoda, and, being under the shade of some spreading trees, has a very pretty effect; a Chinese fort or two, which were erected in consequence of the "hammering" the Imogene and the Andromache gave to the forts at the Bogue, in 1834: a very small allowance of skill and intrepidity would suffice to take them. There are besides two objects, called the French and the Dutch Folly, the remains of some defences erected some years ago by the Dutch and French, with the view of obtaining a footing in China. But the eye wan-

ders over a scene clustered with houses, or green with plantations, and descries nothing to impress one with any feeling of wonder at the ingenuity or vast conception of constructive man. The river near the city is covered with craft of every description. Among the rest, the unwieldy Chin-chew junk makes no inconsiderable figure, with its high head and stern, and its masts, without the beautiful apparatus of lesser masts, or the picturesque display of shrouds and stays, as with us. Swarms of small boats, with their awning, which resembles the top or hood of a carrier's van, glide past you in every direction, as they waft goods or passengers to their different destinations. Besides these, we see at anchor, or sailing past us, large hulks filled with the wares of the merchant, and have a far greater adaptation to the purposes of utility than they have to awaken sentiments of delight in the mind of the beholder. A different spectacle is presented by the flower-boats, and others of a similar construction, occupied by families of the wealthy, who love to roam and to enjoy a kind of amphibious life. These are a sort of floating house, with a flat roof and upright sides, and chapiters or cornices of fantastic carvings; they are also panelled, and adorned with a vast deal of open-work; they are often painted green, with a profusion of gilded points and flowers. In a word, they are very beautiful, in a sense which we can readily appreciate; and nothing seems wanting to recommend them to the heart as well as to the eye but the thought that they are the abodes of innocence and truth. The inmates are often seen upon the roof, or looking out in the earlier parts of the day; and, though their characters are degraded, such is the force of that modesty so highly extolled in China, that we seldom detect anything improper in their deportment. The boats occupied by families rival these in beauty of workmanship, but are far less prodigal in gaiety of gold and colours. There is a decorum in this which the stranger can easily understand and feel. As we pass, the father, mother, and daughters present themselves, and return a look of complacency carelessly thrown upon them with smiles and laughs of the most good-natured and exhilarating kind. On such occasions, we see Chinese beauty set off by that shamefacedness so characteristic of the country.

We are now supposed to be in front of the European factories, which are a line of edifices built in foreign style, and present a very goodly sight. I said a "line," but perhaps I might have said a square with as much propriety; for each gate within the line or façade conducts you to a multitude of dwellings and warehouses, in which some of the most enterprising of merchants transact their business or lay up their stores. Apart from these factories, there is not a single specimen of architecture to merit a moment's attention; buildings we have without number, but all alike mean and contemptible in their aspect. The style and taste which pleased us so well when we beheld a hamlet bosomed in a grove, here disappoints us beyond measure. We land, perhaps, at the steps that conduct us to a garden once owned by the East India Company, where the trees and shrubs in full bloom perchance comfort the eye, and make us ready to forgive the Chinese architect, who never seems to have been aware that a city of cottages makes a very despicable figure.

The factories are surmounted with broad terraces, where the foreigners refresh themselves morning and evening with the winds that happen to blow in the hotter seasons of the year. From one of these we can take a survey of the whole city of Canton, with the lofty hills that lie upon the back and north side of it,—a countless display of buildings congregated together in thick and confused array, without a single structure of size or elevation to relieve the monotonous sameness of the entire landscape. This has arisen from the deficiency of Chinese architectural skill, which will not allow them to form a roof of any considerable span. Instead of rafters and tie-beams, and other mechanical contrivances for resisting a lateral pressure, their beams run from end to end, and must be helped by pillars, if there be any breadth in the slope at all. The general reader may not have directed his attention to the manner in which our roofs are constructed, and therefore may not understand me; but this I may say, without the risk of being unintelligible, that every ingenious device which a workman takes among us to strengthen his roof, and to render pillars unnecessary, is altogether overlooked by the Chinese. In front of the factory once tenanted by the chiefs of the East India Company is a large quadrangular gallery, covered by a broad roof, and used as a promenade. This was built by an English architect, who was obliged to use Chinese assistants. At the head of these assistants was a man who laid claim to certain architectural pretensions, and thought himself more than a match for the "*fank-kwei*" builder. The latter, of course, constructed the roof so as to render intermediate pillars unnecessary, and, I dare say, valued himself upon the skill he had displayed in the contrivance. The Chinese viewed the matter in a different light, and felt that to hang a roof upon nothing was only possible in a dream: he applied, therefore, to the chief of the factory, and stated his reasons with so much effect, that he obtained an order for the rearing of sundry unwieldy pillars for helping a roof which could have helped itself. The foreigner was mortified exceedingly; but his science went for nothing with a man who ought to have been a Chinese, or anything else, for the mind and conception he had. To relieve the unsightliness, he fluted the pillars; but this was only to gain a second discomfiture, for the Chinese architect and the Anglo-Chinese chief decided that they looked better without it: there they stand, therefore, in all their naked and useless deformity. They say it broke the poor man's heart.

SAILING DISTANCES.

From Macao to Nine Islands, 6 miles.

From Macao to Lintin, 20 miles.

From Macao to Cum-sing-moon, 15 miles.

Breadth of river, measured across Lintin, nearly 18 miles.

Narrowest part of the Bogue, 2 miles.

Sailing distance from Macao to the Bogue, about 50 miles.

Sailing distance from the Bogue to Whampoa, nearly 30 miles.

From Whampoa to Canton, 12 miles.

There are many shallows near the Bogue; but there is water enough in mid channel to admit ships of the largest size as far as Whampoa.

SOVEREIGN GULLS.

Many years ago we remember to have read a laughable introduction to one of the Westminster plays, where the scene is laid in a police-office, the parties accused being a party of rioters who had made a disturbance in the theatre. Their defence is taken up by a young lawyer, himself one of the delinquents, who ingeniously argues, that since man is by nature an imitative creature, it is perfectly lawful for him to bellow, to bleat, to howl, or to hiss, (offences charged against the prisoners,) since in so doing they act in strict accordance with nature, the universal law. Much the same sort of argument seems made use of by very many who live by gulling their neighbours in an infinite variety of ways. They probably argue that since man is by nature a gullible creature, and as to be gulled it is necessary that some should gull, it follows that it is naturally lawful to gull; and so quiet their consciences, if they chance to have any, which may be doubtful. The English, though not easily cheated in sober business, are wonderfully apt to be taken by anything novel or uncommon: our natural caution seems to forsake us, and we run headlong into the snare.

About a year ago, we formed one of an edified group, who, in one of the narrow lanes of the "city," listened to the vociferations of a knave, who, after the fashion of a trick as old and as respectable as "ring-dropping," was trying to sell *sovereigns* at a halfpenny each. It was a wager, the brazen-faced rascal said, and he was almost breathless with his exertions, trying to sell them in a given time. "It won't do," said we; "people in the very heart of our great 'city' are not to be hoaxed—the 'money market' is too near hand." At that moment a brother of the then Lord Mayor (Wilson) happening to pass, spoke to a policeman; and the "sovereign" rogue darted into a public-house. The suburbs of the metropolis, however, present a finer field for experiment. One morning lately we were startled at hearing a most unaccountable vociferation in the street, and stepping to the window, beheld a man dressed in a shabby Newmarket coat and a red belcher handkerchief, apparently a sort of underling of the sporting world, pacing up and down at a most rapid rate, speaking all the while at the very top of a somewhat powerful voice. We at first imagined him to be some poor lunatic escaped from his keepers, but were quickly undeceived, when, on listening further, we heard the following pretty piece of eloquence:—"Fifty goolden sovereigns at three-pence each, to decide a most important wager between Captain Smith and Captain Brown—the parties are now waiting for the decision. Fifty goolden sovereigns at three-pence each. The wager is, that in the short space of half an hour I shall dispose of fifty goolden sovereigns at three-pence each—in the short space of one half hour—fifty goolden sovereigns at three-pence each."

So ran the tenor of his speech, which he incessantly repeated, walking up and down during the whole time, with a most hurried and yet important aspect, displaying in his left hand a heap of yellow metal, while his right hand, elevated in air, gave additional effect to his eloquence.

All the neighbourhood was in a state of excitement, and every

window showed one curious face, and many more than one. Fifty golden sovereigns at three-pence a-piece—but still a little lingering hesitation was displayed as to who should be the first to venture—it might be a cheat. But, then, Captain Smith and Captain Brown, who could resist such names? Military gentlemen will sometimes do such extraordinary things—and, then, there was the ready cash in the left hand of the proclaimer of these glad tidings. "Bless me," said each good lady, "'tis no great loss after all, and if it be true, why should not I have one of these fifty sovereigns that are going a-begging? I see them in his hand, and I have not been to market so often as not to know false coin from real. I'm not to be deceived in a hurry—three-pence for a sovereign; well, to be sure, young men will do foolish things—Betty, Betty, take this three-pence and buy me a sovereign."

And, Betty, no less eager than her mistress, darted out, intent upon getting one for herself as well as her mistress. The example was quickly followed, and how many three-pences the rogue pocketed we know not, but he probably thought it prudent not to stay too long in one quarter, lest some indignant individuals of the masculine gender might sally out and inflict summary justice on the general deceiver; for, as may be expected, his *golden* sovereigns were any thing but genu*ine*, as the Yankees say. Nevertheless, his scheme must have prospered, for only three days after we encountered this unblushing varlet, not a quarter of a mile from the spot where we first beheld him, proclaiming the great bet between Captain Smith and Captain Brown, the parties who were still waiting; and his success did not seem to have diminished.

It is one characteristic of a commercial world, that, when a successful speculation in any particular line has occurred, others will follow the track. So it is in the roguish world. A few days after the appearance of the agent of Captain Smith and Captain Brown, two opponents (for this party hunted in couples) appeared on the field, and judiciously observing that females had been the chief purchasers on the former occasions, (we would not say but that some greedy males had been ensconced in back parlours, modestly unwilling to make any display of avarice,) these new pretenders advertised that they were provided with "finely-polished scissors, warranted not to be purchased under sixpence at any shop in London, together with a weekly paper, (what this might be we did not ascertain), merely to advertise the paper." Their success seemed to equal, if not surpass, that of our friend with the "goolden sovereigns."

It is good to laugh. We are not weeping philosophers, and such things as we have related may be fairly laughed at, even with those who have been the sufferers; but we may draw a lesson from such apparently trivial circumstances. They may be well applied to much more important matters, and we must all take care not to pay our three-pence for a "goolden sovereign;" or, in the well-known language of a practical philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, "Not to pay too dear for our whistle."

HISTORY OF AN UNGKA APE.

The late Mr. Bennet, in his "Wanderings in New South Wales, Batavia, Pedir Coast, Singapore, and China; being the Journal of a Naturalist in those countries during 1832, 1833, and 1834," gives us the following history of an Ungka ape:—

"During a visit to Singapore in 1830, I procured, through the kindness of E. Boustead, Esq., a male specimen of the Ungka ape (*Hylobates syndactyla*). The animal had been recently brought by a Malay lad, in a prôa, from the Menangkabau country, in the interior of Sumatra. The Malays at Singapore always called the creature Ungka; but I observe, in the Linnean Transactions, it is called, by Sir Stamford Raffles, Siamang; and the Ungka is therein described as a different animal,—the same as that under the name of Onkor in the splendid work on the Mammalia (vols. v. and vi.) by F. Cuvier. The natives, however, at Singapore denied this being the Siamang, at the same time stating that the Siamang resembled it in form, but differed in having the eyebrows and hair around the face of a white colour.

"The *Hylobates syndactyla* is described and figured also in Dr. Horsfield's Zoology of Java; but the engraving does not give a correct idea of the animal, nor have I as yet seen one that does. Three beautiful drawings were taken for me, from the specimen I possessed, after its death, in different positions; and having preserved the skeleton in the skin, its general appearance was more natural than stuffed specimens usually are; they were executed by the able pencil of Charles Landseer, Esq.

"On board the ship Sophia, during the passage to England, ample opportunities were afforded me to study this singularly interesting little animal.

"In colour, the animal was of a beautiful jet-black, being covered with coarse hair over the whole body. The face has no hair, except on the sides, as whiskers, and the hair stands forward from the forehead over the eyes: there is very little beard. The skin of the face is black; the arms are very long: the hair on the arms runs in one direction, viz., downwards; that on the fore-arm, upwards: the hands are long and narrow, fingers long and tapering; thumb short, not reaching farther than the first joint of the fore-finger; the palms of the hands and soles of the feet are bare and black; the legs are short, in proportion to the arms and body; the feet are long, prehensile, and, when the animal is in a sitting posture, are turned inwards, and the toes are usually bent. The first and second toes are united (except at the last joint) by a membrane. From this circumstance the animal has derived its specific name. He invariably walks in the erect posture when on a level surface, and then the arms either hang down, enabling him sometimes to assist himself with his knuckles; or, what is more usual, he keeps his arms uplifted, in nearly an erect position, with the hands pendent, ready to seize a rope, and climb up on the approach of danger, or on the obtrusion of strangers. He walks rather quick in the erect posture, but with a waddling gait, and is soon run down, if, whilst pursued, he has no opportunity of escaping by climbing.

"On the foot are five toes, the great toe being placed like the thumb of the hand: the form of the foot is somewhat similar to that of the hand, having an equally prehensile power; the great toe has a capability of much extension outwards, which enlarges the surface of the foot when the animal walks. The toes are short; the great toe is the longest. The eyes are close together, with the irides of a hazel colour; the upper eyelids have lashes, the lower have none. The nose is confluent with the face, except at the nostrils, which are a little elevated. The mouth large, ears small, resembling the human, except in being deficient in the pendent lobe. He has nails on the fingers and toes, and has hard tubercles on the tuberosities of the ischium, but is destitute of a tail, or even the rudiment of one.

"His food is various: he preferred vegetable diet, as rice, plantains, &c., and was ravenously fond of carrots, of which we had some quantity preserved on board. Although when at dinner he would behave well, not intruding his paw into our plates, having 'acquired politeness,' as Jack would say, by being on board, yet, when the carrots appeared, all his decorum was lost in his eager desire for them; and it required some exertion to keep him from attacking them 'with tooth and paw,' unmindful whether we wished it or not, and against all the laws and regulations of the table. A piece of carrot would draw him from one end of the table to the other, over which he would walk, without disturbing a single article, although the ship was rolling at the time; so admirably can these animals balance themselves. This is well seen when they play about the rigging of a ship at sea: often, when springing from rope to rope, have I expected to see him buffeting the waves, and as often did I find that all my fears were groundless.

"He would drink tea, coffee, or chocolate, but neither wine nor spirits. Of animal food, he preferred fowl; but a lizard having been caught on board, it was placed before him, when he seized the reptile instantly in his paw, and greedily devoured it. He was also very fond of sweetmeats, such as jams, jellies, dates, &c.; and no child with the 'sweetest tooth' ever evinced more delight after 'bons-bons' than did this little creature. Some Manilla sweet cakes that were on board he was always eager to procure, and would not unfrequently enter the cabin in which they were kept, and endeavour to lift up the cover of the jar: he was not less fond of onions, although their acridity caused him to sneeze and loll out his tongue: when he took one, he used to put it into his mouth, and immediately eat it with great rapidity.

"The first instance I observed of his attachment to liberty was soon after he had been presented to me by Mr. Boustead. On entering the yard in which he was tied up, one morning, I was not well pleased at observing him busily engaged in removing his belt, to which the cord or chain was fixed (which, as I afterwards understood, had been loosened on purpose), at the same time whining and uttering a peculiar squeaking noise. As soon as he had succeeded in procuring his liberty, he walked, in his usual erect posture, towards some Malays, who were standing near the place; and, after hugging the legs of several of the party, without, however, permitting them to take him in their arms, he went to a Malay lad, who seemed to be the object of his search; for, on

meeting with him, he immediately climbed into his arms, and hugged him closely, having an expression, in both the look and manner, of gratification at being once again in the arms of him who I now understood was his former master. When this lad sold the animal to Mr. Boustead, he was tied up in the court-yard of that gentleman's house, and his screams to get loose used to be a great annoyance to residents in the vicinity. Several times he effected his escape, and would then make for the water-side, the Malay lad being usually on board the proa in which he had arrived from Sumatra. He was never re-taken until, having reached the water, he could proceed no farther. The day previous to sailing I sent him on board. As the lad that originally brought him would not be found, a Malay servant to Mr. Boustead was deputed to take charge of him. The animal was a little troublesome at first, but afterwards became quiet in the boat. On arriving on board, he soon managed to make his escape, rewarding his conductor with a bite, as a parting remembrance, and ascended the rigging with such agility as to excite the astonishment and admiration of the crew. As the evening approached, the animal came down on the deck, and was readily secured. We found, however, in a day or two, that he was so docile when at liberty, and so very much irritated at being confined, that he was permitted to range about the deck or rigging. We sailed from Singapore for England with him on the 18th of November, 1830.

"He usually, on first coming on board, after taking exercise about the rigging, retired to rest at sunset, on the maintop, coming on deck regularly at daylight. This continued until our arrival off the Cape, when experiencing a lower temperature, he expressed an eager desire to be taken to my arms, and to be permitted to pass the night in my cabin, for which he evinced such a decided partiality, that, on the return of warm weather, he would not retire to the maintop, but seemed to have a determination to stay where he thought himself the most comfortable, and which I, at last, after much crying and solicitation from him, permitted.

"He was not able to take up small objects with facility, on account of the disproportion of the size of the thumb to the fingers. The metacarpal bone of the thumb has the mobility of a first joint. The form of both the feet and hands gives a great prehensile power, fitted for the woods or forests, the natural *habitat* of these animals, where it must be almost an impossibility to capture an adult of the species alive.

"When sleeping, he lies along, either on the side or back, resting the head on the hands, and is always desirous of retiring to rest at sunset. It was at this time he would approach me uncalled for, making a peculiar begging, chirping noise; an indication that he wished to be taken into the cabin to be put to bed. Before I admitted him into my cabin, after having firmly stood against his piteous beseeching tones and cries, he would go up the rigging and take up his reposing place for the night in the maintop. He would often (I suppose from his approximation to civilization) indulge in bed some time after sunrise, and frequently when I awoke I have seen him lying on his back, his long arms stretched out, and, with eyes open, appearing as if buried in deep reflection. At sunset, when he was desirous of retiring to rest, he would approach his friends, uttering his peculiar chirping note, a beseeching sound, begging to be taken into their arms: his request once acceded to, he was as adhesive as Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea; any attempt to remove him being followed by violent screams. He could not endure disappointment, and, like the human species, was always better pleased when he had his own way; when refused or disappointed at anything, he would display the freaks of temper of a spoiled child—lie on the deck, roll about, throw his arms and legs in various attitudes and directions, dash everything aside that might be within his reach, walk hurriedly, repeat the same scene over and over again, and utter the guttural notes of *ra, ra*—the employment of coercive measures during the paroxysms reduced him in a short period to a system of obedience, and the violence of his temper by such means became in some degree checked. Often has he reminded me of that pest to society, a spoiled child, who may justly be defined as papa's pride, mama's darling, the visitor's terror, and an annoyance to all the living animals, men and maid servants, dogs, cats, &c., in the house that it might be inhabiting.

"When he came, at sunset, to be taken into my arms, and was refused, he would fall into a paroxysm of rage; but finding that unsuccessful and unattended to, he would mount the rigging, and hanging over that part of the deck on which I was walking, would suddenly drop himself into my arms.

"One instance of a very close approximation to, if it may not be considered absolutely an exercise of, the reasoning faculty, occurred in this animal. Once or twice I lectured him on taking away my soap continually from the washing-place, which he would remove, for his amusement, from that place, and leave it about the cabin. One morning I was writing, the ape being present in the cabin, when, casting my eyes towards him, I saw the little fellow taking the soap. I watched him, without his perceiving that I did so: and he occasionally would cast a furtive glance towards the place where I sat. I pretended to write; he seeing me busily occupied, took the soap, and moved away with it in his paw. When he had walked half the length of the cabin, I spoke quietly without frightening him. The instant he found I saw him, he walked back again, and deposited the soap nearly in the same place from whence he had taken it. There was certainly something more than instinct in that action: he evidently betrayed a consciousness of having done wrong, both by his first and last actions;—and what is reason if that is not an exercise of it?

"He soon knew the name of Ungka, which had been given to him, and would readily come to those to whom he was attached when called by that name. His mildness of disposition and playfulness of manner made him a universal favourite with all on board.

"He was playful, but preferred children to adults. He became particularly attached to a little Papuan child (Elau, a native of Erromanga, one of the New Hebrides group,) who was on board, and whom it is not improbable he may have in some degree considered as having an affinity to his species. They were often seen sitting near the capstan, the animal with his long arm round her neck, lovingly eating biscuit together.

"She would lead him about by his long arms, like an elder leading a younger child: and it was the height of the grotesque to witness him running round the capstan, pursued by, or pursuing, the child. He would waddle along, in the erect posture, at a rapid pace, sometimes aiding himself by his knuckles; but when fatigued, he would spring aside, seize hold of the first rope he came to, and, ascending a short distance, regard himself as safe from pursuit.

"In a playful manner he would roll on deck with the child, as if in a mock combat, pushing with his feet (in which action he possessed great muscular power), entwining his long arms around her, and pretending to bite; or, seizing a rope, he would swing towards her, and when efforts were made to seize him would elude the grasp by swinging away; or he would, by way of changing the plan of attack, drop suddenly on her from the ropes aloft, and then engage in various playful antics. He would play in a similar manner with adults; but finding them usually too strong and rough for him, he preferred children, giving up his games with them, if any adults joined in the sports at the same time.

"If however, an attempt was made by the child to play with him, when he had no inclination, or after he had sustained some disappointment, he usually made a slight impression with his teeth on her arm, just sufficient to act as a warning, or a sharp hint, that no liberties were to be taken with his person; or, as the child would say, 'Ungka no like play now.' Not unfrequently, a string being tied to his leg, the child would amuse herself by dragging the patient animal about the deck: this he would good-naturedly bear for some time, thinking, perhaps, it amused his little playmate; but finding it last longer than he expected, he became tired of that fun, in which he had no share, except in being the sufferer; he would then make endeavours to disengage himself and retire. If he found his efforts fruitless, he would quietly walk up to the child, and make an impression with his teeth in a ratio of hardness according to his treatment: that hint soon terminated the sport and procured him his liberty.

"There were also on board the ship several small monkeys, with whom Ungka was desirous of forming interesting conversaziones, to introduce a social character among the race, while away the tedious hours, which pass but tardily in a ship, and dissipate the monotony of the voyage: to this the little monkeys would not accede; they treated him as an outcast, and all cordially united to repel the approaches of the 'little man in black,' by chattering, and various other hostile movements peculiar to them.

"Ungka, thus repelled in his kind endeavours to establish something like sociality amongst them, determined in his own mind to annoy and punish them for their impudence; so, the next time they united, as before, in a body on his approach, he watched the opportunity, and when one was off his guard, seized a rope, and, swinging towards him, caught him by the tail, and hauled away upon it, much to the annoyance of the owner, who had no idea that such a retaliation was to take place; he continued pulling upon it, as if determined to detach it, until the agility and desperation

of the monkey at being so treated obliged him to relinquish his hold.

"But it not unfrequently happened that he made his way up the rigging, dragging the monkey by the tail after him, and thus made him follow his course most unwillingly. If in his ascent he required both hands, he would pass the tail of his captive into th prehensile power of his foot. It was the most grotesque scene imaginable, and will long remain in the remembrance of those who witnessed it, and was performed by Ungka with the most perfect gravity of countenance, while the poor suffering monkey grinned, chattered, twisted about, making the most strenuous endeavours to escape from his opponent's grasp. His countenance, at all times a figure of fun, now had terror added to it, increasing the delineation of beauty; and when the poor beast had been dragged some distance up the rigging, Ungka, tired of his labour, would suddenly let go his hold of the tail, when it would require some skill on the part of the monkey to seize a rope, to prevent his receiving a compound fracture by a rapid descent on deck. Ungka, having himself no caudal extremity, knew well that he was perfectly free from any retaliation on the part of his opponents.

"As this mode of treatment was far from being either amusing or instructive to the monkeys, they assembled together in an *executive council*, where it was determined that, in future, the 'big black stranger,' who did not accord with them in proportions, and who demeaned himself by walking erect, wearing no tail, and was in several other respects guilty of unmonkey-like conduct, should be for the future avoided and treated with contempt; and should he again think proper to assault any of the body, they should all unite and punish him for his violent conduct. Ungka, when again he madeany atempt to renew his amusement of pulling tails, met with such a warm reception from all the little creatures assembled, that he found it necessary to give up *tale-bearing*, and devote himself to other pursuits. He had, however, such an inclination to *draw out tales*, that being obliged, from 'peculiar circumstances,' to relinquish those of the monkeys, he cultivated the friendship of a little clean pig that ran about the deck, and, taking his tail in hand, endeavoured, by frequent pulling, to reduce it from a curled to a straight form; but all his efforts were in vain, although piggy did not express any ill-feeling at his kind endeavours.

"When dinner was announced by the steward, and the captain and officers assembled in the cuddy, then Ungka, considering himself as also one of the mess, would be seen bending his steps towards the cuddy, and entering, took his station on a corner of the table, between the captain and myself: there he remained waiting for his share of the food, considering that we were all in duty and humanity bound to supply him with a sufficiency of provender. When from any of his ludicrous actions at table we all burst out in loud laughter, he would vent his indignation at being made the subject of ridicule, by uttering his peculiar hollow, barking noise, at the same time inflating the air-sac, and regarding the persons laughing with a most serious look, until they had ceased, when he would quietly resume his dinner.

"The animal had an utter dislike to confinement, and was of such a social disposition as always to prefer company to being left alone. When shut up, his rage was very violent, throwing everything about that was lying near, or that he could move, in his place of confinement, but becoming perfectly quiet when released. When the animal was standing with his back towards the spectator, his being tail-less, and standing erect, gave him the appearance of a little black hairy man; and such an object might easily have been regarded by the superstitious as one of the infernal imps.

"Although every kindness was shown to him by the officers and crew, and sweetmeats and other niceties were given to him by them by way of bribes, to engage his confidence and good opinion, yet he would not permit himself to be taken in the arms or caressed familiarly by any person on board during the voyage, except by the commander, the third officer, and myself; but with any of the children he would readily gambol. It was a strange fact, that he in particular avoided all those who wore large bushy whiskers.

"It was ludicrous to behold the terrified looks of the animal, if his finger was taken towards a cup of hot tea, as if to ascertain the temperature; and his attempt at remonstrating on the impropriety of such conduct, together with his half-suppressed screams, were very diverting.

"Among other amusements, he would frequently hang from a rope with one arm; and, when in a frolicsome humour, frisk about with his eyes shut, giving him the appearance of a person hanging and in the agonies of death.

"When we spoke a ship at sea, his curiosity seemed to be much excited by the novel object near us, for he would invariably mount up the rigging, at a height sufficient to command a good view of the stranger, and sometimes take up his position on the peak haulyards, just under the flag—a signal difficult no doubt for the stranger to comprehend: there he would remain gazing wistfully after the departing stranger, until he was out of sight,—'give one parting, lingering look,' and then come down on the deck again, and resume the sports from which the stranger's appearance had disturbed him.

"When strangers came on board, he approached them with caution, and at such a distance as he considered consistent with his ideas of safety. To the ladies he did not evince any partiality; we had none on board by which we could judge whether a few days or weeks of their powerful fascinations would have any effect on him. The only lady who had honoured him with her notice was one who came on board from a ship we spoke at sea; he evinced, however, no partiality to the gentle sex, and would not permit her to caress him; whether it was the bonnet, which was of the calibre of 1828, or other portions of the lady's dress that excited his indignation I cannot say, as the animal could not communicate his opinions; whatever the cause might have been, he was evidently not eager to become acquainted with her, but would show a disposition to bite if she attempted to caress him. As she appeared at first timid of approaching him, this show of warfare may have been occasioned by it, and in some degree have made the cunning brute keep up the feeling. I was acquainted with a lady in Ceylon, who, having been bitten by a cockatoo, always evinced great terror at the approach of one which was kept by her ayah, or lady's-maid, in the house; the bird appeared aware of it, for, when he saw the lady approach, he would flap his wings, elevate his crest, shriek out, and at the same time pretend to pursue her, at which she ran away quite terrified.

"When the poor animal lay on the bed of sickness, from dysentery, produced by the cold, there was as much inquiry after his health by the officers and crew as if he had been of 'human form divine,' for he was a universal favourite on board; and there was much regret when he died—all his gambols and playful antics ceasing for ever. His skin, properly stuffed and preserved in its natural erect attitude, was kept to be consigned, on our arrival in England, to one of the glass-cases in the British Museum, where he was eventually deposited *.

"His death occurred as follows:—On the 19th of March, 1831, we had reached the latitude 45 degrees, 41 minutes north, and longitude 24 degrees, 40 minutes west. The animal seemed (although clothed in flannel, and kept in my cabin) to suffer much from cold, and was attacked by dysentery. He would prefer going on the deck, in the cold air, with the persons to whom he was attached, to remaining in the warm cabin with those whom he did not regard. On the 24th he became much worse, his appetite gone, and he had a dislike to being moved; the discharge from the bowels was bilious, mixed with blood and mucus, sometimes entirely of blood and mucus, with a putrescent odour. The breath had a sickly smell, mouth clammy, eyes dull and suffused; he drank a little water occasionally, and sometimes a little tea. I gave the usual remedies of calomel and opium, as if I was treating dysentery in a human being; and although I was obliged to put the medicine down his throat myself, the animal made no resistance; and on a renewal of the doses, did not attempt to prevent it, as if aware that it was intended for his benefit. He generally remained with his head hanging on the breast, and limbs huddled together: he would, however, when yawning, inflate the pouch as usual.

"On the 29th we were detained in the 'chops of the channel,' by prevailing easterly winds; and he daily sank until the 31st of March, when he died, in latitude 48 degrees, 36 minutes north,—longitude 9 degrees, 1 minute west."

THE CHARACTER OF AN ATHEIST.

An Atheist, says Butler, the author of Hudibras, is a bold disputant, that takes upon himself to prove the hardest negative in the world, and, from the impossibility of the attempt, may be justly concluded not to understand it; for he that does not understand so much as the difficulty of his understanding, can know nothing else of it; and he that will venture to comprehend that which is not within his reach, does not know so far as his own latitude, much less the extent of that which lies beyond it.

* The ape and monkey tribe, although approaching so near the human race in external appearance, as well as in its omnivorous habits of diet, still differs materially, in not being able to sustain a change of climate; nor is it readily inured to a cold climate, if a native of the tropical regions.

He denies that to be which he finds by undeniable inference to be in all things, and because it is *everywhere*, would have it to be *nowhere*; as if that old jingle were logically true in all things, because it is so in nothing. If a blind man should affirm there is no such thing as light, and an owl no such thing as darkness, it would be hard to say which is the wiser owl of the two; and yet both would speak *true*, according to their apprehensions and experience, but *false*, because it is of things beyond the reach of their capacities. He draws a map of nature by his own fancy, and bounds her how he pleases, without regard to the position of the heavens, by which only her latitude is to be understood, and without which all his speculations are vain, idle, and confused. Nothing but ignorance can beget a confidence bold enough to determine the first cause; *for all the inferior works of Nature are objects more fit for our wonder than curiosity; and she conceals the truth of things that lie under our view from us, to discourage us from attempting those that are more remote.* He commits an error in making *Nature* (which is nothing but the order and method by which all causes and effects in the world are governed) to be the first cause; as if he should suppose the laws by which a prince governs to be the prince himself.

MACHINERY OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

NO. III.

The machinery of the Colonial Office has been for a long time in a most dilapidated state. The genius of indolence presided with absolute power through all its departments until very lately. Much of its inefficiency was undoubtedly attributable to a most injudicious economy, which reduced the number of clerks just about the period when the population of our North American and antipodean colonies began to "increase and multiply." The reader must excuse this phrase "antipodean." I mean by it Van Diemen's Land and Australia, to which New Zealand may now be added. The mismanagement of that office drove the Canadas into rebellion, and created in our West India islands a great deal of needless discontent. As to our settlements upon the coast of Africa, they were consigned to entire neglect. A better spirit, however, has at length found its way into that important portion of the machinery of our government. A commission has been appointed for the regulation of the distribution of all the crown lands in the colonies. To this commission, no doubt, will be referred complicated questions of every kind emanating from our dependencies, and rules will eventually be established for their administration upon a wise and salutary system. The idea of despatching an expedition up the Niger, with a view to cut off the trade in slaves at its very source, is a most admirable one; and we trust it will be carried into practice in such an efficient way as to *prevent* its being a failure, so far as our government can. It is, indeed, not new, for it was long ago suggested, but in vain pressed upon the colonial department, until Lord John Russell's accession to the presidency of that office. Measures are now in active progress, the object of which is to teach the natives that a species of commerce much more lucrative than that to which they have been hitherto accustomed may be cultivated amongst them. Orders have been given for the construction of iron steam-boats, which, as boats of that description are known to require but a slight depth of water even when fully laden, will be peculiarly suitable to the navigation of rivers abounding in rocks and sand-banks and cataracts. Thus are we at length (and let us praise the Omnipotent for it!) proceeding to fulfil the mission appointed to our nation; a mission so clearly described in a work published five years ago, and now on my table, that I hope the reader will excuse an extract from it upon this important subject.

"He must tread to little purpose the earth upon which we are placed, who does not read in letters of light, the ordinance of the Great God, whereby He has announced it to be his will, that from this island should be dispersed the knowledge of his Law, and of the happiness with which it overflows, amongst all the families of men still immersed in mental darkness and misery. All our important acts upon the theatre of the world, our impregnable positions on the sea, which gives us access to every tribe under the sun, the power we at this moment exercise from the point where that sun rises, to the point whence it is to rise again, are palpable tokens of a divine mission, for the due execution of which, we who live in discussion and action, and our children's children, will be held responsible.

"The whole continent of Africa is waiting to bear testimony to our character in this respect. We are the only European nation that holds any portion of that territory, from which light can eventually be shed over the sable multitudes who occupy its central and southern districts. The incursions of the barbarians who swarm on our frontiers in the south will compel us ultimately to extend those frontiers until they touch the Nile. Men actuated by extraordinary impulses have gone forth from amongst us at the hazard and almost uniformly at the forfeiture of their lives to explore the rivers and lakes and mountains and plains, and to become acquainted with the tribes, of those magnificent though as yet unhealthy regions. They have already felt our power in the south and in the west, and know that it is irresistible. They warred with each other in order that they might make captives, and sell them to less populous climes. We have nearly put an end to that unhallowed trade, have extinguished their motives for perpetual hostilities amongst themselves, and have attempted to show them that there are other kinds of commerce, which can only be fostered by peace, extended by industry, protected by laws, blessed by religion, and capable of forming a bond, which shall connect them by the ties of interest and affection with all their brethren of the human race,—a bond never to be broken. The last shout of our people, speaking the living voice of our God, was—'Break the chains of the negroes!' *It is done.* The next must be—'Baptize them!' It will be done.*"

The Board of Control consists of the president and eight commissioners; of these six are Ministers already mentioned, and two are gentlemen not very different in their official character from the Lords of the Treasury—that is to say, they have very little to do. I forget who it was—I believe Mr. Creevey—who described his occupation in that office, as being confined to his attendance there whenever he found it pleasant to go into a large room furnished very handsomely, and well supplied with fire and newspapers. The president and secretary are, however, efficient persons, and generally very fully employed.

The office itself is a most anomalous one. A body of London merchant-adventurers, tempted by the reports which they had heard of the abundance of gold, diamonds, emeralds, and rubies—of ivory, spices, cloths of gold and silver, and other produce and manufactures of the most precious description to be found in India, formed in the reign of Elizabeth plans for opening a trade with that country. Their first enterprises were attended with many failures, which it is not here necessary to enumerate. Gradually, as their views expanded, their numbers were augmented. In the year 1600 they constituted an association, designated the "Governor and Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies," and obtained a charter from the crown, by which they were invested with very extensive privileges. The court even then exhibited a disposition to interfere with their operations, by naming a commander of one of their expeditions. The company resisted, saying in the blunt homely language of John Bull that they were resolved not to employ "gentlemen," but "to sort their business with men of their own quality." Expedition followed expedition with increasing prosperity. Small factories were established on the coast of Coromandel. The island of Bombay having been in 1662 ceded to England by the Portuguese as part of the dowry of the Infanta Catherine on the occasion of her marriage with Charles II. was subsequently transferred to the company. Thus they became sovereigns of a small portion of the Indian territory; they have since extended that small dominion into an empire, which now may be said to reach from the borders of China on one side to those of Persia on the other, and from the ocean in the south to the magnificent range of the Himalas in the north, including the highest mountains in the world.

* Quin's Steam Voyage down the Danube, vol. ii., p. 47, 49.

Thus, a little band of merchant-adventurers, whose officers were in fact in their early expeditions little, if at all, better than a set of buccaneers—for with or without provocation they made no scruple of capturing every well-laden vessel they met in the course of their voyage—eventually have become a most formidable power, having at its disposal numerous and well-appointed armies on land, and at sea a considerable fleet lately rendered all-powerful by the employment of war-steamers. Late events in India have proved that their legions are organised in the most admirable manner, and that their military leaders are men of consummate skill and dauntless gallantry. It is indeed to be regretted that their civil departments of government are as yet in a very imperfect condition. But it must, at the same time, be admitted that the establishment of legal order in an empire containing at the least 100 millions of inhabitants is an affair of no ordinary magnitude, and which must require many years for its due establishment.

From time to time, as the power of this company was enlarged, the ministers of the crown, jealous of its imperial character, sought to exercise an ascendency over it. Undoubtedly the crown may at any time revoke its charter; or whenever the charter expires, it being granted only for limited periods, may refuse to renew it. But many difficulties would stand in the way of either of these proceedings. Some of these difficulties arise from the debt contracted by the company, which the government would of course be unwilling to take upon itself. Then there must be compensations to officers of the company, compensations for its corporate property, and a variety of other inconveniences which are altogether so numerous as to weigh down the balance in favour of the continued existence of the corporation.

The next expedient was to create a system of superintendancy, by which the proceedings of these imperial merchants should be brought within the cognizance, and to a great extent within the jurisdiction, of the crown: hence our present Board of Control. It is a question not yet satisfactorily settled, notwithstanding the many legislative regulations made for that purpose, how far the board does possess authority to control the decrees of the court of directors. Nothing can be done by the board without the concurrence of the court, with the exception, I believe, of the appointment of one member of the legislative council in India. The court has, it is understood, more than once refused to sanction despatches which were materially altered by the board, and to agree in the nomination of governors-general recommended by the crown. However this may be, the board, as part of our state "machinery," is indeed a most important institution, and the minister at the head of it ought to be a thorough statesman. He is, nevertheless, seldom heard of in parliament. The affairs of India—even the late brilliant actions of our armies there, the most distinguished perhaps ever executed within so brief a period of time, and with such certain effect—have attracted scarcely any attention in this country. Whenever the president has any measure to propose or any communication to make in parliament, he most commonly has to address himself to empty benches! Such is our apathy as to the welfare of one hundred millions of our fellow-creatures, the great majority of whom are immersed in the most deplorable ignorance and idolatry!

The office of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster is a part of our state "machinery" which may be described in a few words. Counties Palatine are so called from the Latin word *palatio*, "palace," the owners thereof having been privileged to exercise all regal prerogatives as fully as the king was in his palace. The principal reason of such an arrangement seems to have been this: that the counties enjoying those privileges—Chester and Durham, for instance—were contiguous to countries long hostile to England, viz., Wales and Scotland, and it was desirable that the inhabitants should have justice administered at home, in order that they should not seek it at any distance, and thereby leave the border territories exposed to the incursions of the enemy. The counties palatine just mentioned were such by prescription or immemorial usage; Lancaster was created a county palatine by Edward III. in favour of Henry Plantagenet, first earl, and then duke of Lancaster. It had its own courts of justice, and among the rest a court of chancery. In process of time all the rights and privileges granted to this county became vested in the crown, and many modifications have been made in its prerogatives. But still the duchy exists, and the court of the duchy chamber, which is held before the chancellor of the duchy or his deputy, has jurisdiction in all matters of equity relating to lands held of the king in his right as duke of Lancaster. These lands were formerly very extensive, and embraced a large district surrounded by the city of Westminster. I rather think that William IV. surrendered to the public the whole of his revenues arising from this source; but the jurisdiction of the court still remains, though the equity side of the court of exchequer, and the high court of chancery, have a concurrent jurisdiction with it, and may take cognizance of the same causes.

The Mint is an extensive establishment situated near the Tower, where the coinage of gold, silver, and copper is carried on under the royal authority. The gold and silver bullion necessary for this purpose is usually supplied by the Bank of England; but it is competent to any individual to send in gold bullion to the Mint and have it converted into sovereigns. Individuals, however, who receive bullion from abroad, whether in gold or silver bars, find it more advantageous to dispose of their treasure to the Bank than to manage the coinage of it through the Mint for themselves, as they thus get rid of all the trouble, and also of some trifling expenses which they must otherwise incur.

The Board of Trade is a committee of the Privy Council, to which all matters relating to the commerce of the country are referred. The duties appertaining to this board have never been strictly defined. It has for many years had a president and vice-president, two secretaries, and a large establishment of clerks; but the public derived little benefit from this office until lately. Ample materials were upon the shelves of the office for furnishing many statistical tables relating to our trade in every part of the world. It was only within these last six or seven years that such tables have been drawn up with any degree of regularity. They are collected in a volume and published annually. New functions have been committed to the board by several recent acts of parliament: one of these is the examination of projects for the establishment of joint-stock banking companies, which solicit the crown for charters of incorporation. The board takes cognizance also of all private bills passing through parliament—a duty the strict performance of which would be extremely useful to the public. It must, however, be confessed, that it is very practicable to render this establishment much more beneficial to the interests of our trade in general than it ever yet has been.

It is very difficult to distinguish between the proper functions of the Secretary-at-war, and of the Commander-in-chief of the Forces. The latter seems to have all the patronage, and the former all the constitutional responsibility for the right exercise of that patronage. All orders for the management of the army emanate from the office of the secretary-at-war, and are sent direct to the commander-in-chief, who is bound to execute them. But the power of promotion is claimed exclusively by the commander-in-chief.

Undoubtedly the Commissioners of the Admiralty, or, in point of fact, the First Lord—or rather, indeed, the political, as distinguished from the permanent secretary,—exercises much of the patronage of that office; and although the chief is usually a member of the cabinet, he only acts, as to the distribution of the navy, under orders signified to him by the secretaries of state for foreign affairs or the colonies. The mere regulation of the navy,—such as the sending out squadrons for exercise, or supplying the usual stations, or altering the destinations of vessels from one station to another, or directing the construction of new ships—belongs wholly to the Board of Admiralty; but the secretary-at-war and the commander-in-chief exercise their functions upon a different plan altogether. Perhaps the true constitutional course would be to combine the officers of both into one board, and that upon the president all the responsibility should be devolved.

It is the business of the Ordnance to regulate all matters relating to the artillery.

We have thus gone through a considerable portion of the "machinery" of the state, so far as its executive departments are concerned, but undoubtedly Parliament is the great "machine," the vast steam-engine, by which the whole is set in motion. We will say something about it in future papers.

THE CITY OF THE PLAGUES.

A VIEW OF BAGHDAD UNDER ITS COMBINED VISITATIONS OF PESTILENCE, FAMINE, FLOOD, AND WAR.

MR. FRASER, the well-known Persian traveller (justly celebrated for his hard riding and able writing), has issued a new work, the title of which we give below *. From it we extract the following picture of Baghdad under a visitation of combined plagues during 1831. A valued friend, who was a resident in Baghdad during the whole of that disastrous period, says, "Strongly coloured as Mr. Fraser's statements may seem to the reader, to me they appear weak and diluted, as compared with the deathly images and indescribable feelings which occur to me with every recollection of that direful time. Unless it were that, in the gracious providence of God, the mind gets used to its burdens, and the heart to its wounds, I know not that one might see such things and live!"

The famine, to which Mr. Fraser but slightly alludes, *co-existed* with both the plague and the inundation, and did not *follow*, as he seems to state, although it *continued* for some time after the other calamities had abated — the cause being, that the siege prevented provisions from being brought into the town, even after the plague had ceased to destroy, and the flood had subsided.

Baghdad, the once famous capital of the great empire of the caliphs, and so familiar to every reader of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," is now the capital of a pashalic of the Turkish empire. It is divided into two parts by the Tigris, which is here about 750 feet wide, in full stream. The pashas of Baghdad, for more than a century, have been little more than nominally dependent on the Turkish government; and it was owing to a vigorous attempt made by the late Sultan Mahmoud to reduce Daood Pasha, in 1831, that famine and war were added to the other plagues.

"To those who come from Persia," says Mr. Fraser, "and especially who have been sickened with such a succession of ruin and desolation as that which had wearied our eyes, the first sight of Baghdad is certainly calculated to convey a favourable impression; nor does it immediately wear off. The walls, in the first place, present a more imposing aspect—constructed as they are of furnace-burned bricks, and strengthened with round towers, pierced for guns, at each angle, instead of the mean-looking, mud-built, crenelated, and almost always ruinous inclosures which surround the cities of Persia. Not that the wall of Baghdad is perfect—far from it. I speak only of its external appearance;—and the gates also, though in a very dilapidated condition, are certainly superior to those of their neighbours.

"On entering the town, the traveller from Persia is moreover gratified by the aspect of the houses, which, like the walls, are all built of fire-burned bricks, and rise to the height of several stories: and though the number of windows they present to the street is far from great, yet the eye is not constantly offended by that abominable succession of mean, low, crumbling, irregular, zigzag masses of mud, divided by dirty dusty clefts, undeserving even of the title of *alleys*, that make up the aggregate of a Persian city.

"It is true that the streets, even here, are for the most part mere alleys, and abundantly narrow, unpaved, and, I have no doubt, in wet weather, deep and dirty enough; but in riding along them, particularly in dry weather, one is impressed with the idea that the substantial walls to the right and left must contain good, weather-tight, comfortable domiciles; while the stout, comparatively well-sized, iron-clenched doors with which the entrances are defended, add to this notion of solidity and security. In Persia, on the contrary, the entrance to most houses, even those of persons of high rank, is more like the hole of some den than of a dwelling for human beings; and the rickety, open-seamed, miserably-fitted valve with which it is closed, does assuredly ill merit the appellation of a *door*.

"Nor are the streets of Baghdad by any means totally unenlivened by apertures for admitting light and air. On the contrary, not only are windows to the streets frequent, but there is a sort of oriel, or projecting window, much in use, which overhangs the street and generally gives light to some sitting-room, in which may be seen seated a few grave Turks, smoking away the time; or, if you be in luck, you may chance to find yourself illuminated by a beam from some bright pair of eyes shining through the half-closed lattice. These sitting apartments are sometimes seen thrown across the street, joining the houses on either side, and affording a pleasing variety to the architecture, particularly when seen, as they often are, half shaded by the leaves of a date-tree that overhangs them from a court within. There was something in the general *air* of the *tout-ensemble*—the style of building—the foreign costume—the mingling of foliage, particularly the palm-leaves, with architecture, when seen through the vista of some of the straighter streets—which called up a confused remembrance of other and better-known countries; yet I could scarcely say which—a touch of Madeira—of the West and East Indies, all commingled—something, at all events, more pleasing than the real scene before me. When would anything in a Persian town have called forth such recollections?

"Such were the impressions received from what I saw in passing through the town; but the banks of the river exhibited a very different and far more attractive scene. The flow of a noble stream is at all times an interesting object; but when its banks are occupied by a long range of imposing, if not absolutely handsome buildings, shaded by palm-groves and enlivened by hundreds of boats and the hum of thousands of men, and its stream spanned by a bridge of boats, across which there is a constant transit of men and horses and camels and caravans, and a great traffic of all sorts, the *coup-d'œil* formed by such a combination can hardly fail of producing a very animated picture: and such, undoubtedly, is the view of the Tigris from any one of many points upon its banks, from whence you can command the whole reach occupied by the present city.

"The first sight of the Tigris was not certainly what I expected; I cannot just say I was disappointed, but I had expected a broader river. I believe, however, it is better as it is, for now the eye commands both banks with ease. With the river *façade* of the town I was agreeably surprised. We saw few blank walls, as most of the houses have numerous lattices and oriels, or projecting windows, looking out upon the stream. There is a handsome mosque, with its domes and minarets, close to the bridge, itself a pleasing object; and altogether there is an agreeable irregularity, and a respectable loftiness in the line of buildings that overhang the stream upon its left bank, which imparts an interesting variety to the view. The right or western side is by no means so picturesque in its architecture; but its large groves of date-trees, mingled with buildings, render it also a pleasing object from the more populous side."

"Towards the end of the career of Daood Pashah, that is, in the year 1830, his enemies prevailed in the councils of the Porte, and his downfall was resolved upon; but so firmly had he established himself in his place, that not all the power of Constantinople would have been able to effect his overthrow, had not a mighty arm interfered to pull him down. Daood had long applied himself to the formation of an efficient army, and had succeeded so well that he might have laughed to scorn all the military array which the Sultan could have sent against him. Thus stood matters when, in the commencement of 1831, the plague which had been desolating Persia made its appearance in Baghdad. Insulated cases had occurred, it was said, so early as the preceding November, but they were concealed or neglected; and it was not until the month of March 1831, that the fatal truth of the plague being in and increasing in Baghdad, became notorious and undeniable.

"On the last day of March, Colonel Taylor shut up his house, in accordance with the painful but necessary custom of Europeans, who find, by experience, that if this precaution be taken in time, they generally escape the malady, which appears to be communicable only by contact or close approach *to leeward* of an infected person. On such occasions all articles from *without* are received through wickets cut in the wall, and are never touched till passed

* Travels in Koordistan, Mesopotamia, &c., including an Account of parts of those Countries hitherto unvisited by Europeans. With Sketches of the Character and Manners of the Koordish and Arab Tribes. By J. Baillie Fraser, Esq., author of "The Kuzzilbash," "A Winter's Journey to Persia," &c. In 2 vols. London: Bentley, 1840.

through water. Meat, vegetables, money, all undergo this purifying process, and letters or papers are received by a long pair of iron tongs, and fumigated before being touched by the hand. Well were it for the natives of the country if they could be prevailed upon to submit to the same measures of precaution—the disease would then be robbed of half its terrors, and its victims greatly reduced in numbers; but indolence and indifference, combined with a dim belief in predestination, prevent them from effectual exertions; although the fact that thousands fly from the city in hopes of escaping the pestilence which had penetrated into their dwellings, proves indisputably that their faith in fatalism is by no means firm or complete.

"In some cases this flight was made in time, and the fugitives escaped, though too often only to perish at another period and in another place. In others, they carried the disease along with them, spreading its poison, and dying miserably in the desert. Even all the care observed by Europeans has sometimes been insufficient to preserve them from contagion. The virus is so subtle that the smallest possible contact suffices for communicating it, and the smallest animal serves to convey it. Cats, mice, and rats are, for this reason, dangerous inmates or visiters; and cats in particular, as being more familiar with man, become more dreaded, and consequently are destroyed whenever they are seen by those who have faith in the value of seclusion. An instance of the fatal consequence of contact with such animals occurred in the house of a native Christian attached to the British Residency, who had the good sense to follow the Resident's example in shutting up his house on a former occasion. A cat belonging to the family was touched by his eldest child, a girl of fourteen or fifteen. The animal had either been abroad itself, or had received the visit of a neighbour, for the contact brought the plague—the child took it and died of it. Poor thing! from the first moment she was aware of her danger and fate. 'I have got the plague,' she said, 'and I shall die.' The fatal spots and swellings soon proved the justice of her apprehensions, and in four days she was dead.

"It was probably by some such casual means that the disease was brought into Colonel Taylor's house, although he and all its inmates conceived it to be almost hermetically sealed from its approaches. On the 10th of April, a Sepoy died of it, and four of his servants were attacked. By this time the disease had made such progress, that seven thousand persons had died of it in the eastern half of the city, which contains the residence of the Pashah, the British Mission, and all the principal inhabitants. From the other side, the accounts were not less disastrous, and the distress of the inhabitants was further aggravated by the rise of the waters of the Tigris, which, having burst or overleaped the dams made upon its banks higher up, had inundated the low country to the westward, and even entered the town, where two thousand houses were already said to have been destroyed. Many who would have fled, were prevented from doing so, not only by this spread of the waters, but by the Arabs, who had now congregated around the city, and who robbed and stripped naked all who came out of it.

"Thus pent up, the pestilence had full play, and the people fell beneath it with incredible rapidity; and Colonel Taylor, finding his own house infected, had nothing left but to use the means in his power of flying, while a possibility remained of so doing. His own boats, in which he and his family had come from Bussora, remained always moored beneath the walls of the Residency, and in a state of readiness for immediate service. In these he resolved to embark; and one great advantage was, that being in a manner confined to the precincts of the Residency, and so much raised by the heightened waters that the deck of the yacht was on a level with the postern-door of the house, its inmates could make their preparations and get on board without being subjected to any foreign intercourse whatever. Matters being thus arranged, Colonel Taylor invited the Reverend Mr. Groves, a missionary, whose name is familiar to you, with his family, to accompany his party to Bussora, where, in a house in the country, sanguine hopes were entertained that they might avoid the contagion.

"Mr. Groves, however, on mature deliberation, declined availing himself of Colonel Taylor's offer. The reverend gentleman had undertaken the care of a certain number of young persons, the children of Christian families of Baghdad; and motives of duty prevented him from taking a step which appeared to him like a desertion of his duty. He resolved to remain at his post; and, putting his trust in that Almighty Power which had sent the dreadful affliction, and who, he well knew, could save as well as destroy, he shut up his house, in which were twelve persons, including an Armenian schoolmaster and his family, and calmly awaited the issue. It is from this gentleman's journal that the best accounts of this dreadful period are to be collected; and from it therefore, so far as the plague and inundation are concerned, I shall take the liberty of quoting occasionally in the following short account of the condition of Baghdad.

"Colonel Taylor left Baghdad on the 12th of April. On the previous day the number of deaths was understood to amount to twelve hundred, and on that day it was ascertained that one thousand and forty deaths had actually taken place on the east side of the river alone. Next day, Mr. Groves had the pain of becoming aware that the disease had entered the house of his next-door neighbour, where thirty persons had congregated, as if for the very purpose of supplying it with victims. That same day, the report of deaths varied from one thousand to fifteen hundred, and that exclusive of the multitudes who died beyond the walls. On the succeeding day, the deaths increased to eighteen hundred; and so terrified were the survivors, that they scarcely could be prevailed on to stay and bury their dead. Many prepared for the fate they anticipated, by providing winding-sheets for themselves and family, before the increased demand should consume the whole supply. Water also became scarce; for every water-carrier, when stopped, replied that he was taking his load to wash the body of some dead person. An Armenian girl told Mr. Groves, that she had counted fifty bodies being carried for interment within the space of six hundred yards. Not a single effort was made by the inhabitants, who appeared utterly confounded. They sat at home waiting for death, as if stunned by what was passing; and scarcely a soul was to be seen at this time in the streets except the bearers of the dead, or persons carrying grave-clothes, and water-carriers bearing water to wash the bodies.

"For several days together about this time, that is, from the 16th to the 20th or 21st of April, the mortality, so far as could be known, remained stationary at about two thousand a day; but many singularly distressing cases of individual distress occurred. In the family of one of Mr. Groves's little pupils, consisting of six persons, four were ill with the plague—the father and mother, a son and a daughter, leaving but one son and a daughter untouched. Of the Pashah's regiments of seven hundred men each, some had already lost five hundred; and the report from the neighbourhood was still worse than in town. The water, too, in the swollen river was fast increasing, and the danger of a total inundation became every day more imminent.

"On the 21st, the water burst into the cellars of the Residency, and reached to within a foot of the embankments around the city; and Mr. Groves, in hopes of being able to render assistance, went to the Residency. The scenes he witnessed on the way were most distressing, nor was help to be obtained for the sufferers on any terms. One had a wife, another a mother, in the agonies of death; a third was himself forced to carry water to wash a dead child: for now no regular water-carrier was to be found; or if seen, he was accompanied by some servant, driving him to a place of death. The yard of the mosque was already full of fresh graves, and they were burying in the public roads. 'Death,' says Mr. Groves, 'has now become so familiar, that people seem to bury their nearest relatives with as much indifference as if they were going about some ordinary business!'

"Nor were the prospects nearer home less painful and depressing. Opposite the windows of Mr. Groves's house there was a narrow passage leading to eight houses, and from this small spot day after day they saw dead bodies carried out until the number amounted to seventeen. On the 23d, the mother of the Seyed, who was Mr. Groves's landlord, died in her own house, and no other help being to be had, she was there buried by the hands of her two female servants, who themselves soon after died; and no one being aware of their fate, there they lay, their bodies tainting the air, until the house being soon after plundered and the door broken open, the fact became known.

"On this same day, a little girl of twelve years old was seen passing by with an infant in her arms; and on being asked whose it was, she said she did not know—she had found it in the road and heard that its parents were dead. This was a very common effort of charity, especially on the part of the females, and not unfrequently proved fatal to them. An Armenian woman, who had come to beg for some sugar for an infant thus found, mentioned that a neighbour of hers had, in the same manner, rescued two, which she discovered thus abandoned in the street. Both these infants died, and were followed by their charitable protectress. Of all the painful incidents that attended the benevolent expeditions which Mr. Groves occasionally made from home, the sight of the number of infants thus exposed was the most distressing. When parents found themselves infected, they would take the

future orphans and lay them at the doors of the houses in the neighbourhood, 'exposing them,' as Mr. Groves says, 'to the tender mercies of strangers at a time when every feeling of nature was deadened by personal misery. Many,' continues he, 'of the hundreds of infants thus exposed were not more than ten days old; and I have seen in my walks to the Residency as many as eight or ten in this condition. Nor was there any help or human hope for them, save that those who laid them there might again return and pick them up when they saw no stranger would do so. All my efforts, and they were earnest and anxious, failed in providing any effectual relief for these little innocents, which my own family were not in a condition to afford, even had I dared to hazard the risk of bringing infection within my doors.'

"By the 24th almost all the cloth for winding-sheets was consumed; so that the survivors were forced to bury the dead in the clothes they had worn. Water was not to be had at any price, though the river was so close, and the mortality was estimated at thirty thousand souls within the walls—yet still there was no diminution in the number of daily deaths. Not one in twenty of those attacked are thought to have recovered.

"On the 25th the fall of a wall in the Residency from the sapping of the water induced Mr. Groves again to visit that place. Not a soul did he meet in the streets, except those who carried dead bodies and persons infected with the pestilence. Bundles of clothes, the reliques of the dead, were thrust out at many doors. The yard of the great mosque was shut up—there was no more room to bury them, and they were digging graves in the way-sides, in the roads themselves, and in any vacant spot. While conversing with the only servant of Colonel Taylor remaining alive in the Residency, information was brought to the man that his aunt, the *eighth* of his near relatives who had been seized by the contagion, had just died like the rest. One of the principal sellers of cotton for burying-clothes (who had taken advantage of the times to raise his price exorbitantly) this day died himself. There was then no more of the stuff in the city. The price of rope, too, had become quadruple. Instead of formal burial, the bodies, even of persons of considerable wealth, were now just laid across the back of a mule or ass, and taken to a hole, attended, perhaps, by a single servant. Mr. Groves mentions the gesticulations of the few Arab women whom he met in the way as particularly striking—they seemed to demand of Heaven why Franks and Infidels like him were suffered to live, while so many of the faithful died. The effect upon his mind was peculiarly startling and painful; surrounded as he was by the dead and the dying, the growling of the dogs that were mangling the bodies (scarcely waiting till life was fled to begin their horrid feast), united with the cries of the exposed miserable infants, formed a scene of horror which he avers—and no wonder—can never be erased from his memory.

"The mortality, meantime, increased. On the 26th, it was affirmed at the Serai, that the deaths had reached *five thousand in one day!*—there seems no doubt that they exceeded four thousand, and this out of a population which at that time did not exceed fifty or sixty thousand; for at least one-third of the late inhabitants had, first and last, quitted the city. The water, too, had risen frightfully, and the anticipations in case of its breaking into the city were terrible. Dreadful as they were, however, they were more than realised on the two following days. That night a large portion of the wall fell, and the water rushed in full tide into the city. The quarter of the Jews was speedily inundated, and two hundred houses fell at once. A part also of the wall of the citadel fell; nor was there much hope that any house or wall which the water had reached could stand, owing to the very dissolvable nature of the cement with which the greater part was built. By the following night the whole lower part of the city was under water; and seven thousand houses are said to have fallen at one crash, burying the sick, the dying, and the dead, with those still in health, all in one common grave. It is said, and upon no mean authority, that not less than fifteen thousand persons, sick and well, were overwhelmed on this occasion alone; nor, when the crowded state of the yet habitable part of the city is considered,—the people prevented from flying by the inundation without,—is the calculation at all incredible. The few who escaped from the ruins brought the shattered reliques of their families to the houses yet remaining in the higher parts of the city, emptied by plague or desertion, and thus furnished fresh food for the pestilence that lurked in the infected habitations which they occupied. 'Nothing,' says Mr. Groves, 'can give a more impressive idea of the intensity of individual misery at this period, than the fact that this fearful event which at another time would not only have occupied every tongue, but called forth the most active exertions in favour of the sufferers, passed off almost without remark, and without an effort to relieve them.'

"The difficulty of obtaining provisions had now become extreme. Very respectable persons would now present themselves at the door to beg for some of the commonest necessaries. The number of the dead, too, left in the streets, had increased to a frightful degree; nor was there a possibility of removing them. This extremity of distress was shared to the full by the ruler of the smitten city. The Serai of the Pashah was by this time like the dwellings of most of his subjects—a heap of ruins, where he himself remained in the utmost terror and perplexity. He declared to a servant of Mr. Groves's that he knew not where to sleep in safety. He dreaded every night being buried in the ruins of the remaining portion of his dwelling. He sent to request the Resident's remaining boat, that he might fly from the place; but of its crew only one man was to be found alive; and even the Pashah could not procure men to man her. 'Fear of him is passed,' says Mr. Groves, 'and love for him there is none.' Even in his own palace he was without power: death had been full as busy there as elsewhere; and that authority which was absolute in times of mere human agency, had shrunk into nothing before the effects of an Almighty mandate. Out of one hundred Georgians that were about him, four only remained alive. All that could be done was to throw the dead out of the windows into the river, that they might not shock or infect the living. The stables of the palace, like the palace itself, fell in pieces, and all the Pashah's beautiful horses were running wild about the streets, where they were caught by any one who could, and most of them were sold to the Arabs. 'If the Pashah were thus destitute of help,' observes Mr. Groves, 'what must have been the misery of the great mass who were left to die alone!'

"During this frightful mortality around, the home prospects of Mr. Groves and his family, although they had hitherto been providentially exempted from actual disease, were sufficiently gloomy and distressing. From the little passage opposite they had *seen* twenty-five bodies carried out, and they knew of several persons being ill. In one of the houses, which had contained eight inmates, one only remained alive; and in like manner of another household of thirteen, but one solitary individual survived. Nor were these by any means uncommon or singular cases: of eighteen servants and sepoys left by Colonel Taylor in charge of the Residency, by the end of the month only *four* remained; and of these two were affected, and afterwards died. There were five teachers of Arabic and Armenian connected with Mr. Groves's establishment, *and every one of these died*. Nor, with all this continued mortality, did the virulence of the disease abate, nor the number of daily deaths decrease. The remaining population, crowded into smaller and smaller compass by the increasing inundation, presented, as it were, a more sure and deadly aim to the shafts of the pestilence. The influx of new inhabitants into infected houses supplied fresh objects, and their dead remained poisoning the air in all the court-yards and areas, and literally encumbered the streets.

"Nor was this fearful destruction of human life confined to the city. A large caravan for Damascus had left Baghdad at the commencement of the mortality; but it carried the deadly contagion along with it, and met, moreover, with an enemy scarcely less destructive, in the inundation. They gained a comparatively elevated spot, where they remained pent up for three weeks, the water constantly gaining on them, and their numbers daily thinning, the *kafilahbashee* (or leader of the caravan) being among the number who died. Many tried to return and take their chance at home; but boats were rarely to be had, and the few to be procured were held at so high a price that few could avail themselves of them.

"In the same manner a caravan of two thousand persons, who left Baghdad for Hamadân, in Persia, carried the pestilence along with them, and lost more than half their number on the road. At each resting-place from sixty to seventy carcases were left upon the ground, and numbers died during the march upon their horses and mules, or were knocked off them when taken ill, and left to die by the road-side, while their effects were plundered by the survivors.

"Worse even than theirs was the situation of thousands who attempted too late to fly, and were caught by the inundation. Retreating to the highest ground they could find, they remained watching the water as it rose, till it got half a yard high in the very tents. They had neither food nor the means of making a fire. Neither sick nor well could lie down, and worse than all, they had no means of burying their dead, who rapidly increased among them. Some, half frantic with despair, attempted to return, that

they might die at home; but the waters left no way, and boats were not procurable at any price. To aggravate the miseries of these fugitives, those who did escape the waters were almost certain to fall into the hands of the plundering Arabs, who stripped all they caught, women and men indiscriminately.

"During all this accumulation of human misery, nothing was more remarkable than the death-like stillness which reigned throughout the city. The Moolahs ceased to call to prayer—the mourners to lament for the dead. 'It was so striking,' says Mr. Groves, 'that a sickness came over the heart when one thought of the cause.'

"The first glimpse of relief in this complication of suffering was the subsiding of the waters, which occurred about the beginning of May. Soon afterwards a little rice was brought from the other side of the river. The monopolists of fire-wood, who had made their harvest of the necessities of the poor inhabitants, had by this time themselves fallen victims to the pestilence, so that fuel was to be had for the taking; and wretches who for a long while had not tasted wholesome food were enabled to cook a decent meal. Soon afterwards, namely, on the 4th of May, some prospect appeared of mitigation in the plague itself. The previous days had been beautifully fine and clear, and the increasing heat gave promise of a check to its virulence. On that day, the number of new cases, as well as that of deaths, decreased; while the list of recoveries augmented. 'Our eyes,' says Mr. Groves, 'were gladdened by the sight of three or four water-carriers, the first we had seen these ten days; and many more people have been seen passing and repassing; and this night, for the first time these three weeks, I have heard the Moolahs call to prayers.'

"From this time the accounts of the city gradually improved; but, unhappily, on the 7th, the disease, which hitherto had spared the house of Mr. Groves, made its appearance there, and, as is well known, that excellent man and devoted Christian had to endure the heavy affliction of the loss of his wife and child. Only two other persons were there attacked, and these died also — one of them was the schoolmaster, who had already lost *forty* relatives out of forty-four.

"It would be endless to relate the instances of sweeping mortality that marked the course of the pestilence. Hundreds of families were carried wholly off; and of others of twenty to thirty persons, only one or two survived. An Armenian told Mr. Groves that in his quarter, out of one hundred and thirty houses, only twenty-seven of the inhabitants were left alive. The son of Mr. Groves's Moolah declared, that in the quarter where he resided not one remained — *all* were dead; Seyed Ibrahim, the only surviving servant of Colonel Taylor, remained alone out of a family of fourteen; and as a single instance of the mortality in other quarters of the pashalic, I may mention that scarcely an individual was left in the town of Hillah, which before the pestilence possessed a population of ten thousand souls. From all I have been able to collect, as well as from the opinion of Mr. Groves, it appears but too probable, that of the population of Baghdad, not less than two-thirds were carried off by this awful plague, and that the number of dead fell little short of, if it did not exceed, one hundred thousand persons. Assuredly, the mortality was greatly increased by the unfortunate coincidence of the inundation, first in the country, which prevented flight and hemmed the great mass of the population within the walls, and afterwards by the entrance of the waters into the town itself, whereby not only were thousands drowned, or buried in the ruins of houses, but the remainder became huddled up together into greatly diminished space upon the dry spots, and forced into infected houses in twenties and thirties, surrounded by corruption, and without clothes or provisions, or the means of making a fire. The multitude of unburied dead, too, added greatly to the effects of the pestilence, by tainting the air and rendering it still more noxious.

"Yet even in the absence of such contingent causes, such a pestilence as this must have an effect upon an Eastern town which in a European city, in our days at least, it could not exercise under the operation of a regular police. The benefit of shutting up and insulating houses from contagion has been proved beyond dispute. Few of the Europeans in Constantinople, or elsewhere, who adopt this precaution suffer; and were it possible to persuade the natives to adopt similar measures, assuredly the fatality, and probably the duration also, of the disease would be greatly diminished.

"I have spoken of the plague of Baghdad in particular, because its effects have been pressed more home upon my observation than that in other places; but there is scarcely a city of Persia of which nearly the same tale, with the exception of what refers to the inundation, might not be told, and where misery in the same ratio was not experienced. Kermanshah, Hamadân, the whole of Koordistan, lost even in a greater proportion. So did Mazunderan and Asterabad. The population of the whole province of Gheelan was reduced to one-fifth—its own people say to *one-tenth*. The city of Resht was utterly depopulated; so were the towns of Lahajan, Fomen, Teregoram, &c. Conceive this sweep of human life!—this awful mass of human suffering, chiefly attributable to ignorance and mal-administration! and think of the blessings of civilization — that by a well-organised system of government, and enforcing the measures dictated by sense and experience, the weight of this fearful visitation might, by God's blessing, be diminished, if not totally averted. Would to Heaven that even this were the full extent of calamity entailed upon our brethren of the East by tyranny and mal-administration!

"As for Baghdad, the plague at length fled before the increasing heat of summer; by the 26th of May cases had ceased to appear. Mr. Groves opened his house soon after, and the few remaining inhabitants issued forth to gaze upon the wreck of their city. Melancholy enough was the scene: of all the buildings of Baghdad there remained standing but a small knot upon the banks of the river where the ground was highest, with a mosque or two, the walls and foundations of which had been more securely built than those of the others; and even of those that did remain scarce one had escaped damage. Even after the waters had subsided, houses continued to fall from the effect produced upon the materials, and from the sinking of the ground. Beyond this cluster stretched on all sides a vacant space up to the very walls, marked with vestiges of broken walls, and the ruins of more than two-thirds of the city; and here and there lay a great lake, left by the receding waters in the lower parts of the ground. Of the long lines of bazaars, many had shared the general wreck; and long it was before those that remained began to fill, and shops to re-open in any numbers. Most of the merchants, and almost all the artificers, were dead. Even now, if you require some article of manufacture for which the place was formerly celebrated, the answer is, 'Ah! you can't get that now, for all those who made it are dead of the plague.' Whole trades were swept away; and it was some time before the common necessaries of life, food and clothing, were to be had for the surviving population.

"Then came the foul fiend Famine, who carried off a portion of those whom the pestilence had left, but on which we need not dwell. The ruin of the surrounding villages, and effects of war and rapacity in driving away the inhabitants of the vicinity to seek shelter in the town, by degrees reanimated the skeleton of Baghdad with a population, small indeed compared with what it had been, but sufficient, with occasional supplies, to afford objects within the three succeeding years for two more attacks of the plague, and the loss of five thousand and seven thousand souls thereby.

"By the plague, the military power of Daood Pashah was utterly annihilated; some idea of the complete destruction of his army may be formed from the fact, that out of the corps of one thousand men disciplined on the English model, and at one time under the command of Colonel Taylor, one man only was found surviving. The Pashah was actually left alone in a house to which he had retired when his palace fell, and from whence, as you will see hereafter, he was taken by one Saleh Beg, a man connected by blood with some of the former Pashahs, and who entertained at the time a notion of becoming Pashah himself."

Then followed the siege of Baghdad by the partisans of Allee, Pashah of Aleppo, who had been nominated Daood's successor. The city was taken, and Daood Pashah sent a prisoner to Constantinople, where, however, he was treated with considerable respect.

Mr. Fraser is undoubtedly right in stating the number of deaths at about two-thirds of the entire population; but that this two-thirds amounted to 100,000 is surely an error of excess. The entire population of Baghdad, before the plague appeared, could hardly have exceeded 80,000, two-thirds of whom may be concluded to have perished. This reduces the destruction to nearly one-half the amount stated by Mr. Fraser.

"The population of Baghdad," he says, "was estimated by Mr. Buckingham, when there, at from fifty to one hundred thousand souls. He considers it as less than that of Aleppo, yet greater than that of Damascus; so that he fixes on eighty thousand as being probably near the mark. Assuredly, however, in the time of Daood Pashah, it experienced a great increase, and previous to the plague of 1830, could not have been less than one hundred and

fifty thousand souls. The greater number of these were Turks and Arabs, but there were also many true Baghdadees; a somewhat peculiar race, having a mixture of Persian and Indian blood infused into the principal stocks. Most of the merchants are of Arab descent, and at that time there was a number of Jews, Armenians, and Christians of the Catholic and Syrian churches. Koords, Persians, and Bedoueens, are to be seen in abundance in the bazaars; but the last do not like to pass the night within the walls; and the greater number of Persians, who for the most part are pilgrims to the shrines of Kerbelah and Meshed-Allee, either repair at once to Kâzemeen, a village and shrine about four miles distant on the western bank of the river, or encamp without the walls on the north side of the city."

THE GRANADA SMUGGLER.

On the morning of the 22d of April, 1830, a brother officer and myself passed out of the Land-port Gate of Gibraltar, with the intention of occupying a three weeks' leave of absence in an excursion into the neighbouring country. We were mounted on our own horses—two very serviceable long-tailed Andalusian nags; a hired mule, carrying our guide and baggage, accompanied us. A peep at the Alhambra at Granada was our main object. The road thither from Gibraltar has been often described—it is, perhaps, the most wild and picturesque in Europe. We travelled slowly and leisurely, sometimes passing the night at a rude *venta* by the road-side, and at others finding accommodation in tolerable inns—as at the Fonda de los tres Reyes (the Three Kings) in Malaga, and La Corona (the Crown) at Alhama. In the afternoon of the 27th, we were in full view of that magnificent verge of mountains of Sierra Nevada, and approaching Granada. We had performed a long journey on that day, and were looking forward with some desire to its termination, when we overtook a single horseman, apparently proceeding on the same route as ourselves; he was a handsome young man, dressed *en majo* (a Spanish dandy); that is to say, be wore a short round jacket of brown cloth, tastefully braided, a white waistcoat, breeches of the same material as the jacket, ornamented with gilt buttons in a continued double row on the outer seam, and which were left open about the middle of the thigh, to give an additional swell to the limb, to admit air, or to show the fineness and whiteness of the linen underneath (a point in which the Andalusians particularly pride themselves); a broad red sash was bound around his waist; and a low, round-crowned hat, the rim turned up all round, placed smartly on one side. His horse was a powerful black, gaily caparisoned. I addressed him with the usual salutation of the country, which he acknowledged with courtesy, and we entered into conversation. "You are for Granada, probably?" said he.

I informed him we were Englishmen, from Gibraltar, on our way to view to view the far-famed Alhambra.

"From Gibraltar!" exclaimed he with animation; "that is indeed a fine place. What tobacco one finds there!—what cotton goods!"

These remarks at once informed me of the occupation of our new companion. "You are a contrabandista (smuggler) then?" said I.

He unhesitatingly assented.

"How I envy you such a wild-life!" I continued; "your excitement must be greater than can be imagined."

"Sometimes," replied he, "it is well enough, but occasionally nothing can be more tame; of late, however, I cannot complain. I am now on my return to Granada, after a rather long absence. I have deposited my small venture of good tobacco in a hut near the spot where you joined company. In Granada I shall find my uncle, and with his aid I hope to carry the *cigarros* safely through the shoals of custom-house officers with which the gates are infested. I am now more wary than formerly. The last time I was here an accident occurred to me. We have still a long league before us, and perhaps you may be amused if I relate my adventure."

I expressed, what I really felt, a great desire to hear it; and I give the story in his own words, as nearly as a free translation will allow:—

"About six weeks since, I was on my way back to Granada, my native city, with a good cargo, accompanied by several comrades, also well laden. The narrowness of these mountain-paths, of course, obliged us to ride in a train, the one following the other. I was leading, when we suddenly fell in with a party of *guardos* (custom-house officers), accompanied by a military detachment. Had there been *guardos* only, we should have fought, but against 'los militares—no, señor—el nombre del rey tiene mucha fuerza.' (Against the soldiers—no, sir—the king's name is a tower of strength.) I saw at once that if I hesitated I was lost; so leaving my companions to do the best for themselves, I dashed at the goat-path which leads up to the mountain, resolved, if possible, to escape a prison and five years' hard labour at Ceuta—the fate which I knew awaited me, if taken. I had scarcely got off the road, when I heard my name (Diego Salazar it is) called out in a voice which was familiar to me. I looked round, and saw the basest of all custom-house officers, my own unworthy brother-in-law, Antonio Perez. Pity that my beloved Maria Dolores should be sister to such a villain! 'Diego,' said he, 'come back, or there is a ball in this gun which will oblige you. The gun you know well, and that my aim is not bad.' Of course, I did not cease urging on my good horse with these well-pointed spurs. The faithful animal struggled forward, heavily laden as he was; but as he turned into the path through the thick brushwood, the bullet from Antonio's unerring musket struck me in the shoulder. I did not fall; I retained my seat, and before another shot could be fired I was out of danger. I continued my journey, bleeding and faint; travelled during the remainder of the day, and at nightfall reached the hamlet of Pinos, where a pious priest dressed my wound, gave me shelter and his holy benediction. By the following evening I was in the town of Alcala-la-Real. Here I parted with my fine horse and his trappings, and deposited my gay clothes with an acquaintance, equipped myself in a common dress, and purchased a mule, on which I placed my two bales. After this, I avoided all towns, and pursued my journey by mule-tracks in the mountains, so that on the twelfth day I was within half a league of Madrid. I then looked about for a place to deposit my bales, and which I did in a snug-looking cave, a short distance from the road. This done, I boldly rode into the city through the Atocha gate, and had little difficulty in meeting with a daring spirit, ready, for a small reward, to assist an honest man in his need. We sallied out in the evening, and ere morning my cargo was safely stowed in a quiet lodging I had taken in the Calle de San Pablo. I had a capital market. My tobacco produced me exactly double the sum I should have procured for it in Granada; but the other bale—'los generos!'—the English cottons, shawls, and gown-pieces of brilliant colours!—it was a mine of gold! four times the Granada price was eagerly given. I paid my assistant liberally, and dismissed him. My wound was fast healing, and I was again dressed like a gentleman, with plenty of doubloons in my purse, enjoying the pleasures of the capital. But I was not happy; I longed to be once more among my native snow-capped mountains; to be on the back of a trust-worthy horse; to see my wife, my Dolores—to receive her warm greeting in my little dwelling, which stands near yon Alhambra. But this I dared not attempt under present circumstances; my vile brother-in-law, whom I had made mine enemy by refusing to give him half the profits of every cargo, would soon cause me to be apprehended. A thought struck me one morning, as I was leaning idly against the fountain of the Plaza del Sol—I would endeavour to obtain a pardon from the king! I had, in common with all Madrid, seen Ferdinand [the late king, father of the young queen of Spain] in his daily rides through the streets. 'Echamas un memorial!' (Let us try a memorial!) said I; and immediately directed my steps to the post-office. Behind one of the pillars of the inner court I soon found a writer seated at his small portable table. A large handsome sheet of paper lay ready before him, and I observed that he carefully nibbed a pen as I approached him. 'Write me a petition,' said I, 'to the king.' He flourished rapidly the heading. 'Now for your story.' I told him my case in a few words. 'And you want a pardon?' I nodded assent. In a short time the paper was filled. He read it to me, and it appeared impossible that such an appeal could fail. 'I have,' said he, 'as you must have remarked, dwelt very strongly upon the circumstance of your never having meddled with the smuggling of tobacco; that, you know, is a royal monopoly, and you never could be forgiven had you been engaged in it. But the shawls is another matter;—here, sign the paper.' I am no great penman, and my large scrawled signature only showed to greater advantage the neat characters of the scribe. I paid him the usual *peseta* (the fifth of a dollar), and retired to my lodging. The next morning I was at the palace betimes, to watch my opportunity. There were four or five others lurking about, apparently with the same design as my own, and we were soon addressed by some of the officials, who seemed well acquainted with our views. I liberally paid these worthies, and was consequently permitted to enter the truly outer court of the royal mansion. After a time, three horses were led to the front gate, and Ferdinand himself descended the broad

marble staircase which leads from his apartments. I dropped on my knees, and held out my memorial—'Pardon, my liege,' said I in a loud voice, 'pardon for one single act of disobedience of your royal proclamation against smuggling—but not of tobacco;' I quickly added, 'of cottons only.' The king took my paper, bade me rise, and glanced his eye over the writing. 'And you were wounded,' said his Majesty. 'Sire, my hurt was severe,' I replied, 'it is not yet healed.' 'Well,' continued the king, 'it is good that you are not a tobacco smuggler: go in a few days to the secretary's office, and we will see what can be done.' He passed on, mounted his charger, and rode away. I stood for some minutes as if entranced. I was aroused by one of the men to whom I had given money: 'You have managed your affair well, my friend,' said he, with a smile, 'you have gained your suit, whatever it may be. I know by the king's glance, as he handed your paper to Don Luis, that he has directed your prayer to be granted.' I went off in joyful mood, to lounge in the squares and on the Prado. At the expiration of a few days I attended at the secretary's office. I entered a room, in which I found an old man seated at a table, and two others at a desk. 'I come for my pardon,' said I boldly —'the pardon of Diego Salazar.' The two men at the desk looked astonishment at my assurance, and the old one, turning his dull eye coldly upon me, drawled out, 'I never heard of that name before;' and he quietly lighted his cigar. I knew, however, somewhat of these gentry. I produced a leather bag, containing a respectable sum in silver dollars, and, without further explanation, deliberately emptied the contents, and proceeded to spread it on the table. I divided the money into three equal portions. During this operation the two clerks had also lighted their cigars, and the three looked on with becoming gravity, and in perfect silence. At length I had completed the division. 'This,' said I, pointing to the largest heap, 'will, I believe, belong to the Señor Secretario, who is charged with delivering to me the king's written pardon, which his Majesty (may he live a thousand years!) promised to me some days since; and these other two sums must, of course appertain to any two gentlemen who may witness the regular entry of the document.' No reply was made, and I seated myself before the heaps of money, selected a cigar from my case, and commenced smoking. In a few minutes the old fellow spoke—'Vamos,' said he, 'Come, let us understand each other. Is this all you mean to offer?' I protested I had not another dollar in the world. 'Well,' continued he, addressing himself to one of the scribes; 'Francisco, look if there is any such paper as this gentleman describes.' A pretended search was made, and I soon held in my hand this writing: here it is, carefully folded in a leather cover. My money, of course, was soon in the possession of these sharks. I did not loiter in Madrid. I am now returning with a bold front to Granada. I yesterday left Alcala, and, although the pardon has cost money, yet you see I retained enough to repurchase my faithful horse, as well as to procure a small lot of fine tobacco. You must almost have seen me deposit the package in the hut near the spot where you joined company. To-night I shall be again with my Dolores —but her villain brother—let him beware!"

The narration of this story brought us very near the city. We heard the tolling of the numerous church and convent bells. The smuggler, however, begged me, ere we parted, to read his pardon, and handing it to me, he particularly pointed out to my observation the word "gratis," written in large characters on one corner of the paper. It was a curious enough document: it sets forth that, whereas Diego Salazar had undoubtedly been guilty of the serious crime of smuggling; but as he had expressed the deepest contrition at the king's feet, had promised to abstain in future from any breach of the laws, and had moreover suffered great bodily pain from a wound inflicted by one of his Majesty's faithful guards, the king granted him his gracious pardon, and commanded him to return to his house at Granada, where he was to be permitted to reside without molestation, and carry on his lawful trade of *platero* (silversmith).

I returned him the document. "And this latter injunction," said I, with a smile, "you mean implicitly to obey!"

"Sin duda," he replied, with a significant glance; "without doubt; but my horse has not lately had exercise—I must first give him a snuff of the sea-air. I shall ride towards Estepona in a few days."

We separated under the trees of the beautiful Alameda; and although I remained in Granada some days, and looked searchingly round among the throng in the streets and public walks, I did not encounter Diego. He was doubtless again on his horse, and perhaps returning with a new venture of the forbidden weed and the seducing cotton shawls.—*United Service Journal.*

LINES ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF A MOTHER OF YOUNG CHILDREN.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Daughter, your mother fell asleep,
This long warm summer's day;—
You need not thus your tender watch to keep,
With finger on your lip, so silently,
And love's sweet care upon your brow.
Fear not to wake her now—
The slumber is too deep.

You will not shrink again to hear
That racking cough, with pain severe,
Which bow'd her gentle form so low;
Nor the long, gasping strife for breath, that wore
Her wasting flesh away,
As the light wreath of snow
Melts in an April day—
'T is o'er!—'t is o'er!

Come hither, little one;
Come, lift the veil
O'er yon white pillow thrown—
"How cold she is!—how pale!
How still her cold and thin hands rest
On the unheaving breast;
The smooth hair parted o'er her placid brow!—
She starts not on her bed,
Though strangers near her tread.
"Ah!" do they whispering say, "our darling mother 's dead!"

Child, child!—your mother's gone
Above this clouded sky,
Where round the Everlasting Throne
The bright-wing'd seraphs fly—
Where oft she wish'd to be,
From pain and sorrow free;—
There is her home, on high.

The weary clay must rest, where grass and flowers are spread;
But the sweet spirit, warm and true,
That breathed such holy words to you
Bidding you kneel, and pray
At dewy morn, and the soft hush of day,—
Daughter, that is not dead!

Dear mourning flock, who weep
A sainted mother fled,
Think of her tender lessons, soft and deep,
Beside each little bed,
To do your Heavenly Father's will—
A Saviour's dying love to prize;
And let the tear-drop keep
Those memories fresh and green;
Aiding your souls, by faith, to rise
To yon celestial scene,
From whence her pure eyes mark you still,
This vale of flesh between.

From the Ladies' Companion.

A FLEETING ETERNITY.

The French, in the catalogue of the Louvre, in 1803, after recounting the various transmigrations of the Apollo Belvidere in the last 2000 years, (vain warnings of mutability!) observed, that it was at last placed in the Museum at Paris, "to remain there for ever." Alas! it has been gone these ten years.—*Hazlitt's Journey through France and Italy.*

CUTTLE-FISH.

The noise of this fish, on being dragged out of the water, resembles the grunting of a hog. When the male is pursued by the sea-wolf, or other ravenous fish, he shuns the danger by stratagem; he squirts his black liquor, sometimes to the quantity of a drachm, by which the water becomes black as ink, under shelter of which he baffles the pursuit of his enemy. This ink, or black liquor, has been denominated by M. le Cat, *æthiops animal*, and is reserved in a particular gland. It may serve either for writing or printing; in the former of which ways the Romans used it. It is said to be a principal ingredient in the composition of Indian ink, mixed with rice.

OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

D., in addition to the remarks on the distinction between *Fluid* and *Liquid*, in the Letter-Box of March 7, gives us the following:—"The difference between *liquid* and *fluid* appears to consist in this: liquids are moist or wet, fluids not. Thus water, or substances dissolved, as certain salts, by exposure to the atmosphere, acids, &c., are liquid, because they are wet or moist; while fluids, such as mercury, gases, melted metals, &c., have not that distinguishing property. Steam is not, properly speaking, a fluid, but simply a liquid in a state of division; for visible steam, such as escapes from the spout of a kettle, examined with magnifying powers, consists of minute drops of liquid water, which rise in the air solely on account of the force with which they are driven forth, and their extreme minuteness of division. Moist air is a combination of fluid and liquid; the air itself being independent of the water in a state of minute division (vapour), which it retains. Steam, if invisible, (steam raised by a temperature far above that of boiling water,) is dry, and does not moisten any substance, until its temperature has been considerably lowered.

"'Fields of liquid air,' and 'liquid noon,' are but poetical expressions, and poets are not restricted to common sense on all occasions, as may be tested by the substitution of the term fluid for liquid, as applied to noon—'fluid noon' being palpably absurd."

A MOTHER OF EIGHT CHILDREN, in a lady-like letter, written with good sense and excellent feeling, propounds several questions relative to what she terms her "daily and hourly anxieties"—that is, relating to the management and proper training of her family. We are somewhat averse to formal rule and method in the education of children, especially young children; and therefore we can hardly attempt to lay down directions to one whose experience is so much greater than our own. We give her questions, however, with a brief word of commentary on each:

"1. What are the most likely means to make children kind and affectionate one with another?"—EXAMPLE: show kindness, and it will beget kindness.

"2. What are the best modes of employment for children?"—TOYS: give to boys horses, wooden hammers, and spades; to girls, dolls, and show them how to make bonnets, &c. for them. Interest the children, by giving them little messages to perform, or any little kind of employment which appears to be "work in earnest;" it excites a feeling of importance, and children very early like to be employed in matters that appear important.

"3. At what age would you advise to let children begin music? and what age drawing?"—It depends on the capacity and taste of the children.

"4. Do you approve of teaching children the Callisthenic exercises?"—Yes, moderately.

"5. Do you think a little playful urchin of four years a fit subject for a school-room?"—No; if there are children at home to help to amuse him, keep him at home. An intelligent mother or governess will teach him all he *ought* to learn.

"6. What do you consider the best cure or method of treatment of a spoiled child of two and a half years of age, who upon the slightest provocation almost goes into hysterics?"—Gentle firmness. As far as possible, avoid causes of provocation, and rather "go round about," than directly contradict it, on any occasion when it is necessary to restrain the child.

"7. At what age should little girls begin arithmetic?"—Read Mrs. Porter's "Conversations on Arithmetic," published by Knight and Co., Ludgate-street.

"8. Which do you consider the best way of communicating grammar to children?"—Get Mrs. Marcet's little and admirable work on Grammar for Children, published by Longman and Co

Z., BLACKBURN, asks for advice respecting the most suitable town in the United States to which a joiner and builder can emigrate. The question is a wide one, and besides could not be answered without recent personal knowledge. But there can be no doubt that almost any thriving town in the United States would afford employment to a steady man. The Americans do not seem to have imbibed into their "calculating" blood one of the maxims of one of their sages, Benjamin Franklin—namely, that "three removes are as bad as a fire;" for, to judge by the frequency with which destructive fires occur in their cities, one might be apt to think that they have "got used to it," and consider a fire to be "no calamity at all." New York has large and small conflagrations almost every winter. New Orleans, Wilmington, in Carolina, &c. &c., have all recently suffered. In plain terms, these public and general calamities are temporarily beneficial to individuals—to builders, we should presume, in particular.

Perhaps the "Western States" will be as eligible as any for young mechanics, who wish to settle. The most important towns of the west are, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville, Detroit, and St. Louis. But there are from fifty to a hundred others, all prosperous, and rapidly rising. Pittsburgh and Cincinnati are bustling places, combining in their manufactures and trades the characteristics of Birmingham, Manchester, and Glasgow. Perhaps, a steady, clever mechanic, *determined* to emigrate, could not do better than to make direct for Cincinnati, on the Ohio, where, if he did not obtain *immediate* employment, he would yet gather information; and the numerous steamboats that ply on the Ohio, the Mississippi, &c., would enable him to shift with facility. A *little* money in pocket is an exceedingly useful thing to an emigrant.

W. G. H.—The DRUSES are mountaineers of Libanus in Syria, who are under the government of their own chiefs, and have some peculiar religion, or, rather, peculiar religious tenets. The Druses—or at least their opinions and practices—are probably the remains of those secret societies, which, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, pervaded Syria, Egypt, Persia, &c., and were formed into clubs, or lodges; the "initiated" being sworn to conceal the private opinions communicated to them. The Ismaelites were one of the most remarkable of these secret societies, it being a branch of them which formed the fraternity known to us as Assassins; a word incorporated into our own and other European languages. The Druses are said to be still divided into classes, like the secret societies, from one of which they are descended, or inherit their opinions: these are the "ignorant," the partially initiated, and the adepts, or fully initiated. As a people, apart from their opinions (which perhaps are now without much power over them), the Druses are brave, warlike, and, like mountaineers in general, have a strong attachment to that kind of rough independence usually called liberty. They speak Arabic, and have something of the Arab blood in them; are familiar with the use of arms; and their emir, or chief, has an extensive palace, not far from their chief town, in which he maintains a rude kind of magnificent hospitality.

A. B. asks about the difference between the shipping trade of LONDON and LIVERPOOL. In 1838, there entered the port of London 6093 ships, whose tonnage amounted to 1,171,827; in the same year, there entered the port of Liverpool 3,246 ships, whose tonnage amounted to 911,478. In 1838, the Customs' duty received in London was 11,254,734*l.*; and in Liverpool, 4,458,621*l.* Besides the number of ships given above, 21,592 coasting vessels, including colliers, entered the port of London in 1838, the tonnage amounting to 2,901,176. We are not, however, to infer that 21,592 *distinct* coasting vessels came up the Thames in 1838; for each voyage of the same vessel is set down as a separate entry—a somewhat stupid practice, inasmuch as it does not specify the actual number of coasting vessels trading in one year. Still the figures show that London is as unquestionably the commercial as it is the general capital of the empire. Liverpool comes next; excluding London, it is the first shipping port of Great Britain. Hull, however, has a greater *coasting* trade than Liverpool; but in Customs' duty collected it appears inferior to Bristol—being, in 1838, for Bristol, 1,169,524*l.*, and for Hull, 758,432*l.*

G. D.—The subject of intermarriage, or marriage amongst one's own kin, is too serious for us to meddle with. Impediment to marriage, arising from consanguinity, or *relationship by blood*, appears to us to be perfectly just and natural, and the general law of our physical and moral constitution seems to point to the necessity of blood-relations standing aloof from marriage engagements. But impediment to marriage arising merely from affinity, or *connexion by marriage*, stands on *prudential* reasons solely, the extent of which we cannot undertake to define. There certainly is no moral, and there may be no physical, objection to the marriage of a widower with the sister of his deceased wife; but statute law forbids it, and we think some good *prudential* reasons may be adduced in favour of the prohibition, though, no doubt, evil has occasionally resulted from it.

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CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

No. II.

WALKS ABOUT CANTON.

Some of our earliest attempts to stroll about by ourselves in Canton are generally made in a broad alley called Old China Street, or in another that runs in a direction parallel to it, and is styled New China Street. On each side of both these streets we have a range of shops stored with a neat and various assortment of goods for European purchasers. Most of the shopmen speak a little of the Canton English, and so contrive to understand and to make themselves understood by their customers. Many of them are fair and honest in their dealings and place the most implicit confidence in the integrity of their foreign patronizers. Some exhibit a sort of generosity that is highly creditable: when perhaps I have inquired the price of some of the cheaper articles the answer was, "There is no occasion," by which was meant that I should consider the article mine without payment. At other times, they would make me a little present with very graceful simplicity. This could never be rightly construed as a bait or a lure for it generally took place at the close of a running account, and never till our acquaintance had ripened into a sort of friendship.

I should remark that all the shops are not devoted to the sale of goods: some belong to painters, who exercise their art for the pleasure of Europeans; others are occupied by tailors, and the manufacturers of caps; and a few belong to those who prepare memorandum and account books for buyers from abroad. One of the last mentioned class manifested great friendship towards the writer of these observations.

In the wide space between the shops the fortune tellers and the dealers in books, with the venders of all kinds of herbs for medicine, display their wares. The wise man in calculating the chances of futurity, is seen perhaps turning over a book filled with pictorial representations, reading and expounding the several mottoes and inscriptions under them. This is done to entice the listeners to try their luck, for it would be hard if among such a list of stories so graphically delineated, the hearer did not feel that there was one at least in which he himself should not like to have had some share. These are, it would seem, an assortment of fortunes, which the candidate is invited to contend for by a trial of his "luck." He then draws a bit of bamboo out of a vase, or takes up a roll of paper, which has certain cabalistic marks that must be explained by a reference to the rules of art, and illustrated of course by the engaging volume which we saw at first in the hands of the *learned* man. No diabolical agency, no imps or familiars are called up to act their part in this business, but fate is assumed to guide the man in the choice of his lot, which is vouched and applied by the scholar according to rules pre-established by sages of old,—just as an astrologer among the Chaldeans cast the nativity of man, or drew his horoscope by reference to maxims derived from astronomical science. The bookseller spreads a cloth, and exposes his books upon it, just as some of our London acquaintances do their cheapest bargains upon a table or a bench. The Chinaman affixes no price, as it is a rule with him to get all that he can; and he is aware that his native customers will not give a *cash* (a leaden coin) more than he thinks the volume is worth. Buyers and sellers are exceedingly well matched, and over reaching on one side and gullibility on the other, are on this account of unfrequent occurrence. The books when spread forth make a very pleasing appearance, and are intended, be it known, for the poorest people, who crowd around to gaze, to listen and to purchase. I should be glad to plant a scene of this sort, if it were possible, in some part of London, that our countrymen might see how the love of reading pervades the meaner parts of the population in China. There is something instructive in the sight of half a-score of noisy louts in the shape of porters, stopping to pore over a parcel of books in silent attention. "The harp of Orpheus was scarce more charming" than the sight of books in China among all ranks and degrees of men,—a circumstance that must never be forgotten in any philosophical estimate of the Chinese character. In China, the priest and the fortune-teller exert no influence upon the general opinion of the age, but are paid for their work by custom or stipulation, like the tradesmen or the mechanic. Every man knows that distinction can only be obtained by literary merit, and wealth by industry and economy. I have seen women among the purchasers carefully turning over and inspecting the literary stores that were spread before them, and have said to my friends, "What think ye of the ignorance of uneducated Chinese women when the lowest among them are found to be lovers of reading?" We have yet many interesting things to learn about this division of the fair sex.

The dealers in simples are a quiet race of men, but they should not be passed over in silence on that account. They cover a table with a variety of herbs for the accommodation of all who wish to be their own physicians, sell them at a very low price, and throw in a little advice to the bargain. They are generally provided with a stone mortar, in which a mixture of herbs is put and pounded into a pulpy mass for cataplasms. The Chinese are subject to very ugly boils and abscesses, which are eradicated by applications prepared in this way, and no doubt receive great advantage from the treatment. I have often seen the doctor employed in pounding the mass, and sometimes in the act of putting it upon the sore, but never was fortunate enough to arrive at the moment when the herbs were put into the mortar, that I might learn what were used for the purpose. One of them was enrolled among my friends, but he was not systematic enough to afford me information by word of mouth. Besides, I find the *eye* is the only verifier on such occasions, and seldom trust to the *ear* without some collateral evidence obtained by vision. As I used to pass my friend, he was wont to salute me with the only English word he was master of, "can,"—which was done either to call my attention to something new upon his table, or to let the bystanders know that he had a place in my favour. The information I obtained from him was chiefly botanical, as he gave so general and vague an account of medicinal properties that I could make nothing of it.

After passing through the gate at the top of Old China Street, we enter a little space which is occupied by fishmongers, who sell

Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

eels, carp, catfish, &c. These are kept in tubs of clean water, to attract the eye of the buyer. To aërate the water, the Chinese set a cask of water furnished with a tap above the tub which contains the fish, and allow a small stream of water to describe its parabolic curve, and fall upon the surface of the water in which the finny creatures are swimming. By the fall of this jet, bubbles of air are constantly driven into the fluid, and the fish enjoy their confinement without the least symptom of uneasiness. This jet of water has the same effect upon the water in a keeler, that a breeze of wind has upon the sea or a lake of water. As I once hung over a ship's side in a gale of wind, and marked the millions of air-bubbles that were diffused through the ocean that was heaving under me, I said, "This must be a fine time for the fish, for their gills must be well bathed with air on such occasions as this." It was this reflection that helped me to understand the principle of the Chinaman's jet of water.

Some of the streets a little further onwards are narrow, but the shops are very elegant. They are lighted from the roof, which is three or four stories high. These stories are marked by galleries, like the Museum of the College of Surgeons, which afford places for the bestowment of goods. The shop is generally divided into an anterior and posterior apartment, by a partition that is often very beautifully ornamented by gilding, open-work, and so on. In one word, the taste of a Chinaman's shop is complete, the stranger being judge. Many of the best shops in the suburbs of Canton are furnished entirely with European goods for sale among the genteeler part of the native community. This affords a proof, which no one can question, that the Chinese cannot be such bigoted creatures as has been the fashion to represent them, otherwise such shops would never find customers. The owners are in manners and attire gentlemen, and speak only the Chinese language, and are very distinct from the race of men who inhabit Old and New China Street.

A great many of the largest shops in a broad street, that runs at right angles to one that is occupied by the sellers of European goods, are destined for the sale and preparation of the edible nests. The dressing of these precious items for the table, or the removal of feathers and other extraneous substances from the hardened jelly which constitutes their principal substance, yields employment for many hands, who carry on their operations in the full view of the public, as there are no glass windows or blinds to screen them. The front of the shop is open, to be closed by shutters and moveable pillars only at night. These nests are not gathered from the sea by the bird, as has been commonly supposed, but are secreted by a band of glandular sacs near the entrance of its stomach. I conjectured that this was the fact, before I had heard that Sir Everard Home had demonstrated it by dissection more than twenty years ago. With this thought, the stomach of a foreigner might revolt at such a viand, however delicious it might be to the palate when prepared by the ingenuity of a Chinese cook; but such a spontaneous fit of disgust is smartly reproved by the fact, that we all eat honey, which has its origin indeed in the nectar of flowers, but is elaborated in the stomach of a bee. There is no shop more likely to attract our notice than that of the apothecary, both for its neatness and its well-supplied stores of various medicaments. It is in many respects a counterpart of one among ourselves. Drawers labelled, jars set in order, mortars, and a counter strewed with drugs and prescriptions, are no inadequate representatives of what goes forward in the "chemist's" room in this country. Everything assures us that all is managed by rule, and a minute reference to what is considered as medical propriety. I have seen a customer bring a prescription, which the apothecary has taken into his hand, and then proceeded to dispense with all the care and attention requisite in a matter of so much importance. If there be a great deal to remind us of home at these shops, there are a few things that strike us as peculiar. Among these is an iron trough, bent into the segment of a circle, with a bottom that is deepened into an angle. One might compare it to a boat intended for speed before the flooring is laid down. In this trough a wheel of the same metal is made to traverse, which is furnished with an axletree of stout material. The workman places his feet upon each end of the axle, lays hold of some immoveable object, and by a nimble motion of his legs imparts an alternating effect to the iron wheel, which thus reduces to powder whatever is put under its action. Another method for reducing substances to a state fit for decoction or infusion, is performed by the help of a large plane. This is made to rest upon some immoveable object, with its face turned up. The workman takes his seat before it, and then passes the root to be divided adroitly from end to end, and in this way obtains slices of the most delicate thinness. A medicine cut into such thin slices might be regarded as characteristic of China, and certainly shows how ingenious the people are in lesser matters.

Whole streets are occupied by merchants and the officers of the government, whose houses present an unimposing appearance from an architectural defect noticed in my previous paper. The interior, which is a collection of edifices within an area, presents a pretty aspect, especially when a garden, rock-work, and a moat are added to the scene. The stranger, however, who is parted from all this by a thick wall, finds little to remind him that so much grandeur is at hand. In the streets thus occupied by the residences of the gentlefolks there is quiet, compared with the bustle along the narrow streets where business is carried on in all its vigour. Here and there we see a corner occupied by a stall, garnished with all sorts of antiques, images, vases, pots for incense, boxes, stands, &c. These are pretty sights, and such as the foreigner cannot fail to look at with pleasure, but if he has as much knowledge of the language as to inquire the price, he will generally find it to exceed his highest expectations. If, however, he has paid some attention to the subject, and learned the value of such things, he may make a fair bargain, but will not often have much reason to felicitate himself upon it. A virtuoso must be cheated several times before he can succeed, and he must also be an old acquaintance with the seller,—for a Chinaman would do much in the way of abatement for friendship' sake. A merchant who deals with the natives, should always bear this in mind,—"He is my friend," reasons the Chinaman, "and therefore I will let him have a bargain." I remember I bought a little stand for a quarter of a dollar, which some Chinese thought too much for such a sorry trifle, though I do not repent my purchase. "Oh," said they in banter, "the seller and the buyer were friends, and therefore the latter obtained this valuable article at so small a price!"—In another corner of the street to which my eye is now directed in fancy, I met a crowd of men, playing at a game of chance, for slices of pork, supplied by the man who kept the stall, or rather the bank. They were so busily engaged, that no one saw me, though pressing into the midst of them, till, in an affected tone of mimicry, I said, "Here is a foreign devil looking at this game." This unexpected introduction of myself awakened a loud laugh, and one demanded in a boisterous tone why I did not play for a slice of such excellent meat; I replied with great vehemence, "Because I am not hungry; can there be a better reason?" A Chinaman loves a little merriment; he takes it as a pledge that you owe him no ill feeling, and remembers it as often as he sees you. A little good-humour and forbearance will always subdue the most turbulent, and make the man who uttered an impudent thing, laugh at his own confusion.—In one of my wanderings through the less frequented lanes alone, I came gradually in sight of a company of rough fellows, who had just sat down to a meal. At the sight of me they all rose up, as if determined to pour a volley of abuse into the ear of the "*fan-kwei*," by way of relish to their dinner. "Eat your bellies full," (which is the usual salutation for

visitors on occasions,) said I, before they commenced the threatened attack. This was enough; every one forthwith held out his bason of rice, begging that I would share it with him. A single expression of civility has a magnetic effect in China, as well as in other parts of the world wherever the sons and daughters of one common parent are to be met with. Few are proof against this, though prejudice has made us unwilling to expect examples of it among a people so renowned for their exclusive habits. The policy of the government is exclusive, but the feelings of the people are ready to flow in favour of the first stranger who shall stimulate them to action by the merest expression of kindness.

The inner part of Canton, or the inside of the city, is separated from the rest by a wall: the difference, however, is so small that I had once entered without perceiving it, and should have proceeded unconsciously along, had not a number of loud calls summoned me to my recollection—for guards are stationed to keep foreigners out, but being engaged in conversation, they did not detect the naughty "*fan-kwei*" in time to stop his entrance. When I saw my mistake, I turned round with a smile, and retraced my steps as if nothing had happened. In company with a friend, I once attempted to enter another, but was suddenly stopped by a crowd of officers. We were determined not to lose a grain of our dignity, and so pushed off any that offered to touch us, and told them that we should return presently. This firmness secured us from insult, though it could not obtain admission, as these men had no power to grant it, and would have been punished had we been strong enough to overpower them. We met with a very fierce reception, and seemed to be in danger of being eaten up by a body of soldiers at another; but we sat down and told them to be quiet, as we should go back in a few minutes. The common people are often very noisy as they pass along the streets, especially if they are laden. They seem to think that the thoroughfares belong to them alone, and therefore call upon everybody they meet to make room for them. I met a troop of such obstreperous fellows one night, who challenged all persons to give way to their excellencies. As I passed the most emphatic among them, I returned his challenge in tones of close affinity to his own, which in sooth were more like those of a brute than a human being. "Ah," said he with great satisfaction, "he speaks Chinese;" for he thought nobody could make a noise like a native unless he could speak his language at the same time.

In one of our wanderings among the genteel parts of the suburbs, we came to a house where a wedding was in course of celebration. A fellow who knew enough English to be saucy ordered us off, —a mandate which we did not choose to obey, as we saw by the countenances of many gay folks around us that the owners were greatly prejudiced in our favour. Just at this time, the two brothers of the bridegroom went and placed themselves in a sedan chair, which stood a short distance from the door. In this way they represented themselves at home, and there received a formal visit from their newly-married brother, who presented them with a piece of areca nut and a betel leaf, accompanied by a very low bow. These they received with similar acts of respect, and delighted me with the graceful manner in which they inclined their heads to their happy and honoured friend. The salver on which these luxuries lay, was carried by an old lady who seemed to be mistress of the ceremonies, as they went towards the sedan chair; but the bridegroom carried it back himself. His step was hurried, which is a necessary item in politeness, so that the old gentlewoman had to ply her small feet very briskly to overtake him, in which she succeeded, while I stood wondering at the drift of all this haste on her part. My wonder was soon at an end—for snatching the salver from him, she presented it to each of us, and thus did us an honour which appertained to near relatives alone. I took a lesson from the little boys, and made her the very best bow in my power; which so pleased the gazing crowd, that they gave a shout of applause. They think us without manners, and therefore are astonished when they see a graceful act of courtesy at our hands, however necessary or appropriate any particular occasion might render it.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

MADAME ROLAND.

MANON-JEANNE-PHLIPON ROLAND, an extraordinary woman, whose name is familiar to us, in connexion with the French Revolution, was born at Paris in 1754. Her father was an engraver of little note; but notwithstanding his situation in life, he contrived to give his daughter a good education. At four years old she was able to read, and from that period her progress in drawing, music, and history, was very rapid. She early showed a decision of character which led her never to give up her own opinion unless her reason were convinced. Her earlier years were passed at home, but her mind was kept in incessant activity. Her avidity for procuring knowledge was such, that having by chance found a volume on heraldry, she set herself to study that not very inviting subject. But her favourite book was Plutarch's Lives, which she was so fond of, that she actually carried it to church with her. She was then about nine years old. "From that moment," says she, in her very interesting memoirs, "I date those impressions and ideas which made me a republican, while as yet I did not even dream of becoming one." In her youthful enthusiasm, she used to lament that she was not born a Spartan or a Roman.

At length, at her own request, she was removed to a convent for the completion of her education. Here she was distinguished, among a crowd of gay and frivolous companions, by a gravity of demeanour which had become habitual to her; and she herself confesses that she felt herself captivated by the attraction of the Roman Catholic ceremonies. A correspondence she maintained with a schoolfellow who had returned home gave her the first taste for writing, and served to form her style, and give her facility in composition. On her return home she renewed her former labours, made extracts from the books she read, and studied the principles of natural philosophy and the mathematics. Her religious faith was first shaken by the perusal of the controversial works of Bossuet; and after passing through many intermediate degrees, she finally settled down into Deism.

The death of her mother, which singularly happened to confirm a dream, in which she fancied that event had been predicted, was the first great grief she had experienced, and for two months she was inconsolable. At this period she was about twenty-one years of age. When the first bitter period of mourning was over, she took upon herself the directing of her father's household, dividing her time between domestic duties and study. She read the writings of Christian preachers, criticised Bourdaloue, and even composed a sermon herself. She also wrote a treatise on a question proposed by the Academy of Besançon.

In 1770, she became acquainted with her future husband, Roland de la Platière, then Inspector-General of Manufactures at Amiens; and the friendship that sprung up between them afterwards ripened into a more tender feeling, although Roland was more than twenty years older than Mademoiselle Phlipon; but the many good qualities he possessed, and a great similarity of tastes and feelings, were sufficient to cause her to overlook this objection. It appears, however, to have had weight with her father, who at first refused his consent. Upon this Roland travelled into Switzerland, Italy, and Malta, whence he wrote a series of letters to his future wife, which he afterwards published. Meantime Mademoiselle Phlipon retired to a convent and separated herself from her father, who had contracted habits of dissipation which seriously injured his fortune.

On Roland's return he again addressed himself to her, and they were united. "I became," says she, "the wife of a truly honest man, who loved me the more the better he knew me; but still I felt that there was too little equality between us; that the ascendancy of a governor, joined to twenty years' seniority, rendered one of these superiorities too great. If we lived in seclusion, I should be obliged to pass many painful hours; if we went into society, then I might be exposed to trials which might prove too great. I gave myself up to the pursuits of my husband, a proceeding which had its inconveniences; I accustomed him never to leave me for anything, not for one moment." The first year of their marriage was passed at Paris, where Roland revised and sent to the press a portion of his treatises on different arts, afterwards incorporated in "The Collection of Arts and Trades" published by the "Académie des Sciences." He employed his wife as his copying clerk and corrector of the press, a task which she performed with great care, although very disagreeable to a mind so well cultivated as hers. A course of natural history and botany was the laborious recreation of one who filled at the same time the posts of

secretary and cook; for, Roland's health being very delicate, his wife with her own hands prepared the dishes most palatable to him. Returning to Amiens, they there spent four years, where Madame Roland became the mother of an infant which she herself nursed, yet without abandoning her "cabinet labours;" and she found time to construct a herbal of the plants of Picardy. In 1784, she and her husband made an excursion to England, and in the same year she proceeded to Paris, on a mission from her husband (who placed an unbounded, perhaps too uxorious a reliance upon her) to solicit a grant of letters of nobility for him. In this she was unsuccessful, but she procured a transfer of his station as Inspector-General from Amiens to Lyons; an agreeable change, as it placed him in the immediate neighbourhood of his friends and relations—Villefranche, his birth-place, being very near Lyons. In 1787 she made an excursion to Geneva with her husband; but here she was terribly disgusted on finding no statue erected to her adored Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

She was still resident at Lyons when the revolution broke out; it was hailed by Roland and herself with equal ardour, and they both assisted in editing the *Courrier de Lyon*, contributing several articles in favour of the "new order of things." Madame Roland furnished an account of the Lyonese Federation of the 30th of May, 1790, and gave the details with so much energy and talent that more than 60,000 copies of the number were sold. Her *incognita* enabled her to enjoy her triumph with the greatest satisfaction. Believing that in the revolution she saw the application of the republican principles she had so long admired, she followed with the closest attention the progress of the labours of the National Assembly, and studied with deep interest the talents of the more remarkable among the deputies. Her husband being sent as a deputy-extraordinary, to make representations on behalf of the city of Lyons, of the wretched condition of trade, twenty thousand mechanics being almost in a state of destitution, she accompanied him to Paris in Feb. 1791. There both husband and wife plunged deeply into the politics of the time, he associating himself with the famous Jacobin Club; she attending regularly the sittings of the Assembly, and gathering a sort of committee of the chief republican leaders around her at her *soirées*, held three times a week. After a considerable stay, during which Roland achieved the object of his mission, they returned to Lyons, where they (for almost all Roland's political actions were prompted or participated by his wife) founded a Jacobin club in correspondence with that of Paris, and used every exertion to forward the views of the republicans; but the office of Inspector-General being abolished by one of the last acts of the Assembly, Roland and his wife returned to Paris in December.

Here the connexion with the Jacobin party was renewed and strengthened, and when the unfortunate king was advised, as a measure of prudence, to receive some members of the republican party into his councils, Brissot, who exercised the chief influence in the formation of the ministry, proposed Roland as a member. There was no honester man—perhaps it is not too much to say there was none so honest as Roland among his party; in an intimate knowledge of the trade and manufactures of the kingdom none surpassed him; his works on those subjects are his witnesses; but he was a stern, unflinching republican, formed on the model of old Rome, and, as a politician, quite unable to lead or govern a kingdom in a state of anarchy. It was impossible that a minister should serve a monarch and uphold a republican faction at the same time; and the famous letter which he addressed to the sovereign on the occasion of his refusing to sanction a decree of the Assembly against the priests, who had been denounced by the minister as factious, led to his dismissal on the 10th of June. It has been said, that Madame Roland was the author of this letter, which was widely circulated; and, in Parisian phrase, produced "an immense sensation." There can be doubt that she advised, and probably *re*-vised it, as it is well known that her husband took no important political step without consulting her.

After the terrible 10th of August, Roland was cheered back to his station by the Jacobins; but the horrors of the 2d and 3d of September made him and all honest Frenchmen pause, and he, with the party of the Girondins, still fought the battle of comparative moderation. As early as December, an attempt had been made to destroy his wife. She was cited to answer a calumnious denunciation, but defended herself with such grace and eloquence that her very enemies were silent, and were forced to admire her. Convinced at length that there was no longer any hope for the Girondin party, she advised her husband to resign his portfolio, but he retained it until the 31st May (1793), when the arrest of the chief of his party being decreed, he was obliged to seek safety in flight; she assisted him to escape, but although she might have saved herself, she chose to remain. "It is a greater trouble," said she, "to escape from injustice, than to submit to it." Doubtless she did not anticipate the extreme proceedings adopted against her. Although the section de Beaurepaire, the division of the city in which she resided, interceded for her, she was thrown into the dungeons of the Abbaye on the 1st of June, and shortly after removed to Sainte Pélagie. Here she conducted herself with much dignity, occupying herself with reading, especially Tacitus, for whose works she conceived a peculiar affection: here also she composed her Memoirs, a singular but most interesting composition. Her friends formed a plan of escape for her, which she rejected, lest it should compromise the safety of her husband.

She had formed a very clear judgment of the character of the existing government. "It is," said she, "a sort of monster, in form and action equally revolting; all it touches it destroys, and will devour even itself." Wishing, doubtless, to hasten this consummation, she, by means of Duperret, a member of the Convention, entered into correspondence with Barbaroux and Buzot, who were then at Caen, on the subject of a rising in the provinces; but Duperret was seized, and an accusation against Madame Roland founded on the papers in his possession. On the 1st October, the day of the execution of Brissot and the deputies of the Gironde, she was transferred to the Conciergerie, placed in an infected apartment, with no bed, save one which another prisoner resigned to her, and that unfurnished with sheets. She had provided herself with opium that she might at will escape from her persecutors; but she determined not to make use of it, as her execution, she believed, might be of service to her country. On the day of her trial, as the examination of pre-condemned unfortunates was mockingly termed, she left the prison with a firm and cheerful aspect, and she conducted herself in a firm and noble manner before the tribunal. But she was brutally insulted: questions touching her womanly honour were unblushingly put to her, and she returned in tears—the tears of offended modesty. Madame Talma, the wife of the celebrated tragedian, was a partner of Madame Roland's prison. She relates that her unhappy friend spent the night in playing upon the harpsichord, but the strains were, she says, so wild, so unearthly, they were terrible.

She that evening had an interview with her counsel Cheveau Legarde, who went over all the points he proposed to urge in her defence. She listened to him in silence, but when he concluded, she said, "My friend, all you can say will be useless. Do not appear in court to-morrow. You will destroy yourself, but cannot save me." Then drawing a ring from her finger, she gave it to him, saying, "Accept from me this last proof of gratitude; alas! it is all I have left to bestow."

She left the prison in the morning calm and composed, and appeared before her judges dressed all in white, and with more than usual care; her long dark hair, which flowed in ringlets, reached her waist. When, after condemnation, she appeared at the portal, she made a sign to her friends that she was doomed to death; then stepping lightly into the cart which stood ready to convey her to the scaffold, she endeavoured to cheer the spirits of her companion Lamarche, the director of the manufacture of assignats, who was to share her fate. Passing by the statue of Liberty, she exclaimed, "Oh, Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" words which have been long remembered and often repeated, not entirely, we may hope, without effect; and if so, Madame Roland will indeed not have died in vain. So perfectly tranquil was she, that at the foot of the scaffold she demanded writing materials, to record, as she said, the thoughts and the new ideas that had entered her mind on the way to her execution. They were denied; but had they been granted, we should have possessed a curious record of the last thoughts of a very noble woman.

She shrank not from the last appalling ceremonies, and died on the 8th of November, 1795, at the age of forty.

She predicted that her husband would not long survive her, and she was right. He was at Rouen when he received the tidings of his wife's death. He at first resolved to go to Paris and deliver himself up; but recollecting that his execution would involve the confiscation of all his property, and thus deprive his daughter of all means of support, he resolved to end his life with his own hand. He accordingly went out alone, about two leagues from the town on the Paris road, and then turning into a by-path, sat down on the side of the ditch, and placing the handle of a sword-cane which he carried against the trunk of a tree, he transfixed himself on the blade. He must have expired without a struggle; for when his body was found, the attitude was unchanged, and his

face perfectly tranquil. His remains were carried into Rouen, where they suffered many brutal indignities from the populace.

Such was the end of Roland, who, if he had possessed the ambition of Robespierre, might have risen to the same bad eminence. There is much of similarity in the earlier career of these two, and the difference of their fate shows forcibly, on the one hand, that we may be forced onward to excesses, at one time perhaps repugnant to the very thoughts of the perpetrator, unless supported by principle; and, on the other, that he who steadily goes forward in the path he believes to be right, may be mistaken, may be unfortunate, but is still respected even in error and misfortune. Roland and Robespierre both started in life poor, but advanced themselves by successful exertion in their professions, Roland as a clerk to the inspector-general of manufactures at Rouen, Robespierre as an advocate. Each made himself known to the public by his writings; Robespierre's being from the first exclusively political, —Roland's devoted to the trade and commerce of the country, and political only when he himself entered the arena. Both from the first joined the party of the Jacobins, and both were distinguished among the leaders of that party. But here the resemblance ends. The declared political aim of each was, up to this point, the same, and, if possible, Robespierre's declarations of patriotism were more warm and apparently disinterested. But Roland meant what he said, and at the best Robespierre only believed that he meant it. Roland served his country honestly to the last; and Robespierre, the man who had written a volume against capital punishments, professing to doubt even if they were lawful in cases of murder, yielded to the weak ambition of becoming the head of a party, and imbrued his hands in blood. It may be that his enormities have been exaggerated by those who smarted from their effects, but no excuse can palliate his offences against humanity.

Madame Roland left several works behind her besides her memoirs, but her fame chiefly rests upon her "Appeal to Posterity." It was not made in vain, and posterity has done her justice.

ASCENT OF THE PEAK OF TENERIFFE.

A NEW book of Travels, recently published,* suggests afresh the idea, how useful to science, to literature, and to the general diffusion of knowledge, the Royal Yacht Society might be made. The author of the book—Mr. Wilde, a Dublin surgeon—being in ill health, was easily induced to accompany, as medical attendant, Mr. Meiklam, who, also in ill health, set off, in his own yacht, the Crusader, of 130 tons, to seek change of air and scene. The title-page, as quoted below, will inform our readers of the various places visited; and though "voyaging" in a private vessel, "with all the comforts such a mode of transit could command, and bending their course wherever climate or curiosity attracted them," the travellers suffered no privations, and encountered only the most ordinary dangers, the results of their adventures, as detailed by Mr. Wilde, are, notwithstanding, full of interest. The countries visited have been recently and repeatedly examined, and described; and it would appear, at first sight, as if we had been *overdosed* with books about them. Still, Mr. Wilde has something to add; and his remarks on Egypt, his researches on the site of ancient Tyre, and his re-examination of the vexed question of the topography of Jerusalem, all mark a man of quick observation, research, and of habits of close scientific investigation.

We select Mr. Wilde's account of the ascent of the Peak of Teneriffe, as a specimen of his work:—

"The answers to our inquiries respecting the ascent of the Peak led us to think that, from the advanced state of the season, it would be impracticable, or at least attended with much suffering and danger; and all the people here united in endeavouring to dissuade us from it. The only encouragement we received was—'Why, it is just possible that you *may* get up.' Nevertheless, we determined on making the attempt, and accordingly sent for the guides. They did not appear to relish the journey either, but consented on the condition of their getting an additional gratuity. In summer, the usual mode of proceeding is to leave the port about one or two o'clock in the day, and sleeping at a place called the Estanza des Ingleses (elevated about ten thousand feet, and the highest spot to which horses can be brought), commence the ascent of the actual Piton by moonlight, so as to be on the top at sunrise. Christoval, our principal guide, wished us to wait till twelve o'clock, but it was finally arranged that we should leave at ten P.M. For the last two days I had been suffering from an old enemy, asthma, aggravated by a heavy cold, and I trembled for the result; but it is not every day in a man's life that he stands at the foot of the Peak of Teneriffe, so I concealed my illness both from myself and others as well as I could, and determined to ascend at all hazards.

"Having completed our arrangements with the guides, we dismissed them till the appointed hour, and set off to visit the great dragon-tree of Oratava, situate at the distance of a mile or two from the port. On our way we passed by the fine botanic garden established by a Spanish nobleman some years ago, but now left to decay. It was well kept during his life-time, but, fearful of its being neglected by his own family, he presented it to the government on his death. This act has had a fatal tendency; for they, instead of fostering it, tried to compel his own son to keep it up, but having failed in the attempt, they left it to ruin. It is now in the hands of a most ignorant Frenchman, who is neither a botanist nor a gardener. Some time ago the Prussian government offered to purchase it, in order to naturalise some of the plants of the western world before they were brought to Europe; but the Spanish, with becoming dignity and pride, chose to let it fall to ruin in their own hands, rather than allow it to flourish in another's! A garden such as this would be a great acquisition to the English, foremost as they are in the cultivation of every minute as well as great and noble scheme by which knowledge can be increased, and man rendered happy in its possession; to such it would be a great desideratum, as many plants could be acclimatised here, and so made hardy enough to bear the English temperature. Surely such a one ought to be here or in Madeira, where the plants of the varied climes of India, Australia, Africa, and America could meet a more congenial atmosphere. How many horticultural societies could well afford to pay an intelligent gardener in this cheap country, and with a rich reward!

"The town of Oratava not only looks deserted, but is really so. Many of the houses are perfect palaces, and were originally the residence of the aristocracy of the island—the real 'blue blood,' as the Spanish nobility were wont to call themselves; but the moss is fast creeping over the proud escutcheons that decorate their entrances.

"This place is beautifully situated, and has a small stream of water running through each of the streets like the Lavadas of Madeira. We were directed to the garden where the dragon-tree (*Dracæna draco*) stands; and found it in much better preservation than we could have expected, and still very like Mr. Williams's representation of it. The species of tree to which this belongs has an odd and grotesque appearance: it is characterised by a short, thick, leafless trunk, branching out at top with a number of diminutive arms, not unlike a candelabrum, each crowned with a tuft of leaves. The measurement of this specimen is forty-seven feet nine inches in circumference above the roots: the trunk is partly hollow, and the opening, which is built up with stones, is thirteen feet in the clear; it must have spread since Humboldt's time, who made the circumference but forty-five feet. The branches are propped up with a number of poles, which look like so many crutches supporting its old age; it is, however, going fast to decay, and, although it still produces leaves, it has not borne flowers or fruit for some years. Two young shoots have sprung out of the hollow, and beside it waves one of the finest palms I ever saw, which seems to rear its tall majestic form in mockery of its tottering neighbour. One feels a degree of veneration on standing beside such a patriarch of the vegetable world, which has withstood the suns and storms of centuries. It is supposed to be one of the oldest trees in existence, and is a fit associate for the Cowthorpe oak, the great chestnut of Tamworth, the olives of Gethsemane, the plane-tree of Frauenstein, the Castagno di Cento Cavalli at Etna, and the still older though ungraceful baobabs figured in Macartney's Embassy. The combined ages of a few of those would bring us to the first dawn of life upon our planet.

"Towards evening I became quite excited and restless, between

* Narrative of a Voyage to Madeira, Teneriffe, and along the Shores of the Mediterranean; including a Visit to Algiers, Egypt, Palestine, Tyre, Rhodes, Telmessus, Cyprus, and Greece. With Observations on the present State and Prospects of Egypt and Palestine, and on the Climate, Natural History, Antiquities, &c. of the Countries visited. By W. R. Wilde, M. R. I. A., Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, Member of the Dublin Natural History Society, &c. In two Volumes.—Dublin: Curry, Jun. and Co. 1840.

the desire to proceed and the fear of failure. We had provisions and water packed for several days, in case of accident; as, should we be caught in the snow, or overtaken by a storm, our only chance would have been to remain in some crevice of a rock until it had passed over. Our consul kindly sent us a present of wine and brandy—that of the town being most wretched stuff. At nine the moon rose in the most tempting splendour; she was then within one day of the full. We put on a double suit of everything; and, besides a pair of great-coats and a large cloak, a double blanket was provided for each. At ten o'clock P.M. the guides made their appearance, with four horses, two of which were provided for us, and two to carry the provisions. At half-past ten o'clock everything was ready, our cigars lighted, and we started. Our cavalcade consisted of my friend, Mr. William Meiklam, and myself, on horseback, preceded by our principal guide, Christoval, a-foot; then came the two sumpter-horses; and lastly, our two other guides, an old man and a boy, who formed our rear-guard; and we had also with us a magnificent black spaniel. The night was very fine and warm; we set off in high spirits, and commenced our ascent almost immediately on leaving the town. We soon began to feel the effects of the cold, were obliged to add to our clothing, and the men to put on their blankets. Our guide Christoval pleased us much; he was one of the finest models of a man I ever beheld, and although of Herculean form, he had all the grace of a Spaniard, and a countenance of extreme intelligence. He is not the usual guide to the top, but provides horses as far as the Estanza. He offered, however, to become our guide to the summit on giving him the usual additional allowance of four dollars. We accepted his proposal; and I would advise all travellers to do the same, as you give him an additional interest to get you to the top, besides making him hasten on the horses so as to bring you to the Estanza in proper time; for many have gone thus far, and, from useless delays, have been obliged to return without accomplishing their object. We found him a good guide in every respect. Our older guide seemed to suffer much from the cold, and rode the greater part of the way on one of the provision-horses. 'The boy,' as he was termed, was about twenty-five, and quite astonished us; he was a light-hearted, good-humoured fellow, of powerful build, though low-sized. The greater part of the night he sung a loud chant, in the chorus of which the others joined. His indifference to the cold was surprising, although his dress was like that worn by the Madeiranese in summer; it consisted of a coarse loose shirt and breeches of linen, the latter reaching but half-way down his thigh; from this downward he had no covering of any description except shoes; a hat and vest completed his costume, and although he had a blanket he did not use it, but carried it thrown across his arm, or on one of the horses. Our small white nags perfectly comprehended their business, never once missing the path, though to us it was often imperceptible; they were exceedingly hardy, and all we could do would not make them go out of Indian file, or from the pace that custom had made their own.

"As soon as we got into the open country, our dog commenced beating, and continued the whole night enlivening the solitude by his short, quick bark, as he started a goat or a rabbit across our path. I have so often descanted on the grandeur of moonlight scenery, that it would be now going over old ground to touch upon it again: but here, by the extreme clearness of its silvery lustre, we were enabled to distinguish every trace of vegetation with the greatest accuracy. We had already passed the regions of the vine, the fern, and the heath, which, with the pine, the arbutus, and the broom, form successive belts around the lower parts of the Peak, rising one above another perfectly distinct, and with lines between of the most accurate demarcation.

"After this we entered the vast plains of spartium (the broom), where the ground is more rugged, and the path so broken as to permit us a very easy walk. The cold increased momentarily as we gained the summit of the range of hills that topped the vale of Oratava, which lay beneath us, slumbering in the most death-like stillness; the towns, the cottages, and the sea, had a most grand and imposing effect. At half-past two o'clock, we stopped to feed the men and horses at a place called the 'Black Rocks.' Here we remained about half an hour. The thermometer was forty degrees Fahr. The men seemed rather inclined to rest, and would have delayed had we allowed them, in order to avoid their being at a very high elevation at the coldest part of the morning, which is just before sunrise. Strange to say, that long before I reached this, and when at an elevation of scarce five hundred feet, I found my breathing improved; and when two-thirds of the way up, was perfectly free from all trace of asthma or cough, and was the only person of the party, including the guides, who did not suffer from the rarity of the atmosphere. We resumed our way at three o'clock, fortifying ourselves with a little brandy, a cigar, and, what we found still more acceptable, a few cayenne lozenges, which I strongly recommend to all persons exposed to extreme cold.

"We now commenced crossing the 'pumice-stone plains,' which lie at the foot of the actual Peak; and here it was that the novelty and sublimity of our situation most forcibly impressed us. The 'pumice-stone plain' is a term applied to a gradual ascent of great extent, and composed of exceedingly small grey lava and volcanic ashes, stretching far and wide as distant as the eye can reach along the comparatively level surface immediately at the base of the Peak. From this rise occasional masses of dark obsidian, of immense size, and scattered plants of retama (a species of broom), the only vegetable that exists in this barren waste. At the commencement of the plain it is growing in great strength and luxuriance; it gradually becomes more detached, and at the higher extremity it is scattered, 'few and far between' in stunted bushes. There was a peculiar wildness in the hour and the scene, the night was truly propitious—not a cloud to be seen throughout the intense azure of the starry vault above us—not a breath of air stirred around us; the full moon shone forth with a splendour the most dazzling, as she sailed majestically through the broad expanse of blue, barely allowing the stars to appear as they twinkled in her path; whilst an occasional plant would now and then start up, as if to challenge her borrowed radiance. Before us lay the clear and boldly-defined outline of the Peak, frowning in all the grandeur of monarchy, and the great rarity of the atmosphere showed every break and unevenness that bounded our horizon; all was wrapped in the most solemn stillness; the deep silence seemed to impress each of us, not a little increased by our momentarily decreasing temperature, which had now completely silenced our melodious muleteers. The tread of the horses made not the slightest noise, as we wound our way across that weary plain, where for the first time I felt sleep come heavily upon me; indeed, I did doze for a few moments, and it was on awaking that I so forcibly perceived our loneliness. The three men in their long white cloaks closed the line, stalking along like so many of the ancient Guanches, who had come out of their caverns to speed us on our way; and the shadows of the great masses of obsidian rose like castles, which assumed every fantastic shape the imagination could picture.

"At the end of the plain our horses were forced up a steep and rugged ascent for about half an hour, when we arrived at the Estanza des Inglèses ('the resting-place of the English'), at half-past five o'clock; and, although so closely muffled, our sufferings from cold were extreme, and our hands perfectly benumbed. This was the highest point where horses can possibly get up, and we only wondered they ascended so far. We expected to have found some sort of a resting-place here; but it was only a small inclosure made by the fragments of some enormous rocks which nature has piled around it, and one of the most dreary spots that can be well conceived. The men set about kindling a fire with some bits of retama which they had carried up with them. The mercury in the thermometer was thirty-six degrees, and falling rapidly. We had now recourse to our blankets, in which we enveloped ourselves, and reclined against one of the sloping rocks on the outside of the cavern, our faces anxiously turned towards the east to watch the scene that momentarily opened upon us. In our then almost petrified condition, we looked as like as could be to a pair of Egyptian mummies laid against the rock.

"*Sunrise.*—As soon as we had taken our place, we perceived a thin, vapoury, rose-coloured tint to stretch along the eastern horizon; the moon was still full up, but she had thrown the shadow of the Peak over where we stood. As we continued to gaze stedfastly on this first blush of morning, it every second increased, especially towards the centre, extending likewise in length along the horizon. This hue soon deepened to a pink, and then followed such a glorious halo of colours, in which the flower and the metal lent their most dazzling lustre, as to baffle all attempt at description; and the hazy undefined light that ushers in the day began to chase the moonlight shadows from the plain beneath. At six o'clock, the thermometer stood at eighteen degrees, the light increasing, the cold intense; and the heavens presented a scene such as we read of in the arctic regions, being formed by the resplendent glories of the Aurora, but with this difference—the most brilliant colours gathered here as it were into a focus. All the east presented a lustrous semicircle, which if you took your eyes off for a moment, seemed to increase tenfold. Between the horizon and the spot on which we stood floated a confused sea, which we at first took for the ruffled bosom of the ocean, but it turned out to

be nothing more than a thin white mist. At a quarter past six the temperature fell as low as fifteen degrees, and sunrise took place a minute after; he rose very suddenly, and his whole disc was almost immediately clear of the horizon. It was a glorious sight, and cheering after all the cold and suffering of the preceding night, to see the great centre of light and heat come up to speed us on our way. I have often tried to form to myself a comparison of sunrise and sunset, and on this occasion have settled the question in favour of the former. Our guides reminded us it was time to recommence the ascent; and to fortify ourselves on the way, we breakfasted. Everything we had carried up with us was frozen—the eggs were perfect balls of ice; we had also brought with us a bottle of coffee, which, having contrived to heat, proved the most grateful of all our refreshments.

"We left the old man to guard the horses, and again set forward. Large masses of pumice, lava, and scoriæ continued some way further up to the small platform of Buona Vista, where there is a plant or two of stunted retama; and here the domain of vegetation ends. From this we climbed up a steep ascent, composed of detached masses of sharp rock basalt and obsidian, some loose, and others with a coating of scoriæ; it reminded me of a magnified rough-cast. Our halts, as might be expected, were frequent; at half-past seven o'clock, during one of these stoppages, I found the glass had risen to thirty-three degrees. From the moment the sun rose the heat began to increase, making us throw off our extra garments, and leaving them in the ascent. With a good deal of difficulty, we at last reached the base of the cone which crowns the summit, the effects of the last eruption.

"It is much smaller and more perpendicular than Vesuvius; it stands upon a level platform, somewhat broader than its base, and rises like the great circular chimney of a glass-house, to the height of sixty feet. Here our extreme difficulties commenced; for the fatigue we had already gone through left us but little strength, commensurate with the ceaseless efforts which were to be put forth, and the exertion the task demanded. The external coating is composed of loose stones, lava, pumice, and ashes, in which we sunk ancle-deep, and obliged us to rest every few minutes. We had each to strike a separate line in our ascent, as the composition is so loose that, if once set in motion, large quantities would come *powdering* on the heads of the persons who have the misfortune to be beneath. Here and there a few reddish volcanic rocks jut out, and afford a resting-place; but there are other whitish-looking stones, that seem equally inviting, but which are nevertheless far from being hospitably inclined, as a young friend of mine wofully experienced. Having sat on one of these 'sulphur stones' for a few minutes, and feeling it rather hot, he rose up exactly in that condition which excited the wrath of Aunt Tabitha against poor Humphrey Clinker, a not very agreeable predicament at such an elevation, and with so keen a breeze.

"We reached the summit at half-past eight o'clock, and my first impulse was to crawl to the highest pinnacle upon the wall of the crater, on the south-east point, whence it slopes on both sides towards the west. This *solfatara*, or half-extinguished volcano, was more active than usual this morning—large wreaths of smoke proceeding from numerous cavities and cracks in the bowl of the crater. This was smaller than we expected, not being more than a hundred feet in the widest part; shallow, and the edge very irregular, of an oval shape, having a margin of dense whitish lava. We descended into it, and found the opening from whence the smoke issued was near the south-west corner, encased with the most beautiful crystals of sulphur. On opening up these with a stick, we found them enlarged into little chambers, encrusted with the same crystals; the substance on which they rest being a kind of mortar, crumbling in the fingers, but hardening on exposure to the air. Some of these crystals are singularly beautiful, of the greatest brilliancy of colour, and varying from a deep golden orange to the palest straw-colour. The largest of these holes was about the size of my two fists; from this, and two or three others similar, a loud boiling noise was heard, even when standing on the edge of the crater. Large fissures intersect the crater in different directions; the crust between them vibrates under the foot, and produces a hollow sound. Besides the sulphur encrusting round the chinks and holes, large quantities, also crystallised, occur both within and outside the crater, formed in little nuclei, imbedded in a compact and glistening white substance. The fume or smoke is of a dense whitish appearance, and quantities of a watery vapour proceed out of the larger holes; but although the sulphureous vapour is so much complained of, and that some of our party suffered from it, I was able to remain in it fully five minutes. The thermometer, when plunged into one of these, rose to 90 degrees.

"The view that awaited us on the summit amply repaid us for all the toils of the ascent. The morning was beautifully clear, and without a cloud—the finest that had occurred since our arrival. The whole island of Teneriffe lay in the most vivid manner like a map at our feet, with its white towers, its vine-clad valleys, and pine-crowned hills.

"Immediately around the Peak, the mountains form a number of concentric circles, each rising in successive heights, and having it as a centre. It is this appearance that has not inaptly gained for it the simile of a town with its fosses and bastions*. These are evidently the walls of former craters, on the ruins of which the present has been reared. What a fire must have come from the first of these, which inclosed a space of so many leagues! Or, again, how grand the illumination that once burst forth from the place whereon we stood—a height of nearly 13,000 feet, and which it is calculated would serve as a beacon at a distance of 200 miles at sea on every side! The crater, or circle next below us appears to rise to the height of the Estanza des Ingleses—10,000 feet.

"There are a number of smaller cones scattered irregularly over the island; their red blistered summits glance in the sun like so many mole-hills. The largest is towards the west; it rises to a great height, and is the most elevated point on the island next to the Peak itself. Towards Santa Cruz, the marks of recent volcanic action become less—the stratification more perfect. There is less appearance of lava or pumice, and the basalt assumes more of the columnar form. We could perfectly distinguish the few vessels that lay opposite the port of Oratava, a direct distance of thirteen miles, while the ascent is calculated at about thirty. So clear was the atmosphere, that our friends at the port could distinguish us distinctly with the glass. They had been anxiously looking out for us, and hoped, more than expected, our accomplishing the ascent. The archipelago of the Canaries seemed as if stretched at our feet; Grand Canary was particularly plain, being immediately beneath the sun. Palma and Gomera seemed so near that you could almost grasp them in your hand; and, far away in the distance, Heiras seemed to mingle with the horizon. Our attention was now called to a vast body of clouds that brooded over the sea to the east. They were at first perfectly still and motionless, and of that description commonly called wool-packs. They then advanced towards the island, passed beneath us, and finally rested over the heights of Grand Canary.

"Although we had met small detached flakes of snow collected in the rocks, and a good deal around the crater, the air felt comfortably warm on our gaining the summit; presently a light breeze coming from the southward made the temperature fall very suddenly, and our guides began to hasten our departure. At twenty minutes to ten o'clock, it was as low as thirty-nine degrees; so we filled our cases and pockets with sulphur and other specimens, and at ten we reluctantly began our descent;—I say reluctantly, for those only who have witnessed that glorious prospect can know or enter into the feelings that take possession of the beholder standing on that spot!—the recollection of what this once was, and what the smoke and noise of the different crevices tell you it still is; of which who shall say the day it may not again break forth? The cause and the origin of those fires take us back to the time when all this was one mass of flame, vomiting forth those huge masses of rock and obsidian, now scattered for miles around, and the overflowing of whose liquid burning now forms the cliffs that bound its sea-washed base. But in what age did all this occur?

"By an observation made in the town at ten o'clock, the temperature was seventy-two degrees. Our descent was rapid in the extreme; on our way we visited the Gueva de Hiebo, or icehouse, a cave of great size, the temperature of which is always so low, that, although far below the region of perpetual snow, the ice and snow that collect in it during the winter remain frozen all the summer. About twenty feet from the surface was one vast sheet of ice, the exporting of which to the different parts of the island forms the pursuit of a particular class of people. The man is let down by a rope, and it is a most arduous and dangerous employment; lives are lost yearly, either at the ice-house itself, or having been overtaken in a storm in those elevated regions, many have perished miserably. We reached our horses at eleven o'clock—the temperature thirty-eight degrees. Here we dined, and rested an hour; the wind became very cold, and we were glad to set forward on our further descent.

* "Von Buch looks upon the Peak as a great chimney, or outlet for the vapour, &c. &c., which would otherwise break out through the sides and other parts of the island."

"At six o'clock we arrived, thus completing our journey in twenty hours; a less time than it has ever been accomplished in by European travellers. It is a task in which many have failed, being always one of considerable labour, and often of much danger. For myself, I cannot look upon it as a feat of physical strength, but to that power of enthusiastic excitement which can carry men over difficulties that would, under other circumstances, appear insurmountable. Shortly afterwards the Crusader hove in sight, and took us aboard about nine o'clock."

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE;

WITH A FEW HINTS TO MEMBERS OF MUTUAL INSTRUCTION SOCIETIES.

The generation of young men who some ten or fifteen years ago, were *inspired* with an intense desire for "useful knowledge," and who entered with eager and passionate earnestness into the agitations of the period, is now rapidly giving place to a new generation, to whom all these extraordinary events are but as matters of history. The youth who, in 1840, numbers himself amongst the men, by virtue of being "of age," cannot be supposed to recollect, at least with anything like distinctness, what was the state of public feeling in 1830. There are youths, indeed, who at an early age begin to take an interest in public affairs, more especially if their seniors around them set the example: but these prematurely grave young gentlemen are rare, and, on the whole, it is as little to be desired as expected to see youths "politically" inclined before the age of fourteen or fifteen. After that period, however, we should certainly expect a young man, if possessed of any desire for improvement, to begin to take an interest in what is going on in the world around him; for from fourteen or fifteen begins the proper period of self-reliance and self-instruction.

All our young men, then, who, in the present year, are from fifteen to twenty-one years of age, may be considered as having little or no personal experience of the state of public feeling ten and eight years ago, and therefore did not receive any of the "electrical shocks" which stimulated the minds of those who are now their seniors. What then? Has the whole of that mental agitation died away, and left no trace of its influence, no evidence of its power? Far from it. The new generation, whom the census of 1841 will number amongst the men of Britain, are reaping the fruits of the "useful knowledge" acquired by their immediate predecessors; "man dies, but society lives;" like the wider and wider circles which mark where a stone has been thrown into the water, the impulse given to the mind of one generation acts on another, abated in force, but wider in range. The aggregate number of *readers* in Great Britain is far greater than it was ten or fifteen years ago. True, there is not such a directness or intensity of purpose. The increased number who have acquired the habit of reading are not so *uneasily* desirous of acquiring "useful knowledge" as their predecessors, when first awakened to the fact of their ignorance. Many now read merely for amusement, and can hardly be persuaded to read anything but what is funny, or exciting, or ridiculous. Not a few read only what is more or less absurd or pernicious. Still, out of the aggregate number, a very large portion—a large minority, if not a majority—are desirous of acquiring "useful knowledge," and anxiously seek, according to their means and opportunities, for whatever will elevate their minds, add to their stock of information, and increase their capacity for thought. That the increased body of readers give encouragement to not a little that is worthless, is too true; and that men of ability, and even genius, are to be found, who degrade their powers by their application, and, looking merely to "marketable value," pander to vicious tastes, is a matter of sincere regret. But though, probably, the increase of *mere* readers goes on faster than the increase of *true* readers—those who read for a specific and good purpose—we have no doubt whatever that the latter are far more numerous than they were a few years ago; and that they pursue their objects with a distinctness and steadiness which is not only gratifying as regards themselves, but hopeful for the prospects of a future generation.

One of our reasons for so thinking is drawn from the apparent great increase in the number of the private associations of youths, to which the general name of Mutual Instruction Societies may be given. There appears to be scarcely a small town in Great Britain which has not at least one, and most have several. In our former notice of these associations (No. 61) we stated that we had no means of giving an account of their number throughout the kingdom—neither have we now. Nor have we any data by which we can positively draw the conclusion, that their number now is greater than it was ten or twelve years ago. Still, we can scarcely entertain a doubt that a very large increase has taken place. In our former notice, we gave a few of the communications which we had received from different quarters, for the purpose of letting our readers draw their own conclusions. We have now before us a considerable additional number, mostly received since the former article appeared; a few speak of failures, others ask for advice, and others again of progress in a tone of exultation. As almost all of them, however, are similar in tone and character to the communications printed in the previous notice, we do not think it would serve any really useful purpose to print any more of them, with the exception of one, giving an account of a society formed in the village of Gateshead Fell, which we think interesting.

"I take up my pen," says the writer, "to give you some account of a society I took an active part in forming, and of which I have been a member upwards of four years. I have watched its proceedings with the greatest care and anxiety, and even now, though I am nearly three hundred miles from the village where it is held, I communicate with its members, and often remember the happy hours I have spent during its meetings. In 1835, a few of my companions and myself, living in a village about two miles from Newcastle-on-Tyne, called Gateshead Fell, began to feel the want of some place of resort—the only place in existence at the time being the alehouse—where we could meet together to spend an evening. At last it was proposed that we should form ourselves into a society, rent a room, and form a library; and, after several meetings to arrange matters, we did as was proposed. We next acquainted the rector of the parish with our intention; he immediately offered to become a subscriber of one guinea, and made us a present of books. This put us all right; we opened our rooms a few days after. We were young and *poor*, and only *six* in number, but we went heartily to work. Two of us who had subscribed to a 'Youth's Saving Fund' advanced a little money, to purchase a table, two forms, and some wood for shelving (which we put up ourselves); another brought a fender and fire-irons; the two rooms were new painted and stencilled; all of us brought as many books as we could gather together, with about forty volumes from the rector; so we were 'quite set up.' The rector called at the rooms on the day we opened, and expressed his gratification at the manner in which we had conducted the business. We issued a circular, announcing that a society had been formed; but we got few to support us. Shortly after we commenced, the rector proposed that we might have the use of the school-room, which would save us rent and firing; we at once embraced this offer, and since that time the meetings have been held there. The members have gradually increased, and the library at present contains upwards of three hundred volumes; classes have been formed, and lectures

delivered. We never succeeded so well with the classes, except the one for debates. A *manuscript* Magazine has been established, called 'the Tyro,' which is supported by articles from members both at home and abroad.

"We have had many obstacles to contend with, being all young men, for the elderly part of the community would not co-operate with us; and, moreover, set up an 'opposition,' in the shape of another society of the same kind, which permitted political discussion, while the old society prohibited 'party politics and controversial divinity.' The old society, I am happy to say, is the most flourishing; its anniversary is held every Christmas day, when tea is provided for the members and their friends; and perhaps a more pleasing company seldom meet together. The rector takes the chair and a few of the members address the company at intervals; the choir from the church generally attend, and adds to the pleasure of the company.

"I have said so much to show, that similar institutions can be formed by a few young men in ordinary circumstances. The neighbourhood in which the above society exists is inhabited chiefly by 'pitmen,' who are in general an ignorant class of men, but I am happy to say that intelligence is fast *beating* ignorance from their minds, and occupying its place,

"R. W. Hetherington, Secretary."

The encouragement given by the rector of Gateshead Fell, the Rev. Mr. Atkinson, to the proceedings of these young men, is exceedingly creditable to him: and we think we may take the account given in this communication as a specimen of the influences at work throughout the kingdom. Some of these associations may flourish for a time, and then fade, leaving no apparent trace of their existence; others may fail for want of hearty co-operation, or even be split up by feuds and "opposition;" while a few may be productive of positive injury, from improper or injudicious management. Still, here is a FACT that the rising generation of young men are, even more than their predecessors, anxious for self-improvement, for mutual instruction, and for acquiring habits of thinking; and that, in pursuit of their objects, they are learning the power of self-reliance and of voluntary co-operation. To what uses, good or bad, may this knowledge not be put!

Addressing ourselves to members of such associations, and to intelligent young men generally, we may be permitted to ask—What *is* useful knowledge? Does it sound like a very common truism, to say that useful knowledge is wholly a *relative* term, varying with the characters and conditions of individuals? Obvious, however, as it may be, we fear that most young men, in their acquisitive desire for information, overlook it. It is exceedingly *useful* to be familiar with the machinery of the steam-engine. It is exceedingly *useful* to know Greek and Latin, French and German. It is exceedingly *useful* to be acquainted with algebra. It is useful to know more or less of chemistry; it is even useful to know something about the history of alchemy. It would be useful to a professor of Sanscrit if he knew how to make a pudding; a knowledge of Greek might be useful to a working engineer; but we think it far more useful for the Sanscrit professor to know Greek in preference to pudding-making; and the working engineer may well be excused for studying mathematics in preference, to languages. "A time for everything, and everything in its place," is a good household maxim; and it is just as good a maxim in education, that necessary knowledge should precede the agreeable or the ornamental.

The great mistake, then, which young men too often commit is, not the acquiring of *useless* knowledge—for we would not call *any* knowledge useless, unless it were pernicious—but wasting their time on matters or questions having no reference to their professions, their stations in life, and without relation to their time and their opportunities. We quite eschew the cant about "a *little* knowledge" being "a dangerous thing"—for the quotation is often used in a sense in which Pope never meant it. Mere smatterers are, of course, more likely to be conceited than those who have a profounder knowledge: but it is *not* the "smattering" that makes them conceited, for the conceit lies in the mind of the individual, and if he were not conceited about his "smattering," he would be conceited about something else. The learning of the greatest scholar must be "little," compared with what is still to be known; and, however small may be the portion of knowledge which a person in humble circumstances is able to acquire, that "little" can only be "dangerous" to those who selfishly wish him to know less.

But though a "superficial" knowledge is far better than no knowledge at all, it is good for even the humblest to be well acquainted with some branch or branches, and these should relate more or less to the particular profession by which subsistence is earned. There is perhaps no profession to which a universal knowledge is more valuable than that of the law; a lawyer may have to undertake cases bringing him in contact with "all ranks and conditions of men"—may have to argue on the merits of a mechanical invention, discuss the virtues of a horse, or manage the nicest degrees of scientific evidence in application to the detection of crime. Yet we are generally disposed to forgive a barrister for general ignorance, if he is a profound lawyer. And so of all other professions.

Let young men, then, in forming themselves into Mutual Instruction societies, weigh their capabilities, their time, and their prospects. If the club is composed of individuals mostly in the mercantile profession, the questions discussed should be of a diversified nature; they should seek to get acquainted with the constitutional history of their country, with the "machinery of government," and the characters of the great men who have influenced the national destinies. They should also familiarise themselves with questions relating to the national literature, the characters of our historians and poets, the progress of science, and the prospects of the human race. Should the majority of the club belong to businesses connected with manufactures and trades, there certainly should be a sprinkling of technical questions. But let the *form* of the questions be well considered before they are given out for discussion; for not a few of those discussed in Mutual Instruction Societies have no higher character than the notable one—"Where was Moses when the candle went out?" and their discussion frequently leaves the disputants in much the same situation in which the question supposes Moses to be left—namely, *in the dark*.

Above all, let the members of Mutual Instruction Societies be in *earnest*, and they will not only benefit themselves, but escape the "besetting sin" of debating societies, that of the members striving to be *orators*—i. e. *babblers*. Not a few juveniles fancy that, because they can rhyme, therefore they are poets; and not a few fancy that, because they can stand "on their legs," and pour out a number of phrases, therefore they are orators. Poetry and oratory are only produced by geniuses, and every Mutual Instruction Society cannot number a genius in its ranks. Let them be content with what they can do—that is, enable themselves to *appreciate* poetry and oratory, without striving to *produce* it; or, like the frog in the fable, to do what is beyond them.

A selection of exercises and questions for discussion, on the whole very good, is appended to Mr. Timothy Claxton's "Hints to Mechanics," to which we refer those who wish to have a list of topics worth discussion.

THE IMPALED BUTTERFLY.

'Ho!" said a butterfly, "here am I
Up in the air, who used to lie
Flat on the ground, for the passers by
To treat with utter neglect!
None will suspect that I am the same,
With a bright new coat, and a different name:
The piece of nothingness whence I came
In me they'll never detect.

"That horrible night of the chrysalis,
That brought me at length to a day like this,
In the form of beauty—a state of bliss,
Was little enough to give
For freedom to range from bower to bower
To flirt with the buds and flatter the flower,
And shine in the sunbeam's hour by hour,
The envy of all that lives.

"This is a world of [illegible] things,
Where those who crawl and those who have wings
Are rank'd in the classes of beggars and kings.
No matter how much the worth
May be on the side of those who creep,
Where the vain, the light, and the bold, will sweep
Others from notice, and proudly keep
Uppermost on the earth!

"Many a one that has loathed the sight
Of the piteous worm, will take delight
In welcoming me, as I look so bright
In my new and beautiful dress,
But some I shall pass with a scornful glance,
Some with elegant *nonchalance*,
And others will woo me till I advance
To give them a slight caress."

"Ha!" said the pin, "you are just the one
Through which I'm commission'd at once to run
From back to breast, till, your fluttering done,
Your form may be fairly shown.
And when my point shall have reached your heart,
'Twill be like a balm to the wounded part,
To think how you will be copied by art,
And your beauty will all be known!"

From a volume of American Poetry.

NEW ZEALAND CONVEYANCING.

MANY of our readers will doubtless have been informed, through the medium of the newspapers, of the safe arrival of the Tory, the first vessel sent out by the New Zealand Land Company, at Queen Charlotte Sound, on the southern side of Cook's Straits, on the 17th of August last, being the 97th day from leaving Plymouth; but as others, who may take an interest in the success of the adventurers, may still be ignorant of their safe arrival at their port of destination, we have thought it well to record the fact in our columns. An abridgment of the despatch sent home by Colonel Wakefield, the chief of the expedition, has been published. It is dated the 1st of September, and in it he speaks in very sanguine terms of the prospect of future success. The party was received in the most friendly manner by the natives, and the aspect of the country was very encouraging. They found a party of English, who had established a whaling station for the purpose of boiling down blubber, &c., on an extended scale, at a place called Tea-waiti, situated on the island of Alapawa, in one of the coves of the Sound, and several other parties are settled on various parts of the coast.

It seems doubtful whether one circumstance mentioned by Colonel Wakefield may ultimately tend to embarrass or facilitate the schemes of the settlers. It appears that the rights of property in land are exceedingly undefined in the southern island, and the southern parts of the northern island; the chiefs who were resident at Queen Charlotte Sound stated that they had no power to dispose of the lands, but they were perfectly willing that the English should settle on their shores, and welcomed them with gladness. Colonel Wakefield states his conviction that there would be little difficulty in obtaining land on either side of the straits, without paying any consideration for it; but such a mode of possession must always want that security which attends a recognised purchase, such as is always made with legal formality in the northern part of the island, which is more densely peopled, and where the boundaries of property are well ascertained and defined. In a work recently published by Mr. Polack *, a gentleman whose name is well known in connexion with New Zealand, from a former work on that country, a very curious account is given of the ceremonials observed on occasion of himself making a purchase at the Bay of Islands, which shows that the nature of property is perfectly understood by the inhabitants; and such being the case, we fear that any unauthorised intrusion, although long unquestioned and apparently acquiesced in, might eventually lead to discord, or at least afford a pretext for dispute.

The following is Mr. Polack's description of conveyancing, as practised in New Zealand.

"Land once purchased by a European, agreeably to the native laws, is tapued to him, that is, it cannot revert again to the owners or their posterity without repurchase. The chief of a tribe is allowed to have the responsibility of the sale, but he does not assent to the payment, if any of his dependants, yet proprietors of the soil, should be averse to his share.

"The chiefs, accompanied by a motley group of followers, retainers, and part-proprietors, assemble at the house of the European to discuss the subject. The principal chief generally perches himself on a chair, covered with his blanket, and rarely joins in the conversation; but the venerable seniors give way to a flood of eloquence, that the price may be enhanced. A sketch of the land is generally made by one of the company, which lies on the table as a reference for the boundary.

"The purchase-money, or goods offered by a European for land, is rarely accepted at the first offer. The natives cautiously retire to their village, the subject is canvassed in all its bearings; the wants of one chief require a certain supply of a desired article not stated in the proposed payment, another changes his promised portion with that of a third person, and after the debate, occupying continual attention for two or three days, and even weeks, the natives again call on the European; the chief spokesman states what his people and himself require; if the intended purchaser hesitates at giving the additions named in the new proposal, the chief desires him to recollect the advantages that will accrue to him. On purchasing a small estate near the river Waitangi, the chief Kamura bade us remember that the land descended to the children of the purchaser, ending with the ejaculation '*ha tini rawá*,' which when long aspirated, as in this instance, signifies, for evermore. 'Remember,' he added, 'this land has been received by us from our forefathers, and do not think that a trivial payment will satisfy us. Look at the stream before you' (which the flood-tide was entering, into a number of small creeks and inlets) 'it enters into numberless inlets, refreshing the mangroves in its vicinity †; now remember in a similar manner must my people be refreshed by the payment you shall give them. Can you compare the articles you offer, or even those we demand, which must eventually perish, with the broad land before you, which can never decrease, but will survive beyond the lives of your latest posterity? What will become of your blankets? they must rot

* Manners and Customs of the New Zealanders; with Notes corroborative of their Habits, Usages, &c., and Remarks to Intending Emigrants, with numerous cuts drawn on wood. By J. S. Polack, Esq. Author of "Travels and Adventures in New Zealand between the years 1831 and 1837." 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1840, Madden and Co., Hatchard and son.

† The mangrove tree (manawa) grows in the mud-banks that are covered with sea-water during half the twenty-four hours. They only flourish at the sea-side; some may be seen eight and ten feet under water with luxuriant branches.

and be as nothing. Your muskets will become sick (*mati*, or dead); your tomahawks will become worn to the handle, or lost; is it not so? speak, white man, and say that my words and your heart agree.' Another chief, named Arripiro, also confirmed the sentiments of his liege, adding, 'What comparison can you make between the money of the white man (*na pakahá*), and the lands of the natives (*na tangata maori*)? Your money, like the hard water (*haupapa*, or snow) on the mountains of the south, will dissolve, in the purchase of such articles as we may require; your *moni kora* (gold money) will be exchanged for blankets (*ná prankiti*) and muskets (*na poo*); your *moni torra* (dollar or silver money) will be smoked away in tobacco (*tupakka*), or wasted in powder; is not also iron brittle? then be a generous man (*tangata hoa*) and make your payment a good one for us.' This stickler for the rights of man had not ceased his harangue, when, apprehensive of its probable prolixity, two of the lady proprietresses addressed us in a similar strain directed to the same object. 'I have no garment to make myself respectable of a Sunday,' said Khora, the lady love (wife we must add) of Reti, a chief also interested in the purchase: Runji-apiti, sister to the chief, also added in her shrill voice a confirmation of the plaintive fact, and that the payment should comprise an article of a similar nature for herself. The argument was concluded by Kamura, who spoke for his tribe. 'This tree,' he observed, pointing to one of the numerous peach-trees that fronted our residence at Parramatta; 'look at it: should a single branch fall, does not another supply its place? if you die, the land you purchase will yet belong to your children, but what will fall to my children' (*na tamariki naku*), pointing to his tribe, 'when your payments have ceased to be serviceable?' The payment was then arranged, and the several articles taken from the store, and laid in the centre of the circle, which the chiefs, females, and tribe, had made. Kamura, as head proprietor, distributed to each chief such articles as he knew they required, and in quantity according to the interest they personally possessed in the property, reserving a very minor portion to himself. The title-deed was then read, describing with minute care the several boundary-lines, which on being named, was assentingly nodded to by the chiefs most interested in the part described. The deed was then presented to Kamura, in presence of several native chiefs, as witnesses on the part of the late owners, and some Europeans performing a similar service on our part. Kamura then drew his *moko*, or representation of a portion of the tattooing on his face, as his signature, which was followed by the other recipients of the purchase doing the same. Congratulation passed on both sides, the chief Kamura declaring that we had become incorporated in his tribe, as an actual possessor of territory in the same district as themselves. The slaves were also well pleased, as a moiety of the articles also fell to their share. On the title-deed being signed, as also by the European witnesses, the meeting separated, the natives taking to their canoes, well-pleased with the transaction of the day.

"Gifts of land from the natives to Europeans are not valid, nor are the promises of a chief to a European who obtains land in consequence of his cohabiting with the daughter or female relative to the chief. Such titles have been insisted on, after the European has left the country; in the mean time, the lands have been regularly purchased by another resident in the legal manner; the titular claim of the former is consequently out of the question, leaving no doubt as to the rightful owner.

"Among the circumstances that entitle a native to become a claimant of land, unpurchased by a European, the following may be mentioned:—

"For having practised fishing for a length of time on the shores of a place, and sleeping there for the night.

"For having been in the habit of cutting bulrushes (*raupo*) in the marshes (if any) for covering houses.

"For having experienced a serious accident on the place, such as making an incision in the arm or leg in cutting fire-wood.

"For planting and reaping while the land was uncultivated, without let or hindrance, while in the native possession.

"For a relative having been buried on the place.

"For having fought in an engagement on the territory.

"For dancing a war-dance on the land previous to, during, and after a battle, and even from circumstances yet more trivial.

"The lands of the New Zealanders in the northern parts of the North Island are not to be purchased for mere trifles; similar property will be found fully as expensive as in England. The competition of numerous colonists has greatly raised the price, from 100 to 1000 per cent. to what the same lands might have been purchased within a few years back."

RAMBLES OF AN AMERICAN NATURALIST.—No. V.

By John D. Godman.

Those who have only lived in forest countries, where vast tracts are shaded by a dense growth of oak, ash, chestnut, hickory, and other trees of deciduous foliage, which present the most pleasing varieties of verdure and freshness, can have but little idea of the effect produced on the feelings by aged forests of pine, composed in great degree of a single species, whose towering summits are crowded with one dark green canopy, which successive seasons find unchanged, and nothing but death causes to vary. Their robust and gigantic trunks rise a hundred or more feet high, in purely proportioned columns, before the limbs begin to diverge; and their tops, densely clothed with long, bristling foliage, intermingle so closely as to allow of but slight entrance to the sun. Hence the undergrowth of such forests is comparatively slight and thin, since none but shrubs and plants that love the shade can flourish under this perpetual exclusion of the animating and invigorating rays of the great exciter of the vegetable world. Through such forests and by the merest footpaths in great part, it was my lot to pass many miles almost every day; and had I not endeavoured to derive some amusement and instruction from the study of the forest itself, my time would have been as fatiguing to me as it was certainly quiet and solemn. But wherever Nature is, and under whatever form she may present herself, enough is always proffered to fix attention and produce pleasure, if we will condescend to observe with carefulness. I soon found that even a pine forest was far from being devoid of interest, and shall endeavour to prove this by stating the result of various observations made during the time I lived in this situation.

The common pitch, or, as it is generally called, Norway pine, grows from a seed which is matured in vast abundance in the large cones peculiar to the pines. This seed is of a rather triangular shape, thick and heavy at the part by which it grows from the cone, and terminating in a broad membranous fan or sail, which, when the seeds are shaken out by the wind, enables them to sail obliquely through the air to great distances. Should an old corn-field, or other piece of ground, be thrown out of cultivation for more than one season, it is sown with the pine seeds by the winds, and the young pines shoot up as closely and compactly as hemp. They continue to grow in this manner until they become twelve or fifteen feet high, until their roots begin to encroach on each other, or until the stoutest and best-rooted begin to overtop, so as entirely to shade the smaller. These gradually begin to fail, and finally dry up and perish; and a similar process is continued until the best trees acquire room enough to grow without impediment. Even when the young pines have attained to thirty or forty feet in height, and are as thick as a man's thigh, they stand so closely together, that their lower branches, which are all dry and dead, are intermingled sufficiently to prevent any one from passing between the trees without first breaking these obstructions away. I have seen such a wood as that just mentioned covering an old corn-field, whose ridges were still distinctly to be traced, and which an old resident informed me he had seen growing in corn. In a part of this wood, which was not far from my dwelling, I had a delightful retreat, that served me as a private study, or closet, though enjoying all the advantages of the open air. A road that had once passed through the field, and was of course more compacted than any other part, had denied access to the pine seeds for a certain distance, while on each side of it they grew with their usual density. The ground was covered with the soft layer or carpet of dried pine-leaves, which gradually and imperceptibly fall throughout the year, making a most pleasant surface to tread on, and rendering the step perfectly noiseless. By beating off with a stick all the dried branches that projected towards the vacant space, I formed a sort of chamber, fifteen or twenty feet long, which above was canopied by the densely-mingled branches of the adjacent trees, which altogether excluded or scattered the rays of the sun, and on all sides was so shut in by the trunks of the young trees as to prevent all observation. Hither, during the hot season, I was accustomed to retire, for the purpose of reading or meditation; and within this deeper solitude, where all was solitary, very many of the subsequent movements of my life were suggested or devised.

From all I could observe, and all the inquiries I could get answered, it appeared that this rapidly-growing tree does not attain its full growth until it is eighty or ninety years old—nor does its time of full health and vigour much exceed a hundred. Before this time it is liable to the attacks of insects; but these are of a kind that bore the tender spring shoots to deposit their eggs therein,

and their larvæ appear to live principally on the sap, which is very abundant, so that the tree is but slightly injured. But after the pine has attained its acme, it is attacked by an insect which deposits its egg in the body of the tree, and the larva devours its way through the solid substance of the timber; so that, after a pine has been for one or two seasons subjected to these depredators, it will be fairly riddled, and if cut down is unfit for any other purpose than burning. Indeed, if delayed too long, it is poorly fit for firewood, so thoroughly do these insects destroy its substance. At the same time that one set of insects is engaged in destroying the body, myriads of others are at work under the bark, destroying the sap vessels, and the foliage wears a more and more pale and sickly appearance as the tree declines in vigour. If not cut down, it eventually dies, becomes leafless, stripped of its bark, and, as the decay advances, all the smaller branches are broken off, and it stands with its naked trunk and a few ragged limbs, as if bidding defiance to the tempest which howls around its head. Under favourable circumstances, a large trunk will stand in this condition for nearly a century, so extensive and powerful are its roots, so firm and stubborn the original knitting of its giant frame. At length some storm, more furious than all its predecessors, wrenches those ponderous roots from the soil, and hurls the helpless carcass to the earth, crushing all before it in its fall. Without the aid of fire, or some peculiarity of situation favourable to rapid decomposition, full another hundred years will be requisite to reduce it to its element, and obliterate the traces of its existence. Indeed, long after the lapse of more than that period, we find the heart of the pitch-pine still preserving its original form, and from being thoroughly imbued with turpentine, become utterly indestructible except by fire.

If the proprietor attend to the warnings afforded by the woodpecker, he may always cut his pines in time to prevent them from being injured by insects. The woodpeckers run up and around the trunks, tapping from time to time with their powerful bills. The bird knows at once by the sound whether there be insects below or not. If the tree is sound, the woodpecker forsakes it for another; should he begin to break into the bark, it is to catch the worm, and such trees are at once to be marked for the axe. In felling such pines, I found the woodmen always anxious to avoid letting them strike against neighbouring sound trees, as they said that the insects more readily attacked an injured tree than one whose bark was unbroken. The observation is most probably correct; at least the experience of country folks in such matters is rarely wrong, though they sometimes give very odd reasons for the processes they adopt.

A full-grown pine-forest is at all times a grand and majestic object to one accustomed to moving through it. Those vast and towering columns, sustaining a waving crown of deepest verdure; those robust and rugged limbs standing forth at a vast height overhead, loaded with the cones of various seasons; and the diminutiveness of all surrounding objects compared with these gigantic children of nature,—cannot but inspire ideas of seriousness, and even of melancholy. But how awful and even tremendous does such a situation become, when we hear the first wailings of the gathering storm, as it stoops upon the lofty summits of the pine, and soon increases to a deep hoarse roaring, as the boughs begin to wave in the blast, and the whole tree is forced to sway before its power!

In a short time the fury of the wind is at its height, the loftiest trees bend suddenly before it, and scarce regain their upright position ere they are again obliged to cower beneath its violence. Then the tempest literally howls, and amid the tremendous reverberations of thunder, and the blazing glare of the lightning, the unfortunate wanderer hears around him the crash of numerous trees hurled down by the storm, and knows not but the next may be precipitated upon him. More than once have I witnessed all the grandeur, dread, and desolation of such a scene, and have always found safety either by seeking as quickly as possible a spot where there were none but young trees, or, if on the main road, choosing the most open and exposed situation, out of the reach of the large trees. There, seated on my horse, who seemed to understand the propriety of such patience, I would quietly remain, however thoroughly drenched, until the fury of the wind was completely over. To say nothing of the danger from falling trees, the peril of being struck by the lightning, which so frequently shivers the loftiest of them, is so great as to render any attempt to advance, at such time, highly imprudent.

Like the ox among animals, the pine-tree may be looked upon as one of the most universally useful of the sons of the forest. For all sorts of building, for firewood, tar, turpentine, rosin, lamp-black, and a vast variety of other useful products, this tree is invaluable to man. Nor is it a pleasing contemplation, to one who knows its usefulness, to observe to how vast an amount it is annually destroyed in America, beyond the proportion that nature can possibly supply. However, we are not disposed to believe that this evil will ever be productive of very great injury, especially as coal fuel is becoming annually more extensively used. Nevertheless, were I the owner of a pine-forest, I should exercise a considerable degree of care in the selection of the wood for the axe.

Among the enemies with which the farmers of a poor or light soil have to contend, I know of none so truly formidable and injurious as the crows, whose numbers, cunning, and audacity can scarcely be appreciated, except by those who have had long-continued and numerous opportunities of observation. Possessed of the most acute sense, and endowed by nature with a considerable share of reasoning power, these birds bid defiance to almost all the contrivances resorted to for their destruction; and when their numbers have accumulated to vast multitudes, which annually occurs, it is scarcely possible to estimate the destruction they are capable of effecting. Placed in a situation where every object was subjected to close observation, as a source of amusement, it is not surprising that my attention should be drawn to so conspicuous an object as the crow; and having once commenced remarking the peculiarities of this bird, I continued to bestow attention upon it during many years, in whatever situation it was met with. The thickly-wooded and well-watered parts of the state of Maryland, as affording them a great abundance of food, and almost entire security during their breeding season, are especially infested by these troublesome creatures; so that at some times of the year they are collected in numbers which would appear incredible to any one unaccustomed to witness their accumulations.

Individually, the common crow (*corvus corona*) may be compared in character with the brown or Norway rat, being, like that quadruped, addicted to all sorts of mischief, destroying the lives of any small creatures that may fall in its way, plundering with audacity wherever anything is exposed to its rapaciousness, and triumphing, by its cunning, over the usual artifices employed for the destruction of ordinary noxious animals. Where food is at any time scarce, or the opportunity for such marauding inviting, there is scarcely a young animal about the farm-yards safe from the attacks of the crow. Young chickens, ducks, goslings, and even little pigs when quite young and feeble, are carried off by them. They are not less eager to discover the nests of domestic fowls, and will sit very quietly in sight, at a convenient distance, until the hen leaves the nest, and then fly down and suck her eggs at leisure. But none of their tricks excited in me a greater interest than the observation of their attempts to rob a hen of her chicks. The crow, alighting at a little distance from the hen, would advance in an apparently careless way towards the brood, when the vigilant parent would bristle up her feathers, and rush at the black rogue to drive him off. After several such approaches, the hen would become very angry, and would chase the crow to a greater distance from the brood. This is the very object the robber has in view; for as long as the parent keeps near her young, the crow has very slight chance of success; but as soon as he can induce her to follow him to a little distance from the brood, he takes advantage of his wings, and before she can regain her place, has flown over her, and seized one of her chickens. When the cock is present, there is still less danger from such an attack; for chanticleer shows all his vigilance and gallantry in protecting his tender offspring, though it frequently happens that the number of hens with broods renders it impossible for him to extend his care to all. When the crow tries to carry off a gosling from the mother, it requires more daring and skill, and is far less frequently successful, than in the former instance. If the gander be in company, which he almost uniformly is, the crow has his labour in vain. Notwithstanding the advantages of flight and superior cunning, the honest vigilance and determined bravery of the former are too much for him. His attempts to approach, however cautiously conducted, are promptly met, and all his tricks rendered unavailing, by the fierce movements of the gander, whose powerful blows the crow seems to be well aware might effectually disable him. The first time I witnessed such a scene, I was at the side of a creek, and saw on the opposite shore a goose with her goslings beset by a crow: from the apparent alarm of the mother and brood, it seemed to me they must be in great danger, and I called to the owner of the place, who happened to be in sight, to inform him of their situation. Instead of going to their relief, he shouted back to me, to ask if the gander was not there too; and as soon as he was answered in the affirmative, he bid me be under no uneasiness, as the crow would find his match. Nothing could

exceed the cool impudence and pertinacity of the crow, who, perfectly regardless of my shouting, continued to worry the poor gander for an hour, by his efforts to obtain a nice gosling for his next meal. At length, convinced of the fruitlessness of his efforts, he flew off to seek some more easily procurable food. Several crows sometimes unite to plunder the goose of her young, and are then generally successful, because they are able to distract the attention of the parents, and lure them farther from their young.

In the summer, the crows disperse in pairs for the purpose of raising their young; and then they select lofty trees in the remotest parts of the forest, upon which, with dry sticks and twigs, they build a large strong nest, and line it with softer materials. They lay four or five eggs, and when they are hatched, feed, attend, and watch over their young with the most zealous devotion. Should any one by chance pass near the nest while the eggs are still unhatched or the brood are very young, the parents keep close, and neither by the slightest movement or noise betray their presence. But if the young are fledged, and beginning to take their first lessons in flying, the approach of a man, especially if armed with a gun, calls forth all their cunning and solicitude. The young are immediately placed in the securest place at hand, where the foliage is thickest, and remain perfectly motionless and quiet. Not so the alarmed parents, both of which fly nearer and nearer to the hunter, uttering the most discordant screams, with an occasional peculiar note, which seems intended to direct or warn their young. So close do they approach, and so clamorous are they as the hunter endeavours to get a good view of them on the tree, that he is almost uniformly persuaded the young crows are also concealed there; but he does not perceive, as he is cautiously trying to get within gunshot, that they are moving from tree to tree, and at each remove are farther and farther from the place where the young are hid. After continuing this trick until it is impossible that the hunter can retain any idea of the situation of the young ones, the parents cease their distressing outcries, fly quietly to the most convenient lofty tree, and calmly watch the movements of their disturber. Now and then they utter a loud quick cry, which seems intended to bid their offspring lie close and keep quiet; and it is very generally the case that they escape all danger by their obedience. An experienced crow-killer watches eagerly for the tree where the crows first start from; and if this can be observed, he pays no attention to their clamours, or pretence of throwing themselves in his way, as he is satisfied they are too vigilant to let him get a shot at them; and if he can see the young, he is tolerably sure of them all, because of their inability to fly or change place readily.

The time of the year in which the farmers suffer most from them is in the spring, before their enormous congregations disperse, and when they are rendered voracious by the scantiness of their winter fare. Woe betide the corn-field which is not closely watched when the young grain begins to shoot above the soil! If not well guarded, a host of these marauders will settle upon it at the first light of the dawn; and before the sun has risen far above the horizon, will have plundered every shoot of the germinating seed, by first drawing it skilfully from the moist earth by the young stalk, and then swallowing the grain. The negligent or careless planter, who does not visit his field before breakfast, finds, on his arrival, that he must either replant his corn or relinquish hopes of a crop; and, without the exertion of due vigilance, he may be obliged to repeat this process twice or thrice the same season. Where the crows go to rob a field in this way, they place one or more sentinels, according to circumstances, in convenient places; and these are exceedingly vigilant, uttering a single warning call, which puts the whole to flight the instant there is the least appearance of danger or interruption. Having fixed their sentinels, they begin regularly at one part of the field, and pursuing the rows along, pulling up each shoot in succession, and biting off the corn at the root. The green shoots thus left along the rows, if they had been arranged with care, offer a melancholy memorial of the work which has been effected by these cunning and destructive plunderers.

Numerous experiments have been made, where the crows are thus injurious, to avert their ravages; and the method I shall now relate, I have seen tried with the most gratifying success. In a large tub a portion of tar and grease were mixed, so as to render the tar sufficiently thin and soft; and to this was added a portion of slacked lime in powder, and the whole stirred until thoroughly incorporated. The seed-corn was then thrown in, and stirred with the mixture until each grain received a uniform coating. The corn was then dropped in the rills, and covered as usual. This treatment was found to retard the germination about three days, as the mixture greatly excludes moisture from the grain. But the crows did no injury to the field; they pulled up a small quantity in different parts of the planting to satisfy themselves it was all alike; upon becoming convinced of which, they quietly left it for some less carefully managed grounds, where pains had not been taken to make all the corn so nauseous and bitter.

It rarely happens that any of the works of Nature are wholly productive of evil; and even the crows, troublesome as they are, contribute in a small degree to the good of the district they frequent. Thus, though they destroy eggs and young poultry, plunder the corn-fields, and carry off whatever may serve for food, they also rid the surface of the earth of a considerable quantity of carrion, and a vast multitude of insects and their destructive larvæ. The crows are very usefully employed when they alight upon newly-ploughed fields, and pick up great numbers of those large and long-lived worms which are so destructive to the roots of all growing vegetables; and they are scarcely less so when they follow the seine-haulers along the shores, and pick up the small fishes, which would otherwise be left to putrefy and load the air with unpleasant vapours. Nevertheless, they become far more numerous in some parts of the country than is at all necessary to the good of the inhabitants; and whoever would devise a method of lessening their number suddenly, would certainly be doing a service to the community.

THE FUNERAL OF A MOTH.

A CHILD'S VISION.

A LITTLE child had been amusing itself at the feet of its mother, kicking and rolling about, and playing all sorts of antics, when it espied a moth disengage itself from the fibres of the carpet, and poise its small wing with a short, wavering flight. The child stopped its noisy song, rolled over upon all-fours, and commenced a scramble for the poor insect, slapping its clumsy hand upon the carpet in the hope of striking it down. It did so at last—the moth fell upon its side, quivered slightly, and was still.

The child would have taken it in his hand, but suddenly there was a sound as of innumerable tiny bells tolling, and very low sad music. He laid his cheek upon his arm, the bright curls falling all about the carpet, and his little feet stretched out, and crossed one over the other, the disarranged tunic revealing liberally his round white limbs, indolently exposed. Thus the child lay, listening to the music, that seemed to say—

"Alas! for death is amongst us."

It could not tell what was meant, but it saw that the beautiful moth stirred not, and it felt something very sad must have happened. At length a large black beetle was seen to move slowly along, and look at the little insect, and then, while the eyes of the child were fixed intently to see what would come of it, the beetle seemed a little, small old woman, much wrinkled, and dressed in black. She moved about quite briskly, and the child could scarce forbear a smile to see such an alert, diminutive thing. His mother's little gold thimble had fallen from her basket, and now stood upon the carpet beside the dead moth; and the child observed that the little woman in black was not as tall as the thimble. She took a robe, made of the fibres of a rose-leaf, from her pocket, and shrouded the moth, singing all the time,

"Alas! for the gladsome wing
Shall never more be spread—
When cheerful voices ring,
They may not wake the dead."

Then a grasshopper came in, with a slow, sepulchral tread, bearing upon his thigh the severed pericarp of the balsam (*impatiens*), lined with gossamer, and having tassels hanging from the pall. He had no sooner approached the dead moth, than he appeared a grave and venerable undertaker, bearing the coffin, into which he and the little old woman put the poor insect, and covered it with the pall of gossamer, singing all the time, in a sweet, sad voice.

Then an immense procession of moths (they were of that kind called death's-head, undoubtedly a class designed to officiate exclusively at funerals) followed the undertaker as he bore out the body; but, as they moved on, they were little men and women, dressed in drab, each with a sad, pale face, and now and then one of the younger with a handkerchief pressed to the eyes; while all sang in chorus the following words,

"Rest thee, rest thee, blighted one,
Sunshine may not come to thee;
When our joyous wings are spread,
Thine in death shall folded be.

Rest thee; sad and early call'd
From our pleasant haunts away,
Where we meet in sunset revels
At the close of summer day

The child heard the hum of their voices when he had ceased to distinguish the words Then he arose, and laying his head upon his mother's lap, wept bitterly, telling her what he had heard and seen, and asking what *death* meant She talked long upon the sad but pleasant subject, telling of that land where death is not, till the heart of the little child grew joyous within him and he called that land his home Had the child been less young or less innocent, the visions of the moth's funeral had not been vouchsafed. But he never from that time wantonly destroyed the humblest creature made by the wisdom, the goodness, and love of our Heavenly Father He saw there was room enough in the great world, and in the pleasant sunshine, for him and them, and he remembered that a better land had been promised to man only—therefore he would not abridge the few days of happiness granted the little insect The child daily grew gentle and loving, for the exercise of kindness, even in one simple instance, had fixed the principle in his young heart, till it expanded so that it embraced all the creatures made by our great and good Parent It was thus that he learned, not only to love worthily the good and loving but even those in whom the image of God, stamped upon the human soul, had become marred and effaced by sin He loved and prayed even for these, and the blessedness of such prayers returned upon his own head Thus did the child learn a lesson of wisdom and of goodness from the Funeral of the Moth —*From the Ladies' Companion, a New York Monthly Magazine*

EDUCATION AND EMIGRATION

Two things, great things, dwell, for the last ten years in all thinking heads in England, and are hovering of late even on the tongues of not a few Universal education is the first great thing, general emigration is the second

Who would suppose that education were a thing which had to be advocated on the ground of local expediency or indeed on any ground? It is a thing that should need no advocating Were it not a cruel thing to see, in any province of an empire the inhabitants living all mutilated in their limbs, each strong man with his right arm lamed? How much crueller to find the strong soul with its eyes still sealed, its eyes extinct so that it sees not! Light has come into the world but to this poor peasant it has come in vain For six thousand years the sons of Adam in sleepless effort, have been devising doing discovering, in mysterious infinite indissoluble communion, warring, a little band of brothers, against the great black empire of Necessity and Night, they have accomplished such a conquest and conquests and to this man it is all as if it had not been The four and twenty letters of the Alphabet are still Runic enigmas to him Oh! what are bills of rights, emancipations of black slaves into black apprentices, lawsuits in chancery for some short usufruct of a bit of land? The grand "seed-field of Time" is this man's and you give it him not Time's seed-field, which includes the earth and all her seed fields and pearl oceans, nay—her sowers, too, and pearl divers—all that was wise, and heroic, and victorious, here below, of which the earth's centuries are but as furrows, for it stretches forth from the beginning onward even unto this day!

'My inheritance how lordly wide and fair
Time is my fair seed field, to Time I'm heir

Heavier wrong is not done under the sun It lasts from year to year, from century to century, the blinded sire slaves himself out, and leaves a blinded son; and men, made in the image of God, continue as two-legged beasts of labour, and in the largest empire of the world, it is a debate whether a small fraction of the revenue of one day (30,000*l* is but that), shall after Thirteen Centuries, be laid out on it!

All new epochs, so convulsed and tumultuous to look upon, are "expansions," increase of faculty not yet organised It is eminently true of the confusions of this time of ours The confusions, if we would understand them, are, at bottom, mere increase, which we know not yet how to manage, "new wealth which the old coffers will not hold." How true is this, above all, of the strange phenomenon called "over-population!" Over-population is the grand anomaly which is bringing all other anomalies to a crisis Now, once more, as at the end of the Roman empire, a most confused epoch, and yet one of the greatest, the Teutonic countries find themselves too full On a certain western rim of our small Europe, there are more men than were expected? Heaped up against the western shore there, and for a couple of hundred miles inward, the tide of population swells too high, and confuses itself somewhat! Over-population? And yet, if this small western rim of Europe is over-peopled, does not everywhere else a whole vacant earth, as it were, call to us, "Come and till me, come and reap me!" Can it be an evil that in an earth such as ours there should be new men? Considered as mercantile commodities, as working machines, is there in Birmingham or out of it a machine of such value? A white European man, standing on his two legs, with his two five fingered hands at his shackle-bones, and miraculous head on his shoulders, is worth something considerable, one would say! The stupid black African man brings money in the market, the much stupider four-footed horse brings money; it is we that have not yet learned the art of managing our white European man!—*Chartism, by Thomas Carlyle.*

HOME

That is not home where, day by day,
I wear the busy hours away
That is not home, where lonely night
Prepares me for the toils of light
'Tis hope and joy and memory give
A home in which the heart can live
These walls no lingering hopes endear;
No fond remembrance chains me here
Cheerless, I heave the lonely sigh—
Eliza, need I tell thee why?
'Tis where thou art is home to me
And home without thee cannot be

There are who strangely love to roam
And find in wildest haunts their home
And some in halls of lordly state
Who yet are homeless, desolate
The warrior's home in tented plain,
The sailor's on the stormy main
The maiden's in her bower of rest
The infant's on his mother's breast
And where thou art is home to me
And home without thee cannot be

There is no home in halls of pride
They are too high and cold and wide
No home is by the wanderer found
'Tis not in place—it hath no bound
It is a circling atmosphere,
Investing all the heart holds dear,—
A law of strange attractive force,
That holds the feelings in their course
It is a presence undefined
O'ershadowing the conscious mind
Where Love and Duty sweetly blend,
To consecrate the name of Friend
Where'er thou art is home to me
And home without thee cannot be

My love, forgive the anxious sigh—
I hear the moments rushing by,
And think that life is fleeting fast,
That youth with us will soon be past
Oh, when will Time, consenting give
The home in which my heart can live?
There shall the past and future meet,
And o'er our couch, in union sweet,
Extend their cherub wings, and show'r
Bright influence on the present hour.
Oh when shall Israel's mystic guide,
The pillar'd cloud, our steps decide,
Then resting, spread its guardian shade
To bless the home which Love has made?
Daily, my love shall thence arise
Our hearts' united sacrifice,
And home indeed a home will be,
Thus consecrate and shared with thee

JOSIAH CONDER.

TALES BY AN ARAB WATCHFIRE.

In No. 64, we gave an account of the journey of Dr. Ross from Baghdad on a visit to the ruins of Al Hadhr, but our limits prevented us from inserting his description of the mode in which he passed one of the nights in the course of his pilgrimage, when the rain came down in such a deluge as to render it impossible to sleep. On this occasion the time was whiled away by the watch-fire in listening to the tales told by an old Arab of the exploits of a renowned Bedouin chief and we transcribe them for the amusement of our readers, who, if their imagination be lively, may perhaps contrive to convert the parlour-fire and soft carpet into a half extinguished watchfire, and the inhospitable sands of the desert.

"A cup of coffee revived us, and, as sleep was entirely out of the question, old Shi'al related to us many extraordinary anecdotes of the celebrated Shammar Sheikh Banaya, whose servant he had been from his own childhood till the Sheikh's death; some of them were very curious;—I here insert them:—

"The tribe one evening was forced to encamp on a part of the desert near Sinjar, where not a bit of shrub nor a blade of grass could be procured. They had scarcely pitched the tents when some of the Aneizah (at that time friends) arrived and halted at the tent of Binnaya. Not to give them coffee, and even dinner, would have been an everlasting disgrace, and how to cook either no one could divine. At last Binnaya went to a travelling merchant who happened to be with the tribe, and bought two bales of coarse cotton cloth; these he had torn up and soaked in melted butter, with this a fire was made and the guests had as good a dinner as was ever cooked in Bedwin camp: old Shi'al swore he himself tore up the cotton.

"Two men came before him to settle a difference. One claimed a camel from the other, and, his case being clear, the Sheikh decided in his favour: the other demurred and Binnaya sent them to the old men, who confirmed the first sentence. Still the defendant would not give in: so the Sheikh sent for him and after some abuse, gave him a poke seemingly a slight one with the small crooked headed stick always used by the Bedwins; yet so tremendous was his strength, that the wood passed through the poor man's chest and out at his back, killing him dead on the spot. The Sheikh had to pay his blood money.

"On another occasion, while sitting with a number of people in his tent he observed two eyes peeping through the reed mat which separates the women's part of the tent from that of the men; and this being once or twice repeated, he became annoyed and took up the iron pestle used to pound the coffee: after seemingly playing with it for a few seconds, he threw it to all appearance carelessly, against the mat; a shriek followed and on the people going in his own wife was found dead, her head having been smashed by the force of the blow.

"Binnaya, when the tribe fought, always charged first, alone; he wielded his weapons equally well with both hands, and the terror of his name and appearance was such, that a thousand men would scarcely venture to oppose him. He was tall and gaunt, with a scanty beard, large eyes, long projecting teeth, and an immense long hooked nose. Once, when out with a small party he fell in with a large force of the 'Aneizah (then at feud) and, having put a reserve spear between his thigh and the saddle, charged singly. His first spear soon broke, the second shared the same fate: he took to his sword, which also went close to the hilt. The enemy pressed upon him, and Binnaya was, for the first time in his life, seen to turn his back and run: he soon, however, pulled up, when it appeared that in the interim he had separated the stirrup leather from the saddle, and, swinging the heavy iron round his head, returned, though desperately wounded, to the fray: his friends followed, and the day was soon decided. He here received a wound in the shoulder, which for years did not heal, and eventually protruded into a large mass of raw flesh: for this he came to Baghdad, and was sent to the medical officer attached to the British Resident as the only person who could cure him. The surgeon proposed to cut it out: the Sheikh consented to have it done instantly, but positively refused to allow any one to hold him during the operation, which he bore with the most perfect indifference, telling the operator to cut deep and never fear.

"The death of this extraordinary man was a vile business, and will remain for ages a foul stain on all those concerned in it. He was fighting with the Montafik under blind Hamud, and had for some days driven them all before him. One night however, it rained and next morning, on renewing the fight on slippery ground, and after doing wonders, his mare fell with him; she broke her leg, and, rolling over him, broke his back. While in this state and alone, a party of Montafik, headed by 'Isa (the present Sheikh) were galloping past. Binnaya called to them, and, making himself known to them, told them to go and tell Hamud that he was hurt and dying, and wanted to see him, as all enmity must now cease. 'Isa told his party that if they carried Binnaya alive to Hamud, the latter would be sure to spare him —a thing which never must be done, at the same instant he thrust his spear through the prostrate hero, and several others followed the brutal example. They then cut off his head and sent it to Baghdad to the Pasha, who ordered it to be thrown to a lion, but the animal not only refused to touch it, but sprang about his cage in the utmost terror until the head was drawn back. Here old Shi'al shed tears, and, stroking his beard, ejaculated, 'Oh, 'Isa, the curse of God upon him who begot you, and on her who brought you forth: but I have had my revenge; not very long ago I saw Ajal, the Montafik Sheikh, on the earth, like a dog, and fifty Shammar spears through his body—and perhaps I may yet see your grave defiled.'

"One of Binnaya's daughters is still living, and is looked upon by the Shammar as little inferior to a deity. She holds a divan every evening, and her word is law. I have several times gone to her tent, and she once or twice sent me a dinner. She sits behind a screen at her evening meetings: her name is Abtah."

QUEEN ANNE'S FARTHINGS.

Few subjects have excited more general attention, or occasioned more speculative conversation than the much talked of question concerning Queen Anne's farthings. The popular belief is that there was only one, or at most three struck off in her reign. Under this impression large sums of money have been frequently required and obtained by those who believed themselves to be the fortunate possessors of this rare coin, for the imagined treasure; but the number of these lucky persons has hitherto puzzled the curious in such matters. We have heard from good authority that the keepers of the British Museum are continually pestered with letters and applications upon this subject, and it is not very long since a noble earl addressed a letter to the trustees or some of the officers for information, in consequence of one of his lordship's tenants having discovered what he thought was a Queen Anne's farthing. But what is most surprising is, that some one acquainted with the real facts of the case has not before this publicly explained them and so have the matter set at rest. This, however, not having been done, it is reserved for us to have the merit of determining a point so long mooted: and what will the reader think when he is informed that there is *no', nor ever was, a single Queen Anne's farthing in existence!* Yet such is the truth. The following particulars are derived from a source on which the most confident reliance may be placed: and they will abundantly clear up the whole mystery.

Some short time before the death of Queen Anne, it was her intention to issue a coinage of farthings, and she gave directions to that effect. The directions more particularly were, that three dies of different patterns should be sunk, and a specimen of each struck off for the queen's inspection: and she was to select one out of the three. This was accordingly done: but before the queen had signified her approbation of either she expired and, of course, there was no issue of a farthing coinage in her reign, and the dies became useless: but it is probable that before they were destroyed many other impressions were privately taken from them, and given away as curiosities. Hence it is easy to account for the number of supposed Queen Anne's farthings which have from time to time been brought to light; but it is obviously a mistake so to call them, because they never could become the coin of the realm without the sovereign's sanction, and the proclamation of the queen and privy council: and no such proclamation is on record. A specimen of each impression of the dies may now be seen in the British Museum: and the circumstances above mentioned we have no doubt would be admitted to be, at least in substance, correctly stated by the keeper of the coins in that institution.

It is only a subject of marvel that this simple explanation has never been given to the public before, when it has been no secret

to several persons not connected with the British Museum, for some years past, but the facts have been well known to the persons who have had the charge of the coins in that establishment from the first. They might, however, perhaps have thought it was no part of their duty to betray their own knowledge, or to enlighten the public mind on so interesting a topic. It may be in the recollection of some of our readers that the famous Mr. Christie, the auctioneer, sold one of those spurious coins for several hundred pounds, so true is the adage, that "a fool and his money is soon parted."—*London Observer.*

ON WAR.

What is the life of man?—The lightning's gleam,
The ray that sparkles on the rippling stream,
The cloud's light shadow flitting o'er the plain,
That only comes and straight is gone again
Yet in this span of time what scenes arise!
How are we linked to earth with countless ties!
How many fond affections fill the heart,
From which it grieves us but in thought to part!
How many cares our every hour employ
That call to sorrow some, and some to joy!
Yet not a tie that binds us to the earth,
No wish or thought that gives to pleasure birth,
No soft affection in our bosoms borne,
But finds from savage War a cause to mourn

From 'War,' a poem, by S. Wells.

NOT AT HOME.

The following anecdote is related of Lessing, the German author, who in his old age was subject to extraordinary fits of abstraction. On his return home one evening, after he had knocked at the door, his servant looked out of the window to see who was there. Not recognising his master in the dark, and mistaking him for a stranger, he called out, "The professor is not at home." "Oh, well!" replied Lessing, "no matter—I will call another time," and he composedly walked away.—*Athenæum.*

TURKISH TITLE OF EFFENDI.

Effendi, in the Turkish language, signifies "master," and accordingly it is a title very extensively applied—as to the muftis and emirs, to the priests of mosques, to men of learning and of the law. The grand chancellor of the empire is called Reis Effendi.

SYMBOLIC FESTIVAL.

An old Dutch merchant retiring from business with an opulent fortune, invited his city friends to dinner. They were shown into a splendid room and expected a corresponding banquet, when a couple of old women brought in the first course, consisting of herrings fresh pickled and dried, served up on wooden plates, put on a blue canvas cloth. The guests tasted and did little honour to the repast, when a second course came in of salt beef and greens. This being taken away, a splendid festival appeared, brought in by powdered lacqueys, served on damask table-cloth, and a sideboard of generous wines. The old merchant then said, "Such, gentlemen, has been the progress of our republic; we began with strict frugality, which begot wealth, and we end with luxury and profusion, which will beget poverty. It is better to be contented with the beef, that we may not be forced to return to our herring." The guests swallowed the maxim with the banquet, but it is not said that they profited by it.—*American Paper.*

LACONICS.

You may as well sit down by a corpse, and ask it to chat with you, as solicit a kindness from a niggardly man.

The grace of independence, like that of beauty, is much enhanced by occasion.

Instruction without plain-dealing is like a world without a sun.

A man may wear a sound constitution under a soiled coat, and be truly independent in low fortune.

Many people keep a stock of compliments, like a pack of harriers, to catch the unsuspecting.

A wolf strongly resembles a dog, and a flatterer a friend, but their designs are very dissimilar.

Flattery is like armour of needle work—pleasant to wear, but of no avail for defence.

The wealth of a miser, like the sun when it has sunk below the horizon, cheers no living creature.

Fortune in a miser's possession is like a banquet furnished for the dead—nothing is wanting but a guest to enjoy it.

An ineffectual plain-dealing is no more worth wearing than a pointless sword.

When Alcibiades on occasion of some festival at Athens, sent rather ostentatiously a multitude of presents to Socrates, and Xantippe, dazzled by the display, was urgent with her husband to accept them, "No," said he, "we will meet Alcibiades on equal ground, and show as much spirit in refusing his gifts as he in offering them."

SOLITUDE.

Vehement love of solitariness is but a glorious title to idleness. In action, a man does not only benefit himself, but he benefits others. God would not have delivered the soul into a body which had arms and legs, the instruments of doing, but that it were intended the mind should employ them; and that the mind should best know its own good or evil, by practice; which knowledge is the only way to increase the one, and correct the other.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

THE UNIVERSAL PENNY POSTAGE.

We have now enjoyed the "benefit and blessing" of a Universal Penny Postage for nearly three months, and though the period is so short, it is not unreasonable to ask what has been the result. Already the novelty of the thing has abated; many not accustomed to letter-writing, but who wrote just to be able to say they had written, have returned to their old habits of non-intercourse; members of both Houses of Parliament have *felt* the change, and the mercantile body has *enjoyed* it! The other day we heard a lively, light-headed man who, before the change took place, was one of the bawlers for cheap postage, now, after we have got it, turning round and saying that it was all *humbug*! On being asked his reasons, he said that he had *supported* the measure for the benefit of the poor, but the poor don't write now, any more than they used to do, while rich merchants are getting all the benefit of that reduction, to the injury of the revenue, and perhaps the laying on of a tax on some article of consumption which will press heavily on the very class who ought to get the benefit of cheap postage, but do not care for it.

This is a specimen of the way in which superficial people reason. Everybody who looked at the matter at all knew that the mercantile body would be the first to enjoy the benefit of the universal penny postage. They may be said to have won it, and they have a very good right to reap the fruits of their labours. But how many clergymen and other active and benevolent individuals, with time on their hands or money in their purses, are now enabled to enlarge the sphere of their labours! How much intercourse has been already promoted between individuals! That the poorer classes of the community have not enjoyed the full benefit of the great boon, is certainly more the fault of *high* rates of postage than of *low* rates, if the fault is be laid on postage at all. To the hard working man who has not been accustomed to the habitual use of the pen, the writing of a letter is rather a formidable affair, and the high rates of postage have so accustomed people to the idea of sending letters *worth the paying for*, that even with the penny postage they must laboriously fill up the three sides of a sheet. The habit has yet to be formed, and we may as soon expect that a child, when first sent to school, will acquire "reading, writing, and arithmetic" in three months, as expect that in the same period a national change should be felt in its extent throughout the community.

We hope that the "people" will not allow the antagonists of cheap postage to say that the experiment has failed. Let all who have any interest in the education of the masses induce all they can to "put pen to paper," let the post office be what it may be made by the people themselves, one of the mighty engines for promoting the good of the people, and it would be but a sorry compliment to their common sense to allow it to be said that they were incapable of appreciating its value. Indeed, they *do* appreciate it, for, according to Mr Rowland Hill, the projector of the penny postage scheme, and who is now watching its progress with parental anxiety, the increase has already been very great, considering that the plan has not yet been brought into complete operation. In less than a month after the penny rate was introduced, the increase was 165 per cent. Including letters of all kinds, government letters, franked letters, &c., the number which passed through the general post was, for the week ending 24th Nov., 1839, under the old rates, 1,450,873; for the week ending 22nd December, under the fourpenny rate, 1,874,587; and for the week ending 23rd February 1840, under the penny rate, 3,199,637.

According to an abstract of parliamentary returns, the number of *London* letters, between the 10th January and the 13th February, 1839, was 930,215, and for the same period of 1840, it was 2,286,385, showing an increase of 1,356,170, under the penny-rate as compared with a similar period under the higher rates of postage. The money collected for letters under the high rates during the same period of 1839 was 60,060*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.*, and for the same period of 1840 it was 40,527*l.* 8*s.* 7*d.*, showing a decrease of only 19,533*l.* under the penny rate, in the London district.

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THE VIRGIN WIFE.

ONE of the members of a large family always bore the somewhat dubious title of "Philosopher." It was not exactly a nickname, for—being given more in compliment than in banter—it was acquiesced in and adopted by father and mother, brothers and sisters, and tolerated with a smile by the titular personage himself.

Harry had received the appellation of "philosopher" from an old woman, whom in his infancy he used to tease with his questions, and amuse by his shrewd observations. From the old woman the name passed into the family, and amongst the neighbours; from thence it entered school; and though it began to drop out of familiar usage when Harry was sent to business, it was still recollected, and occasionally applied. He had, indeed, some claim to the title. Fond of books, he was reading when his companions were at play; and amongst his young fellow-workers, none were so studious, so sedulous, so quiet as he. All difficulties were referred to his decision; he was the living dictionary and encyclopædia of the workshop; and if a problem was started too profound for the "philosopher" to solve, it was generally dismissed, as being beyond the range of his companions' capacity.

When Harry was getting into manhood, it became a standing topic of debate between his mother and some neighbour matrons, whether the "philosopher" would ever take it into his head to go "a-courting." His mother stoutly maintained the negative; he was too much of a sober-sides, she said, to think of wasting his time with the girls; and when any one, taking up the positive side of the argument, would say, "Wait a bit—let Harry alone; he'll look after the girls, I warrant ye, for all his philosophy!"—the mother generally retreated to her citadel of defence, which was, that Harry was fonder of poring over a *dried* skull, which he kept in a box under his bed, than of looking in the face of the prettiest girl in the parish.

This same *dried* skull was long a source of alarm and annoyance in the family. Harry's little sister would not enter the room where it was kept; and another sister, two years older than Harry, used to exclaim, with a shudder, "Ugh! the ugly piece of anatomy!" Not all their reverence for Harry's philosophy would have prevented them from pitching it out of doors, had they not been afraid—that is, not afraid of Harry, but of the skull. One night, when Harry was attending a scientific lecture, a boisterous young man, who was courting the sister, discovered the skull in its box, took it out, made the grown-up children scream, and almost sent the young ones into hysterics. Elated by his success, he got a candle, to make its sockets glaringly hideous, spouting out, with stentorian voice,

> "The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
> And they sported his eyes and his temples about!"

This sent the household into the street, and the screams and shouts brought a number of neighbours to see what was the matter. At this moment Harry came up, and perceiving the indignity done to his skull, he snatched it from the profane hands of its violator, with a look that seemed to say, "That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave jowls it, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder!" Then he addressed a smart reproof to the foolish young man, and concluded by telling him that perhaps that skull once inclosed a far nobler brain than the one which was lodged in the head-piece of the person who so irreverently did it wrong. This was too much for the merry mischief-maker; the idea that a *dried* skull might once have been nobler than his own, was rather strong for him; and he bid adieu not only to Harry, but to his sister. She, on her part, rested not till the skull and its box were put out of the way—for it was good for nothing, she said, but frightening children and losing lovers.

But though the skull became stale, as a defensive argument, on the part of Harry's mother, she soon got hold of others. She told her neighbour gossips about the wonderful things Harry was doing with his blow-pipe: but though they could understand that a philosopher might have to do with a skull, they could not comprehend what he wanted with a blow-pipe. All his other knick-knackeries were matters of common talk; and even the most incredulous were at last so convinced about the attachment of Harry to his books and his "gimcracks," that it became matter of general belief that the young philosopher was destined to die a bachelor. The girls, therefore, took their revenge; he was called "a dry old stick," "a stupid-looking fellow," and a number of other complimentary epithets. At last, a waggish damsel, in allusion to the colour of a coat he had worn for a long period, dubbed him "Plum-colour;" a nick-name which seemed likely to supplant that of "Philosopher."

Harry, himself, was quite satisfied on the point of his bachelorship. Being rather in advance of his male companions in the matter of knowledge, and attaching an extraordinary value to intellectual capacity, he despised all mere accomplishments; and being, therefore, somewhat awkward in his general manners, he came to despise the "women," with whom these frivolous affairs seemed to have such extraordinary influence. Had he been asked to profess his faith, he would have said, with Benedick, "Because I will not do the women the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is (for the which I may go the finer) I will live a bachelor."

Business led Harry frequently in a certain direction; and though usually absorbed in himself and his own meditations, he gradually became conscious that he was in the habit of seeing two full, lustrous eyes, which, as they met his, were always immediately turned towards the ground, and shaded by long, fringing eyelids. He was not very sharp in catching the external qualities of those he passed; had he met his mother in the street, he would have been puzzled, had he been afterwards asked what was the pattern or colour of her gown. He must, therefore, be excused for only recollecting that he was in the habit of meeting merely a pair of most beautiful, modest-like eyes; and it required several casual meetings to enable him to imprint the image of these eyes on his fancy. One day, passing along a narrow foot-path bridge, which spanned a romantic stream, he became conscious that *his* eyes were approaching him; as the balustrades helped to confine

Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

his attention, he could see that the figure which bore the eyes towards him was handsome; and as it drew near, the eyes seemed seated in a very pretty face. A moment before, a passer-by might have said that Harry was a peculiar, but stupid, or at least heavy-looking young man; but now a latent fire seemed to have blazed up, and his own eyes appeared like beacons shining through the darkness of night. Harry stood still, for something was coming over him which he did not rightly understand; and as he leaned his hand on the balustrade, the figure which carried his favourite eyes passed him. She perceived that Harry was gazing; and maiden modesty threw over a somewhat pale face a flush that might have rivalled some of the hues of a sunset on a summer's eve. She passed on, and Harry turned to look after her. Up to this period, he had hardly been conscious of a sentiment or feeling of beauty. Women had hitherto only been distinguished in his mind by being young or old, dark or fair, and his mother was the "best of the lot." Now, as he gazed after the sylph-like creature who was descending the slope of the arch, he thought he had never seen a more graceful figure; and when she disappeared from his view, he looked over the balustrade, and perceived, what he had never perceived before, that the wooden bridge on which he stood was exceedingly light and elegant. Then the shadows which chased each other over the ripples of the water assumed the most fantastic and beautiful shapes which imagination could conceive; and the whole outline of the river and its banks entered into his heart in a way which was like the imparting of a new sense. Harry moved gently onwards, but still occasionally looked back to where *she* had disappeared from his view; and he was now conscious of having in his fancy, not the mere impression of two beautiful eyes, but the whole-length portrait of a most lovely creature, whose soul, in looking out from the windows of her *arabesque* palace, had dispossessed him of his own. That night Harry caught himself trying to *make* poetry, and threw his pen down, half angrily and half laughingly.

For about a week, the philosophic bachelor struggled with the fancy which had entered into his heart; and had he left his native place at that particular time, his fancy would have gradually become dim, until it faded away altogether. But ten days afterwards, he met his "fairy" again; and she seemed even more lovely than at first. Harry could not criticise the details of her personal appearance; all he knew was, that somehow or other—though he could not exactly tell why—she was the most beautiful young woman he had ever seen in his life. Harry's "philosophy" at last gradually revealed to him that he was in love.

His love, however, received a somewhat rude shock before he had contrived to become acquainted with the subject of it. Passing an open parlour-window, through which he caught a glimpse of a number of young ladies' heads, he saw amongst them his own "sweet fancy," and distinctly heard her exclaim, "As I live, there's Plum-colour!" Harry knew that he had been honoured with the appellation, and though he affected to treat "popular opinion" with a sturdy indifference, the *sobriquet* of "Plum-colour" had made him change his coat. Still the nickname stuck to him; and the idea that the first time he ever heard the damsel speak *about* him it should be with a scoff, was deeply mortifying. What! was there, after all, no soul to look through those impressive eyes? Was that graceful figure the habitation of a frivolous mind? He went home, and instead of trying to make poetry, or experimenting with his blow-pipe, he sat down, and felt as if he could cry!

Harry, however, was not quite a chicken; and so, like a man, he got over his mortification, and, like a philosopher, resolved to let the ascertaining of facts precede the construction of a theory. For a long time he was in great distress as to how to get introduced; he thought of writing her a sensible letter, and then he thought that was not the most sensible way of going about the business; then he wished he had courage to address her personally, and then he was afraid of a repulse; but at last he made a confidant of his sister, and she took up the affair with an energy that was sure to result in success. One or two apparently casual meetings were contrived, during which "Plum-colour" was successful in convincing the fair lady, that though he might be a philosopher, he was not quite a fool; and Harry, on his part, saw that, though the handsome girl laughed heartier and oftener than seemed becoming in the future wife of a philosopher, she yet had a heart, and her beauty was only the setting of a gem.

Eliza required a little time before she could fairly say that the "philosopher" had won her heart. She had shrewdness enough to remark, long before they became acquainted, that there was something uncommon about "Plum-colour," and she often had wished to know "what kind of a fellow he was:" but his supposed boorishness, his somewhat plain appearance, and the ludicrous associations excited by the nickname in the lively girl's fancy, had all tended to repress any sentiment of what may be termed "love." Gradually, as their meetings became more frequent, did all these repelling ideas vanish. Greater familiarity enabled Harry to feel less restrained in her company; the desire of pleasing and the power of pride came to his assistance, and drew out characteristics hitherto unknown to exist in his disposition; and association with a graceful girl, whose intellect possessed a natural tact, and her manners a natural delicacy, gave a tone to Harry's own manners, which delighted his sisters, and made his mother wonder. He no longer shut himself up, like an ascetic, as if despising all around him, he came out of his cell, and walked abroad. Light-hearted as Eliza seemed, and ready to make the air ring with her merry laugh at the veriest trifle, she yet could pause to listen to her "philosopher," when he descanted on higher and graver themes. Greedily she inclined her ear to hear him talk of wonders in the heavens above and in the earth beneath; and he, delighted with his apt and affectionate pupil, exerted himself till his voice became musical, and his language eloquence. Often and often have they walked under the starry canopy of night, he speaking of the boundless universe of the infinite God, and she listening as if the spirit of awe had come down to abide in her heart. Often and often have they wandered by the banks of the stream, and talked of their meeting on the bridge; and then she, becoming a more enthusiastic "philosopher" even than he, would question him about the sun, and light, and heat, the composition of the water which flowed at their feet, and the growth of the trees which shaded their path. To both a new world was opened; he, rich in the happiness which the love of a confiding girl creates; and she, richer even still in that exquisite joy produced in a pure-minded heart by reposing on the affection of one who was at once an instructor, a friend, and a lover.

"O happy love! when love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me thus declare—
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale!"

Yes! there is true, genuine, unalloyed pleasure in such a courtship as we have been describing: and more of it would be enjoyed, if we were less affected and more trusting—more anxious to establish

an affection which will endure for a life, than to snatch a momentary admiration.

Some six months had elapsed since the courtship commenced; and to both the time had been but as a pleasant day. The winter set in; and one night, after attending a crowded meeting, the lovers were foolish enough to walk about till the cold drove them homewards, receiving on their way a drenching from a shower of rain. Eliza caught a cold, which settled into a dry, distressing cough; and after the spring had set in, instead of getting rid of it, as Harry had fondly predicted it would, it seemed rather to acquire greater strength. A roseate tinge began to play over her face: but Harry, with all his science, had not experience enough to enable him to understand the warning which it gave. He called one day; she was very cheerful; her eye had an almost supernatural brilliancy; the crimson of her cheek was of the richest dye of heaven; and her transparent skin seemed scarcely to conceal the coursing of the "eloquent blood." Harry thought he had never seen a more glorious creature in human shape, and he burst out with "My angel—"

"Hush, Harry," she said, interrupting him; "why should you talk nonsense; you know I am not an angel, and it does not become a sensible man like you to say so."

"Why, Eliza, I am so glad to see you so much better! I never saw you so charming in your life; I am sure you *must* be much better."

"Do not be too sure, Harry, about anything. Come here, Harry, and sit down beside me. There, that will do. Now, Harry, look me steadily in the face."

Harry laughed, looked her steadily in the face, and then kissed her. "Now, Eliza, will that do?"

"Yes, that will do: but I want you to be serious."

"Why, now, that is very good of you. Often have I wished you to be serious, and you have as often laughed in my face."

"Harry—would you like to lose me?"

He started to his feet, repeating "Lose you! lose you!—what—!"

He paused; and as he gazed on her solemn yet animated aspect, the truth suddenly flashed upon him; and he beheld the word CONSUMPTION visible in her lovely countenance.

Such was indeed the truth. A physician called in, after a stupid surgeon had run up a long bill with his useless bottles and prescriptions—had pronounced her case to be alarming and requiring great care; and Eliza, knowing that previous deaths had occurred in her family from the same disease, had at once made up her naturally strong mind to the possibility—if not the probability—of an "early grave."

Harry was at first stupified, but on learning that some chance yet remained from removal to milder air, he set to work to prove that his affection lay in his heart. Assiduous were all his attentions; he accompanied her on her journey, and put his invention to task to render absence as endurable as possible. The summer passed away drearily; hope and fear alternately counterbalanced each other; now would Eliza write, to say that she felt herself surprisingly well, and again would the mother send up a desponding message. After some months, homewards came the invalid, for she longed to see home once more, and she said—"If it *is* to be, I should like to have Harry beside me when I die!" And when Harry, on her arrival, took her in his arms, and helped her up stairs, something seemed to whisper to him, "It *is* to be;" and so all he could say to her was, "Eliza!—dear Eliza!"—and then he sobbed passionately.

Eliza had been dull and miserable in the country; but now that she was home again, and had Harry beside her, she became cheerful, and even lively. "Harry," she said to him, one day, "and so, my own philosopher, you are going to lose me!"

"Eliza—Eliza—do not be so cruel—Oh, do not talk in that way."

"Nay, Harry," she added, "do not think I talk in a tone of bravado or affected carelessness. I perfectly feel that DEATH is an awful thing, and I would wish to live, if it were only for *you!*"

Harry stooped forward, and kissed her, and bathed her cheek with a tear.

"Harry," she again said, "do you remember that passage which you once repeated, and which I repeated after you, without missing a word? Well, now, I will repeat it again, just to show you what a good memory I have—

'Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot:
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
This pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death!'

There, now, Harry, that is all right, I think. Now, though I certainly have no such fearful ideas of DEATH, fearful as death is, still I so far enter into the spirit of the passage—I know so much of this beautiful world, and so very little of a future state,—that I could wish to live, for *your* sake—just to be your own little wife, Harry!" Then, with a quick inclination of the head, she said, "Harry, you are a philosopher—tell me, WHAT IS DEATH?"

A death like paleness overspread Harry's face, but he did not speak.

"Ah! it gives you pain, my dear Harry, to hear me talk in this way. Well, we will change the subject—What is LIFE?"

Still Harry was silent, for "thick-crowding fancies" were struggling in his brain.

"Now, Harry," she continued, in a lower, graver tone, "ever since I became acquainted with you I have lived in a new world. Often, when you have been explaining to me about the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and all the wonderful things of this earth, have I longed to be able to sail through the universe, to examine everything, to understand everything, to be able to comprehend something of the marvellous works of God. Then I have said to myself, What a poor stupid you are! you don't know anything. Oh, I wish I were a man! Harry, why did God make us MEN and WOMEN?"

Harry replied, "Nay, my dear girl, you will exhaust yourself, if you go on at this rate. You want repose."

"Well, I will take your advice. My body is weak, but I feel as if my mind was wonderfully active. Come to-morrow, Harry, and you must answer my questions; for you have yet much to teach me before I die!"

On his way homeward, a dark cloud came over Harry's mind. "What a wonderful creature," he thought; "noble in body, generous and confiding in disposition, quick in intellect—a rare combination in ordinary life! And yet is all this combination of moral and physical beauty—is this glorious girl about to drop into the dust, and be as if she had never been?" If Harry had no other source of comfort but his knowledge, he might have dropped in despair. But he did, as a good man of the olden time did,

when he also had a cloud over his mind, while meditating on life and death—he "went into the sanctuary of God;" light pierced his darkness; he returned to Eliza next day, with a lighter step and a cheerfuller heart.

"Oh, Harry," she said, "how I have been longing for you to return! I want you to answer my question: Why did God make us men and women?"

"It was His pleasure, my dear, to do so, just as He has made the earth a globe, and surrounded it with an atmosphere."

"Yes, yes, I know all that very well. But what I want to know is what you would call the *rationale* of the question. I will put it another way—What sort of world would this be, if we had all been merely intellectual beings, without that division by which we are men and women?"

"All I can fancy of it is, that, in this case, human beings would have resembled a forest of pine-trees—dull, dark, and uniform."

"Why, Harry, why? I want to know the reason why?"

"This division of the human race into men and women may be termed the KALLIODOSCOPE of humanity. It is a comparatively simple matter, and yet it produces that apparently infinite variety which diversifies human existence. The relation of parent and child—the care of the father—the love of the mother—the affection of the child—the attachment of brothers and sisters—family ties—social interests—national concerns—all spring from our being men and women."

"Good, good—go on, Harry."

"Then that universe of mind which springs from the attachment of two such as we are—human love, the theme of so much thought and so much song—human love, given by God to adorn and elevate human existence, and which prevails in its noblest purity and power where man is most advanced in *principle* and in *civilisation*."

"Now, Harry, I begin to understand. Let me try if I can express myself philosophically, as you would say. The division of mankind into MEN and WOMEN is a great means to a great end—is it not?"

"Exactly: the end being, the endowing our humanity with moral sentiments—with thought, feeling, hope, effort, love, fear, forbearance, tenderness, &c."

"But, Harry, there will be no men and women in a future state of existence?"

"No, Eliza, our Lord has assured us of that."

"Well, then, if there be no parents and children, no husbands and wives, no men and women to love and be loved, what state of existence will it be? There will be no hope, love, fear, as you express it: and what object can our division into men and women serve, when it perishes with this world?"

"Eliza, do you remember that passage in the Gospel, where the Sadducees, who did not believe in a resurrection, came to our Lord with what they thought a puzzling question. They supposed a case, where, according to the Mosaic law, a woman had been married in succession to seven brothers; and then they tauntingly asked, whose wife she would be in the resurrection? What reply did our Lord make?"

"I remember. He said, 'Do ye not therefore err, because ye know not the Scriptures, neither the power of God? For when they shall rise from the dead, they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels which are in heaven.'"

"Mark the words, Eliza—'the POWER OF GOD.' The distinction of sex is the scaffolding of our MORAL existence; *this* life is but the first stage of our being; when our characters are built up, the scaffolding will be taken away, and then we enter on a nobler, a higher state."

"But, Harry, what I am afraid of is, that we will not know each other, or that at least we will become quite indifferent to each other."

"Nay, Eliza, nay! I rest perfectly satisfied that in a future state MEMORY will be like night, revealing in our constitution those innumerable things which the light of the present life dims or conceals; that love, first created by our connexion with an animal existence, will, when dissociated from it, act with a power of which we have no present idea; and that all the intellectual powers, expanding in a body freed from mere animal qualities, will make the human being a wonderful creature—one of the glories of God's universe!"

The vivid flashing of Eliza's eyes showed to Harry that her mind was in a state of peculiar excitement; he, therefore, retired, promising to return soon. During his absence, a thought took possession of the girl's fancy. "Oh," said she to herself, "if memory will be such a powerful reflector in a future state, how I should like to remember that I had been Harry's wife in this world!" Then suddenly blaming herself for being a mere selfish creature, she prayed, while the tears streamed from her eyes, that God would give her affectionate lover a good wife, after she was dead and gone!

But the idea became strong: the thought of being Harry's wife before she departed overcame all idea of singularity or of incongruity—she thought that if she died without bearing the name of "*wife*," she would depart from this breathing, bustling, working world, without a tie to link her memory even to the grave. She mentioned the idea to her mother, who could not comprehend her meaning, and thought disease had affected her brain. But when the mother mentioned it to Harry, he at once caught and comprehended the spirit of Eliza's wish. "Yes," said he, as he walked into the room, "yes, my own girl, you shall be Harry's wife before you die!"

One morning a coach drove up to the church,—Harry and Eliza, his sister, and her mother stepped out, and so elastic were the movements of the bride that a casual spectator never would have imagined that she was already married to death. The proclaiming of the banns had attracted no attention, for it was done in a distant church, and not a soul, beyond the four individuals, was aware of the nature of this singular union. Several other couples were married at the same time; and as they all stood up, Eliza seemed amongst them a being of another world. She went through the ceremony without evincing symptoms of exhaustion; though, when she reached home, she fainted repeatedly, and it appeared as if her wedding-day was to be her last. Next day she was better; and a momentary delusion came over Harry's mind that she might still live. But the "wife" felt that it was a delusion; she was done with this world, she said, and contented to be done with it—"Harry, my own husband, remember me when I am dead!"

Two weeks after the wedding, it appeared evident that her departure was at hand. Harry and her mother sat up during the night, reading at intervals portions of the New Testament. The light of morning had begun to penetrate the window-blinds, when Eliza said, in a whispering but not a complaining tone, "Mother, my feet are very cold—oh, mother, I am becoming so cold!" and then the mother, whose heart was too dry for tears, made a sign to Harry that Death had of a certainty entered the chamber, and was hovering over the bed. "Where is Harry?" she murmured, and he took her hand in his. "Harry, read a verse to me;" and he repeated from memory, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." "Ah, that is good," she said; "science is very good, Harry, but that is worth all your science to me just now. Harry, come near me; I cannot see you—where are you?" "I am here, dear Eliza." "And mother?" "Here, my child." "May God bless you both—Harry, call me WIFE before I die." He leaned forward to whisper the affectionate word in her ear, and heard her muttering, "What we know not now, we shall know hereafter." Then a few incoherent expressions followed; a gentle sigh, and one or two sobs; and just as the rays of the sun illuminated the apartment, the spirit of a noble creature departed.

ANCIENT GREEK AGRICULTURE AND ARTS.

THE arable land of Greece was, even in Homer's time, fully occupied, well cultivated, and therefore highly valued. Boundaries were ascertained by accurate measurement, and watched over with a jealous attention to the rights of property. Great labour was expended on the erection of mounds for the purpose of resisting the inroad of torrents from the hills. For in such a mountainous country, babbling waterfalls were often suddenly swelled into floods, which, if not diverted from the fields, would have swept away the harvest, flocks, and cottages of the husbandmen. Wheat seems to have been the object of most general attention; spelt, white barley, and oats, were also extensively grown: nor were sweet herbs and the lotus grass neglected. In some of the islands and the more favourable vales of the continent, particularly in Thrace, the vine and olive were reared, to the exclusion almost of any other produce. The wine of Ismarus was peculiarly famous for its strength; indeed, so much so as to induce a belief that it was impregnated with a spirit obtained by distillation from grain.

The plough which the husbandman used seems to have been of the most simple form, such as was prevalent in England before the improvements commenced. It was drawn generally by a pair of oxen, where the glebe was light; but where the fallow was deep, mules were preferred. These were urged to exertion by the goad, and were divided by the standard of a double yoke formed of wood and smoothly polished, in order that the animals might suffer no injury from constant friction. Fallows were much used, for experience had not yet taught the husbandman to repair the exhaustion of one crop by the substitution of another. These lazy fields were ploughed three and four times; and where they were extensive, several teams were employed at the same time. A picture of such a busy scene is presented to us in the Odyssey, where a man stands at the border of the field with a goblet of wine in his hand, which he presented to each of the ploughmen, as they successively reached the boundary, in order to induce them as much as possible to expedite their labours.

When the harvest was matured, it was cut down by a sickle the same as that now in use. The manner, however, in which the reapers proceeded to work was different from that to which we are accustomed. They divided themselves into two parties equal in number, which began at opposite sides of the field, and persevered until they met in the middle. Emulation was thus excited, and the toils of the day were facilitated, while they were equally distributed. As the golden handful fell under the sickle, there were labourers behind who gathered and bound them in sheaves, which other assistants collected and stacked. The labourers had a repast prepared for them of pottage thickened with flour; the proprietor dined on beef under the shade of an oak, attended by his household servants. After the field was stripped of its produce, it was richly manured with dung, which had been gradually gathered from the stalls of the oxen, mules, and horses. Oxen were employed to tread out the barley, and the grain was separated from the chaff by winnowing it with a fan before a strong current of air.

The rich who resided in the country had barns and large corn fields in the neighbourhood of their mansions, and also vegetable and flower gardens which were brought to a very considerable degree of perfection. Fruits of many sorts were known and cultivated with great attention and success. Their vegetables chiefly consisted of parsley, kale, beet root, radishes, gourds, and garlic; their flowers were principally the rose, the crocus, the lotus-flower, and the hyacinth. Their acquaintance with fruits seems to have been limited to pomegranates, pears, apples, figs, olives, and grapes. Culinary and medicinal herbs, of various kinds, were in common use. Some of these gardens were watered by rills, which were drawn from distant elevated springs, and tastefully made to flow over a bed of pebbles. Others were irrigated by fountains, which rose within their own precincts; they were regularly divided into plots, exclusively dedicated to fruits, vegetables and flowers, and shaded from the rough winds by groups of poplars, here and there diversified by tall and stately palm-trees.

The pasturages appear not to have been so extensively appropriated as the arable land. At least, there were numerous commons, whither the shepherds drove their herds and flocks at discretion. Whenever they found an unoccupied and agreeable pasture, there they abided for a while, and built huts for themselves, stalls for their cattle, and folds for their sheep. The folds were sometimes covered, the better to defend the helpless inmates from beasts of prey. They were also watched by dogs—those sagacious, faithful, and courageous animals, without which the shepherds seldom ventured to drive their flocks a-field; so liable were they every moment to be attacked by the wolf or lion.

The rich had also large herds of swine, all pastured abroad under the care of faithful hinds, those only excepted which promised speedily to multiply their race. The latter were kept within an enclosure defended from thieves and beasts of prey by a high stone wall, fortified by stakes and by a thick hedge of thorn on the outside. The office of the chief herd was one of considerable trust. He had under him several assistants; and, diligent in the performance of his duties, he slept out at night under a hollow rock, or in some other sheltered place in the neighbourhood of his herd. When going out upon such occasions, he slung his falchion athwart his shoulders, and took a sharp javelin in his hand: at night he laid himself down on a large shaggy goat-skin, reckless of the winds and rain.

The peasants drank equally the milk of sheep and goats as that of cows. The wealthy seem to have had large dairies, where they kept their milk in wooden pails and tubs, for the purpose of converting it into cheese. When they wished to fix milk in a curd, they poured into it the juice of figs, at the same time stirring around both the liquids as rapidly as possible.

The skill of the Greeks in masonry and carpentry was of no mean description. There were regular builders as well as artificers in wood, iron, brass, leather, gold, and silver. The houses of the less opulent classes generally, were neither lofty nor extensive; the roof of the palace, as well as of the cottage, was thatched with straw: the former was easily distinguishable from the latter, by its superior height and extent, the court-yard by which it was surrounded, the ornaments with which its walls were decorated, and the battlements by which it was defended. The interior parts of the palace were exclusively dedicated to the use of the family, and of these the bed-chamber of the prince and his consort was peculiarly sacred. It was furnished with a reclining couch, small seats, a lofty bed-frame, the wood-work of which was ingeniously turned and carved, and with chests in which the princess kept the mantles, tunics, veils, and other fine garments belonging to herself, her husband, and children. Frankincense and other perfumes were frequently burnt in this apartment, whence it is generally mentioned with the epithet "fragrant." It was lined or pannelled with cedar, and spread with a carpet. The bed was formed of soft fleeces, and covered with fine linen and warm rugs. The door was of polished oak, and secured on the inside by brazen or silver bolts. It was here also that the treasure of the family was deposited, consisting of gold, silver, brass, and iron, in masses, or worked up into coins and various utensils, such as cups, caldrons, and tripods. When the prince and princess left this room, which was usually near the top of the palace, it was of some importance to secure it during their absence from the access of servants. They had no locks with wards like those which we use; but they had in lieu of them a contrivance which may be thus described.

Supposing the door to consist of two valves, the bolt was drawn from its place in one of the valves through its recipient in the other, by means of a cord attached to the end of the bolt. This cord passed through an aperture in the second valve, which aperture was cut in a zigzag shape, adapted to a key carefully kept by the princess in her own possession. When the cord was drawn tight and the bolt thus fixed, to make security doubly secure she fastened the cord outside with an ingenious knot, which nobody could disentangle but herself. When she wished to open the door again, she untwisted the knot, left the cord loose, and then applying her key to the aperture above described, she struck the end of the bolt with sufficient force to drive it back to its original place. The key was wrought of brass, silver, or ivory.

Besides this nuptial chamber there were in the interior of the palace apartments for the different members of the family, and the numerous female attendants. There was also a spacious room, where the women generally sat at their several tasks of carding, spinning, weaving, and embroidery, and other needle-work, under the superintendence of the princess and her housekeeper. There were also store-rooms for wine, milk, cheese, salted meats, and bread; separate kitchens for the male cooks and their assistants, and a kind of parlour for the general purposes of the family. It was a remarkable characteristic of those earlier ages, and one that still much prevails in the East, that although the stranger was treated with the most cordial and generous hospitality, yet, however highly esteemed he might be, he was seldom invited into the interior of the palace. He rarely passed beyond the bath-room, which was usually attached to the hall. The hall itself was immediately entered from the front great door, and formed a spacious apartment in which the banquet was uniformly served up for the

prince and his numerous guests. The roof was lofty, and its heavy frame-work, which was entirely exposed to the eye, was supported by rows of tall columns. The wall behind the throne was hung with shields and spears; that which corresponded with it at the lower end of the hall, as well as the side walls, were panneled, and in some instances ornamented with plates of brass, or studded with gold, silver, ivory, or jasper. The floor was of beaten earth or clay: couches, tables, and footstools were placed for the guests in the recesses formed by the rows of columns on either side. These couches were covered with rich drapery for the banquet. It was upon these, also, that the bed of the stranger was always prepared. The banquet was seldom prolonged to a late hour. When it was over, the mistress of the mansion directed her maids to dispose soft fleeces on one or more of the couches in the hall, according to the number of the strangers who were to sleep there*. The fleeces were strewed with linen and shaggy rugs.

The spears, shields, corslets, greaves, helmets and falchions were made by armourers, artificers who regularly pursued this trade. The spears were generally very long. The handle was of wood, the point of burnished brass, and surrounded at its insertion in the wood with a ring of the same material. The lower extremity of the weapon was also pointed, for the purpose of enabling the warrior occasionally to fix it in the earth. Ox-hides were prepared for shields in this manner:—The hide was spread out and drawn equally on all sides by men stationed for the purpose; they then rubbed lard into it until the natural moisture of the skin was completely expelled. Several of these prepared hides were cut in an oval shape, sewed one over the other, and strengthened at the verge all round by a narrow plate of brass, fastened on with wire. This was a common shield. The shields of opulent chieftains were sometimes formed of a solid plate of gold, or of brass; sometimes they consisted of leather, coated on the outside with a layer of brass, or with concentric circles of gold, brass and tin, and fortified in the middle by a piece of jasper. It was the fashion to decorate the exterior of a costly shield with the visage of Gorgon—figures of Terror, Flight and Fear, Discord, the Furies, serpents, and all the most significant emblems of inexorable anger. If such a shield as that of Achilles ever existed, it was indeed no wonder that its workmanship should have been attributed to a divine artist. In the centre was a view of the earth, the heavens, the sea, the sun, moon, and stars. There was next a contrasted representation of two cities, one full of the enjoyments and occupations of peace, the other afflicted with war. A field under the plough was opposed to another where reapers were employed on the harvest. Next appeared a vineyard and pastures, filled with blithe youths and maidens, shepherds, cattle, and flocks of sheep. In another quarter appeared a choir of graceful dancers, and the azure flood of ocean encircled the whole.

There were corslets also of curious and costly workmanship, which combined invulnerable strength with dazzling splendour of appearance. The falchions were of brass, sometimes double-edged and embossed with gold. The hafts of those which the chieftains wore, were usually of silver; their sheaths, and sometimes their belts, were of the same material. They had also sheaths of ivory, upon which a great value was set. The helmets were usually made of brass, with decorated leathern straps to tie under the chin. Two, three, or four tubes were riveted on them, in which a corresponding number of horse-hair crests was inserted.

The seat of the chariot was hung on braces. The axle was of beech, the rim of the wheel of poplar, which was cut down young, bent, and seasoned for the purpose; the nave was connected by eight spokes with the circumference of the wheel, which was strengthened on the outside by a thick plate of brass. The yoke was of wood, generally of box-tree. It consisted of an upright standard, and two branches or arms, one for each steed. In the lower extremity of the standard a round aperture was pierced, which admitted of its being slipped on the pole, and there it was made fast by rings and braces. The reins were frequently ornamented with pieces of ivory stained in waving lines of purple.

DESCRIPTION OF A MOORISH FEAST.

The black eunuch was ordered to bring in tea, which the basha desired Hadoud to prepare for us. An English teaboard then made its respectable appearance, attended by a teakettle of steam-engine dimensions, and covered with mutilated coffee-cups, of all ages, shapes, and sizes; and two large bowls, of curious Fezzan earthenware, full of rich milk, formed the advanced-guard of the motley Chinese corps drawn up behind them. Almond-paste cakes and sweetmeats were then handed round, the making of which is the business of the harem ladies; and here I may mention, that I have seen such a vast variety of finely-made pastry at weddings in this country as would have caused a Parisian pastry-cook to die of envy. We had scarcely finished our tea, when a huge baking-dish was set before us, containing nearly half a sheep, and so exquisitely dressed and so finely flavoured as to surpass any dish I have ever partaken of. My companions fully agreed with me, and we were preparing to do justice to its merits, when we missed the knives and forks. The basha, seeing what we stood in need of, sent immediately for what in Barbary are considered superfluous articles of luxury, where the use of knives and forks has not yet superseded that of the fingers; but Hadoud, seizing on the joint before him, began to pull it to pieces with his fingers, and, culling the choicest and fattest parts, he offered them to us: at first we hesitated, from the force of cleanly habits, in receiving these delicate morsels from the hands of the Hadge; but on his giving us a hint in Spanish, "not to offend the company by our *fantasia*," but to do as others did, we gave up all our scruples of delicacy, and fell-to with so good a grace upon the baked mutton, that we soon convinced the Moors that we knew the way to our mouths without the help of knives and forks. Bunches of delicious grapes were handed round to us to eat with our meat—a custom well worthy the notice of those *qui vivent pour manger*; and, to please the Moors, you must adopt this maxim. It was in vain that I declared to Hadoud that I had amply satisfied my appetite; he kept groping about the dish, exclaiming "Mira, Mira," as he held up between his fingers the fat parts of the meat, which I was forced to accept. He declared we had not eaten half a dinner; and he told us that when the Moors had eaten so much as to make it uncomfortable to themselves, they rubbed their stomachs against the wall, by which they were enabled to continue their feast, and that, by taking large draughts of water at intervals, they reanimated their appetites and prevented repletion. Basins of cold water were then brought to us, and we washed our hands; whilst the black slaves carried away the mangled remains of the meat, and placed them before the basha and his ministers, who all huddled round the dish, and gave us a fair specimen of what a Moor can eat.—*Beauclerk's Journey to Marocco.*

WEATHER WISDOM.

The state of the weather is an every-day topic of conversation. Every one is more or less interested either in what it happens to be at the present moment, or what it is likely to be at any future time. The prosperity and personal safety of individuals, and of whole communities, depend on the general character of the seasons, whether either too wet or too dry.

Meteorology has been studied in all ages; and various instruments have been invented to indicate such atmospheric changes as are unappreciable or imperceptible to the mere feeling or sensation. These are the *barometer*, which measures the weight of the air: that is, the weight of a column of air equal in diameter to that of the tube of quicksilver, and extending from the place of the instrument to the top or upper surface of the aerial ocean or atmosphere; which latter being higher, and of course heavier, or lower, and of course lighter, are changes indicated by the rising or falling of the mercury in the tube of the instrument. The *barometer*, however, is but an imperfect machine as a weather-glass, because it is acted on by changes at a great distance from its place; and, indeed, it is only on very great changes of weather from dry to wet, or from wet to dry, that the indications of the *barometer* can be depended upon. The *thermometer* is a well-designed instrument for measuring the temperature of the air, and is particularly useful for many common purposes of life. It should always be attached to the *barometer*, as it serves to explain some of the indications better, which would not otherwise be truly accounted for. The *differential thermometer* is a more complicated instrument, indicating not only the degree of temperature, but, we believe, what is called the dew-point also. This point is that lower degree of temperature at which dew begins to be formed on bodies colder than the air. The *hygrometer* is an instrument for measuring the degrees of moisture in the air, and is one of the most useful, especially for farmers, in hay-time and harvest. The *hydrometer* is a machine for measuring the depth, density, or other properties of fluids, and is mostly used by the compounders and rectifiers of spirituous liquors. All these instruments (to which may be added the *electrometer*) are only acted on by present phe-

* It is worthy of remark, that this custom exists at the present day in Russia.—See Dr. Lyall on Russia, p. 53.

nomena, and cannot possibly give any indication of any change which has not already taken place.

The science of meteorology has not yet made much progress; still, it is advancing. The data on which the calculations are founded are better known, and their influence more correctly estimated.

Many observations on the weather have been recorded. The "Shepherd of Banbury's" rules are extensively circulated. Many calendars are kept in various parts of the kingdom. A meteorological society has been established in London, with corresponding branches in various parts, from which much may be expected; especially as it has been declared, by more than one philosopher, that future meteorologists will be invested with a prophetic power, and will be able to foretel, with great accuracy, the general character of each succeeding season.

There are certain circumstances existing perhaps in all parts of the world, which have an evident influence on the atmosphere, and determine the character of the climate. A naked country, for instance, is always drier than one which is densely covered with wood. So, a marshy country is in general wetter, that is, more subject to rains, than one having a dry soil. It seldom or never rains on the great deserts of sand in Africa: and the agricultural face of a kingdom has a manifest effect on the weather. In this country, and generally on the continent, the arable land is usually ploughed, sown, and rolled smoothly down during spring. Every field in that state becomes a powerful reflector of the sun's heat. The air is suddenly warmed, evaporation is diminished, and the atmosphere is then a powerful solvent of every globule of moisture raised into it. A course of dry weather sets in, and continues until the whole surface is thickly clothed with grass and corn. Evaporation then becomes more copious from the shaded surface; larger clouds are formed; heavy showers descend, and, if accompanied with thunder, changeable weather ensues, until the naked stubbles again assist to settle the air.

That such a course of summer weather in this country is not always uniform, is quite certain. Our insular situation deprives us of the advantages of a continent under the same circumstances of agricultural management. Here we have alternating periods of fine and foul weather, as is experienced in tropical countries, only not with such calendarial regularity. Because, if our winter be generally wet, the following spring is dry, and succeeded by a dripping summer, and a dry autumn and winter. But if the winter be dry and frosty, the spring is wet, and the summer dry.

These alternating periods of fine and foul weather appear to be experienced in every part of the known world; very regular on the tropical continents, and more or less on the islands which are under continental influence. But whether regular or irregular, their occurrence forces upon our attention an idea that there is some alternating agent passing and repassing between the earth and its surrounding atmosphere, which causes the latter to be a receptacle of water in solution at one time, and a condensing medium at another.

Electricity may be that agent; but whether it be or not, remains to be proved by some competent authority. Without asserting that this fluid is constantly rising from the earth in fine weather, we may be pretty sure that it descends in visible, and sometimes dangerous streams, when the air is parting with its water. Just as we may suppose that the earth is alternately either positively or negatively charged with the fluid. Our periods of fine weather are always ended or broken up by storms of thunder and lightning; nor have we ever fine weather, if we have also frequent flashes of lightning.

The signs of fair or foul weather are much noted by country people; and some of their remarks are pertinent and very useful. If the fog, say they, (that is the visible exhalation from low and damp meadow ground,) lies, as it usually does, close to the surface, until it is gradually dissipated by the sun, the day will be bright and fine; but if the fog rises in a body, and appears to hang suspended in mid air and about the trees, it will rain before night.

If in showery weather, about midsummer, the mornings is bright, with the wind at west, it will shift to the south-west about two in the afternoon, and rain will fall till five or six when the wind will again veer to the west, and it will clear up for the night. Such daily alternations of wind and weather will sometimes continue for a fortnight at a stretch, and are always particularly annoying to the hay-makers.

When a showery time sets in, it seems to be prolonged, especially in summer, by its own consequences. Frequent showers and sunshine reproduce gross exhalations and subsequent showers; and when such a course of weather takes up, it is brought about by there happening to form an extended or general canopy of dense brown-coloured clouds, which at once shades the earth and moderates exhalation, seeming to equalise the solvent power of the air to the moderated amount of evaporation.

The winds or various currents of air experienced in this country are more or less attended with rain. The most prevalent wind is that from the south-west, generated by the colder air of the Atlantic ocean pressing on the rarefied air over the continent of Europe. These winds are frequently loaded with heavy vapours, and render the western shores of our island much wetter than the eastern. At the spring and autumn equinoxes they are often exceedingly boisterous. Our gales at other times are often from the same quarter. We have cold dry easterly winds often occurring in the spring months, and which are said to travel to us all the way from Siberia. Certain it is that the cold and heavier air of the northern regions must be constantly pressing on the warmer air of the south of Europe; and, indeed, all commotions in the atmosphere are only attributable to partial rarefactions of the air, or local falls of rain or snow. In either case a kind of vacuum is formed, which is filled up by currents drawn towards it.

A considerable share of useful knowledge respecting threatening or promising weather, may be derived from studying the different aspects of the clouds. If clouds (which are the visible accumulations of moisture floating in the atmosphere) are observed to increase in size, density, and deep colour, it is a certain sign that the air is parting with its water, or that its solvent power is diminishing or diminished, and rain more or less may be expected. On the contrary, if the clouds become fleecy, white, and appear to be gradually wasting away, the weather will be fair. When there is a general canopy of vapour of uniform colour and density floating high in the air, with detached masses of ragged black clouds scudding underneath, rain will surely follow. When the air near the horizon looks muddy to windward, though no clouds are yet formed, they will soon appear, and rain ensue. If large masses of clouds appear piled on each other to a great height, with edges well defined and bright, thunder showers may be expected. The varied colours of the clouds are one of the most delightful phenomena in nature. Though all formed of pure colourless vapour, they present different tints, according to their position, for reflecting or condensing the rays of light from the sun. The bright yellow clouds at sun-rise, and the vivid fiery streaks at sun-set, are composed of similar vapour with the lurid hues presented at the opposite points at the same hours. Thin, and consequently light-coloured clouds accompany fine settled weather, while heavy and black vapours the contrary.

Some flowers are good photometers, expanding under bright light, and closing when light is feeble or withdrawn: for instance, the pimpernel (*anagalis arvensis*); others are similarly excited by heat, as the crocus. Others, again, are faithful hygrometers, as the awns of the wild oat extending with a revolving motion in dry air, and retorting with a like motion if the air becomes moist.

The weather, it is said, is much influenced by the moon and other planetary bodies; but no decidedly certain rules have as yet been founded on these supposed weather-affecting powers. It occasionally happens that changes take place at the new and full moon, or at the distance of four days before or after these epochs; but these phases often pass over without any perceptible alteration.

The following are a few of the common or popular proverbial "saws," relative to the weather in our insular climate, viz.:—

"A rainbow in the morning gives the shepherd warning." That is, if the wind be easterly; because it shows that the rain cloud is approaching the observer.

"A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight." This adage may also be a good sign, provided the wind be westerly, as it shows that the rain clouds are passing away.

"Evening red, and next morning grey, are certain signs of a beautiful day."

"When the glow-worm lights her lamp, the air is always damp."

"If the cock goes crowing to bed, he'll certainly rise with a watery head."

"When you see gossamer flying, be ye sure the air is drying."

"When black snails cross your path, black clouds much moisture hath."

"When the peacock loudly bawls, soon we'll have both rain and squalls."

"If the moon shows like a silver shield, be not afraid to reap your field. But if she rises haloed round, soon we'll tread on deluged ground."

"When rooks fly sporting high in air, it shows that windy storms are near."

If at sun-rising or setting the clouds appear of a lurid red colour, extending nearly up to the zenith, it is a sure sign of storms and gales of wind.

The above are a few of the common sayings mostly used by country people, many of which are even more to be depended upon than are the bold predictions of would-be weather prophets.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

NO. III.

WALKS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF CANTON.

The interest of our excursions through the streets, and in the neighbourhood of Canton, would have been of a gayer and livelier kind, had we not felt that we were under the ban and interdict of the government, and that we were conversing with people who would, in certain quarters, be thought wise and virtuous if they treated us with scorn. To me there was always something untoward and unsatisfactory in our position, which we might qualify by good conduct, but never entirely destroy. We were reminded of this by the everlasting din of "*fan-kwei*," or "foreign devil," which our presence uniformly awakened wherever we turned our footsteps. In certain directions, these sounds were mightily diminished by our kindness and the frequency of our visits, which gave us a pledge and assurance that we should not be unsuccessful in our endeavours to establish a good character among the people. The boys were most tenacious in keeping up this practice, and would raise the detestable noise, when their elders seemed disposed to exchange it for words of more grace and better omen; and sometimes, when they saw that the uproar they made was disregarded, they would proceed a step further, and throw stones. It was painful thus to be set in the pillory of public scorn in a foreign land, where I had always endeavoured to follow the golden rule of "giving offence to none." But whatever my feelings were, I did not let the natives see that they had it in their power to mortify me. When the stones hit me, I would sometimes turn back, and demand the persons who had thrown them; a measure that always put to flight the offenders. On some occasions, when pursued by the vociferations of a crowd of dirty young urchins, I have turned suddenly upon them; which has inspired them with such a panic, that, in eagerness to flee, they have fallen over and trod upon each other, to the great amusement of the bystanders, who had no objection to see the little fellows punish one another, though they might have been offended had I attempted to right myself.

As our way extended through various streets which conducted to the country after many turns and windings, we never could taste the tranquillity of the country till after we had buffeted some time with the uproar of the town. Upon emerging from the town, a country is seen of many square acres, laid out into fields of irrigation for the culture of vegetables, parted by many a raised terrace, which served at once for a path and a line of demarcation. Among the most conspicuous of the vegetable group was the magnificent water-lily, with its large round leaf and showy blossoms. The plane of the leaf is horizontal, and rests upon a stalk that is nearly in its middle. The stem, which is sometimes improperly regarded as a root, lies buried along in the mud. At its joints it throws out this leaf or a flower withal, like other stems. It is white, pierced lengthwise with large pores, and, when boiled, is remarkable for the slimy threads that accompany each cut or fracture. The water caltrops, which yields a fruit like in shape to the head of an ox, is very common as an object of cultivation. A species of sagittaria, distinguished by its arrow-shaped leaf and upright cluster of flowers, must not be forgotten; as these three plants are as ornamental as they are useful, and convert whole fields into so many flower-gardens. One, however, can never very much applaud the perfume of these spots; for they are seldom far from some repository of manure, which is allowed to undergo certain chemical changes before it is applied. The Chinaman is no doubt right in his practice, though I once thought otherwise; but I always wished that his laboratories had been placed at a more convenient distance. Canton, with its many ten thousands, knows nothing of a sewer; and so the *rejectamenta* are all carried out in buckets, upon the shoulders of her industrious population. The assiduity and cheerful exertions of the Chinese, in the breaking up, subacting, irrigation, and dressing of the soil, are above all praise. The land never lies idle, but is ever either in preparation for, or in the production of, a crop. No time is lost—nothing is wasted; even the leaves of the water-lily, which cannot be eaten by man or beast, are spread over some grassy knoll, and dried for the purposes of packing.

In one of our walks, we entered a village in the face of many natives, who cautioned us against it; the rude fellows bawled out "*fan-kwei;*" some of the women fled into their houses with precipitation; but a few stood in steadfast wonder at the strange phenomenon. My companion addressed the crowd in apology for our visit, which quieted the bustle, and drew the attention of many. An old lady seemed to be caught in a fit of ecstacy at the voice of a foreigner, when it uttered sounds familiar to her ear. Every word was repeated by her as it fell from the lips of the speaker, in a tone of delight and applause that was truly admirable. This shows how deceived they are in their conceptions of our views and feelings, when a few expressions of civility can raise so much astonishment. As we left the village, a numerous herd of men and boys pursued us; and just as we were crossing a stream upon a frail and narrow bridge, some of them began to heave stones at us. At this we stopped, and told them this would not do; the offenders ran off, and the rest kept their ground. A fit of temper or displeasure would have obtained a stoning, and perhaps a severe beating; all of which we averted by a little demonstration of self-command. Some time after this we passed by the same village, and were saluted with an unusual din of noisy abuse. Our ears were stunned by it, and nature and art around us seemed to lose all their interest amidst the deafening shouts of old and young. We bore it, however, till we were tired, and then, sitting down upon a bench erected by the way-side, we protested against such usage, and appealed to the good sense of a people who valued themselves so much upon their knowledge of propriety. This measure had the desired effect: the noise was hushed, and several of the most respectable persons in the neighbourhood came forward, and apologised for the rest, saying (not, however, with much regard to truth) that 't was the boys and the bad people, who knew no better, that indulged in such habits of abuse. We passed this spot afterwards, and heard so little of the "*fan-kwei*" that we felt assured that our decision had yielded a lasting benefit; and if our predecessors had always pursued the same course, in great as well as in little matters, the insulting terms of imperial edict or official notification would long ere this have been disused or forgotten.

A Chinese village is a very pretty sight, when viewed from a distance, and appears to beckon the stranger to bend his footsteps towards it, to recline under the covert of the trees that overhang the dwellings, and to accept the friendly welcome of hospitality. The trees, in the southern parts of the empire, are, for the most part, different species of wild fig, which afford a wide-spreading shade, and are green all the year round. Some of them change their leafy honours once a-year; but the operation is so sudden, that the old leaves fall and the new ones expand in the course of a few days. These fig-trees do not yield a fruit that can be eaten, and therefore are of no use as an object of cultivation; but the service they render, in protecting man from the heat of the sun, and in beautifying his retreat, amply repays him for the trouble he has bestowed in their cultivation. The fruit resembles a fig in form, though it is of a very small size, being a collection of flowerets seated upon the inside of a little urn. Each branch terminates in a little horn, which is formed by the sheath that hides the nascent leaf, and which to the eye of a botanist suggests its membership to the fig-tree family. The trunk is

usually large, sometimes lofty, irregular in form, and, near the surface of the ground, sends forth an abundance of stout and variously-ramified roots. The cottage that enjoys the shade of one of these fair trees, is built, as before hinted, of dark-coloured bricks, which are neatly parted with white seams. A portion of the front wall recedes about a foot, to give variety, I suppose, to its appearance. The receding portion is partly occupied by the door, which at once answers the purpose of a window, as well as an aperture for the entrance and exit of its owners. The door-way is often furnished with a half-door, for the convenience of admitting the light. This half-door is surmounted ofttimes by a row of small balusters, so that the fair damsels can often get a peep at the strangers, without being visible. The roof is covered with rounded tiles, but without the appendage of a chimney. The absence of this tube is a distinguishing feature in a Chinese dwelling, and stands closely connected with another defect—the want of windows, to let in the light without admitting the cold. This defect is severely felt in cold weather, when the shivering inmates look like the very emblems of winter-time. The house is poorly furnished, if we except the ornamental niche and the well-ordered table that stands before it. It is often neat, but not always clean; for Chinese ingenuity has contrived to separate these twin-fellows, and so to make a very frugal use of water. He stares at the European, who laves himself freely in the cleansing element, but seldom profits much by the example. A smart and sleek appearance is very common, but a skin that has undergone a thorough purgation is seldom seen. The dirty complexion of the poor is the exciting cause of many ugly diseases, which has suggested to many travellers the idea of the miserable condition of this department of human society. But cleanliness would be a remedy for this apparent distress in nine instances out of ten. I have seen wretched creatures who were in want. A family of this description fled from us in the wildest consternation, amid the loud screams of the children, as we were once passing a group of houses. Their wretched state increased their fears. We told them not to fear any harm, and distributed some copper money amongst the children, to assuage their fears, and to relieve their distress at the same time. This trifling instance of kindness gave great satisfaction to the bystanders, who in China never fail to note and commend the feeling of a good action, however inconsiderable the result may be.

In China, one misses the spacious accommodation of a public road, and have nothing but narrow terraces to supply its place. The great man, who comes with a numerous train, is carried in a sedan, and is preceded by a long file of precursors, with a retinue that stretch far behind him. In the marching of an army, the want of roads must be felt; though in an island of which we shall speak in a subsequent paper, the terraces are wide enough to allow two persons to walk abreast. But this was not the case within the range of our rambles in the neighbourhood of Canton. As a contrast to the level places which are laid out for cultivation, we have the high hills in the back of the city, which are called the White-Cloud Mountains, from the sheets of vapour that at times hover over their summits. But we look in vain for any monument of art, if we except a small triumphal arch of granite, and the gardens of a gentleman, who has selected a spot here for the enjoyment of rural ease. We visited them once or twice, but they were not very remarkable for their productions. The gardener endeavours to secure a certain effect by the combination of various elements, but seldom aims at anything in a botanical spirit. One specimen, however, ought not to serve as a model for all the gardens in the country; for we have yet much to learn, when licence on the part of the natives, and humanity and science on ours, shall have introduced us to more distant fields of investigation.

While we kept beyond the reach of official persons, our walks were unrestrained, save by the mocks and threats of rude people, who might always be subdued by firmness and temper; but if we came near a station-house, the case was not so. As we were proceeding near one part of the city walls, which is high, and well distinguished from the houses in the vicinity by the interposition of a broad valley, we were intercepted by a number of officers, who by the motion of their hands told us to go back. This we promised to do, but desired leave to take our own time about it. The men, seeing that we were reasonable people, invited us into their guard-house, which was exceedingly well provided with all sorts of weapons. After we had taken our seats, and had exchanged a few civil expressions, one of them explained the reason of his interference in the following terms:—"If," said he, "any harm is done by you, we shall have to suffer for it; and if any harm is done to you, we shall in like manner be called to account for it; we are obliged, therefore, to request that you will advance no farther in this direction." When we left, they sent a man with us, under show of protecting us from the intrusions of the mob, but really to see that we were fairly out of their jurisdiction. This is a specimen of every kind of opposition that is made to the foreigner in China. The common people are soon subdued, and the mandarin is overcome by one word of courtesy; but every favour shown to a stranger endangers his own security. What sort of government must that be which teaches, nay compels, its subjects to violate the best feelings of our nature, and to wrong one whom they would fain treat with the most unbounded kindness? Confucius enjoined kindness to strangers, and the present authorities are so well aware of this, that they often profess their tenderness on this subject. This treatment was long anterior to the opium-traffic, and, therefore, can borrow no excuse from thence.

On our return from one of our walks, we fell in with what seemed to be a school for young ladies. They clustered around the door to gaze at the strangers, and regarded them with looks that did not correspond with the scoffs which sundry vagabonds were hurling at us at the time. I inferred that they were learners, from the freshness of their looks; for girls occupied in embroidery lose this from constant confinement, close attention, and a fixedness in one position. Young maidens in China employ themselves in needle-work, when their parents are poor; but when their circumstances are easy, they are allowed to enjoy much leisure for the sake of improving their beauty. The attire of the young damsels who honoured us with their kind notice was very neat and becoming; their hair was well adjusted, and trimmed with flowers, which accorded well with the youthfulness of the wearer. As I was once threading my way through one of the less-frequented streets, an old lady caught sight of me, and shuffled back to her house, to let the inmates know that a "*fan-kwei*" was coming past. Just as she raised the screen that hung before the door, to whisper the news, I came level with her, and repeating what I guessed she was telling, invited her young friends to make haste, and behold the "*fan-kwei*." The old lady was fixed in astonishment, but her daughters and nieces burst into a peal of most exhilarating laughter.

FLAXMAN AND HIS WIFE.

In 1782, Flaxman hired a small studio in Wardour street, collected a stock of choice models, set his sketches in good order, and took unto himself a wife—Ann Denman; one whom he had loved, and who well deserved his affection. She was amiable and accomplished, had a taste for art and literature, was skilful in French and Italian, and, like her husband, had acquired some knowledge of the Greek; but what was better than all, she was an enthusiastic admirer of his genius—she cheered and encouraged him in his moments of despondency, regulated modestly and prudently his domestic economy, arranged his drawings, managed now and then his correspondence, and acted in all particulars so that it seemed as if the church, in performing a marriage, had accomplished a miracle, and blended them really into one flesh and blood. He had never doubted that in the company of her whom he loved he should be able to work with an intenser spirit; but of another opinion was Sir Joshua Reynolds. "So, Flaxman," said the president one day as he chanced to meet him, "I am told you are married; if so, sir, I tell you, you are ruined for an artist!"

Flaxman went home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand, and said with a smile, "I am ruined for an artist."

"John," said she, "how has this happened, and who has done it?"

"It happened," said he, "in the church, and Ann Denman has done it. I met Sir Joshua Reynolds just now, and he said marriage had ruined me in my profession."

For a moment a cloud hung upon Flaxman's brow; but this worthy couple understood each other too well to have their happiness seriously marred by the unguarded and peevish remark of a wealthy old bachelor. * * * *

For thirty years Flaxman had lived wedded; his health was generally good, his spirits were equal, and his wife, to whom his fame was happiness, had always been at his side. Her husband paid her the double respect due to affection and talent, and when any difficulty in composition occurred, he would say with a smile, "Ask Mrs. Flaxman—she is my dictionary." She maintained the simplicity and dignity of her husband, and refused all presents of paintings, or drawings, or books, unless some reciprocal interchange were made. It is almost needless to say, that Flaxman loved such a woman very tenderly. The hour of their separation approached; she fell ill, and died in the year 1820, and from the time of this bereavement something like a lethargy came over his spirit. His sister, a lady of taste and talent much like his own, and his wife's sister, were of his household, but she who had shared in all his joys and sorrows was gone, and nothing could comfort him.—*The Family Library: Lives of British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.*

THE GRAND PRIOR OF MINORCA.

A VERITABLE GHOST STORY.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

"Keep my wits, Heavens! They say spirits appear
To melancholy minds, and the graves open!" FLETCHER.

About the middle of the last century, while the knights of St. John of Jerusalem still maintained something of their ancient state and sway in the island of Malta, a tragical event took place there, which is the ground-work of the following narrative.

It may be as well to premise, that, at the time we are treating of, the order of St. John of Jerusalem, grown excessively wealthy, had degenerated from its originally devout and warlike character. Instead of being a hardy body of "monk-knights," sworn soldiers of the cross, fighting the Paynim in the Holy Land, or scouring the Mediterranean, and scourging the Barbary coasts with their galleys, or feeding the poor, and attending upon the sick at their hospitals, they led a life of luxury and libertinism, and were to be found in the most voluptuous courts of Europe. The order, in fact, had become a mode of providing for the needy branches of the Catholic aristocracy of Europe. "A commandery," we are told, was a splendid provision for a younger brother; and men of rank, however dissolute, provided they belonged to the highest aristocracy, became Knights of Malta, just as they did bishops, or colonels of regiments, or court chamberlains. After a brief residence at Malta, the knights passed the rest of their time in their own countries, or only made a visit now and then to the island. While there, having but little military duty to perform, they beguiled their idleness by paying attentions to the ladies.

About this time a French vessel arrived at Malta, bringing out a distinguished personage of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, the Commander de Foulquerre, who came to solicit the post of commander-in-chief of the galleys. He was descended from an old and warrior line of French nobility, his ancestors having long been seneschals of Poitou, and claiming descent from the first Counts of Angoulême.

The arrival of the commander caused a little uneasiness among the peaceably inclined; for he bore the character, in the island, of being fiery, arrogant, and quarrelsome. He had already been three times at Malta, and on each visit had signalised himself by some rash and deadly affray. As he was now thirty-five years of age, however, it was hoped that time might have taken off the fiery edge of his spirit, and that he might prove more quiet and sedate than formerly. The commander set up an establishment befitting his rank and pretensions; for he arrogated to himself an importance greater even than that of the grand master. His house immediately became the rallying-place of all the young French chevaliers. The chevaliers of other nations soon found the topics and tone of conversation at the commander's irksome and offensive, and gradually ceased to visit there. The commander remained the head of a national clique, who looked up to him as their model. If he was not as boisterous and quarrelsome as formerly, he had become haughty and overbearing. He was fond of talking over his past affairs of punctilio and bloody duel. When walking the streets, he was generally attended by a ruffian train of young French cavaliers, who caught his own air of assumption and bravado. These he would conduct to the scenes of his deadly encounters, point out the very spot where each fatal lunge had been given, and dwell vain-gloriously on every particular.

Among the Spanish cavaliers was one named Don Luis de Lima Vasconcellos. He was distantly related to the grand master, and had been enrolled at an early age among his pages, but had been rapidly promoted by him, until, at the age of twenty-six, he had been given the richest Spanish commandery in the order. He had, moreover, been fortunate with the fair, with one of whom—the most beautiful *honorata* of Malta—he had long maintained the most tender correspondence.

The character, rank, and connexions of Don Luis put him on a par with the imperious Commander de Foulquerre, and pointed him out as a leader and champion to his countrymen. The Spanish chevaliers repaired to him, therefore, in a body; represented all the grievances they had sustained, and the evils they apprehended, and urged him to use his influence with the commander and his adherents to put a stop to the growing abuses.

Don Luis was gratified by this mark of confidence and esteem on the part of his countrymen, and promised to have an interview with the Commander de Foulquerre on the subject. He resolved to conduct himself with the utmost caution and delicacy on the occasion; to represent to the commander the evil consequences which might result from the inconsiderate conduct of the young French chevaliers, and to entreat him to exert the great influence he so deservedly possessed over them, to restrain their excesses. Don Luis was aware, however, of the peril that attended any interview of the kind with this imperious and fractious man, and apprehended, however it might commence, that it would terminate in a duel. Still it was an affair of honour, in which Castilian dignity was concerned; beside, he had a lurking disgust at the overbearing manners of De Foulquerre, and perhaps had been somewhat offended by certain intrusive attentions which he had presumed to pay to the beautiful *honorata*.

It was now Holy Week—a time too sacred for worldly feuds and passions, especially in a community under the dominion of a religious order: it was agreed, therefore, that the dangerous interview in question should not take place until after the Easter holidays. It is probable, from subsequent circumstances, that the Commander de Foulquerre had some information of this arrangement among the Spanish chevaliers, and was determined to be beforehand, and to mortify the pride of their champion, who was thus preparing to read him a lecture. He chose Good Friday for his purpose. On this sacred day it is customary, in Catholic countries, to make a tour of all the churches, offering up prayers in each. In every Catholic church, as is well known, there is a vessel of holy water near the door. In this every one, on entering, dips his fingers, and makes therewith the sign of the cross on his forehead and breast. An office of gallantry, among the young Spaniards, is to stand near the door, dip their hands in the holy vessel, and extend them courteously and respectfully to any lady of their acquaintance who may enter, who thus receives the sacred water at second-hand, on the tips of her fingers, and proceeds to cross herself, with all due decorum. The Spaniards, who are the most jealous of lovers, are impatient when this piece of devotional gallantry is proffered to the objects of their affections by any other hand: on Good Friday, therefore, when a lady makes a tour of the churches, it is the usage among them for the inamorato to follow her from church to church, so as to present her the holy water at the door of each; thus testifying his own devotion, and at the same time preventing the officious services of a rival.

On the day in question, Don Luis followed the beautiful *honorata*, to whom, as has already been observed, he had long been devoted. At the very first church she visited, the Commander de Foulquerre was stationed at the portal, with several of the young French chevaliers about him. Before Don Luis could offer her the holy water, he was anticipated by the commander, who thrust himself between them, and while he performed the gallant office to the lady, rudely turned his back upon her admirer, and trod upon his feet. The insult was enjoyed by the young Frenchmen who were present; it was too deep and grave to be forgiven by Spanish pride, and at once put an end to all Don Luis's plans of caution and forbearance. He repressed his passion for the moment, however, and waited until all the parties left the church; then accosting the commander with an air of coolness and unconcern, he

inquired after his health, and asked to what church he proposed making his second visit. "To the magisterial church of Saint John." Don Luis offered to conduct him thither by the shortest route; his offer was accepted, apparently without suspicion, and they proceeded together. After walking some distance, they entered a long, narrow lane, without door or window opening upon it, called the "Strada Stretta," or narrow street. It was a street in which duels were tacitly permitted, or connived at, in Malta, and were suffered to pass as accidental encounters. Everywhere else they were prohibited. This restriction had been instituted to diminish the number of duels, formerly so frequent in Malta. As a farther precaution to render these encounters less fatal, it was an offence, punishable with death, for any one to enter this street armed with either poniard or pistol. It was a lonely, dismal street, just wide enough for two men to stand upon their guard, and cross their swords; few persons ever traversed it, unless with some sinister design; and on any preconcerted duello, the seconds posted themselves at each end, to stop all passengers, and prevent interruption.

In the present instance, the parties had scarce entered the street, when Don Luis drew his sword, and called upon the commander to defend himself.

De Foulquerre was evidently taken by surprise; he drew back, and attempted to expostulate; but Don Luis persisted in defying him to the combat.

After a second or two, he likewise drew his sword, but immediately lowered the point.

"Good Friday!" ejaculated he, shaking his head; "one word with you: it is full six years since I have been in a confessional. I am shocked at the state of my conscience; but within three days—that is to say, on Monday next——"

Don Luis would listen to nothing. Though naturally of a peaceable disposition, he had been stung to fury; and people of that character, when once incensed, are deaf to reason. He compelled the commander to put himself on his guard. The latter, though a man accustomed to brawl and battle, was singularly dismayed; terror was visible in all his features. He placed himself with his back to the wall, and the weapons were crossed. The contest was brief and fatal; at the very first thrust, the sword of Don Luis passed through the body of his antagonist. The commander staggered to the wall, and leaned against it.

"On Good Friday!" ejaculated he again, with a failing voice and despairing accents. "Heaven pardon you!" added he; "take my sword to Têtefoulques, and have a hundred masses performed in the chapel of the castle, for the repose of my soul!"—With these words he expired.

The fury of Don Luis was at an end. He stood aghast, gazing at the bleeding body of the commander. He called to mind the prayer of the deceased for three days' respite, to make his peace with Heaven; he had refused it—had sent him to the grave, with all his sins upon his head! His conscience smote him to the core; he gathered up the sword of the commander, which he had been enjoined to take to Têtefoulques, and hurried from the fatal Strada Stretta.

The duel of course made a great noise in Malta, but had no injurious effect on the worldly fortunes of Don Luis. He made a full declaration of the whole matter before the proper authorities; the chapter of the order considered it one of those casual encounters of the Strada Stretta, which were mourned over, but tolerated; the public, by whom the late commander had been generally detested, declared that he had deserved his fate. It was but three days after the event that Don Luis was advanced to one of the highest dignities of the order, being invested by the grand master with the priorship of the kingdom of Minorca.

From that time forward, however, the whole character and conduct of Don Luis underwent a change. He became a prey to a dark melancholy, which nothing could assuage. The most austere piety, the severest penances, had no effect in allaying the horror which preyed upon his mind. He was absent for a long time from Malta—having gone, it was said, on remote pilgrimages; when he returned, he was more haggard than ever. There seemed something mysterious and inexplicable in the disorder of his mind. The following is the revelation made by himself of the terrible visions or chimeras by which he was haunted:—

"When I had made my declaration before the chapter," said he, "and my provocations were publicly known, I had made my peace with man; but it was not so with God, nor with my confessor, nor with my own conscience. My act was doubly criminal, from the day on which it was committed, and from my refusal to a delay of three days, for the victim of my resentment to receive the sacraments. His despairing ejaculation, 'Good Friday! Good Friday!' continually rang in my ears. 'Why did I not grant the respite?' cried I to myself; 'was it not enough to kill the body, but must I seek to kill the soul!'

"On the night of the following Friday, I started suddenly from my sleep. An unaccountable horror was upon me. I looked wildly around; it seemed as if I were not in my apartment, nor in my bed, but in the fatal Strada Stretta, lying on the pavement. I again saw the commander leaning against the wall; I again heard his dying words: 'Take my sword to Têtefoulques, and have a hundred masses performed in the chapel of the castle, for the repose of my soul!'

"On the following night I caused one of my servants to sleep in the same room with me. I saw and heard nothing, either on that night or any of the nights following, until the next Friday; when I had again the same vision, with this difference, that my valet seemed to be lying at some distance from me on the pavement of the Strada Stretta. The vision continued to be repeated on every Friday night, the commander always appearing in the same manner, and uttering the same words—'Take my sword to Têtefoulques, and have a hundred masses performed in the chapel of the castle, for the repose of my soul!'

"On questioning my servant on the subject, he stated that on these occasions he dreamed that he was lying in a very narrow street, but he neither saw nor heard anything of the commander.

"I knew nothing of this Têtefoulques, whither the defunct was so urgent I should carry his sword. I made inquiries, therefore, concerning it among the French chevaliers. They informed me that it was an old castle, situated about four leagues from Poitiers, in the midst of a forest. It had been built in old times, several centuries since, by Foulques Taillefer (or Fulke Hackiron), a redoubtable hard-fighting count of Angoulême, who gave it to an illegitimate son, afterward created grand seneschal of Poitou, which son became the progenitor of the Foulquerres of Têtefoulques, hereditary seneschals of Poitou. They further informed me that strange stories were told of this old castle, in the surrounding country, and that it contained many curious reliques; among these were the arms of Foulques Taillefer, together with all those of the warriors he had slain; and that it was an immemorial usage with the Foulquerres to have the weapons deposited there which they had wielded either in war or in single combat.

"This, then, was the reason of the dying injunction of the commander respecting his sword. I carried this weapon with me wherever I went, but still I neglected to comply with his request.

"The visions still continued to harass me with undiminished horror. I repaired to Rome, where I confessed myself to the grand cardinal penitentiary, and informed him of the terrors with which I was haunted. He promised me absolution, after I should have performed certain acts of penance; the principal of which was, to execute the dying request of the commander, by carrying his sword to Têtefoulques, and having the hundred masses performed in the chapel of the castle for the repose of his soul.

"I set out for France as speedily as possible, and made no delay in my journey. On arriving at Poitiers, I found that the tidings of the death of the commander had reached there, but had caused no more affliction than among the people of Malta. Leaving my equipage in the town, I put on the garb of a pilgrim, and taking a guide, set out on foot to Têtefoulques: indeed, the roads in this part of the country were impracticable for carriages.

"I found the castle of Têtefoulques a grand but gloomy and dilapidated pile. All the gates were closed, and there reigned over the whole place an air of almost savage loneliness and desertion. I had understood that its only inhabitants were the *concierge*, or warder, and a kind of hermit who had charge of the chapel. After ringing for some time at the gate, I at length succeeded in bringing forth the warder, who bowed with reverence to my pilgrim's garb. I begged him to conduct me to the chapel, that being the end of my pilgrimage. We found the hermit there, chanting the funeral service; a dismal sound to one who came to perform a penance for the death of a member of the family. When he had ceased to chant, I informed him that I came to accomplish an obligation of conscience, and that I wished him to perform a hundred masses for the repose of the soul of the commander. He replied that, not being in orders, he was not authorised to perform mass, but that he would willingly undertake to see that my debt of conscience was discharged. I laid my offering on the altar, and would have placed the sword of the commander there likewise. 'Hold!' said the hermit, with a melancholy shake of the head, 'this is no place for so deadly a weapon, that

has so often been bathed in Christian blood. Take it to the armoury; you will find there trophies enough of like character; it is a place into which I never enter.'

"The warder here took up the theme abandoned by the peaceful man of God. He assured me that I would see in the armoury the swords of all the warrior race of Foulquerres, together with those of the enemies over whom they had triumphed. This, he observed, had been a usage kept up since the time of Mellusine, and of her husband, Geoffrey à la grande-dent, or Geoffrey with the great tooth.

"I followed the gossiping warder to the armoury. It was a great dusty hall, hung round with Gothic-looking portraits of a stark line of warriors, each with his weapon and the weapons of those he had slain in battle hung beside his picture. The most conspicuous portrait was that of Foulques Taillefer (Fulke Hack-iron), count of Angoulême, and founder of the castle. He was represented at full length, armed cap-à-pie, and grasping a huge buckler, on which were emblazoned three lions passant. The figure was so striking, that it seemed to start from the canvas: and I observed beneath this picture a trophy composed of many weapons, proofs of the numerous triumphs of this hard-fighting old cavalier. Beside the weapons connected with the portraits, there were swords of all shapes, sizes, and centuries, hung round the hall; with piles of armour placed as it were in effigy.

"On each side of an immense chimney were suspended the portraits of the first seneschal of Poitou (the illegitimate son of Foulques Taillefer), and his wife, Isabella de Lusignan—the progenitors of the grim race of Foulquerres that frowned around. They had the look of being perfect likenesses; and as I gazed on them, I fancied I could trace in their antiquated features some family resemblance to their unfortunate descendant whom I had slain! This was a dismal neighbourhood; yet the armoury was the only part of the castle that had a habitable air; so I asked the warder whether he could not make a fire, and give me something for supper there, and prepare me a bed in one corner.

"'A fire and a supper you shall have, and that cheerfully, most worthy pilgrim,' said he; 'but as to a bed, I advise you to come and sleep in my chamber.'

"'Why so?' inquired I; 'why shall I not sleep in this hall?'

"'I have my reasons. I will make a bed for you close to mine.'

"I made no objections; for I recollected that it was Friday, and I dreaded the return of my vision. He brought in billets of wood, kindled a fire in the great overhanging chimney, and then went forth to prepare my supper. I drew a heavy chair before the fire, and seating myself in it, gazed musingly round upon the portraits of the Foulquerres, and the antiquated armour and weapons, the mementos of many a bloody deed. As the day declined, the smoky draperies of the hall gradually became confounded with the dark ground of the paintings, and the lurid gleams from the chimney only enabled me to see visages staring at me from the gathering darkness. All this was dismal in the extreme, and somewhat appalling; perhaps it was the state of my conscience that rendered me peculiarly sensitive, and prone to fearful imaginings.

"At length the warder brought in my supper; it consisted of a dish of trout and some craw-fish, taken in the fosse of the castle. He procured also a bottle of wine, which he informed me was wine of Poitou. I requested him to invite the hermit to join me in my repast; but the holy man sent back word, that he allowed himself nothing but roots and herbs cooked with water. I took my meal, therefore, alone, but prolonged it as much as possible, and sought to cheer my drooping spirits by the wine of Poitou, which I found very tolerable.

"When supper was over, I prepared for my evening devotions. I have always been very punctual in reciting my breviary; it is the prescribed and bounden duty of all chevaliers of the religious orders, and, I can answer for it, is faithfully performed by those of Spain. I accordingly drew forth from my pocket a small missal and a rosary, and told the warden he need only designate to me the way to his chamber, where I could come and rejoin him, when I had finished my prayers.

"He accordingly pointed out a winding staircase, opening from the hall. 'You will descend this staircase,' said he, 'until you come to the fourth landing-place, where you enter a vaulted passage, terminated by an arcade, with a statue of the blessed Jeanne of France. You cannot help finding my room, the door of which I will leave open; it is the sixth door from the landing-place. I advise you not to remain in this hall after midnight. Before that hour, you will hear the hermit ring the bell in going the rounds of the corridors; do not linger here after that signal.'

"The warder retired, and I commenced my devotions. I continued at them earnestly, pausing from time to time to put wood upon the fire. I did not dare to look much around me, for I felt myself becoming a prey to fearful fancies. The pictures appeared to become animated; if I regarded one attentively for any length of time, it seemed to move the eyes and lips. Above all, the portraits of the grand seneschal and his lady, which hung on each side of the great chimney, the progenitors of the Foulquerres of Tête-foulques, regarded me, I thought, with angry and baleful eyes—I even fancied they exchanged significant glances with each other. Just then a terrible blast of wind shook all the casements, and, rushing through the hall, made a fearful rattling and clashing among the armour. To my startled fancy, it seemed something supernatural.

"At length I heard the bell of the hermit, and hastened to quit the hall. Taking a solitary light which stood on the supper-table, I descended the winding staircase; but, before I had reached the vaulted passage leading to the statue of the blessed Jeanne of France, a blast of wind extinguished my taper. I hastily remounted the stairs, to light it again at the chimney; but judge of my feelings, when, on arriving at the entrance of the armoury, I beheld the seneschal and his lady, who had descended from their frames, and seated themselves on each side of the fireplace!

"'Madam, my love,' said the seneschal, with great formality, and in antiquated phrase, 'what think you of the presumption of this Castilian, who comes to harbour himself and make wassail in this our castle, after having slain our descendant the commander, and that without granting him time for confession?'

"'Truly, my lord,' answered the female spectre, with no less stateliness of manner, and with great asperity of tone—'truly, my lord, I opine that this Castilian did a grievous wrong in this encounter; and he should never be suffered to depart hence without your throwing him the gauntlet.' I paused to hear no more, but rushed again down stairs, to seek the chamber of the warder. It was impossible to find it in the darkness and in the perturbation of my mind. After an hour and a half of fruitless search, and mortal horror and anxieties, I endeavoured to persuade myself that the day was about to break, and listened impatiently for the crowing of the cock; for I thought, if I could hear his cheerful note, I should be reassured; catching, in the disordered state of my nerves, at the popular notion that ghosts never appear after the first crowing of the cock.

"At length I rallied myself, and endeavoured to shake off the vague terrors which haunted me. I tried to persuade myself that the two figures which I had seemed to see and hear, had existed only in my troubled imagination. I still had the end of a candle in my hand, and determined to make another effort to relight it, and find my way to bed; for I was ready to sink with fatigue. I accordingly sprang up the staircase, three steps at a time, stopped at the door of the armoury, and peeped cautiously in. The two Gothic figures were no longer in the chimney corners, but I neglected to notice whether they had reascended to their frames. I entered, and made desperately for the fireplace; but scarce had I advanced three strides, when Messire Foulques Taillefer stood before me, in the centre of the hall, armed cap-à-pie, and standing in guard, with the point of his sword silently presented to me. I would have retreated to the staircase, but the door of it was occupied by the phantom figure of an esquire, who rudely flung a gauntlet in my face. Driven to fury, I snatched down a sword from the wall; by chance it was that of the commander, which I had placed there. I rushed upon my fantastic adversary, and seemed to pierce him through and through; but at the same time I felt as if something pierced my heart, burning like a red-hot iron. My blood inundated the hall, and I fell senseless.

"When I recovered consciousness, it was broad day, and I found myself in a small chamber, attended by the warder and the hermit. The former told me that, on the previous night, he had awakened long after the midnight-hour, and perceiving that I had not come to his chamber, he had furnished himself with a vase of holy water, and set out to seek me. He found me stretched senseless on the pavement of the armoury, and bore me to his room. I spoke of my wound, and of the quantity of blood that I had lost. He shook his head, and knew nothing about it; and to my surprise, I found myself perfectly sound and unharmed. The wound and blood, therefore, had been all delusion. Neither the warder nor the hermit put any questions to me, but advised me to leave the castle as soon as possible. I lost no time in complying with their counsel, and felt my heart relieved from an oppressive weight as I left the gloomy and fate-bound battlements of Tête-foulques behind me.

"I arrived at Bayonne, on my way to Spain, on the following Friday. At midnight I was startled from my sleep, as I had formerly been; but it was no longer by the vision of the dying commander—it was old Foulques Taillefer who stood before me, armed cap-à-pie, and presenting the point of his sword. I made the sign of the cross, and the spectre vanished; but I received the same red-hot thrust in the heart which I had felt in the armoury, and I seemed to be bathed in blood. I would have called out, or would have arisen from my bed and gone in quest of succour, but I could neither speak nor stir. This agony endured until the crowing of the cock, when I fell asleep again; but the next day I was ill, and in a most pitiable state. I have continued to be harassed by the same vision every Friday night; no acts of penitence and devotion have been able to relieve me from it; and it is only a lingering hope in divine mercy that sustains me, and enables me to support so lamentable a visitation."

The grand prior of Minorca wasted gradually away under this constant remorse of conscience and this horrible incubus. He died some time after having revealed the preceding particulars of his case, evidently the victim of a diseased imagination.

THE TWELVE "GREAT" LIVERY COMPANIES OF LONDON.

The municipal government of the city of London is by virtue of the several charters granted by the crown, invested in the mayor, aldermen, and common council, who are elected by and from the various associations of trades, known as the city companies, in one of which it formerly was necessary to be enrolled to be free of the city. At one period none but "freemen" were permitted to carry on trade within the city limits. Traders have still to buy the freedom of the city (costing about fourteen pounds), though they need not now belong to a company. The Lord Mayor is chosen annually in the following manner:—On the 29th of September, the "Livery" (select members of the various companies to whom the administration of their affairs is committed), in Guildhall or common assembly, choose two aldermen, who are presented to the court of lord mayor and aldermen, by whom one of the aldermen so chosen, and generally the senior, is declared lord mayor elect; and on the 9th of November he enters on his office. The aldermen are chosen for life by the free householders of the several wards, one for each ward; except Bridgeward Without, when the election is by the court of aldermen from among those who have passed the chair, commonly the senior; he is styled father of the city. The common council are chosen annually by the free householders in their several wards, the number for each ward being regulated by ancient custom; the body corporate having the power to extend the number.

Twelve of the "companies, termed "livery" companies, from the custom now abandoned of wearing a distinctive dress or "livery," claim a precedence over the others, and as far as regards the management of the Irish estate belonging to the city, which we shall mention hereafter, possess a superior power. It has also been usual for the lord mayor to be chosen from one of these "great" companies. These chosen "twelve" are the mercers, grocers, drapers, fishmongers, goldsmith's, skinners, merchant-tailors, haberdashers, salters, ironmongers, vintners, and cloth-workers. The total number of companies and fellowships is at present, we believe 89; but of these the surgeons, parish-clerks, porters, and watermen, have not the privilege of making their members free of the city.

It may not be uninteresting to our readers, especially to our London readers, to receive a few particulars respecting the origin and constitution of these great commercial bodies in whom resides so much of the extensive power and influence, exercised by this wonderful city, which may perhaps be termed as justly as "old Rome," "The world's great mistress." In doing so, we must confess our obligations to a most curious and interesting book *, written by Mr. Herbert, the librarian to the Corporation of London, evidently the result of much laborious and well-directed research, and illustrated by many particulars which could not have been obtained by any who did not enjoy the advantages peculiar to the author's station.

Long before the Norman conquest, London had become a city of very considerable commercial importance; and under the Saxon government had acquired peculiar privileges, since we find the Conqueror, in the first year of his reign, granting a charter confirming all the rights, privileges, and customs, that had been possessed in the reign of Edward the Confessor. The chief magistrate was then termed bailiff, and the word mayor was never used until the tenth year of the reign of King John *, when Henry Fitz Alwyn, the first mayor, was chosen. The title *lord* mayor is one rather of courtesy than right, and the time at which it was first adopted is uncertain. Maitland, the historian of London, after noticing a charter granted by Edward III., in the 28th year of his reign, permitting the city authorities to cause gold and silver maces to be carried before them, adds—"This great favour of having gold or silver maces carried before the chief magistrate of the city, was a privilege peculiar to London; for all other cities and towns in the kingdom were by a royal precept, expressly commanded not to use maces of any other metal than copper. Our historians, as well as charters, being silent with respect to the time when the appellation of lord was added to that of mayor, I imagine that no time bids so fair for it as the present, when the chief magistrate of the city had the honour conferred upon him to have maces in all respects the same as royal carried before him."

It would be tedious to enumerate all the various charters granted to the city by succeeding sovereigns. Additional privileges were conferred, generally for services rendered to the crown, and sometimes, as was the case in three several instances in the reign of Edward the Fourth, in consideration of a sum of money. For instance, the city paid that monarch no less than 7000*l*. for the right of appointing their own coroner, and receiving the deodands, &c., assessed in the execution of that office.

King James I. granted a charter confirming all privileges already possessed by the corporation of the city, and conferring several others, and this may still be considered as the most perfect exposition of the civic rights, for although King Charles the Second forced a resignation of their charters from the city of London, as he did from all the other cities of the kingdom, yet these were all restored by act of parliament in the second year of William and Mary, which declared this surrender to be null and void.

Mr. Herbert tells us, that "The livery companies of London derive their origin from the early associations termed *gilds*, and were either ecclesiastical or secular. Ecclesiastical gilds were for devotion and alms-deed: secular gilds were for trade and alms-deed." Both in ancient times were distinguished by various religious observances, and partook much of the nature of monastic institutions.

"Secular gilds appear to have included the entire aggregate of a town, and were at first named Gilda Mercatoria (merchant gilds); but afterwards, when the respective craftsmen, artisans, and dealers, obtained charters for managing their several callings, they were termed Gilda Mercatorium—merchants' gilds.

"The name gild, guild, or geld, primarily meaning a payment, from the Saxon *gildan*, to pay, was variously applied in old times. It signified a tax or tribute, as, in Domesday Book, of the burgh of Totenais, it is said, 'did not geld but when Exeter gelded, and then it paid twelve pence for geld †.'

"It meant an amerciament, composition, or mulct, as did the word gildable, the liability to such gild or payment. It also signified an enfranchised district or soke, as in the case of the wards of London, which were anciently called gilds; and it moreover signified the free customs and privileges of a gild or soke; its most usual acceptation, however, in late days, was to denote an associated body or brotherhood, whether a town or a minor incorporation, because every member was 'gildar,' that is to pay something towards the charge and support of such body." These merchant gilds, or voluntary associations of traders for mutual support and protection, appear to have existed from a very early period; but although they obtained considerable importance, we have no evidence of their existence as bodies recognised by government until the time of Henry III., who "chartered the cappers and parish clerks, and made regulations respecting the guild of burillers. But little progress was made in mercantile affairs during the martial reign of Edward I.; and excepting the domestic trade guilds, all commerce nearly was in the hands of the steel-yard merchants. This is not to be wondered at, considering that the roads then were chiefly the old British track ways, favourable to depredation, and forming an effectual bar to internal communication."

The fishmongers and linen armourers (now merchant tailors)

* The History of the twelve great Livery Companies of London, by William Herbert, Librarian to the Corporation of London. Published by the author, and to be had of him at the library, Guildhall, and by all the principal booksellers. 2 vols. 8vo., 1834 and 1837.

* According to "the Chronicle of London" in the British Museum. Elsewhere it is said that the title was first given in the reign of Richard I. to the same Fitz Alwyn. John granted to the citizens the liberty to choose their own mayor.

† And so Dane Gelt the tribute paid to the Danes.

obtained charters from Edward I., as did the weavers a confirmation of their early grants. In the statute 28 Edward I., the wardens of the craft of Goldsmiths are also mentioned.

In a dispute in this reign between the weavers and the burillers, mention is made of the Alderman of the Burillers, "who," says Mr. Herbert, "must have been nearly the last head of a trade gild who then retained that title, as all the wards had had their respective aldermen sometime before, and who at first had not only a proprietory title to their soke or ward, but such wards changed names as they changed. This right of proprietory of the alderman to his soke or ward in London, if it were even more than partial, was certainly of short duration, as we find it wrested from them in the succeeding reign of Edward II.; the citizens being then declared to have the power of annually electing the alderman who was to preside over them. Mr. Norton (Comment. on Lond., 122) thinks 'it probably arose with the introduction of the feudal system, and expired with the grant of those exemptions from it, secured to the citizens by their early charters—the establishment of a community, and the election of their own magistrates.' He adds, 'but that these *sokes* did actually belong to the aldermen or barons as heritable property, is too clear to admit of a doubt.' Farringdon ward, the aldermanry of which was bought by William Faryngdon, goldsmith (1279), remained in that citizen's family upwards of 80 years. It was held by the tenure of presenting a gillyflower at Easter, which was then a flower of great rarity." The district and franchise, or soke, of the ward of Portsoken (the franchise at the gate) having been granted by the gild (who had been erected by King Edgar, and chartered by Edward the Confessor) to Trinity Priory, the prior became the territorial lord, or alderman of Portsoken ward, and was seen by Stow, who was born in 1545, riding in procession with the mayor and his brethren the aldermen, "only distinguished from them by the colour of his gown, they wearing scarlet, and he, as an ecclesiastic, *purple*."

There is evidence that the city authorities exercised jurisdiction over the companies before the latter were admitted to any exclusive monopoly of municipal rights, but such monopoly soon followed, for with Edward II. Mr. Norton * observes "we discern the first authentic mention of the mercantile nature of the civic constitution of London, and of the mercantile qualification requisite in the candidates for admission to the freedom of the city. By one of a number of articles of regulation, ordained by the citizens for their internal government, which articles were confirmed by the king, and incorporated into a charter, it was provided that no person, whether an inhabitant of the city or otherwise, should be admitted into the civic freedom, unless he was a member of one of the *trades* or *mysteries*, or unless with the full consent of the whole community convened; only that apprentices might still be admitted according to the established form. Before this, no mention occurs of any mercantile qualification to entitle the householder to his admission to the corporation."

The reign of Edward III., the great dawn of the fine arts and of commerce, gave birth to an entire re-constitution of the trading fraternities, which, from now generally assuming a distinctive dress, or livery, came to be called *Livery Companies*. The alterations under this re-constitution were numerous. Amongst the principal may be reckoned their change of name from gilds to crafts and mysteries, and the substituting for the old title of alderman that of master or warden; the name alderman being now restricted to the head of the city ward. A more important change, for the interest of the companies was their being at this time first generally chartered, or having those privileges confirmed by letters patent which they had before only exercised through sufferance and the payment of their fermes.

The chartering of the gilds by Edward III. was not that monarch's only favour to them. Having found that these fraternities were the mainspring of the trade of his kingdom, and having thus given them stability, he determined also to raise them in public estimation. As this could not be better done than by setting an example which would be followed by his courtiers, he became himself a brother of one of these societies. The Linen Armourers were then great importers of woollen cloth, which the king sought to make the staple manufacture of England, and were the first company who had the honour to boast a sovereign amongst their members, in the person of this monarch. Richard II. afterwards became a brother of the same company; and the great, both clergy and laity, as well as principal citizens, dazzled with the splendour of such associates, hastened in both reigns to be enrolled as tradesmen in the fraternities.

* Commentaries on London.

The public records afford us the earliest notice of the companies on their being chartered. By a petition from the Commons in Parliament, printed amongst their rolls, we learn that before the 36th of Edward III., certain wholesale merchants had formed themselves into a gild, which had become so great and monopolous as to threaten ruin to the numerous other fraternities that had now sprung up. This gild, or company, was no other than the grocers, now the second of the great companies, and the etymon of whose name we find explained by this document. The petitioner complains—

"That great mischief has nowly arisen, as well to the king as to the great men and commons, from the merchants called grocers (grossers), who *engrossed* all manner of merchandize vendible, and who suddenly raised the prices of such merchandize within the realm; putting to sale by covin, and by ordinances made amongst themselves in their own society, which they call the fraternity and gild of merchants, such merchandizes as were most dear, and keeping in store the others until times of dearth and scarcity.

"The remedy suggested by the petitioners," Anderson observes, "would be thought a very unreasonable one in our day. 'It is, ' that merchants shall deal in or use but one kind or sort of merchandize,' and that 'every merchant hereafter shall choose which kind of wares or merchandize he will deal in, and he shall deal in no other.'

"The act 37 Edward III. c. 5., which passed in consequence of this petition, (and which was, as far as related to merchants, repealed the next year,) ordains,

"'That all artificers and people of mysteries shall each choose his own mystery before the next Candlemas; and that having so chosen it, he shall henceforth use no other: and that justices shall be assigned to inquire, by process of Oyer and Terminer, and to punish trespasses by six months' imprisonment, or other penalty, according to the offence.' Women artificers, who seem to have been numerous at this period, and amongst whom are mentioned 'brewers, bakers, braceresses, textoresses, filteresses, and weaveresses, as well as silk as of other materials,' are exempted from the operation of the act."

At this period, 1355, there were thirty-two different companies; but within a few years the number had increased to forty-eight. Some of these have merged into others; a few, as the Fletchers, the Cappers, the Horners and Spurriers, are extinct; the Barbers (subsequently Barber-Surgeons) are now separated from the latter, and in abeyance. In 49 Edward III., an enactment passed the whole assembled commonalty of the city, by which the right of election of all city dignitaries and officers, including members of Parliament, was transferred from the *ward* representatives to the trading companies; a few members of which were directed to be selected by the masters or wardens to come to the Guildhall for election purposes; and in them it has continued to the present time, only that by a subsequent act of Common Council, it was opened to *all* the liverymen of companies generally; and that right, which indeed without such sanction had no legal authority, was finally confirmed to such liverymen as being freemen of the corporation of London, by Stat. 11. Geo. I. c. 18.

In 50 Edward III., an ordinance was passed by the Mayor, Aldermen, and six, four and two of the Common Council, out of *thirteen* of the above mysteries (which alone were allowed this privilege), respecting the removal of any alderman or common councilman for misconduct. "And here we perceive the first indication of a separation of the wealthier from the more indigent companies; or of such as sent more members to Common Council, and paid the highest fermes; namely, the Tailors, Vintners, Skinners, Fishmongers, Mercers, Grocers, Goldsmiths, Drapers, and such others as may have constituted the *thirteen* mysteries, afterwards reduced to *twelve*.

"The separation or distinction of the companies took place at the latter end of the reign of Edward III., and 'from the twelve companies the Lord Mayor was *exclusively* chosen for centuries afterwards. None of the lists of Lord Mayors in our histories of London afford a single instance to the contrary, from Fitz Alwyn to Sir Robert Wilmot. The wardens of those great companies were the only ones allowed to attend the Lord Mayor as chief butler at coronations. The Twelve alone (with the single exception of the Armourers) had the honour of enrolling the sovereign amongst their members, and generally of entertaining foreign princes and ambassadors. They took precedence in all civic triumphs; they occupied the chief standings in all state processions through the city; they alone of the companies contributed to repair the city walls; and, lastly (not to mention various other proofs which might be adduced), they were the companies who were always

more largely assessed in all levies for the government or the city. The common opinion, therefore, that the Lord Mayor must be a member of one of these companies, is indisputably founded on long prescriptive right and usage. It was in 1742, that Sir Robert Wilmot, just mentioned, was sworn in Lord Mayor, notwithstanding that he was not so qualified, and that upon the advice of counsel, who said there was no law for it. His lordship was of the Coopers' Company, and would have been translated to the Clothworkers' (which is one of the 'Twelve'), but his admission being carried only by a small majority, and they at the same time refusing him their hall, he resolved to give them no further trouble. It is now understood that being free of one of the Twelve Companies is only necessary to qualify the Lord Mayor for President of the Irish Society.* The Lord Mayor, it should be observed, if not free of the Twelve, thus loses a privilege always appertaining of right to his office, that of the presidentship above mentioned.

"It is but candid to remark that, notwithstanding the ancient rank of the Twelve Companies, many of the others are, on various accounts, of equal or superior importance. The weavers and saddlers claim a more remote antiquity. The stationers, besides their growing wealth and extensive concerns, rank higher as a rich, commercial, and working company. The dyers once took precedence of the cloth-workers. The brewers are distinguished for their ancient and very curious records; and yield on that point, perhaps, only to the leather-sellers, who at their elegant modern hall in St. Helen's Place have some matchless charters, as regards embellishment, and the most ornamentally-written 'Warden's Accounts,' of any we have yet inspected. Various others might be included in the list as equally worthy observation.

"From Henry IV. originated the Letters Patent, making the Companies bodies corporate and politic under a certain definite style, or form, with perpetual succession and a common seal; the power of being able in law to purchase and take lands in fee simple, given, devised, or assigned; the capability, under their usual designations, to plead and be impleaded; 'to make good and reasonable bye-laws and ordinances;' to have and hold lands by whatsoever name the same might be bequeathed or conveyed to them; together with the right of search through their several trades, punishment of offenders in them, and various other privileges. This king also confirmed the skinners, goldsmiths, and tailors."

Henry VII. encouraged the Companies, and enrolled himself in the Tailors, and presided as master; but in the reign of Henry VIII. the restrictions began to be felt as a hindrance rather than an advantage to trade, and foreigners, or artisans not free of the city, began to settle in the suburbs, much to the annoyance of the citizens, who procured some enactments against them.

The Reformation was a great blow to the prosperity of the Companies, since most of the lands bequeathed to them were charged with a condition for keeping up chauntries for prayers for the soul of the donor, &c. These were claimed by the crown, and changed into the form of fee farm-rents, which were at length and with difficulty redeemed.

The charters embodying the constitution of the Companies were regularly confirmed every new reign until after Elizabeth, by what are termed *Inspeximuses*, or fresh charters, professing to have seen those which had preceded. They recite the back charters as far as to the original grant, which they give at length, noticing all the way such additional privileges as have been conferred by succeeding monarchs, and then ratify and confirm, if unobjectionable, the whole of them. Almost all the companies' charters were so confirmed by Elizabeth, who was the last sovereign to whom these original grants were presented for that purpose. James I. granted a series of entire new charters to *nine* out of the twelve companies —viz. the grocers, drapers, fishmongers, skinners, haberdashers, salters, ironmongers, vintners, and clothworkers (exclusively of those which he granted to the minor companies). The merchant-tailors, who had been re-incorporated by Henry VII., and the mercers and goldsmiths, who seem to have preferred their ancient incorporations, never applied for these new grants, or do not now possess them.

By the new charters of James, the ancient mode of election by the commonalty was superseded; and in all instances where such charters were obtained, the courts were thenceforward made self-elective. They ordain that, out of those fraternities there shall be constituted a certain number of persons, to be named assistants, who shall be aiding and assisting to the master and wardens, or any two of them; shall have power when they please to call a court of the same master, wardens, and assistants to the number of twelve or more (including such master and wardens), who shall govern and make ordinances for the company." The persons composing the first courts are named and constituted for life, unless on reasonable cause shown to the contrary, and are empowered, they and their successors (exclusively), to elect and nominate for ever afterwards all future masters and wardens from amongst themselves; no person being allowed to be on the court who had not previously served master or warden. Elections from this time have in all these newly-chartered companies been privately made a short time before the feast, the new master and wardens being only introduced and proclaimed at the general assembly as the principals chosen for the ensuing year. This first election is called the *private election*.

Such is a very brief sketch of the constitution of those mercantile bodies in whose hands is placed the regulation—we may almost say the government—of the city of London. In "the olden time," they displayed their glories more openly; and did our limits permit, we would gladly transcribe some of those accounts of pageants, &c. &c., which the "Twelve" delighted to indulge in when celebrating "Lord Mayor's Day," and other civic festivities. But everything has its limits, and so must our article; and for further information, we must refer our kind readers to the book from which we have so copiously quoted.

* The Irish Society originated in a grant of extensive estates in Ulster, including the city of Derry, since called *London*derry, and the town of Coleraine, part of the forfeited estates of O'Neill, Earl of Tir-Owen, or Tyrone, by King James I. to the city. These estates were divided into 12 parts, one being assigned by lot to each of the great companies, who associated some of the minor companies with them. Some of the companies have sold their portions, but a large extent of country is still in the hands of the city, who manage their Irish estate by means of a committee or society chosen from among the members of the "twelve," to whose care all the other estates of the "great" companies is also committed. "Most of those companies," says Mr. Herbert, "which retain their Irish estates have brought them, by cultivation and liberal treatment of their tenants, into a flourishing state, so that they promise to become ultimately the best built and most cultivated portion of Ireland."

THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

In a short article on the "Study of Astronomy, in No. 64, some remarks of Sir John Herschel's were quoted, as to the uselessness and absurdity of our retaining the names of the figures into which the stars were fancifully shaped in early times. As, however, the constellations amongst which the sun appears to move annually are of greater relative importance than the others, we here give some account of them.

The Zodiac is a space which extends about eight degrees on each side of the ecliptic, like a belt or girdle, within which all the motions of the planets, except the newly discovered ones, are performed. The ecliptic is situated in the midst of the zodiac, and is a great circle, in which the sun makes his *apparent* annual progress,—or rather, it is the real path of the earth round the sun, and cuts the equator or equinoctial in an angle of 23° 28′, the points of intersection (Aries and Libra) being called the equinoctial points. The equinoctial points, contrary to the order of the signs, which is from west to east, have a slow motion from east to west, which motion, from the best observations, is about 50¼ seconds in a year; so that it would require 25,791 years for the equinoctial points to perform an entire revolution round the globe. In the time of Hipparchus and the oldest astronomers, the equinoctial points were fixed in Aries and Libra; but these signs, which were then in conjunction with the sun, are now a whole sign, or thirty degrees, eastward of it; so that Aries is now in Taurus, Taurus in Gemini, &c. This motion of the equinoctial points is called the precession (but more properly, recession) of the equinoxes. Every twenty-eight years the sun performs what is called a cycle, (a certain period, or series of numbers proceeding in order, from first to last, then returning again to the first, and so circulating perpetually; which was adopted in chronology for the purpose of swallowing up the fractions of time in the revolutions of the heavenly bodies,) in which time the days of the month's return again to the same days of the week, the sun's place to the same signs and degrees of the ecliptic, in the same months and on the same days, so as not to differ one degree in a hundred years; and the leap-years begin the same course over again, with respect to the days of the week on which the days of the month fall. The cycle of the moon is a revolution of nineteen years, in which time the conjunctions,

oppositions, and other aspects of the moon, are within an hour and a half of being the same as they were on the same days of the months nineteen years before. The former point Aries is called the vernal equinox; and the latter, Libra, the autumnal equinox. When the sun is in either of these points, the days and nights on every part of the globe are equal to each other.

With respect to the zodiac, it comprises twelve signs—viz. three spring, three summer, three autumnal, and three winter signs; the six former of which are called northern, and the six latter southern; each sign being divided into thirty degrees, and the distance of the point in the ecliptic, at which the sun is found at any time from the equator, being called the declination. The signs are Aries, the ram (composed of 66 stars); Taurus, the bull (of 141, including the Pleiades); Gemini, the twins (of 85); Cancer, the crab (of 83); Leo, the lion (of 95); Virgo, the virgin (of 110); Libra, the balance (of 51); Scorpio, the scorpion (of 44); Sagittarius, the archer (of 69); Capricornus, the goat (of 51); Aquarius, the water-bearer (of 108); and Pisces, the fishes (of 113). The northern constellations are in number thirty-four, the southern forty-seven, forming altogether, with the zodiacal ones, ninety-three.

It is conjectured that the figures in the signs of the zodiac—a Greek word signifying living creatures—are descriptive of the seasons of the year, and that they are Chaldean or Egyptian hieroglyphics, intended to represent some remarkable occurrence in each month. Thus, the spring signs were distinguished for the production of those animals which were held in the greatest esteem, —viz. the sheep, the black cattle, and the goats; the latter, being the most prolific, were represented by the figure of Gemini. When the sun enters Cancer, he discontinues his progress towards the north pole, and begins to turn back towards the south pole. This retrograde motion is represented by a *Crab*, which is said to go backwards. The heat that usually follows in the next month was represented by a *Lion*, an animal remarkable for its fierceness, and which at this season was frequently impelled through thirst to leave the sandy desert, and make his appearance on the banks of the Nile. The sun entered the sixth sign about the time of harvest, which season was therefore represented by a *Virgin*, or a female reaper, with an ear of corn in her hand. When the sun enters *Libra*, the days and nights are equal all over the world, and seem to observe an equilibrium like a balance. Autumn, which produces fruits in great abundance, brings with it a variety of diseases: this season was represented by that venomous animal the *Scorpion*, who wounds with the sting in his tail as he recedes. The fall of the leaf was the season for hunting, and the stars which marked the sun's path at this time were represented by a huntsman, or *Archer*, with his arrows and weapons of destruction. The *Goat*, which delights in climbing and ascending some mountain or precipice, is the emblem of the winter solstice, when the sun begins to ascend from the southern tropic, and gradually to increase in height for the ensuing half-year. Aquarius, or the water-bearer, is represented by the figure of a man pouring out water from an urn, an emblem of the dreary and uncomfortable season of winter. The last of the zodiacal constellations was Pisces, or a couple of fishes tied back to back, representing the fishing season. When the severity of the winter is over, the flocks do not afford sustenance, but the seas and rivers are open, and abound with fish.

The Chaldeans and Egyptians were the original inventors of astronomy, and they registered the events in their history, and the mysteries of their religion, among the stars, by emblematical figures. The Greeks displaced many of the Chaldean constellations, and placed such images as had reference to their own history in their room. The same method was followed by the Romans: hence, the accounts given of the signs of the zodiac, and of the constellations, are contradictory and involved in fable.—Burt.

GENEROSITY OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

What will those who call us a money-making craft think, when we remind them that we are the only class of people in the island who work on a large scale for nothing? As physicians or surgeons of medical charities, we toil for years in the service of the sick poor, with no pecuniary remuneration, and no other selfish objects than the desire of knowledge, and the remote prospect that the connexions we form by our attendance on the poor may ultimately lead to employment among the rich. Selfishness, more or less in degree, and more or less refined, mingles with the motives of all human actions. When at length this remote prospect is realised, and the extent of lucrative practice compels the physician or surgeon to retire from his medical charities, even then, through the rest of his life, not a day passes in which calls are not made on him for gratuitous advice; and these calls are never made in vain. Where is the trade or profession in which there is anything similar to this? Will the merchant give his goods for nothing? Will the lawyer conduct a cause for nothing? Will the clergyman marry or bury for nothing? No; the merchant must have his price—the lawyer must have his fees—even the church must have its dues; none but the medical man stirs without his reward. The tax of gratuitous exertion levied on the medical profession has lasted so long, and is so great, that, like other familiar things, people cease to be sensible of it.—*London Medical Gazette.*

THE INVITATION OF WISDOM TO THE YOUNG.

"Get Wisdom, and with all thy getting get Understanding."

Come, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze;
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways;
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast,
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding—
Come and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown,
Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and lover
Will to the embraces of the worm have gone.
Those who now love thee will have passed for ever—
Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee.
Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,
As thy sick heart broods over years to be.

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing—
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die,
Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee throwing
Fade like the sunset of a summer sky.
Life has but shadows; save a promise given,
Which lights the future with a fadeless ray.
Oh, touch the sceptre—win a hope in heaven—
Come, turn thy spirit from the world away

Then will the crosses of this brief existence
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul;
And, shining brightly in the forward distance,
Will of thy patient race appear the goal;
Home of the weary!—where in peace reposing,
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,
Though o'er its dust the curtained grave is closing—
Who would not early choose a lot like this?

MARRIAGE.

Have you ever seen pure rose-water kept in a crystal glass? How fine it looks, how sweet it smells, while the beautiful urn imprisons it! Break the glass, and let the water take its own course; doth it not embrace dust, and lose all its former sweetness and fairness? Truly so are we, if we have not the stay rather than the restraint of marriage.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

STANDING ON CEREMONY.

It is the etiquette of Cambridge and Oxford, that no gentleman speaks to another unless he has been formally introduced to him; and a story is told of a student's refusing to assist another who had been upset in a boat upon the Cam, and struggling to reach the bank, "because he had not the honour of being acquainted with him."

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A STEAM VOYAGE ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

DURING the month of June, 1838, I was detained some time at Marseilles, waiting the arrival of a friend who had engaged to accompany me to the Levant. At length, when I had almost determined to retrace my steps to Paris, and ascertain the cause of delay, a letter came: my friend's arrangements had been suddenly upset; and he could not leave Paris. It was Saturday, and it still wanted some hours of sunset, so I instantly began to inquire the best method of proceeding to Malta. There were several vessels in the harbour, bound for the island, the skippers of which each assured me that his vessel was sure to sail next day, or the day after at the farthest; but I knew them too well to believe a word they said,—so, having satisfied myself from appearances that not one of them would leave the harbour for at least ten days, I gave up the idea of proceeding in a sailing vessel, and determined to try a steamer. The French government-steamers were, I soon found, the only ones plying between Marseilles and Malta, and I was informed that the Sesostris would sail on Monday at four, P. M. I therefore returned to my hotel, and made the necessary preparations for the voyage.

Next day I paid a visit to a friend who had had some experience in Levantine steamers, to ask his advice regarding what part of the vessel I should sail in, also regarding provisions, &c. The weather had been extremely sultry for some weeks, and no rain had fallen in the South of France for more than a month; consequently a voyage of nearly a thousand miles on the Mediterranean, at that time, was likely to be a warm one.

My friend, after inquiring concerning my travelling wardrobe, pronounced it sufficient, *come sun, come rain*, and advised me strongly to take a deck passage. The first cabin, he remarked, was very expensive, both as regarded the passage money and provisions,—the latter the passenger being obliged to pay for, whether he partake or not; but his principal objection was the intolerable heat arising from the sun, joined to that caused by the fire and vapour of six or seven days' steaming. The second cabin was moderate in price, but in it also the passengers must pay exorbitant prices for provisions, whether partaken of or not, while it was as hot as the first cabin. The deck, on the contrary, my friend assured me, could be tolerated during the day, as there were plenty of opportunities of sitting in the shade, whilst it was not too cold during the night; there was another point too, and a very important one to an Englishman in a French boat; deck-passengers were allowed to carry their own provisions with them, or purchase from the steward, according as they felt inclined. Having listened to all these considerations and seriously weighed the matter in my own mind, I determined on taking a deck-passage.

On Monday forenoon I repaired to the proper authorities, and had my passport inspected. I then directed my steps to the British Consul, and, having got the necessary papers, proceeded to the office of the steamer, and producing all these documents, left them in the hands of the clerk, paid my passage-money, and received a ticket containing the rules and regulations to be observed on embarking and during the voyage. They were very strict, but, as I found afterwards, "more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

After my luggage was all packed, I summoned "boots," and consulted regarding the proper provisions for the voyage: the result was, that we both sallied out together, and returned with the following, which, with the addition of water, we judged sufficient for one man during a week:—Two loaves of bread, each eighteen inches long, four pounds of biscuit, one pound of Parmesan cheese, two pounds of boiled beef, a pound of loaf-sugar, and two bottles of brandy. The steamer was to sail at four, and I left my hotel at three, dressed in summer style. We had about fifteen minutes' walk to the place of embarkation. On leaving the hotel, the sun was oppressively warm, and the white dust blowing through the streets in dense clouds; but ere we had gone a hundred yards the rain began to pour, and long before we reached the quay, it fell in torrents;—my cloak was at hand, however, and wrapping it round me, I congratulated myself that long before its well-lined cloth was wet through, the sun would be as bright in the heavens as ever. On arriving at the quay, we found an immense number of little boats, the inmates of which were very solicitous for our favour, and having embarked in one which had an awning to protect us from the sun, I was soon on board the steamer with my luggage. The moment I was on board, an officer demanded my ticket, and referring to a bundle of papers, said I was all right. It was within a few minutes of the time of sailing, and passengers were arriving in great numbers, all of whom were asked for their tickets, and a reference made to the bundle of passports ere they were let out of the immediate *surveillance* of a warrant-officer armed with sword and pistol. So uniformly regular did every one's passport appear to be, that I began to think it was only a form to inspect them, until the officer turning round to a German student who had just appeared, demanded his bill of health. The student said it had been left with the clerk, along with his other papers, when he engaged his passage. The officer called him "a liar," and said that he had never had one. An official from the land now stepped forward, and stated that there had been more passengers engaged than bills of health taken, and that he attended in consequence, as the steamer could not clear out until this matter was rectified. On referring to the list of bills of health furnished, the German student's name was not there, and in great wrath, swearing in French, German, and Italian, he was obliged to pay three francs and a half to have his according to rule.

At four o'clock the Post-office boat came alongside; some letter-bags and five small casks of silver money were put on board in charge of an officer, the large bell was rung, and all those for the shore were ordered to quit the vessel. The cry through the vessel now was "*L'appel, l'appel,*" (the calling of the names,) and several petty officers were employed in gathering the passengers from every part of the vessel to the quarter-deck. As soon as the first lieutenant had been informed that every one unconnected with the vessel was now on the poop, the commissariat began calling out the list of passengers, each answering to his name, and passing

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to another part of the vessel. When the list was finished, the commissariat informed the first lieutenant that everything was right; the side ladders were drawn up, and in a few minutes we were out of the basin of Marseilles, and steaming through the blue waters of the Mediterranean. During the bustle attending our departure the rain poured with unabated fury, and continued to do so until two o'clock next morning, when it stopped at sunrise. It was soon pretty evident that the clothes I had on would not protect me during the night; so the cloak was laid aside until I put on over my coat, a surtout, pilot-coat, and mackintosh. The cloak was then put above all, and I again congratulated myself on being fully waterproof, as my mackintosh was of the great-coat form and reached considerably below the knee.

When we were fairly at sea, one of the warrant-officers got each of the passengers to point out his luggage, which was stowed away in different places, in order that no mistake might occur in the various ports at which we were to touch: by the time this was accomplished, the deck was covered with passengers, who, finding their berths too hot, preferred the wet of the deck to the heat of the cabin. In the first cabin there were about twenty passengers for Leghorn, four for Civita Vecchia, one for Malta, and two for Athens. In the second cabin there were, an Italian singer proceeding to some one of the theatres on the Adriatic, a good-natured merry sort of fellow, who was never loth to enliven the company with a song; five Italian refugees proceeding to the Papal states *for protection*; two merchants *of* and *for* Leghorn; two cooks proceeding by way of Alexandria to the establishment of Lord Elphinstone in India; a very old Italian on his way to the holy sepulchre; and several attendants belonging to parties in the first cabin. We of the deck were more *select*. There were four German students (Burschenschaft) returning from Paris to Austria; one Fanariote returning from London to Constantinople, and the writer. We, the deck-passengers, were soon acquainted, and amber pipes and cigars were passed from one to another; at last the store of provisions was alluded to,—we gathered round a large barrel-head and displayed our edibles. The other five had many things I could not boast of—but I had one advantage, with my brandy; one of the bottles was produced and a flask of water: our carousal-bowl was an old tin jug, our table cloth a late number of "Le National," our table a barrel-head, while the rain poured down in torrents, and we were obliged to put an umbrella over our good things; nevertheless we all made a hearty meal—the various stores were free to all, and we laughed and talked over the idea of happiness having much to do with outward things. When the repast was finished, each wrapped up his stores, and a good glass of brandy-and-water, pipes and cigars, songs and anecdotes, kept us merry, and I had almost forgotten that it rained, when the increased weight of my cloak recalled my attention; it was now ten o'clock at night, and the cloak was as wet as if it had been tossed in the sea since we left Marseilles. None of us felt much cold during the night. A gentleman and his lady slept in their carriage on deck; a second carriage was occupied by two footmen who had it in charge;—two first-cabin and one second-cabin passengers kept the deck all night: the remainder of the passengers preferred to be stewed below. At last the morning broke, dry and brilliant; our wet clothes were hung up here and there, boots and shoes were kicked from our feet, and ere six o'clock we were as merry as crickets, sitting on the dry deck enjoying our breakfast, which we accompanied by a small glass of brandy, and a large one of good wine, a flask of which some one drew from out his havresack.

Before noon, every appearance of the former night's rain had vanished; our clothes were dry—and so, I am sorry to say, were my two bottles. The day was a remarkably beautiful one; nobody was sick, but all enjoying themselves, by either joining or passively looking at the sporting, leaping, wrestling, and quarter-staff, which occupied the attention of the crew as well as passengers for the greater part of the day. The porpoises, too, seemed to join in the fun, as they sported in hundreds before, under, and on each side of our vessel; while the water was so transparent, that on looking over the bows, these merry fish could be seen far, far down in the water. In the afternoon, we passed the island of Corsica, towards which, as long as it was in sight, all eyes were directed; and many were the curses I heard vented forth against the English nation, for their treatment of the once obscure native of that little isle (Napoleon)—"and one who, if he had lived," said one of the passengers, "would have made Paris the capital of Europe." In the evening there were several card-parties formed—but *whist* was not one of the games played. Thus the time passed away, and as the shades of night were drawing around, I picked out the "softest plank," and, with "a reeving-block" for my pillow, lay down and fell asleep.

I imagine the night must have been a very quiet one, as, when I was awakened, I found the sun had the start of me. In a few minutes all was bustle and confusion, passengers running hither and thither, tumbling over baggage and ropes, with both of which the deck was again covered. We were off the port of Leghorn, where a great many passengers, two chaises, and an immense quantity of luggage had to be landed; although to me it seemed doubtful if passengers and luggage could be landed, and not at all doubtful that the carriages could not, on account of the heavy swell setting in from the east. It was now six in the morning, and the captain said he should remain eight hours here, but would not go into the harbour unless compelled. As soon as this determination was known, the passengers began to form themselves into parties, who elected one to make a bargain with a boatman. In less than ten minutes from the time our anchor was let go, there could not be less than thirty boats alongside, each having from four to six men. Watermen are the same all the world over, consequently there was much wrangling before a bargain was struck. The ladder was at last let down, and the first party began to descend; but it was a task sufficient to try the nerves of the most hardy, as the boat was one moment drawn from the ladder with great velocity, and the next dashed up against it. One man was rather shy of letting go his hold, and he was hauled out of the boat again after his feet had been in it, immersed up to the middle in water; and had it not been for the two sailors who manned the foot of the ladder instantly hauling him in, he would have been much hurt, if not killed, between the ladder and the boat: as it was, he appeared neither hurt nor frightened, and when the boat approached again, he leaped from the ladder at once into the bottom. After receiving the proper number of passengers, each boat dropped astern, where it held on until the luggage was lowered by ropes. In this manner, and in about two hours, all the passengers and their luggage were safely disembarked. The last boatful was an English diplomatic gentleman, his wife, and a man and maid servant. The man-servant at once got into the boat; but the maid stood on the lower step screaming at the pitch of her voice, and no entreaty could make her put her foot in the boat: at last a sailor took her in his arms, and stepping in with her, laid her safely down in the bottom of the boat, where she began to roar more lustily than ever, screeching that she was a drowned woman. The lady now appeared on the last step; a sailor handed her in, and laid her also down in the boat. I never certainly saw two women so terrified in my life—but the outward language of their fear was totally different. The servant screamed

and beat the boat with her hands, while the tears ran from her swollen eyes down her inflamed cheeks. The lady was dreadfully pale, perfectly quiet, and, to all appearance, almost unconscious of everything around.

After the passengers were all disposed of, the attention of the crew was directed to the carriages, one of which was soon slung, and a large boat prepared to receive it; but after many vain attempts to place it in the boat the design was abandoned, and rather than run the risk of losing the carriages, the anchor was ordered to be weighed, and we stood for the harbour. That the reason of the captain's unwillingness to approach the harbour was a quarrel of some sort was evident, as the harbour-officers would not allow any of the warps to be fastened to the shore, which caused a great deal of abuse from all parties. At last our steamer was safely moored alongside of a large Swedish vessel; and as it still wanted five hours of the time appointed for sailing, four of us joined together, and, hiring a boat, went ashore. No one prevented our landing; no one asked for our passports even on entering the town; and if they had, we could not have given them, as they were in the hands of the commissariat. The streets were burning hot, and glared unpleasantly to the eye. The cafés were filled with smokers and drinkers: we wandered up one street and down another for several hours—smoked our pipes, drank our coffee and iced punch—bought each a bottle of rum, and a pipe head shaped as a bust of Napoleon, and repaired on board our steamer in good time. At two P. M. the mail-bags came on board, the anchor was weighed, and we steamed out of the port.

At Leghorn we had left the greater part of our passengers; all the deck ones but the Fanaariote and myself were gone. The steamer was not so crowded nor so merry, but the day was as hot as ever; and towards evening it blew a capful of wind. All the passengers but Georgidas and myself were sick. We, Robinson Crusoe-like, constructed of tarpaulins a sort of tent, and Georgidas having an oriental coverlid, we stretched it under its shade and soon fell asleep.

At four next morning we were awakened by hearing the anchor drop, and on turning out, found we were off Civita Vecchia. In a short time we were surrounded by boats, but no one was allowed to approach, as one or two boats, with the Papal flag in the stern pulled round and round the steamer. It appeared that we were deemed in quarantine, and must await examination of the bills of health before any communication with the shore could be held. It was the 14th of June, a solemn festival day, and we could easily discern moving along the shore, a long procession of priests, friars, soldiers, crosses, crosiers, banners, and other ecclesiastical appendages, as also immensely large lighted candles, although it was good daylight. At ten o'clock we got permission, and went ashore: the procession was filing its interminable length through the streets, while every head was uncovered and every knee bent before it. In the procession there could not have been fewer than ten thousand soldiers and about five thousand priests: some of the latter were carried on cushioned seats, borne on men's shoulders, and shaded by a canopy supported on long poles by four men; others walked under a canopy—but these were dignitaries. The great mass of the priests were of course on foot; some of them wore shoes, others sandals, but at least one-third walked barefoot. After the procession had passed, we went up to the town, where we found all the shops shut, and flags suspended from many of the windows. At the corners of a great many streets pavilions were erected, in which were crosses and candles burning. Before these the pious Catholic might be seen on his knees, crossing himself and saying his prayers. At last we found a traiteur's, where we had an excellent dinner; washed it down with half a bottle of the wine profanely called *Lachrymæ Christi*; entered some of the churches; visited the *holy well*, —which is said, and I think with truth, to contain the finest water in Europe; took each a bottle of it with us, and repaired on board. At noon the mail-bags came alongside, and we held on our course, leaving the island of Sardinia on our starboard quarter. The day, as usual, was fine; various games and sports amused us: and at night, the tent being again constructed, the Greek and myself turned in. At sunrise on Friday morning the volcano Stromboli was seen puffing as if it were smoking a cigar. At eight A. M. we anchored in the Bay of Naples; but none save the mail-boat was allowed to communicate with the shore—a regulation which raised the choler of the many watermen paddling around us, who abused the officers in no measured language, and were answered with equal warmth.

At ten the mail-boat returned; the anchor was again weighed, and we steered down towards the Straits of Messina. During the afternoon the coast of Sicily appeared in sight; and at sunrise on Saturday morning we were in sight of Mount Etna, covered with snow. It continued visible nearly the whole day, and long after the coast of Sicily had disappeared. At sunset no land was to be seen; but at two o'clock on Sunday morning the steamer dropped anchor in the harbour of the island of Malta.

MENTAL EXERCISE IN RELATION TO HEALTH.

WHATEVER opinion may be entertained respecting the merits of phrenologists as the founders of a new science of mind independently of any previous system of metaphysics, all who are competent judges unanimously award to them the credit of having shown more clearly than had ever before been done the intimate connexion between the mind and body, and the powerful, never-ceasing action and reaction of those two constituents of our nature upon each other. They have, moreover, traced the consequences, so momentous to man, of this connexion, and have laid down rules deduced from their inquiries for the practical guidance of mental training, which are gradually gaining ground, and are destined to subvert much that is still adhered to in education. By these means they have conferred benefits upon mankind, which may well console them, should they eventually arrive at the conclusion, that much of their science, on which they now most pride themselves, is not based on nature—or, at least, consists of hasty deductions from, or too extended generalisations of, facts that are undeniable.

Nor have the advantages derived from this source been confined to the early periods of life: it has been shown that, throughout human existence, he who would enjoy the highest degree of health must bear in mind that that blessing is the result of certain conditions of the mind as well as of the body, and that the relation which they bear to each other is one of the most influential circumstances on which health is dependent.

The functions of the nervous system, and especially of its centre and principal organ, the brain, have been explained in a previous paper, (in No. 38,) to which we beg to refer our readers, as containing the statement of the facts on which what follows is based.

From that article it will be seen that the functions of the nervous system are twofold: one set relating to the processes of the organic life, the other giving rise to the phenomena of animal existence. Of the latter class we may regard the operations of the moral and intellectual being as the highest developments; and they are all but universally referred to the brain as the seat of the soul, without which the animating principle would never manifest itself to our senses, and through which it is brought into communication with the material world.

It is this circumstance—that the same organ is engaged in carrying on the merely vegetative processes, and in the operations

of reason, imagination, and sentiment—which occasions the mutual influence of mind and body.

Nor let it be thought strange that functions so dissimilar, and apparently incongruous, should be devolved upon one material organ. The body is designed to be the minister to the soul, the latter being set over it as its guide and ruler. It is needful, therefore, that the vital energies should be brought under the control of the will; and this could best be effected by making that organ which was selected as the medium between the mind and the external world the regulator and director of the corporeal processes.

Exercise is as essential to the health of the brain as to that of any other organ, and with precisely the same limitations and exceptions. It must be proportioned to the strength of the brain in its vigour and duration, and fitted to call into action all the parts and faculties of the organ. Every function of the body, more especially every voluntary action, takes from the brain a portion of that vital energy which it is its peculiar office to furnish, and thus sets it in action to supply the deficiency thereby occasioned. In like manner, every exercise of mind, from the mere reception of impressions upon the organs of sense, up to the most abstract speculation, acts upon the brain, tending to exhaust its energies; but, when not excessive, stimulating it to healthful and invigorating action.

The nervous system, during infancy and childhood, is predominant in the animal economy; the various organic processes are now in their greatest vigour; the whole system is full of life and activity, and hence the heaviest demands are made upon the controlling and directing powers of the nervous system: moreover, though the mind is as yet incapable of reasoning and reflection, it is incessantly employed in receiving impressions from all the senses; a new world is around and within it, striking, with a force and power unknown in after-life, upon the tender and sensitive brain. Hence, though the nervous system is, comparatively speaking, most active and largely developed, the labours imposed upon it by the wants of the body are quite sufficient to occupy all its powers. Since, then, the amount of toil inevitable is so great, the utmost caution is requisite in imposing other tasks upon the brain.

Many parents and teachers there are, notwithstanding, whose chief object seems to be to occupy all the feeble mental powers of children, from the earliest dawn of reason, in incessant efforts at the acquisition of book-knowledge; who, wholly mistaking the nature and end of education, and ignorant of the human constitution, deem that they best promote the interests of those committed to their care by shutting them up from the sights and sounds of nature, (from which the unshackled child does, in truth, derive a fund of knowledge far more extensive and valuable, because better calculated for reception and comprehension in the youthful mind than any to be gathered by them from books), and compelling them to wear out their temper and energy on tasks which have no interest or attraction for them, and are too often utterly unsuited to their years and wants. The consequences of this sad mistake have been often told, but they must be told again.

Ill health, in some shape or other, must follow such a course of training. The nervous influence, diverted from the natural channels, no longer supplies the vital power to the vegetative organs: the digestive functions may, perhaps, first be affected; then the blood is deteriorated in quality, and the body consequently arrested in its career of rapid development; the brain itself, deprived of the requisite stimulus and support from the blood, grows less and less able to support its multifarious duties, either physical or intellectual: thus, in a brief space, disease, rapidly bringing on dissolution, or destined to terminate in the same catastrophe by slow and lingering steps, is implanted in the young and susceptible frame. Or the course of events may be somewhat different. The undue excitement of the brain may divert too large a proportion of the vital current into its blood-vessels. As we have before pointed out (No. 50), this is necessarily attended with a corresponding increase of development and activity in the whole nervour system; and thus it may at first appear that a provision is made to obviate the evils that might otherwise flow from the excessive cultivation of the intellect. And nature does make the effort, but then it is at the expense of all the other parts of the body; the bones and muscles languish for want of the proper supply of blood; while the nervous system, excited to an extraordinary degree of vigour, and no longer meeting with the resistance which the other parts of the system in a healthy state oppose to it, becomes too powerful: all the vital energies are concentrated in it, and then for a time the mind may rapidly expand its faculties; parents and friends may be charmed with displays of precocious reflection and genius, and flatter themselves with the hope of continuous progression until maturity, and of unheard-of intellectual greatness; but the dream will—must—soon be dissipated by the sad reality of broken-down health, of mental imbecility, and probably of death. It is vain to think that plans so opposed to the plainest laws of the human constitution can result in aught but failure and disappointment.

These are the more serious cases, which, though by no means rare, are of seldom occurrence compared with the innumerable instances in which the constitution is weakened, and permanent ill-health produced, by years of unremitting application to the various branches of scholastic education. To these evils young females are by far the most exposed. The circle of accomplishments they are now expected to possess is so extensive, that the acquisition demands the undivided application of all their time and faculties; their lives are a succession of tasks and lessons, interrupted only by the intervals of sleep, and the hurried moments begrudgingly given to meals; so that when the time arrives when they are freed from this wearisome discipline and are expected to reap its benefits, they are too often incapable of exerting their talents, and possessed with a thorough disgust for that on which they had, perhaps unwillingly, spent so much of the most precious period of existence.

Let it, then, be well understood that the physical and animal is the basis of the spiritual and intellectual in man, and is therefore first developed; that the first task of the brain is to superintend the growth of the body, and does not become fitted for that which is afterwards its highest and appropriate employment until infancy, childhood, and youth have passed away. Why is man capable of his noblest intellectual exertions only after the body is fully developed, and susceptible of no greater perfection? For this, among other reasons, that until then the brain has much more of its energies absorbed in the organic processes than is afterwards the case. The habitation once finished, there remains only the care of seeing that its integrity be maintained; the vegetative functions are now carried on with less rapidity, and require less nervous energy for their superintendence: now, then, is the time when the brain may more completely and intensely labour in the service of the mind, without risk to that on which its powers and the material operations of the mind are dependent.

Nor let it be supposed that we are now advocating the propriety of leaving the childish intellect uncultivated and uninformed. What we desire to see abolished is the unnatural stimulus to which children are subjected in too many schemes of intellectual education now in vogue. In this, as in the other subjects connected with health, we wish simply to impress upon our readers the wisdom of allowing nature to speak out; to beware of perverting natural tendencies—of cramping either the youthful limbs or intellect. It is by no means a necessary consequence that the *child* who cannot read should be ignorant; give his faculties but room to expand—place him where the beauties of nature may be open to his gaze, filling his mind with wonders and mysteries, and his innate desire for knowledge will prompt him to observe, to compare, and to inquire. Thus may the best of preparations be made for entering upon more formal and systematic study, to which he will come with an ardent love of knowledge, a deep feeling of the pleasures which it is capable of bestowing, a frame healthy and buoyant, spirits energetic and untiring; advantages which will enable him quickly to overtake and outstrip the poor,

puny, sickly child, who started before him in the race of knowledge with none of these acquirements, and under manifold disadvantages.

Intellectual pursuits may be made subservient to the promotion of bodily health as well as to mental excellence. It is frequently a point of great importance, even with this view, to instil habits of study in youth, so that they may become permanent in after-life. In all civilised countries there are classes of men who, never having been under the necessity of exertion, either physical or intellectual, and suffered to grow up without proper mental training, fall into those languid helpless states which are commonly called nervousness, ennui, hypochondriasis, &c.; all diseased states of the nervous system, occasioned by a want of sufficient employment for its energies, which might be usefully absorbed in intellectual exercise, if not needed to maintain bodily exertion. Nervousness chiefly affects females whose habits are sedentary, and manifests itself by the extraordinary effects produced upon them by causes which on healthy persons make scarcely any impression: it is the result of an accumulation of nervous energy or excitability, occasioned by the deficiency of bodily and mental exercise. Hysteria —a term which includes a vast number of painful affections, all dependent on a peculiarly susceptible state of the nervous system —is confined to this latter class of persons. In attributing this disease partly to the want of proper mental employment, we are borne out by Dr. Copland, who says, "a delicate and luxurious mode of living and rearing; neglect of whatever promotes the powers of the constitution, especially of suitable exercise in the open air, of early hours as to sleeping and rising; an over-refined mode of education, and the excitement of the imagination and emotions, to the neglect of the intellectual powers and moral sentiments; too great a devotion to music and the perusal of exciting novels,—all serve to produce that state of the nervous system of which hysteria is one of the most frequent indications."

In this country there is a very large and important class of men who are exposed to the most serious evils by the excessive mental labour and excitement to which they are constantly subject. They are found chiefly in what are called the middle ranks—the men who are engaged in commercial and professional pursuits, and whose untiring energy in the prosecution of their various objects has principally contributed to give to the British people that character for perseverance and indefatigable industry which it enjoys all over the world. This is one effect of their habits of mind and action of which we may well be proud; but there is a fearful drawback, which is not generally taken into account. What is the influence of those habits on individual happiness, is an inquiry, however, of no mean importance. Here we are confined to their bearing upon health, a point of view in which they are anything but pleasing. Many, oh many, are the thousands of those who, in their eager pursuit of business, of literary or professional fame, sacrifice all that could make success a blessing! who become so utterly absorbed in the consideration, day after day, hour after hour, of the *means*, as quite to lose sight of the *end*; who not only forget the high destinies of man and the true aim of all exertion, but become insensible even to the monitions which their hard-pressed frames are constantly giving them of yielding powers and the approach of insidious disease. The cause of this disease is manifest. The vital energies are almost wholly expended in maintaining the unnatural exertions of the brain as the organ of thought; in spite of which, the cares and anxieties of business, perhaps more than the mere amount of intellectual labour required for the carrying on of any branch of trade, wear out and exhaust its powers. Hence, while all the organic functions are enfeebled—while digestion scarcely goes on at all, and the organs concerned in that most important process are worn out with ineffectual toil, or languish for want of sufficient exercise—while the muscles become weak and flaccid, the blood deprived of its sustaining virtues, diverted out of the natural channels, and sent in disproportionate abundance to the brain, that organ itself daily grows less able to accomplish the tasks imposed upon it, or to sustain the burthen of cares with which it is overwhelmed. Can we wonder, then, at the pale, sickly countenances which we meet in crowds, in all the great marts of our trade and commerce; at the insanity and suicide which so frequently come like a thunder-clap to dash into the dust the hopes of the ambitious and aspiring, and to render utterly null and void, so far as the individual is concerned, a whole life of stupendous exertion and unmitigated slavery? We do not: these are the natural, the inevitable consequences of habits so opposed to the laws of our constitution.

None are so apt to fall into errors of this kind as young and ardent students. They must be told that, high and noble as may be their objects, these will not secure them from the penalties attached to the breach of the natural laws, should they, in the pursuit of knowledge, be led to transgress them. "The sun shines upon the just and the unjust;" and in like manner no distinction is made, as to physical consequences, between those who exhaust their powers in pure high-minded labours for the benefit of mankind at large, and those whose whole soul is intent on some low, selfish pursuit of gain or sensual pleasure. Incalculable are the losses which the world has sustained by the premature death of those whose youth gave promise of faculties and dispositions fitted to bestow upon their fellow-creatures the highest benefits, but whose insatiable desire of knowledge was pursued in a manner and to an extent which blighted their own hopes, and disappointed the expectations of mankind.

Could we but succeed in showing that the objects for the attainment of which the plans on which we have animadverted are pursued: that the fond desire of seeing his child arrive at distinction and eminence, which prompts the parent to stimulate the mental faculties of the young so far beyond the limits of safety; that the hope of obtaining riches, power, or fame, which urges on so many men to make their lives an incessant struggle, devoting all their energies to a single object, and neglecting every other consideration:—if, we say, we could convince our readers as strongly as we are ourselves convinced that these and all such desires and hopes are thwarted and defeated by the means taken to gratify and accomplish them, we should, more effectually than by any other method, effect our purpose of inducing them to yield obedience to the laws of health in reference to mental habits.

The parent who cherishes the praiseworthy expectation of intellectual excellence in his children, should begin to perform his share in its realisation by doing all that lies in his power to promote their general health. Let him carefully abstain from applying any stimulus to their minds, other than that which the ever-active thoughts of the young themselves supply. Above all, let him not be deceived by premature displays of intelligence beyond the years of his child; let him take them rather as warnings—as indications of morbid sensibility and excitement, which, unless repressed and removed, will probably terminate in a manner the reverse of that which he may fondly anticipate. It is certain that precocity is a symptom of dangerous disease, which is aggravated, and often rendered incurable, by injudicious mental training.

To those who, in the prosecution of their favourite objects, neglect their health, and expose themselves to a degree of mental toil and excitement greater than is consistent with safety, we would say, that although they may for a time appear to go on with impunity, and to make rapid strides towards the accomplishment of their cherished plans, yet in reality they run great hazard of eventually being losers, even in this respect, by the means which they have adopted. Often, in similar circumstances, do the mental powers break down, and become incapable of any, or of but feeble, exertions at a time when, had they been moderately used, they would still have been in the vigour of their prime,—when, having been matured, strengthened, and exalted by experience, they would have been capable of greater efforts than ever. These evils they encounter, these advantages they throw away, for the sake of a brief period of extraordinary activity while the intellect is still immature and inexperienced. Their folly may be likened to that of children who, charmed by the glowing colours and sweet scents of the flowers in spring, would pluck them, soon to wither and decay, forgetful or ignorant of the rich harvest of fruit which

autumn might otherwise bestow for the support of the body as well as for the gratification of the senses

It is evident, then, that the connexion of mind and body is not a merely speculative truth, but one fraught with many most important consequences to both. The external manifestations of mind—nay, even its inmost feelings and operations—are greatly influenced by the body, all the functions of the latter, with their innumerable variations, acting to some extent on the current of thought and feeling that is incessantly passing through the mind, and frequently giving rise to permanent associations among our ideas, or even to whole trains of thought. And, on the other hand, the state of the mind—its indolence or activity—its buoyancy and cheerfulness, or depression and gloom—its freedom from care and anxiety, or the reverse—is one of the chief causes of the healthy or unhealthy condition of the body, all its rapidly shifting phenomena having their due effect on the whole animal economy. In short, *so* intimate is their connexion, that it is little surprising that many have arrived at the conclusion, that the mind and body form *one indivisible whole*, no more capable, either of them, of separate existence than respiration is of going on after the heart has ceased to circulate the blood, an error undoubtedly, but one which has a degree of plausibility sufficient to impose upon those who, leaving out of consideration the purely metaphysical view of the question, fix their attention on facts of the kind about which we have now been occupied, to the exclusion of those, not less numerous and indubitable, which prove the existence of a power within us capable of triumphing over all the impediments and obstacles of the body, and of asserting its independent and more exalted nature.

CROSS QUESTIONING.

What am I—how produced?—and for what end?
Whence drew I being?—to what period tend?
Am I the abandon'd orphan of blind chance,
Dropp'd by wild atoms in disorder'd dance?
Or from an endless chain of causes wrought,
And of unthinking substance born with thought,
By motion which began without a cause,
Supremely wise without design or laws?
Am I but what I seem, mere flesh and blood—
A branching channel with a mazy flood?
The purple stream that through my vessels glides,
Dull and unconscious flows like common tides,
The pipes through which the circling juices stray
Are not that thinking *I*, no more than they,
This frame, compacted with transcendent skill
Of moving joints obedient to my will,
Nursed from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
Waxes and wastes, I call it *mine*, not *me*.
New matter still the mouldering mass sustains;
The mansion changed, the tenant still remains,
And from the fleeting stream repair'd by food,
Distinct as is the swimmer from the flood
What am I then?—sure of a noble birth,
By parent's right I own as mother, Earth;
But claim superior lineage by my sire,
Who warm'd the unthinking clod with heavenly fire;
Essence divine with lifeless clay allay'd,
By double nature double instinct sway'd,
With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native sky,
I strive to mount—but strive, alas! in vain—
Tied to this massy globe with magic chain.
Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole,
View worlds around their flaming centres roll,
What steady powers their endless motions guide
Through the same trackless paths of boundless void;
I trace the blazing comet's fiery tail,
And weigh the whirling planets in a scale.
These godlike thoughts while eager I pursue,
Some glittering trifle offer'd to my view—
A gnat, an insect of the meanest kind—
Erase the new-born image from my mind
Some lowly want craving importunate,
Sharp as the grinning mastiff at my gate,
Calls off from heavenly truth this reasoning *me*,
And tells me I'm a brute as much as he
If on sublimer wings of love and praise,
My soul above the starry vault I raise,
Lured by some vain conceit or shameful lust,
I flag, I droop, and flutter in the dust
The towering lark thus from her lofty strain
Stoops to an emmet or a barley-grain
By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tost,
I rove to one, now to the other coast,
To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,
My lot unequal to my vast desires,
As, 'mongst the hinds, a child of royal birth
Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth,
So man among his fellow brutes exposed,
Sees he's a king—but 'tis a king deposed
Pity him, beasts, you, by no law confined,
Are barr'd from devious paths by being blind,
Whilst man, through opening views of various ways
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays,
Too weak to choose yet choosing still in haste
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste,
Bilk'd by past minutes while the present cloy,
The flattering future still must give the joy,
Not happy, but amused upon the road,
And like you thoughtless of his last abode—
Whether next sun his being shall restrain
To endless nothing, happiness, or pain
Around me lo the thinking thoughtless crew
Bewilder'd each their different paths pursue,
Of them I ask the way the first replies,
Thou art a god, and sends me to the skies,
Down on the turf, the next, thou two-legg'd beast,
There fix thy lot, thy bliss and endless rest
Between these wide extremes the length is such,
I find I know too little or too much
Almighty Power! by whose most wise command
Helpless, forlorn, uncertain, here I stand,
Take this faint glimmering of thyself away,
Or break into my soul with perfect day!
This said, expanded lay the sacred text—
The balm the light, the guide of souls perplex'd!
Thus the benighted traveller that strays
Through doubtful paths enjoys the morning rays;
The nightly mist and thick-descending dew
Parting, unfold the fields and vaulted blue
Oh, Truth divine! enlighten'd by thy ray,
I grope and guess no more, but see my way
Thou clear'dst the secret of my high descent,
And told me what those mystic tokens meant,
Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,
Too hard for worldly sages to explain.
Zeno's were vain—vain Epicurus' schemes—
Their systems false, delusive were their dreams;
Unskill'd my twofold nature to divide,
One nursed my pleasure, and one nursed my pride,
Those jarring truths which human wit beguile,
Thy sacred page thus bids me reconcile.

ARBUTHNOT.

DIAMONDS, AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES.

In the history of the human race, there are few things which at first sight appear so remarkable as the prodigious value which, by common consent, in all ages and in all civilised countries, has been attached to the diamond. That a house with a large estate, the means of living not only at ease but in splendour, should be set in competition with, and even deemed inadequate to the purchase of, a transparent crystallised stone not half the size of a hen's egg, seems almost a kind of insanity. It would indeed truly deserve this name, if the purchaser were to part with what the seller would acquire by such a transfer. If, for the consciousness of possessing a diamond of nearly three quarters of an ounce weight, a country gentleman were to pay ninety thousand pounds in ready money, and an annuity of four thousand pounds besides, he would, very deservedly, incur some risk of a statute of lunacy; yet not only the above sum was given, but a patent of nobility into the bargain, by the Empress Catherine of Russia, for the famous diamond of Nadir Shah. In this case, however, although the seller acquired much, the purchaser did not undergo any personal privation; and, in reality, notwithstanding the costliness and high estimation of diamonds, they are not put in competition with the substantial comforts and conveniences of life. Among ornaments and luxuries they however unquestionably occupy, and have ever occupied, the highest rank. Even Fashion, proverbially capricious as she is, has remained steady in this, one of her earliest attachments, during probably three or four thousand years. There must be, therefore, in the nature of things some adequate reason for this universal consent, which becomes a curious object of inquiry.

The utility of the diamond, great as it is in some respects, enters for little or nothing into the calculation of its price; at least, all that portion of its value which constitutes the difference between the cost of an entire diamond and an equal weight of diamond powder, must be attributed to other causes.

The beauty of this gem, depending on its unrivalled lustre, is, no doubt, the circumstance which originally brought it into notice, and still continues to uphold it in the public estimation; and certainly, notwithstanding the smallness of its bulk, there is not any substance, natural or artificial, which can sustain any comparison with it in this respect. The vivid and various refractions of the opal, the refreshing tints of the emerald, the singular and beautiful light which streams from the six-rayed star of the girasol—the various colours, combined with high lustre, which distinguish the ruby, the sapphire, and the topaz, beautiful as they are on a near inspection, are almost entirely lost to a distant beholder; whereas the diamond, without any essential colour of its own, imbibes the pure solar ray, and then reflects it, with undiminished intensity, too white and too vivid to be sustained for more than an instant by the most insensible eye, or decomposed by refraction into those prismatic colours which paint the rainbow and the morning and evening clouds, combined with a brilliancy which yields, and hardly yields, to that of the meridian sun. Other gems, inserted into rings and bracelets, are best seen by the wearer; and if they attract the notice of the bystanders, divide their attention, and withdraw those regards which ought to be concentrated on the person, to the merely accessory ornaments. The diamond, on the contrary, whether blazing on the crown of state, or diffusing its starry radiance from the breast of titled merit, "or in courts, and feasts, and high solemnities," wreathing itself with the hair, illustrating the shape and colour of the neck, and entering ambitiously into contest with the lively lustre of those eyes that rain influence on all beholders, blends harmoniously with the general effect, and proclaims to the most distant ring of the surrounding crowd, the person of the monarch, of the knight, or of the beauty.

Another circumstance tending to enhance the value of the diamond is, that although small stones are sufficiently abundant to be within the reach of moderate expenditure, and, therefore, afford to all those who are in easy circumstances an opportunity to acquire a taste for diamonds, yet those of a larger size are, and ever have been, rather rare; and of those which are celebrated for their size and beauty, the whole number, at least in Europe, scarcely amounts to half-a-dozen, all of them being in the possession of sovereign princes. Hence, the acquisition even of a moderately large diamond is what mere money cannot always command: and many are the favours, both political and of other kinds, for which a diamond of a large size, or of uncommon beauty, may be offered as a compensation, where its commercial price in money neither can be tendered, nor would be received. In many circumstances, also, it is a matter of no small importance for a person to have a considerable part of his property in the most portable form possible; and in this respect what is there that can be compared to diamonds, which possess the portability, without the risk, of bills of exchange? It may further be remarked in favour of this species of property, that it is but little liable to fluctuation, and has gone on pretty regularly increasing in value, insomuch that the price of stones of good quality is considerably higher than it was some years ago.

The art of cutting and polishing diamonds has a twofold object; first, to divide the natural surface of the stone in a symmetrical manner, by means of highly-polished polygonal planes, and thus to bring out to the best advantage the wonderful refulgence of this beautiful gem; and secondly, by cutting out such flaws as may happen to be near the surface, to remove those blemishes which materially detract from its beauty, and consequently from its value.

The removal of flaws is a matter of great importance; for, owing to the form in which the diamond is cut, and its high degree of refrangibility, the smallest fault is magnified, and becomes obtrusively visible on every face. For this reason also, it is by no means an easy matter at all times to ascertain whether a flaw is or is not superficial; and a person with a correct and well-practised eye may often purchase to great advantage stones which appear to be flawed quite through, but are, in fact, only superficially blemished.

The most esteemed, and at the same time rarest colour of the oriental ruby, is pure carmine, or blood-red of considerable intensity, forming, when well polished, a blaze of the most exquisite and unrivalled tint. It is, however, more or less pale, and mixed with blue in various proportions; hence it occurs rose-red and reddish-white, crimson, peach-blossom-red, and lilac-blue, the latter variety being named oriental amethyst. It is a native of Pegu, and is said to be found in the sand of certain streams near the town of Serian, the capital of that country; it also occurs, with sapphire, in the sands of the rivers of Ceylon. A ruby perfect, both in colour and transparency, is much less common than a good diamond, and when of the weight of three or four carats, is even more valuable than that gem. The King of Pegu and the monarchs of Ava and Siam, monopolise the finest rubies, in the same way as the sovereigns of India make a monopoly of diamonds. The finest ruby in the world is in the possession of the first of these kings; its purity has passed into a proverb, and its worth, when compared with gold, is inestimable. The Subah of the Deccan, also, is in possession of a prodigiously fine one, a full inch in diameter. The princes of Europe cannot boast of any of a first rate magnitude.

The oriental sapphire ranks next in value to the ruby: when perfect, its colour is a clear and bright Prussian blue, united to a high degree of transparency. The asterias, or star-stone, is a remarkable variety of this beautiful gem; it is semi-transparent, with a reddish-purple tinge.—*From Mawe's work on Precious Stones.*

THE REINDEER'S PLAGUE.

It is only during winter that these animals enjoy any comfort, as even moderate cold is insufficient for their nature. The great heat of their northern summer subjects them to much pain, and brings with it their special plague in the form of a gadfly (*œstrus tarandi*). Linnæus, in his "Flora Lapponica," describes the mode in which this insect tortures the reindeer. About the beginning of July the latter shed their coats, at which time the hair on the back is erect. The œstrus flutters the whole day over the herd, and takes the opportunity of dropping on them an egg, scarcely the size of a mustard-seed. The state of the coat at this season favours its admission, and, protected by the heat of the part, a larva is produced, that finds its way into the flesh, and continues there the winter, increasing to the bulk of an acorn. As the warm weather comes on, it becomes restive, and worries the poor animals almost to madness, till it has eaten its way through the skin. Six or eight of these tormentors, and sometimes even more, fall to the share of each deer; the young ones, after their first winter, are most subject to their attacks, and Linnæus adds, that a third or fourth part of the calves fall victims to this complaint, which is known among the inhabitants by the name of *kurbma*. As soon as an œstrus is observed fluttering about, the greatest confusion exhibits itself in the herd; they fly from the obnoxious insect, running against the wind, and driving from them any unfortunate individual who has received the unlucky windfall. While suffering under the irritation of the gnawing, they rush madly into the sea, and feel some relief while under water. On this account, many of the Laplanders keep near the shores of the Icy Sea during the summer, and only return to the interior about September.—*A Winter in Lapland and Iceland.*

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

NO. IV.

VISITS TO THE OPHTHALMIC INSTITUTION AT CANTON.

About fourteen years ago, Colledge, the senior surgeon to her Majesty's superintendants in China, who was then in the service of the East India Company, formed the design of attempting to soften the prejudices of the Chinese, by the administration of medical and surgical relief in cases where native art had failed. This design he executed by opening an institution at Macao, which was conducted for four years by himself with the greatest success. The challenge which he sent to Britain and the United States induced Dr. Parker, from the latter country, to go and enter into his labours, and carry out his plans. The Doctor, through the help and advice of Colledge, and the pecuniary aid of foreign residents, established the hospital of which we are about to speak. The usefulness and prosperity of this institution will amply appear, I think, from the few following remarks. I may just observe, that this success encouraged us to form a society, which should give permanency to these attempts, and remove them from the liability of failing from the decease or retirement of an officer. A society was originated accordingly in 1838, at Canton, and was designated the "Medical Missionary Society in China."

The hospital at Canton does not rival the institutions in this country in size and imposing appearance, as it was not erected with the view of accommodating in-door patients. The out-door patients are provided with seats; and those whose cases cannot be treated without the constant watchfulness of the physician or the surgeon, have apartments, or wards, where their friends can wait upon them, and contribute as much to their comfort as if they were at home. Monday is usually a day set apart for admitting fresh cases, when large crowds assemble, and present themselves in turn for examination. Their attitude is then in the highest degree respectful, and they accept with meekness the reproof which is sometimes dealt out to them by a Chinese attendant, when eagerness or impatience has prompted them to anticipate the order of succession, or come up out of their turn. All hopeful cases are admitted; the rest rejected, to the unspeakable discomfort of the poor sufferers, who then regard the last quivering flame of hope as quite extinguished. For their logic is simply this: if this man, who has wrought so many wonderful cures among us, gives me up, why my case is bad indeed. To soothe this disappointment, an amiable native is selected by the philanthropic healer to explain the grounds of his refusal, who acts his part with a great deal of good feeling on one hand, and perspicuity on the other. This examination takes place in the large room below; and all that are admitted pass up a flight of stairs, for further investigation and treatment in a large hall for that purpose. Here they range themselves upon seats placed near the wall; the females at the top of the room, as being the more honourable place, and the males where they can find places below. Ladies of quality are shown into a little room by themselves; from this, however, they will often emerge, if permitted, and walk about the hall, to view the patients and the pictures that grace the walls. These pictures represent some important cases—first, before the operation, and secondly, after it had effected a cure. They consist mainly of patients who had laboured under the load of some enormous and frightful tumour, and whose restoration to pristine health and comfort had been accomplished by the skill and kindness of the foreigner. The females whose cases are of a serious nature are conducted to the room appropriated to the persons of quality, where the nature of the complaint is ascertained, advice given, or judgment pronounced upon it; in short, they are treated with the same respect which the sex is wont to receive at our hands, in a country ennobled by religion and refined by civilisation. In the hall, they sit down, as they are called for, upon a chair near the physician, relate their history, answer questions, or ask if there is ground for hope—just as females would do among us. Their costume differs, and their manner varies a little, from our own; but in the great outlines and essentials of human nature they are the same. They attend to regimen, take their medicine at the stated periods, with a punctuality that has increased in proportion to the fame of the medical adviser, and the number of cures he has performed. We have an opportunity of noting the difference which education and rank bestows upon individuals of the fair sex. We see, too, that, as we might expect, there is no small variation in natural endowment, both as to intellect and the susceptive disposition of the heart. Some are hard-featured and ungainly, with just enough complaisance to make them tolerable; some have but a moderate share of wit, and seem scarcely to know upon what errand they came; others are great gossips, and are so fond of prattling, that it is necessary to check them. Of course, I am now glancing at the most indifferent specimens, where neither native gift nor education has done much. If we take a better sample, we find some that have an amiable softness, with an air that is charmingly feminine; others are remarkable for a certain majestic severity, and not a few for clear-headed sense and decision of character. One of the most interesting ladies that visited the hospital came with her husband, and gave us an opportunity of seeing how the relation of husband and wife was understood among the better sort. It was soon evident that she looked up to him as her friend and protector; which I believe is, after all, the very best light in which a husband can be regarded. Her manners were remarkable for their simplicity, and her countenance for its good-humoured pleasantry. She and her maid seemed to stand in the reciprocal aspect of elder and younger sister. She walked round the hall contemplating the pictures, and ever and anon called upon her faithful attendant to share in her wonder or delight. To do the Chinese justice, they appear to have the knack of managing their servants without trouble, threats, or the affectation of severity. They are treated with mildness, addressed in a subdued tone, and allowed to offer their advice or information without the dread of reprehension.

Turning from the ladies a moment, we might take a short view of the genteeler part of the male out-patients. In these we have just such conduct as we had a right to expect from persons who reckon upon their polish and refinement; a courtesy that is minutely punctilious, but never stiff or formal, and a bearing that is dignified without being ostentatious; in a word, the most elegant man is the humblest person in the group. As you pass, he rises and makes a bow of acknowledgment, while all the rest remained fixed to their seats. If several are invited to come forward at once, he always brings up the rear, and accepts advice and medicine as the least worthy among the bystanders. As a sample of this, I may mention the instance of an officer in the army, who came to be treated for a fistula in the perinæum. Whether he was a "soldier and afeard," I shall not take upon me to say, as I had never the honour to follow him in the field of battle—but one thing was clear, that he had no relish for pain; for when the surgeon passed the probe into the wound, he cried "It smarts!" with all his might, to the unspeakable distress of his servant, who seemed to suffer more than his master, and echoed his cries in the most dolorous accents. It was plain, from his looks and his retinue, that he and hardness had seldom been very near acquaintances, as the Chinese generally endure the pain

of an operation with fortitude. High fare and much indulgence had rendered him an exception, and made him a sort of spoiled child among the rest. He had lately addicted himself to the study of the native medical works, and declared that he would find a better method of treatment than any that foreigners knew anything about. All this we took in good part, and smiled in reply to his vaunts. After the examination was over, he recovered his good-humoured looks, but still felt a lively horror of pain, and a displeasure at those rules of treatment which impose it as a part of their discipline. "Never let the doctor remove that tumour," said he to a native friend; "I try other and better remedies." His theory and his practice, however, had little effect upon each other; and so he took home a bottle of medicine, with an instrument, and directions for its application. A few days after, he came back, saying, that when his servant applied the medicine, he cried out, of course, which frightened the man and made him desist: "Now," added he, "*you* do not care for my crying—therefore you must perform the office yourself." He then pointed to a numerous circle of patients, and observed, "To all those persons time is precious—to me it is of no importance; therefore, when you have dismissed the whole of them, then think of me." This is not a solitary instance of the same feeling of considerateness, and may, I think, be construed as a proof that Chinese humility is something more than an external show.

Among the patients at the hospital was a man long known to the foreign residents as a dealer in various articles of antique curiosity. He had broken the bones of the fore-arm, and had them set by the surgeon, but when I saw him, he was anxious to know when the splints were to be removed. From this I inferred that the art of reducing the ends of a fractured bone was unknown among the Chinese; especially as, in a collection of medicaments, I was shown one that was efficacious in cases of broken bone. "Poor fellows!" thought I, "if that is all that can be done by the doctors in the way of remedy, they must be sadly off when an accident of this sort occurs." Nor was this pity out of place, for the doctors in the south of China know nothing of the matter; for a man with an artificial joint in his arm came and obtained relief by the cohesion of the divided parts, when he little expected such a cure. But the conclusion must not be so sweeping as to allow of no exceptions; for since I left the country, I found, in turning over one of their books, rules for setting a broken bone, neatly delivered, with a very elegant substitute for the splints. It is so well contrived, that we might take a hint from it, and adopt one of the same fashion. There are many things in Chinese books with which the great bulk of native readers are but very imperfectly acquainted; for they have evidently declined in knowledge since usage has made Confucius, a man ignorant of all kinds of natural and scientific knowledge, the model of universal imitation.

The women display singular courage and confidence in the foreigner, even in the most trying seasons, and therefore prove how well they can appreciate his skill and his humanity. Rank, talents, education, or wealth, and their opposites, never modify that magnanimous reliance which they always place in the foreigner's ability to help them, when fate or providence has not rendered it impossible. When one dies from an operation, no stir, no uproar is made about it: the doctor, they say, can heal disease, but cannot heal or modify the decisions of Heaven. We find in many a coyness that is very becoming, especially if they happen to possess many attractions; but it is as distinct as possible from fear, or that fitting shyness which we see among the Malays at Borneo. All is self-possession, and a conscious regard to what is fitting and proper. I have seen a poor creature brought into the operator's room, without a single native female near her, undergo a fearful operation without a groan, and pay the surgeon at the end of it with a beautiful smile of complacency for the trouble he had taken. Pain could never put them out of humour with their benefactor, even in moments of the deepest suffering. We praise these females with a sort of enthusiasm; but we must not withhold from the males the meed that belongs so justly to them; for if a patient endurance of the sharpest agonies, and a grateful acceptation of all that is done for them, can earn our applause, I am sure they deserve it. Chinese men and Chinese women we have under our eye night and day: they speak their sentiments freely; they applaud our diligence, or complain of delay; they debate and converse with each other, and then tell the result or the particulars to the physician, as if they thought he would regard with indulgence whatever was amiss. In short, we behold them in all the realities of their character; but we search in vain for those untractable oddities which we had expected to find:—the more closely they are sought for, and the more minutely we analyse the features of their behaviour, the less eccentric and unreasonable they appear. Their peculiarities they have; but these may be reduced to some principle of action, or be shown to be the result of some usage or custom in honour among them, to which obedience must be paid as a matter of duty. But whatever may be their prepossessions, they give way at once if they are found to displease their benefactor; which evinces the existence of a fund of good sense at the bottom which is more than a match for all the irreducible or secret quantities in the constitution.

One thing is well worthy of our attention, and that is the gratitude which is ready to start forth, in word or deed, at every fitting occasion. They set it off with expressions of the most flattering description, and present it with the highest tokens of veneration. They bring offerings according to their ability, which were at first refused; but this refusal so hurt their feelings, that it was found necessary to accept freely what was freely given. They are accompanied with many elegant ceremonies of worship—a letter of thanks, and sometimes a eulogistic poem, with a display of sightly ornaments. This gratitude is not an evanescent thing; the benefactor is for ever after recognised with the liveliest tokens of esteem, by the patient and all his friends and relatives. This I take to be the genuine effect of education, and by no means a wild plant in nature's garden. In China, education is the *sine quâ non* with all ranks; and here, I think, we have one of the productions of such a bias in favour of a careful and systematic training. I was some time at Borneo, and laboured among the diseases of the Malay population; but I did not find a single example of gratitude to form an exception to the general indifference, and was therefore obliged to impute its non-appearance to the lamentable deficiency of moral or educational culture.

The issues of a desirable kind that have flowed from this enterprise of medical philanthropy may be briefly summed up under the following heads:—1. It has taught us new lessons as to what the Chinese are, and in the end showed that they have sense and feeling enough to give a good man from abroad the heartiest welcome. 2. It has developed our character, and convinced the most incredulous that in skill and benevolence China has nothing to match the foreigner; and thus offers the fairest pledge to recommend to their notice that Saviour who taught us to give, hoping for nothing. As this hospital was not spared during the late proceedings of Commissioner Lin, I shrewdly suspect that we were gaining too good a name by a great deal among the subjects of the Celestial Empire. The good report of the foreigner floating on the wings of gratitude, and the lying and abusive edicts of official pride, were not of any kin, and so could not dwell together

in the same region. 3. We study disease under new forms and upon new constitutions, and are thereby enabled to improve our knowledge as to the history and causes of different varieties of human malady. And here I may mention a fact that will be interesting to the non-medical as well as the professional part of my readers, and that is, the little tendency we meet in the constitution of the Chinese to take on an inflammatory action; so that the risk of an operation is diminished a hundred fold, and the surgeon feels that if blood sufficient to minister to the powers of life be left in the body, the patient will be sure to do well. This fact has thrown an air of the marvellous over the history of the hospital; for it seems like a divine interposition, when we have so much success with so few failures. 4. It has put us in the way of getting a more intimate view of the several medicaments, with their uses, which are employed by native physicians, and will, of course, not fail to enlarge our means of doing good, at the time it is advancing the cause of truth and general information.

RESPECTABLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING PEOPLE.

There are, and we are sure the reader must have come across some of them in the course of his life, a curious description of persons, who, possessing many of those qualities which one would think well adapted for securing success in the world, and presenting none obviously of an opposite description, yet never do succeed; who never can, somehow or other, manage to get on. Yet are the particular kind of people whom we mean neither dissipated, dishonest, nor deficient in ability. On the contrary, they are decent, respectable persons—grave, sober, and intelligent; their whole manner and bearing, character and dispositions, being eminently calculated to impress you with the most favourable opinion of them; and, at the same time, to excite your utmost wonder at the fact above alluded to, namely, their being always unfortunate, and never able, seemingly, to rise above the most humble circumstances.

It is a curious case—a puzzling one—and often has it puzzled us; for we have had more than one agreeable acquaintance of the class of whom we are speaking, persons whom we both esteemed and respected.

What, then, is wrong in these cases? for that there must be something wrong, after all, is evident; some deficiency there must be somewhere;—no doubt of it.

The broad fact is, that the worthy persons of whom we speak —notwithstanding their gravity, their steadiness, their intelligence—are found, on trial, to be absolutely and literally good for nothing. They want ordinary tact,—they want worldly wisdom,—and are deficient in energy and decision of character; and therein lies the secret of their utter uselessness. All their good sense is theoretical, none of it practical; and, therefore, of no value whatever to the owner as an instrument for working his advancement in life. It will not enable him to remove the smallest obstacle that comes in his way. He indeed tries to do so with it, but finds it totally incompetent to the task.

Others coming the same road, but provided with better working tools, cast the difficulty aside in an instant; our worthy good-for-nothing looking on all the while, with a face of innocent amazement, and wondering how in the world they do it. The thing perplexes him sadly. Than the decent, sensible, respectable good-for-nothing, no man on earth is more willing to do well if he only knew how; but this, some way or other, he never can find out; and the consequence is that he is always to be found dozing along the lower paths that wind round the base of the hill of fortune. He can by no means, although he has often tried it, find out that which leads to the summit; and in his perplexity gazes, with a look of amazement and non-comprehension, on those who have gained higher elevations than himself, and who are gradually increasing their height with every circuit. He cannot conceive how the mischief they got there; and the greater is his wonder that he sees amongst them many who started on the journey of life from the same point with himself, nay, many from much lower positions. The former, then, must have, some time or other, given him the slip; the latter, the go-by. They must; but how and when they did this, he cannot tell. It must have been when he was asleep, and no lack of such opportunity was there; for our worthy, respectable good-for-nothing is always asleep. It is, in fact, the circumstance of his being never awake that keeps him in the humble position in which we always find him.

The respectable good-for-nothing is always a person of quiet and inoffensive disposition. He would not hurt a fly, poor soul—not he. He injures nobody, and does not know how to resent it when any body injures him. Indeed, he resents nothing;—never, at any rate, by any active proceeding. His countenance, too, is mild and intelligent, but always most piteously lugubrious. It is as long as a fiddle-back, and has an expression of heart-rending sorrow about it that is most truly affecting. He, in fact, seems always as if he had just recovered from a fit of crying; and so touching is this expression that we could never look on the grave dismal, sensible face that exhibited it without being likely to cry too No wonder, however, poor man, that he should look dismal, for, being, as has been already said, a remarkably intelligent person. his sense of his own unhappy state, of the strange fatality that prevents him getting on like other people, is very acute; and the more distressing that he cannot, for the life of him, see the why or the wherefore of his ill-luck. He thus endures not only the misery of misfortune, but the perplexity of being unable to account for it.

The good-for-nothing will frequently be found to be of that description of persons who have made a fair start in the world under favourable circumstances; who have yet, and without any apparent fault of their own, gone, as the saying is, to "pigs and whistles" before they have got halfway on their journey; and who, by some fatality, can never manage to get their heads up again—never regain their lost footing, but continue during the remainder of their natural lives to be in reality, and to exhibit the appearance of, respectable unfortunates; that is, grave, melancholy-looking persons in shabbyish apparel, who wander about doing nothing, but always looking as if they would do something if they only knew what to do. These persons, including, of course our worthy good-for-nothing, blame the world, and the world in turn blames them. They say the world used them ill, took advantage of them, and did not give them fair play. The world stoutly denies the charge, and says it used them no worse than other people, and that they ought to have looked more sharply after their own interests. The good-for-nothing, in short, calls the world a rogue, and the world calls him a fool; and there the matter stands between them.

We have said more than once that the respectable good-for nothing is a sensible sort of person. He is very sensible; nay, often a bit of a philosopher. It is, in truth, astonishing how rationally he talks. Yet it must be confessed that there is a peculiar kind of ponderosity about his good sense. It yields a terribly dull, leaden sound, and, to a fastidious judge of the article, does not seem to be quite genuine. There is nothing about it, indeed, with which you can quarrel; still it never, somehow or other, impresses you with a very high opinion of the owner. By the way, there is a great deal of this kind of sense to be met with in the world. There are persons who will talk for hours in the most unexceptionable strain, nay, who never talk otherwise; giving utterance to a world of the soundest doctrines, and most undeniable truths; and who, yet, never impress you with the idea of their being clever people. On the contrary, you are very apt to be guilty of the irreverence of deeming them bores; seeing that it is one of the qualities of the most formidable description of bore to speak fluently and sensibly on all things.

To return to our worthy friend. Keep him *speaking* only of the world and its ways, and you would be amazed at the shrewdness and soundness of his remarks—at the correctness of his views—and the justness of his appreciation of conduct and motive. But bring him in contact with that world—thrust him into the midst of its strife, and you at once discover his weakness. You at once perceive his total want of energy, and activity, and tact. He cannot see an inch beyond his nose, and is taken by surprise by everything that happens. There seems, too, an unaccountable sort of powerlessness about him; for, somehow or other, he never can begin anything nor get through anything like other people; and, when emergencies overtake him, he gets bewildered, confused, stupified—looking very like a timid person who is threatened with

being ridden over by a coach. He does not know which way to run—he hesitates—and the consequence is, that he is immediately knocked down, laid prostrate, and left sprawling in the mud, with probably a couple of broken legs. We think it hardly necessary to add, that our worthy good-for-nothing is generally a bit of a simpleton;—nay, a good deal of one, credulous and gullible. He swallows everything that is placed before him with unsuspecting avidity; and this weakness is betrayed in his countenance; for, notwithstanding it exhibits also a certain expression of intelligence, it would not take a Lavater to discover, in association and mingling with this expression marked indications of that feebleness of character, amounting to imbecility, which renders our worthy friend what he is, namely, good-for-nothing.

RAMBLES OF AN AMERICAN NATURALIST.—No. VI.

By John D. Godman.

CONCLUDED.

About a quarter of a mile above the house I lived in, on Curtis's Creek, the shore was a sand-bank, or bluff, twenty or thirty feet high, crowned with a dense young pine-forest to its very edge. Almost directly opposite, the shore was flat, and formed a point extending in the form of a broad sand-bar for a considerable distance into the water; and when the tide was low, this flat afforded a fine level space, to which nothing could approach, in either direction, without being easily seen. At a short distance from the water, a young swamp-wood of maple, gum, oaks, &c., extended back towards some higher ground. As the sun descended, and threw his last rays in one broad sheet of golden effulgence over the crystal mirror of the waters, innumerable companies of crows arrived daily, and settled on this point, for the purpose of drinking, picking up gravel, and uniting in one body prior to retiring for the night to their accustomed dormitory. The trees adjacent, and all the shore, would be literally blackened by those plumed marauders, while their increasing outcries, chattering, and screams were almost deafening. It certainly seems that they derive great pleasure from their social habits, and I often amused myself by thinking the uninterrupted clatter which was kept up, as the different gangs united with the main body, was produced by the recital of the adventures they had encountered during their last marauding excursions. As the sun became entirely sunk below the horizon, the grand flock crossed to the sand-bluff on the opposite side, where they generally spent a few moments in picking up a further supply of gravel, and then, rising in dense and ample column, they sought their habitual roost in the deep entanglements of the distant pines. This daily visit to the point, so near to my dwelling, and so accessible by means of the skiff, led me to hope that I should have considerable success in destroying them. Full of such anticipations, I loaded two guns, and proceeded in my boat to the expected place of action, previous to the arrival of the crows. My view was to have my boat somewhere about half-way between the two shores, and as they never manifested much fear of boats, to take my chance of firing upon the main body as they were flying over my head to the opposite side of the river. Shortly after I had gained my station, the companies began to arrive, and everything went on as usual. But whether they suspected some mischief from seeing a boat so long stationary in their vicinity, or could see and distinguish the guns in the boat, I am unable to say: the fact was however, that when they set out to fly over, they passed at an elevation which secured them from my artillery effectually, although, on ordinary occasions, they were in the habit of flying over me at a height of not more than twenty or thirty feet. I returned home without having had a shot, but resolved to try if I could not succeed better the next day. The same result followed the experiment; and when I fired at one gang, which it appeared possible to attain, the instant the gun was discharged the crows made a sort of halt, descended considerably, flying in circles, and screaming most vociferously, as if in contempt or derision. Had I been prepared for this, a few of them might have suffered for their bravado. But my second gun was in the bow of the boat, and before I could get it, the black gentry had risen to their former security. While we were sitting at tea that evening, a black came to inform me that a considerable flock of crows, which had arrived too late to join the great flock, had pitched in the young pines, not a great way from the house, and at a short distance from the roadside. We quickly had the guns in readiness; and I scarcely could restrain my impatience until it should be late enough and dark enough to give us a chance of success. Without thinking of anything but the great number of the crows and their inability to fly to advantage in the night, my notions of the numbers we should bring home were extravagant enough; and I only regretted that we might be obliged to leave some behind. At length, led by the black boy, we sallied forth, and soon arrived in the vicinity of this temporary and unusual roost; and now the true character of the enterprise began to appear. We were to leave the road, and penetrate several hundred yards among the pines, whose proximity to each other, and the difficulty of moving between which, on account of the dead branches, has been heretofore stated. Next, we had to be careful not to alarm the crows before we were ready to act, and at the same time were to advance with cocked guns in our hands. The only way of moving forwards at all I found to be that of turning my shoulders as much as possible to the dead branches, and breaking my way as gently as I could. At last we reached the trees upon which the crows were roosting; but as the foliage of the young pines was extremely dense, and the birds were full forty feet above the ground, it was out of the question to distinguish where the greatest number were situated. Selecting the trees which appeared by the greater darkness of their summits to be most heavily laden with our game, my companion and I pulled our triggers at the same moment. The report was followed by considerable outcries from the crows, by a heavy shower of pine twigs and leaves upon which the shot had taken effect, and a deafening roar, caused by the sudden rising on the wing of the alarmed sleepers. *One* crow at length fell near me, which was wounded too badly to fly or retain his perch; and as the flock had gone entirely off, with this one crow did I return, rather crest-fallen, from my grand nocturnal expedition. This crow, however, afforded me instructive employment and amusement during the next day, in the dissection of its nerves and organs of sense; and I know not that I ever derived more pleasure from any anatomical examination than I did from the dissection of its internal ear. The extent and convolutions of its semicircular canals show how highly the sense of hearing is perfected in these creatures; and those who wish to be convinced of the truth of what we have stated in relation to them may still see this identical crow skull in the Baltimore museum, to which I presented it after finishing the dissection. At least I saw it there a year or two since; though I little thought, when employed in examining, or even when I last saw it, that it would ever be the subject of such a reference "in a printed book."

Not easily disheartened by preceding failures, I next resolved to try to outwit the crows; and for this purpose prepared a long line, to which a very considerable number of lateral lines were tied, having each a very small fishing-hook at the end. Each of these hooks was baited with a single grain of corn, so cunningly put on that it seemed impossible that the grain could be taken up without the hook being swallowed with it. About four o'clock, in order to be in full time, I rowed up to the sandy point, made fast my main line to a bush, and, extending it toward the water, pegged it down at the other end securely in the sand. I next arranged all my baited lines, and then covering them all nicely with sand, left nothing exposed but the bait. This done, I scattered a quantity of corn all around, to render the baits as little liable to suspicion as possible. After taking a final view of the arrangement, which seemed a very hopeful one, I pulled my boat gently homeward, to wait the event of my solicitude for the capture of the crows. As usual, they arrived in thousands, blackened the sand-beach, chattered, screamed, and fluttered about in great glee, and finally sailed over the creek and away to their roost, without having left a solitary unfortunate to pay for having meddled with my baited hooks. I jumped into the skiff, and soon paid a visit to my unsuccessful snare. The corn was all gone, the very hooks were all bare; and it was evident that some other expedient must be adopted before I could hope to succeed. Had I caught but one or two *alive*, it was my intention to have employed them to procure the destruction of others, in a manner I shall now describe.

Had I succeeded in obtaining some living crows, they were to be employed in the following manner: After having made a sort of concealment of brushwood within good gunshot distance, the crows were to be fastened by their wings on their backs, between two pegs; yet not so closely as to prevent them from fluttering or struggling. The other crows, who are always very inquisitive where their species is in any trouble, were expected to settle down near the captives; and the latter would certainly seize the first that came near enough with their claws, and hold on pertinaciously. This would have produced fighting and screaming in abundance; and the whole flock might gradually be so drawn into the fray as to allow many opportunities of discharging the guns upon them with full effect. This I have often observed, that when a quarrel or fight took place in a large flock or gang of crows, a circum-

stance by no means infrequent, it seemed soon to extend to the whole; and during the continuance of their anger, all the usual caution of their nature appeared to be forgotten, allowing themselves at such times to be approached closely, and, regardless of men, fire-arms, or the fall of their companions, continuing their wrangling with rancorous obstinacy. A similar disposition may be produced among them by catching a large owl, and tying it with a cord of moderate length to the limb of a naked tree in a neighbourhood frequented by the crows. The owl is one of the few enemies which the crow has much reason to dread, as it robs the nests of their young, whenever they are left for the shortest time. Hence, whenever crows discover an owl in the daytime, like many other birds, they commence an attack upon it, screaming most vociferously, and bringing together all of their species within hearing. When once this clamour has fairly begun and their passions are fully aroused, there is little danger of their being scared away, and the chance of destroying them by shooting is continued as long as the owl remains uninjured. But one such opportunity presented during my residence where crows were abundant, and this was unfortunately spoiled by the eagerness of one of the gunners, who, in his anxiety to demolish one of the crows, fixed upon some that were most busy with the owl, and killed it instead of its disturbers, which at once ended the sport. When the crows leave the roost at early dawn, they generally fly to a naked or leafless tree in the nearest field, and there plume themselves and chatter until the daylight is sufficiently clear to show all objects with distinctness. Of this circumstance I have taken advantage several times to get good shots at them in this way. During the daytime, having selected a spot within proper distance of the tree frequented by them in the morning, I have built with brushwood and pine-bushes a thick, close screen, behind which one or two persons might move securely without being observed. Proper openings through which to level the guns were also made, as the slightest stir or noise could not be made at the time of action without a risk of rendering all the preparations fruitless. The guns were all in order and loaded before going to bed; and at an hour or two before daylight we repaired quietly to the field and stationed ourselves behind the screen, where, having mounted our guns at the loop-holes to be in perfect readiness, we waited patiently for the daybreak. Soon after the grey twilight of the dawn began to displace the darkness, the voice of one of our expected visitants would be heard from the distant forest, and shortly after a single crow would slowly sail towards the solitary tree, and settle on its very summit. Presently a few more would arrive singly, and in a little while small flocks followed. Conversation among them is at first rather limited to occasional salutations, but as the flock begins to grow numerous, it becomes general and very animated, and by this time all that may be expected on this occasion have arrived. This may be known also, by observing one or more of them descend to the ground, and if the gunners do not now make the best of the occasion, it will soon be lost, as the whole gang will presently sail off, scattering as they go. However, we rarely waited till there was a danger of their departure, but as soon as the flock had fairly arrived and were still crowded upon the upper parts of the tree, we pulled triggers together, aiming at the thickest of the throng. In this way, by killing and wounding them, with two or three guns, a dozen or more would be destroyed. It was of course needless to expect to find a similar opportunity in the same place for a long time afterwards, as those which escaped had too good memories to return to so disastrous a spot. By ascertaining other situations at considerable distances, we could every now and then obtain similar advantages over them.

About the years 1800–4, the crows were so vastly accumulated, and destructive in the state of Maryland, that the government, to hasten their diminution, received their heads in payment of taxes, at the price of three cents each. The store-keepers bought them of the boys and shooters, who had no taxes to pay, at a rather lower rate, or exchanged powder and shot for them. This measure caused a great havoc to be kept up among them, and in a few years so much diminished the grievance that the price was withdrawn. Two modes of shooting them in considerable numbers were followed, and with great success; the one, that of killing them while on the wing towards the roost, and the other attacking them in the night when they had been for some hours asleep. I have already mentioned the regularity with which vast flocks move from various quarters of the country to their roosting-places every afternoon, and the uniformity of the route they pursue. In cold weather, when all the small bodies of water are frozen, and they are obliged to protract their flight towards the bays or sea, their return is a work of considerable labour, especially should a strong wind blow against them; at this season also, being rather poorly fed, they are of necessity less vigorous. Should the wind be adverse, they fly as near the earth as possible, and of this the shooters at the time I allude to took advantage. A large number would collect on such an afternoon, and station themselves close along the footway of a high bank, over which the crows were in the habit of flying; and as they were in a great degree screened from sight as the flock flew over, keeping as low as possible because of the wind, their shots were generally very effectual. The stronger was the wind, the greater was their success. The crows that were not injured found it very difficult to rise; and those that diverged laterally only came nearer to gunners stationed in expectation of such movements. The flocks were several hours in passing over; and as there was generally a considerable interval between each company of considerable size, the last arrived, unsuspicious of what had been going on, and the shooters had time to recharge their arms. But the grand harvest of crow heads was derived from the invasion of their dormitories, which are well worthy a particular description, and should be visited by every one who wishes to form a proper idea of the number of these birds that may be accumulated in a single district. The roost is most commonly the densest pine thicket that can be found, generally at no great distance from some river, bay, or other sheet of water, which is the last to freeze, or rarely is altogether frozen. To such a roost the crows, which are, during the daytime, scattered over perhaps more than a hundred miles of circumference, wing their way every afternoon, and arrive shortly after sunset. Endless columns pour in from various quarters, and as they arrive pitch upon their accustomed perches, crowding closely together for the benefit of the warmth and the shelter afforded by the thick foliage of the pine. The trees are literally bent by their weight, and the ground is covered for many feet in depth by their dung, which, by its gradual fermentation, must also tend to increase the warmth of the roost. Such roosts are known to be thus occupied for years, beyond the memory of individuals; and I know of one or two which the oldest residents in the quarter state to have been known to their grandfathers, and probably had been resorted to by the crows during several ages previous. There is one of great age and magnificent extent in the vicinity of Rock Creek, an arm of the Patapsco. They are sufficiently numerous on the rivers opening into the Chesapeake, and are everywhere similar in their general aspect. Wilson has signalised such a roost at no great distance from Bristol, Pen.; and I know by observation, that not less than a million of crows sleep there nightly during the winter season.

To gather crow heads from the roost, a very large party was made up, proportioned to the extent of surface occupied by the dormitory. Armed with double-barrelled and duck guns, which threw a large charge of shot, the company was divided into small parties; and these took stations, selected during the daytime, so as to surround the roost as nearly as possible. A dark night was always preferred, as the crows could not when alarmed fly far, and the attack was delayed until full midnight. All being at their posts, the firing was commenced by those who were most advantageously posted, and followed up successively by the others, as the affrighted crows sought refuge in their vicinity. On every side the carnage then raged fiercely, and there can scarcely be conceived a more forcible idea of the horrors of a battle, than such a scene afforded. The crows screaming with fright and the pain of wounds, the loud deep roar produced by the raising of their whole number in the air, the incessant flashing and thundering of the guns, and the shouts of their eager destroyers, all produced an effect which can never be forgotten by any one who has witnessed it, nor can it well be adequately comprehended by those who have not. Blinded by the blaze of the powder, and bewildered by the thicker darkness that ensues, the crows rise and settle again at a short distance, without being able to withdraw from the field of danger; and the sanguinary work is continued until the shooters are fatigued, or the approach of daylight gives the survivors a chance of escape. Then the work of collecting the heads from the dead and wounded began, and this was a task of considerable difficulty, as the wounded used their utmost efforts to conceal and defend themselves. The bill and half the front of the skull were cut off together, and strung in sums for the tax-gatherer; and the product of the night divided according to the nature of the party formed. Sometimes the great mass of shooters were hired for the night, and received no shares of scalps, having their ammunition provided by the employers; other parties were formed of friends and neighbours, who clubbed for the ammunition, and shared equally in the result.

During hard winters the crows suffer severely, and perish in considerable numbers from hunger, though they endure a wonderful degree of abstinence without much injury. When starved severely, the poor wretches will swallow bits of leather, rope, rags, in short anything that appears to promise the slightest relief. Multitudes belonging to the Bristol roost perished, during the winter of 1828–9, from this cause. All the water-courses were solidly frozen, and it was distressing to observe these starvelings every morning winging their weary way towards the shores of the sea in hopes of food, and again to see them toiling homewards in the afternoon, apparently scarce able to fly.

In speaking of destroying crows, we have never adverted to the use of poison, which in their case is wholly inadmissible, on this account: where crows are common, hogs generally run at large; and to poison the crows would equally poison them—the crows would die and fall to the ground, where they would certainly be eaten by the hogs.

Crows, when caught young, learn to talk plainly, if pains be taken to repeat certain phrases to them, and they become exceedingly impudent and troublesome. Like all of their tribe, they will steal and hide silver or other bright objects, of which they can make no possible use.

TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

Written in Chéricul, Malabar.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
The tent ropes flapping lone I hear,
For twilight converse, arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear,
When mirth and music wont to charm.

By Chericul's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams,
Of Teviot loved while still a child,
Of castle rocks stupendous piled
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendship smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave.

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!—
The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy play'd,
Revives no more in after time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soar'd sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams hateful as the tomb-fire drear.
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widow'd heart to cheer;
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding-stars to mine:
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!—
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave!
I left a heart that loved me true!
I cross'd the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my wither'd heart;—the grave
Dark and untimely met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! comest thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn:
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipp'd with death has borne;
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey?
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

John Leyden.

[The author of this poem was born on the banks of the Teviot, in Roxburghshire. He was educated at Edinburgh, for the church of Scotland, and was ordained in 1798: but not expecting to succeed as a minister, he turned to the study of medicine, and went out to the East Indies as an assistant surgeon. Here he applied himself to the study of the Eastern languages, in which he acquired great proficiency. He was promoted from the post of surgeon to that of professor of Hindustani; was made a judge; and afterwards was made assay-master at the Calcutta mint. He was a man of rare endowments, and his early death was much regretted, not only amongst his friends, but the lovers of literature generally. He died at Java in 1811, in the 36th year of his age.]

PROPERTY, CAPITAL, AND CREDIT.

NO. I.—PROPERTY.

The following eloquent exposition of some of the fundamental principles of political economy are from an "Address delivered before the Mercantile Library Association, at the Odeon in Boston, Sept. 13th, 1838. By Edward Everett."

"Some attempts have been made of late years to institute a comparison between what have been called the producing and the accumulating classes, to the disadvantage of the latter. This view I regard as entirely erroneous. Accumulation is as necessary to farther production as production is to accumulation; and especially is accumulation the basis of commerce. If every man produced, from day to day, just so much as was needed for the day's consumption, there would of course be nothing to exchange; in other words, there would be no commerce. Such a state of things implies the absence of all civilisation. Some degree of accumulation was the dictate of the earliest necessity; the instinctive struggle of man to protect himself from the elements and from want. He soon found—such is the exuberance of nature, such the activity of her productive powers, and such the rapid development of human skill—that a vast deal more might be accumulated than was needed for bare subsistence.

"This, however, alone did not create commerce. If all men accumulated equally, and accumulated the same things, there would still be no exchanges. But it soon appeared, in the progress of social man, that no two individuals had precisely the same tastes, powers, and skill. One excelled in one pursuit, one in another. One was more expert as a huntsman, another as a fisherman; and all found that, by making a business of some one occupation, they attained a higher degree of excellence than was practicable while each one endeavoured to do every thing for himself. With this discovery commerce began. The Indian, who has made two bows, or dressed two bear-skins, exchanges one of them for a bundle of dried fish or a pair of snow-shoes. These exchanges between individuals extend to communities. The tribes on the sea-shore exchange the products of their fishing for the game or the horses of the plains and hills. Each barters what it has in excess, for that which it cannot so well produce itself, and which its neighbours possess in abundance. As individuals differ in their capacities, countries differ in soil and climate; and this difference leads to infinite variety of fabrics and productions, artificial and natural. Commerce perceives this diversity, and organises a boundless system of exchanges, the object of which is to supply the greatest possible amount of want and desire, and to effect the widest possible diffusion of useful and convenient products. The extent to which this exchange of products is carried in highly-civilised countries, is truly wonderful. There are probably few individuals in this assembly who took their morning's meal this day, without the use of articles brought from almost every part of the world. The table on which it was served was made from a tree which grew on the Spanish Main or one of the West India Islands, and it was covered with a table-cloth from St. Petersburgh or Archangel.

The tea was from China; the coffee from Java; the sugar from Cuba or Louisiana; the silver spoons from Mexico or Peru; the cups and saucers from England or France. Each of these articles was purchased by an exchange of other products—the growth of our own or foreign countries—collected and distributed by a succession of voyages, often to the farthest corners of the globe. Without cultivating a rood of ground, we taste the richest fruits of every soil. Without stirring from our fireside, we collect on our tables the growth of every region. In the midst of winter we are served with fruits that ripened in a tropical sun; and struggling monsters are dragged from the depths of the Pacific Ocean to lighten our dwellings.

"As all commerce rests upon accumulation, so the accumulation of every individual is made by the exchanges of commerce to benefit every other. Until he exchanges it, it is of no actual value to him. The tiller of a hundred fields can eat no more, the proprietor of a cloth factory can wear no more, and the owner of a coal-mine can sit by no hotter a fire, than his neighbours. He must exchange his grain, his cloth, and his coal, for some articles of their production, or for money, which is the representative of all other articles, before his accumulation is of service to him. The system is one of mutual accommodation. No man can promote his own interest without promoting that of others. As in the system of the universe, every particle of matter is attracted by every other particle, and it is not possible that a mote in a sunbeam should be displaced without producing an effect on the orbit of Saturn; so the minutest excess or defect in the supply of any one article of human want produces an effect—though of course an insensible one—on the exchanges of all other articles. In this way, that Providence which educes the harmonious system of the heavens out of the adjusted motions and balanced masses of its shining orbs, with equal benevolence and care furnishes to the countless millions of the human family, through an interminable succession of exchanges, the supply of their diversified and innumerable wants.

"In order to carry on this system of exchanges, it is necessary that the articles accumulated should be safe in the hands of their owners. The laws of society for the protection of property were founded upon the early and instinctive observation of this truth. It was perceived, in the dawn of civilisation, that the only way in which man could elevate himself from barbarism, and maintain his elevation, was by being secured in the possession of that which he had saved from daily consumption, this being his resource for a time of sickness, for old age, and for the wants of those dependent upon him, as well as the fund out of which, by a system of mutually beneficial exchanges, each could contribute to the supply of the wants of his fellow-men. To strike at the principle which protects his earnings, or his acquisitions,—to destroy the assurance that the field which he has enclosed and planted in his youth will remain for the support of his advanced years—that the portion of its fruits which he does not need for immediate consumption will remain a safe deposit, under the protection of the public peace,—is to destroy the life-spring of civilisation. The philosophy that denounces accumulation is the philosophy of barbarism. It places man below the condition of most of the native tribes on this continent. No man will voluntarily sow that another may reap. You may place a man in a paradise of plenty on this condition, but its abundance will ripen and decay unheeded. At this moment, the fairest regions of the earth—Sicily, Turkey, Africa, the loveliest and most fertile portions of the East, the regions that, in ancient times, after feeding their own numerous and mighty cities, nourished Rome and her armies—are occupied by oppressed and needy races, whom all the smiles of Heaven and the bounties of the earth cannot tempt to strike a spade into the soil, farther than is requisite for a scanty supply of necessary food. On the contrary, establish the principle that property is safe, that a man is secure in the possession of his accumulated earnings, and he creates a paradise on a barren heath; alpine solitudes echo to the lowing of his herds; he builds up his dykes against the ocean, and cultivates a field beneath the level of its waves; and exposes his life fearlessly in sickly jungles, and among ferocious savages. Establish the principle that his property is his own, and he seems almost willing to sport with its safety. He will trust it all in a single vessel, and stand calmly by while she unmoors for a voyage of circumnavigation around the globe. He knows that the sovereignty of his country accompanies it with a sort of earthly omnipresence, and guards it as vigilantly in the loneliest island of the Antarctic Sea as though it were locked in his coffers at home. He is not afraid to send it out upon the common pathway of the ocean, for he knows that the sheltering wings of the law of nations will overshadow it there. He sleeps quietly, though all that he has is borne upon six inches of plank on the bosom of the unfathomed waters; for even if the tempest should bury it in the deep, he has assured himself against ruin by the agency of those institutions which modern civilisation has devised for the purpose of averaging the losses of individuals upon the mass.

"It is usual to give the name of capital to those accumulations of property which are employed in carrying on the commercial as well as the other business operations of the community. The remarks already made will enable us to judge, in some degree, of the reasonableness of those prejudices which are occasionally awakened at the sound of this word. Capital is a property which a man has acquired by his industry, or has, under the law of the land, become possessed of in some other way; and which is invested by him in that form, and employed in that manner, which best suit his education, ability, and taste. No particular amount of property constitutes capital. In a highly prosperous community, the capital of one man, like the late Baron Rothschild, at London, or of Stephen Girard, at Philadelphia, may amount to eight or ten millions, the capital of his neighbour may not exceed as many dollars. In fact, one of these two extraordinary men, and the father of the other, passed from one extreme to the other in this scale of prosperity, and the same law which protected their little pittance at the outset, protected the millions amassed by their perseverance, industry, and talent.

"Considering capital as the mainspring of the business operations of a civilised society—as that which, diffused in proportionate masses, is the material on which enterprise works, and with which industry performs its wonders, equally necessary, and in the same way necessary, for the construction of a row-boat and an Indiaman, a pair of shoes and a rail-road—I have been at some loss to account for the odium which at times has been attempted to be cast on capitalists, as a class; and particularly for the contrast in which capital has been placed with labour, to the advantageous employment of which it is absolutely essential.

"I have supposed that some part of this prejudice may arise from the traditions of other times, and the institutions of other countries. The roots of opinion run deep into the past. The great mass of property in Europe, at the present day, even in England, is landed property. This property was much of it wrested from its original owners, by the ancestors of its present possessors, who overran the countries with military violence, and despoiled the inhabitants of their possessions; or still worse, compelled them to labour as slaves on the land they had once owned and tilled as free men. It is impossible that an hereditary bitterness should not have sprung out of this relation, never to be mitigated, particularly where the political institutions of society remain upon a feudal basis. We know from history, that after the Norman invasion, the Saxon peasantry, reduced to slavery, were compelled to wear iron collars about their necks, like dogs, with the names of their masters inscribed upon them. At what subsequent period, from that time to this, has anything occurred to alleviate the feelings growing out of these events? Such an origin of the great mass of the property must place its proprietors in some such relation to the rest of the community, as that which exists between the Turks and Rayas in the Ottoman empire, and may have contributed to produce an hereditary hostility on the part of the poor toward the rich, among thousands who know not, historically, the origin of the feeling.

"It is obvious that the origin of our political communities and

the organisation of society among us furnish no basis for a prejudice of this kind against capital. Wealth, in this country, may be traced back to industry and frugality, the paths which lead to it are open to all; the laws which protect it are equal to all; and such is the joint operation of the law, and the customs of society, that the wheel of fortune is in constant revolution, and the poor in one generation furnish the rich of the next. The rich man, who treats poverty with arrogance and contempt, tramples upon the ashes of his father or his grandfather; the poor man, who nourishes feelings of unkindness and bitterness against wealth, makes war with the prospects of his children, and the order of things in which he lives.

OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

We have received a considerable number of letters respecting EMPLOYMENTS FOR FEMALES. None of them, except one, convey any useful information on the subject, or even hints; they are occupied in deploring the evils, but have nothing to suggest as to remedies. One says that, in Birmingham, females are employed "working at a lathe, gun-barrel filing, and other such *feminine* employments, while men pass their time behind a counter, measuring ribbon, tapes, &c." Another, in the same strain, thinks that there must be "something wrong in our arrangements, when men are handing silk gloves to ladies, while women with girdles round their waists, are actually dragging coal waggons at the bottom of our dark mines." "But for young ladies," continues this correspondent, "of good education, there appears to me one path yet untrodden in the line of useful and elegant instruction. Botany is very imperfectly understood, and very imperfectly taught; and my opportunities of observation enable me to say that a young lady who should make herself capable of teaching it as a *science*, not only from books, but from specimens in our fields and gardens, through the varying seasons—and who should also attain sufficient ability in drawing and colouring for the purposes of illustration and instruction therein—would be possessed of a ready introduction to employment in schools and families in giving stated lessons; and we all know that any *branch* of education professionally taught is often more profitable to the individual than are the more general duties of a governess. Within my own knowledge there is a most respectable ladies' school eager for lessons in botany *at the hands of a lady*."

Some of our English readers, who may not be so familiar with the Bible as our northern friends, may regard the question contained in the following letter as rather *droll*, and think it should be classed amongst the "Rejected addresses," as "frivolous" if not vexatious:—

"Sir,—Can you inform me what occupation in Ur of the Chaldees, Terah, the father of Abraham, followed? I cannot find in the Bible the information I desire, and yet I have an impression on my mind that I have seen it there. I am, Sir, your constant reader, "SAM. BRUCE, Feedsman.

"*Ettrick*."

Mr. Bruce has not informed us what object he had in view in inquiring after the occupation of Terah; yet we have an idea that he is somewhat of a philosopher, and has been speculating on *the origin of idolatry*. To certain classes of minds inquiries into the early history of our race have peculiar attractions, and it is certainly an interesting speculation to endeavour to ascertain if *image* worship existed amongst *any* people in the time of Abraham. That the worship of the heavenly bodies had already sprung up amongst the Chaldeans, the parents of astronomy, appears all but certain; but the author of the "Pictorial History of Palestine"—no mean authority—thinks, "that *idol* worship, in the restricted sense, as meaning the worship of images, was then known, is not very probable, and is, at least, incapable of proof." "The Jewish traditions," he adds, "undertake to decide the question whether image worship had commenced at this early date, by assuring us that Terah was himself a maker of images;" and various stories are told of him. But all this is mere tradition, of no value. What connexion had idolatry with the early history of art?

A. B. asks the etymology of the words "Pounds, Shillings, and Pence." The Anglo-Saxon "pund" was, says Richardson, "generally a weight; then applied to a specific weight, consisting of a certain number of equal parts; to a certain number of pieces of money amounting to such weight; to a coin equalling such number of pieces in value. Anglo-Saxon, *pund*, *pond*; Dutch, *pond*; German, *pfund*—from the Latin *pondo*, *pondus*, weight." "Penny" is of unknown etymology; but the name, as applied to a coin, is of great antiquity. In fact, during the Anglo-Saxon and the early part of the Anglo-Norman times, the "penny" was the chief coin, the measure or standard of value; it was of silver, and, being a definite portion of a pound weight of that metal, etymologists fancy that the origin of the name may be found in *pendo*, to weigh. For convenience, the penny was divided into halves (half-penny) and fourthlings (farthings), and it is stated that scarcely a find of Anglo-Saxon coins occurs amongst which the silver penny is not found, cut into halves and fourths.

Our gold coinage is next in antiquity to the silver, but our copper coinage is quite a modern innovation. "Guinea," as a now "departed" twenty-one-shilling coin was termed, borrowed its name from the Gold-coast of Africa. "Shilling," again, is of doubtful etymology; it is either of Anglo-Saxon or German origin; but the coin so called in use amongst us was originally coined by Henry VII., in 1503, and was at first called a *testoon*, from the *teste* or *tête*, the head of the king upon it; and hence, probably, the origin of the vulgar word, *a tester*. But *testoon* gave way to *shilling*, a name derived, perhaps, from *scilling*, which is said to have been a word in use amongst our Anglo-Saxon predecessors, as an appellation for a piece of money. "The gold coinage of England is next to the silver in point of antiquity. The gold current with us till the 41st Henry III. was foreign. In that year, 1257, a manuscript chronicle in the archives of the city of London states, that the king made a penny of the finest gold, which weighed two sterlings, and willed that it should be current for twenty pence (of silver). Three specimens of it only are yet known to have reached us, and two out of the three are preserved in the British Museum." "The copper coinage of England arose a thousand years later than its silver. Queen Elizabeth had a great aversion to copper money, although the necessities of her people for small change were obvious. She suffered a pattern to be struck as the PLEDGE OF A HALF PENNY, and James I. and Charles I. actually issued farthing tokens as pledges; but no authorised coinage of copper was struck till 1672, when halfpence and farthings of that metal were first made public money."

A NEWCASTLE SUBSCRIBER.—"Luddism" originated, we believe, about the year 1812. In that year the state of England was alarming. A long and tremendous war was not concluded; our relations with the United States were disturbed; and the country was internally convulsed. Secret associations were formed amongst the working classes; riots broke out; manufactories of pikes, darts, &c., were set a-going; and special commissions were sent into Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, &c., to try prisoners. The fury of the working classes was specially directed against machinery; and in Nottingham and other towns, lace, silk, and cotton frames were broken by hundreds, and the amount of other property destroyed was very great. We are not aware of the origin of the word "Luddism," but the "Luddites" may be regarded as English "Ribbon men," formed into secret associations, bound by illegal oaths; while the word "Lud" or "Ludd," was used much in the same way as "Captain Rock" in Ireland, being appended to threatening letters, and otherwise used *in terrorem*. The "Luddites" kept the country in an unquiet state at intervals during several years after 1812; and the wanton and stupid destruction of machinery and other property effected by them may be regarded as one of the *original* causes of those exertions which were afterwards made to diffuse "useful knowledge" amongst the people.

A. B., DEVONPORT.—The power of the rudder is reducible to that of the lever. When exactly in a line with the keel, it produces no effect except perhaps a very slight check to the headway; but if it be turned to one side or the other, it receives an immediate impulse from the water, which displaced by the ship's progress glides along its bottom in running aft, and this fluid impels it towards the opposite side, while it continues in that situation, so that the stern, to which the rudder is confined, receives the same movement, and the ship receiving an impulse sideways, her stem turns accordingly. The pivot on which the vessel turns is regulated by the distance of the rudder from the centre of gravity and the velocity of the ship's progress; much of the effect of the rudder also depends upon the particular angle in which it is hung. But it would be out of place to introduce a lengthened dissertation on these points into our columns, and it would need a long paper to illustrate them properly.

An intelligent but somewhat long letter has reached us from HUDDERSFIELD on the proper management of children, which has been called forth by the letter of "A Mother of Eight Children," in the Letter-Box of No. 66. The truth is, GOOD SENSE on the part of parents is of infinitely greater importance in the management of children than any set of formal rules. Without that practical tact or intelligence which goes by the name of common sense, a set of formal rules become, in application, frequently absurd, and sometimes oppressive. We pity from our heart a family of lively children under the care of a rigid formalist, who often compels the right thing to be done at the wrong time, and crushes all natural hilarity with pedantic distinctions. It is well to have a *system* in training up children, but let that system be under the control of an adapting and considerate common sense.

We are much obliged to AN IRISH FARMER for his compliments, his advice, and his request. He says that the JOURNAL is read by some farmers, and thinks we

should devote more space to agricultural matters and rural affairs generally. We recommend him, as we have already done on a previous occasion to another correspondent, to read the MAGAZINE OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY; he will find much that he wants better attended to there than we can do it, and as the periodical costs only *sixpence* monthly, it is within his means.

W. O. asks the origin of SIGNS for Inns, &c. The practice of denoting a profession or calling by a particular *sign or indication* is of great antiquity, the sign of the Chequers being stated to have been found at Pompeii, while the barbers, in their capacity of barber-surgeons, can boast of a remote antiquity in the practice of hanging out a pole. Inns were indicated by a bush, hence, probably, the proverb—"Good wine needs no bush." Originally, signs were probably mere simple symbols, a sort of professional alphabet, but in course of time they became professional badges, or coats of arms, and art being called in to emblazon them innkeepers, shopkeepers, &c., vied with each other in spending a great deal of money on their signs and sign posts. Much curious and some useless discussions have been spent in tracing the origin of some of our modern signs through their popular perversions up to their original or primitive meanings.

J. A. H.—"Does the office of high-priest still exist among the Jews? If it does exist, is there a high priest in the chief town of every kingdom in which they are settled, or is there one at the head of the whole Jewish nation?—and are the present duties of the office similar to those which were attached to it before the destruction of Jerusalem? I have been led to trouble you with these questions from observing that in an account of the opening of the synagogue in Great St Helens, London, Dr Herschell is called high priest as well as chief rabbi."

The Jewish priesthood ceased with the destruction of the temple at Jerusalem. The acts which only a priest could perform—chiefly sacrifice—were, even in Palestine, performed only in that temple, nor did priests discharge *elsewhere* any duties which any other person was not equally entitled to perform. The priesthood, therefore, ceased—that is, had no peculiar functions to perform—when the only legal altar was destroyed.

The present personages whom we call *high priests* and *priests* do not pretend themselves to the titles which, from a confusion of ideas, we apply to them. They are men trained in the law and the traditions, appointed as *teachers* and guides of the people. Rabbis and chief rabbis are their proper titles. They do little which was not done in the synagogues of Judea by persons other than priests, during the existence of the Jewish nation while the temple, and consequently the priesthood, still existed. Israel is not only now without a temple and without an altar, but without a priest.

AMICUS, DUNDEE.—Thomas Savery, one of the early improvers of the steam-engine, and to whom a patent was granted in 1698 for a steam engine to be applied to the raising of water, &c., was the first who suggested the method of expressing the power of an engine with reference to that of horses. "When steam-engines were first brought into use, they were commonly applied to work pumps for mills, which had been previously worked or driven by horses. In forming their contracts, the first steam-engine builders found themselves called upon to supply engines capable of executing the same work as was previously executed by some certain number of horses. It was therefore convenient, and indeed necessary, to be able to express the performance of these machines by comparison with the animal power to which manufacturers, miners, and others had been so long accustomed. When an engine therefore, was capable of performing the same work in a given time as any given number of horses of average strength usually performed, it was said to be an engine of so many horses power. Steam engines had been in use for a considerable time before this term had acquired any settled or uniform meaning, and the nominal power of engines was accordingly very arbitrary. At length, however, the use of steam-engines became more extended, and the confusion and inconvenience arising out of all questions respecting the performance of engines rendered it necessary that some fixed and definite meaning should be assigned to the terms by which the powers of this machine were expressed. Messrs Boulton and Watt caused experiments to be made with the strong horses used in the breweries in London, and, from the result of these trials, they assigned 33,000 lbs. raised one foot per minute as the value of a horse's power. This is the unit of engine power now universally adopted, and when an engine is said to be of so many horses' power, what is meant is, that that engine, in good working order, and properly managed, is capable of moving a resistance equal to 33,000lbs. through one foot per minute. Thus, an engine of ten-horse power is one that would raise 330,000 lbs weight one foot per minute. Whether this estimate of an average horse's power be correct or not, in reference to the actual work which the animal is capable of executing, is a matter of no present importance in its application to steam power. The steam-engine is no longer used to replace the power of horses, and therefore no contracts are based upon such a comparison."—*Lardner on the Steam-Engine.*

If we may draw an inference from the number of letters we have received respecting self-instruction, we may conclude that amongst *our* readers there is a considerable number of young men, laudably anxious to repair the defects of education, especially with relation to the acquisition of modern and some of the dead languages. We had intended to devote an article or two to the subject, with the view of making them answer various correspondents. Not yet having been able to do this, we may here briefly notice several of our correspondents' queries.

To those who want to master their *own* language (and we have had several queries as to the best mode), we would say first study English grammar. Cobbett's Grammar is very good, a youth must be a dunce who could not understand the grammar of his native tongue from a study, or rather a perusal of it. But the *spirit* of the book is far from being commendable, it is full of Cobbett's furious partisanship, he cannot correct bad English without a sneer nor show one how to write good English without growling at everything and everybody but himself. We would, therefore, in preference to it, advise youths to get "Mary's Grammar, interspersed with Stories, and intended for the use of Children. By Mrs Marcet, Longman and Co 1838." This is one of the many admirable books with which Mrs Marcet has blessed the rising generation,—all honour to her for the exercise of her clear intellect, and her aptness to teach. Youths need not foolishly shrink from the 'Grammar,' because it is said to be "intended for the use of children." But to those who might be so deterred we may recommend 'A Manual of English Grammar, by the Rev. J. M'Culloch. Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd, 1834.'

After understanding English grammar, and there is no absolute necessity for loading the memory with *rules*, so that the principles are understood—read good English authors, prose writers and poets. Here there is no necessity for following particular plans, read, if the authors are worth reading,—there are plenty of 'Standard Libraries' to pick and choose from—read with understanding, read with enjoyment, and if, after a course of this kind a young man does not begin to understand his own language, why we fear he never will.

To those who wish to acquire the French language by self-instruction, we might recommend several admirable works, but, on the whole, we should advise Cobbett's. His French Grammar is not disfigured, like his English one, by political partisanship, and he takes great pains to "insense" his reader as an Irishman would say, still it has its faults, it is apt to discourage a timid learner. Mr Cobbett sets prodigious tasks and seems to make so light of them, that one who cannot stride after him might be apt to say "Oh, I'll never be able to learn French!" But let the young learner be patient and steady, let him get on by small degrees at first acquiring the language, as it were, inch by inch, and he will be surprised, after a time, to find himself able to get on with great rapidity.

We should say that neither French nor German can be acquired without a teacher. Of course, the principles of the grammars may be acquired by self-instruction, and to those who wish only to read without requiring to speak, self instruction will give them nearly all they want. But self instruction has faults as well as merits. The eye in looking at words, is very apt to convey a *wrong sound* to the ear, and as the pronunciation of French and German cannot possibly be acquired by an Englishman, by his own unaided efforts a vicious pronunciation is imperceptibly acquired. It would be far better for several young men to combine into a little club, or association, meeting say twice a week, and unite their finances to hire an instructor, doing, on a small scale, what is done on a larger in the classes of Mechanics Institutions.

Lastly, one correspondent asks if, by "close application, three hours a day, for six months, he could acquire the rudiments of the Latin language?" Undoubtedly, if he cared for the language at all, he would in that time acquire so much as to make him wish to acquire more. Hunter's Ruddiman's Rudiments (Oliver and Boyd), and some such book as Swain's Collection of Easy Sentences from the best Latin Authors, are very good to begin with.

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THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

NO. I.

No civilised country exhibits any public institution more suitable to the genius of its inhabitants than our PARLIAMENT is to our general natural character. It may perhaps be said that this character is, in fact, the result rather of our long-established customs (those customs being of course intimately connected with our old institutions), than of any inherent propensity in our dispositions. There is some weight, undoubtedly, in this remark. Nevertheless, we can trace, as far back as the light of history will permit, debating popular assemblies amongst our Saxon and other German ancestors; and whether the national character has been parent to the institution, or the institution to the character, at all events, it is manifest that the plant, when brought to this country, found here a most congenial soil, and that here it flourishes in all the perfection of which it is susceptible.

It is curious to observe the very slender progress which the parliamentary system has yet made in France, although, in fact, the existence of it in that country was coeval with our own, and derived in a great measure from the same sources. One reason for the difference of its fate there is this,—that in the early and middle ages the French popular institutions were localised—there were provincial and Parisian parliaments—no general, at least no powerful, permanent general assembly; the monarchs who found them inconvenient easily subdued them, therefore, in detail, and eventually converted them into mere courts for the registry of royal decrees. It was in this condition they existed anterior to the Revolution, and some of the earliest symptoms we can find, indicating the changes which were to produce that great epoch, are the attempts made by the Parliament of Paris to resume a portion of its ancient liberties. Those attempts were indeed put down, but not with the facility which marked the suppression of preceding similar efforts. The resistance of the members helped to diffuse a spirit through society, that of itself constituted no mean element in the caldron of discontent, which not long after boiled over on every side.

The multitudinous and stormy conventions brought forth by the Revolution at no period assumed a true parliamentary character. That character I take to be most accurately exhibited in a council of prudent men, each prepared to pay respect to the opinions which he hears, pleased to find those opinions freely and deliberately expressed, and resolved to deliver his own with equal manliness and candour, without desiring to dictate to others, and resisting any attempt that might be made to dictate to himself. Untrammelled discussion—unheated argument—discreet thought, guided by calm and unvacillating judgment, these are, or ought to be, the main features of a meeting of men summoned to consult together upon matters of national importance. A council of this description admits of true eloquence; that is, of soberly-flowing, sound common sense, clothed in suitable, clear, idiomatic, unstudied language. It discourages all appeals to the passions. Though pleased by those exertions of fancy, and those elegantly rounded phrases, in which rhetoricians indulge, for the sake of showing off their talents rather than for proving that they care about the practical consequences of the debate, with reference to its effect upon the welfare of the country; nevertheless a well-constituted house of parliament soon fixes such exhibitors in their right places—places, that is, which in point of real influence, are by no means to be envied.

The flashy, frothy harangues of the revolutionary orators of France were necessarily evanescent in their character; the conventional assemblies never advanced towards a solid, well-organised council, and when the dictator appeared, he easily banished them from the arena. Napoleon, during his ascendancy, preserved, indeed, the forms of parliamentary institutions, and these were re-established at the restoration with some greater appearances of liberty, which approximated more closely to the system of our legislature. But the monarchy and the chambers have never yet worked well together:—they have been constantly like two ill-tempered mastiffs chained together, pulling different ways, and in that contention expending their best energies.

The French chamber of deputies is even now, after an experience of a quarter of a century, little more than an assembly of academicians. The members write their speeches beforehand, thereby showing that they do not come together to deliberate, to hear opinions, to discuss them on the spot, to allow influence to judicious suggestions, to modify their own views, and to extract from the collision of mind with mind the light that might lead to the right paths of conduct: no; not a thought of this kind enters the heads of these sage lawgivers! They produce their folios of manuscript, read their effusions from a pulpit, which they call the tribune, finish their lesson, then run back to their places, where they are congratulated by their friends, as schoolboys are after they have delivered themselves at an exhibition, of a poem or an oration got up for a prize. If what is called a "sensation" be produced by the said recited manuscript—then an interval follows, during which there arises a talking "row," not at all unlike that which takes place in a crowded school-room—when the master has left it for a few moments.

Such a chamber as this has no aptitude—indeed, no disposition—for legislation. The members infinitely prefer the excitement and intrigues for office. They have no settled rules of action, no strong combinations calculated to carry on the business of the country. The minister of the *day*—and never was the phrase more frequently appropriate than during the last ten years—can seldom depend upon the votes of those whom he supposes to be his friends. He is in a perpetual uncertainty, and often, when he leasts expects it, is left in a minority, which upsets all his policy.

It is the most difficult task which a sovereign has ever had to perform, to share the powers of government with a council like this. Properly speaking, according to the principles of the representative system, and the express terms of the charter, he ought to be subject to the control of the chamber, and to that of a cabinet possessing its confidence. But the chamber itself, is a body endowed with no moral influence; it domineers over the cabinet by the mere force of numbers. A cabinet so subjugated can have no real influence which a sovereign could dread, and therefore he contemns it. We see here nothing whatever beyond the bare outward forms of our constitutional fabric: "the rest is but leather or prunello."

The Belgian, Spanish, Portuguese, and South American legislative chambers are very little better than those of France, in a constitutional point of view. Those of Holland and Hungary approach much nearer to ours The senate and house of representatives constituting the congress of the United States possess too much

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direct executive power to be compared with our parliament.* But there is a good reason for this difference in their form of government, which is an unqualified democracy.

The growth of our legislature, from its first small beginnings to its present rank and power in the state, is in perfect keeping with the happy germination and eventual branching out of all our free institutions, from the primary notions of freedom cherished in the minds of our ancestors. The word "Parliament" does not appear to have been used in England until the reign of Henry III. It probably came to us from France. Indeed Johnson derives it from the French word "Parlement," which may have proceeded from *Parler la ment*—to speak one's mind; in the same way as "Testament," from *Testari mentem*—to attest the will or disposition. Or "ment" may have been added after the same fashion as we find it in engagement, impeachment, and other words in our language. One of the authorities seeking out an original etymology of his own, declared it to be composed of two words, viz., "Parium-Lamentum"—that is, the Lamentation of the Peers! "because" (as he thinks) "the peers of the realm did at these assemblies lament and complain each to the other of the enormities of the country." It is quaintly remarked by another commentator that this is indeed a *sad* etymology. The French derivation is probably the right one, for the word was applied to general assemblies of the states, under Louis VII. in France, about the middle of the twelfth century; and the first mention we find of it in our statute law is in the preamble to the statute of Westminster, 1. 3 Edward I., A.D. 1272, the same year in which Henry III. died.

The assembly now described by this general term is the undoubted descendant of a general council, which, under various appellations in the different languages that have prevailed from age to age in this country, has met periodically from time immemorial to order the affairs of the kingdom, to amend old laws, and make new ones whenever they were required. How this council was originally constituted is a question not easily to be settled. It is enough for us to know that archbishops, bishops, abbots, earls, barons, knights, citizens, and burgesses, sat in the councils which were held in the reign of John. Neither is it very clear when or by what mode of proceeding it happened, that the council, which originally sat in one house together, separated into two, one being composed of the sovereign in his political capacity and the two first estates of his realm, viz., the lords spiritual and temporal; the other of the third estate—the knights, citizens, and burgesses, designated under the general term the "Commons," of the kingdom. The sovereign is supposed to be present in the house of lords whenever they sit, and it is in that house that he performs all legislative acts, either personally or through royal commissioners. It is there also he meets the commons whenever he wishes to address them, at the commencement or at the conclusion of a session, or at any other time. He alone has the power to summon, prorogue, or dissolve the parliament. Exceptions to these general observations have occurred in times of civil war, and violence, and usurpation on every side; but into those variations it is not necessary here to enter.

The house of lords, besides being a branch of the legislature, is the highest court of justice in the country, and this is a peculiar prerogative which it does not share with the house of commons. On the other hand the commons have claimed and maintained from time immemorial the privilege of taxation as their own, in which they do not allow the house of lords to participate in any manner, or under any pretext whatever. The slightest alteration by the lords in a money bill sent from the house of commons vitiates the whole proceeding. The bill must return again to the house of commons, where the alteration is expunged without any ceremony. This fiscal privilege was by no means of the same degree of importance in the earlier ages of the constitution as it has been in these latter years, because so long as the sovereign had a large revenue of his own he was in a great degree independent of the commons; but he is now entirely dependent upon them, as he has scarcely any income which he does not derive from their annual vote. For although the amount of that income is determined at his accession, it is payable only by virtue of an annual vote of the commons.

The chairman of the house of lords is the lord high chancellor, or his deputy. His office, however, does not prevent him from addressing the house in his capacity as a member, whenever he may think fit. When he does so, he quits his seat on the woolsack, and uniformly addresses the house from the opposition side, a custom which probably has arisen from the fact that the episcopal benches are upon the ministerial side, and it would not be quite consistent with decorum to turn his back upon them. He sits upon a woolsack, as also do the judges when summoned to attend in the house. The reason is, that the throne is immediately behind the chancellor's seat; and an ordinary bench with a back to it like the others would not be consistent with the respect due to majesty. The other woolsacks for the judges have their origin in a similar cause with reference to the peers at each side of the house, as the judges sit in the middle of the house on each side of the chancellor.

The lords do not, when speaking, address their chairman as the commons address their speaker. The style of the former is "My Lords," not "My Lord." Indeed it would be very difficult to define the authority of the chairman of that house. It is his duty to put the question, and declare the sense of the house; but beyond that he seems to have no sort of control.

The house of commons consists of six hundred and fifty-eight members—knights, citizens, and burgesses; the knights being elected by the counties, the citizens and burgesses being chosen by cities, borough towns, and the three universities of the united kingdom. Writs or letters are issued out of chancery by advice of the privy council, addressed to the sheriffs of the counties, and to the mayors or other returning officers of the cities, boroughs, and universities, directing the returns to be made within a stated day. The house being constituted proceed to elect their speaker, whose nomination must be confirmed by the crown. The authority of the speaker is very extensive, although when in the chair he is precluded from addressing the house upon any matter under discussion, unless it involve questions of order, or of the law of the house. When the house is resolved into a committee—a proceeding which frequently takes place, for the purpose of discussing the details of bills with greater facility—the speaker then sits in his capacity of an ordinary member, and may use his privilege of speech as often as he thinks fit.

The speaker appoints all the officers of the house, consisting of the serjeant and deputy serjeant-at-arms, the clerks, messengers, porters, &c. The serjeant-at-arms, or his deputy, sits in an elevated chair near the bar; he is the executive officer of the house, being charged to put into force all written warrants or verbal orders issued by the speaker. By virtue of such orders or warrants he arrests members, or any other persons whom such mandates direct him to bring before the house; and they remain in his custody until he receives authority from the speaker for their liberation.

The privileges of each house of parliament are very extensive. They are the only institutions in this country whose power is not strictly defined by law. The prerogatives of the crown are very well known, and clearly defined either by prescription or by statute. But the authority of parliament is wholly uncontrolled. The power of the house of lords is in every respect as extensive for the maintenance of its privileges as that of the house of commons.

It is unquestionably for the benefit of the people that a member of the house of commons should possess full liberty of speech within the house, restricted by no regulation except that suggested by the ordinary sense of Christian charity, and the forms of civilised society. It is a curious fact, that when adventurous printers first published to the world speeches delivered in either house of parliament, they were severely punished for such acts, which were decided by both houses to be violations of their privileges; and that now the house of commons asserts as one of its highest privileges the right to publish, and sell to anybody who

chooses to buy, accounts of their votes and proceedings, as well as the reports of their committees, and that they claim exemption even from the law of libel in thus extending their liberties beyond the precincts of their own chamber.

The newspaper reporters, who dared scarcely to use a note-book in the gallery not many years since, have now a gallery exclusively to themselves, situated immediately behind and above the speaker's chair, and it may be truly said that it is to that gallery, not to the speaker, all speeches are now addressed. The style of address ought to be, if forms could be dispensed with, not "Mr Speaker," but "Gentlemen of the Press." In the popular assemblies of Greece, Demosthenes, Æschines, and the other great orators of that age, always commenced their parliamentary speeches thus—"Athenians!" Our parliamentary debaters do, in fact, address themselves to the country, through the newspapers, and they might as well at once begin their harangues, after the Athenian style, by the word "Britons!"

We have, however, a particular national fondness for what are called 'legal fictions,' that is to say, plausible phrases or forms, which cover with a decent veil principles deeply rooted in our constitution It is the beauty of our system that by means of such fictions chiefly the whole machinery of our government works with the most admirable harmony One of these fictions tells us for instance, that those very reporters who, by their power of rapid noting and composition, give to the world in a legible state the whole of a long night's debate within two or three hours after that debate is closed, are nothing more or less than 'strangers in the house who have no right to remember much less to publish, any part of the speeches they have heard in their own gallery' Another fiction is this—that the house of lords has no right to know what has been *said* in the house of commons and *vice versa* They have a perfect right to know what has been *done* there and they do know it, by means of the printed votes But when a member of either house would wish to refer to a speech spoken in the other, he must not name the house, he must say, 'in another place'' There are no positive rules upon these points, but such rules are supposed or feigned to have been adopted at one time or another, and it is very certain that ludicrous as they may appear upon a superficial view, they are attended with real advantages, for they help materially to preserve the privileges essential to the functions of both branches of the legislature

It is very curious to trace the connexion of that dangerous fellow the PRINTER—with parliament The practice of printing and selling the votes of the house of commons commenced before the revolution, to a very partial extent But not long after that period it was regularly established, and has since continued uninterrupted, except during a part of the year 1702 It was soon after resumed and in 1723 we find that the well known booksellers of that day, Jacob Tonson, Bernard Lintot, and William Taylor, though not in partnership, undertook (as members of the trade still frequently do) a joint venture in printing, publishing, and selling these votes by appointment of the house They were usually sold at two-pence each number, sometimes at a penny. From the year 1729 to 1777 they were printed and sold by J Nichols, son, and Mr Bowyer, who accounted to the speaker for the profits, which generally averaged about 240*l.* a year It was by such sale that the votes were then in fact distributed, and the public had rarely any other regular reports of what passed in the house, except by means of these publications.

But in the year 1772, the proceedings of the house began to be noticed regularly in the newspapers, in consequence of which the profits arising from the sale of the votes rapidly declined. The printing of them, however, was continued at the expense of the treasury In 1817 fresh regulations were made upon this subject, which have been continued down to the present day

At first the matter of these publications consisted only of a mere abstract of the proceedings In 1742 the abstract became more detailed, and petitions were entered at full length. But the latter gradually increased so much in number, that it was found necessary, when the new regulations of 1817 were made, to give mere summaries of ordinary petitions, those only being printed at length which were specially ordered by the house Since 1833, the practice of printing even abstracts of petitions in the votes or appendix has ceased altogether; and no petitions are now printed as a part of that publication. It is competent, however, to any member to move that a petition should be printed and delivered with the votes, and the house affirms or rejects the motion as it thinks fit

The practice of the house, as to the printing, publishing, and selling the reports of committees, and other miscellaneous papers, has very much varied from time to time. From 1763 down to the present day, all documents printed by the house have been delivered gratuitously to members. Several officers of the house also received a certain number of those documents, by way of perquisites, which they sold (at rather high prices, however,) to any person who might choose to buy them. In a great majority of cases, any person interested in the report of a committee might get a written copy of it at the vote office by paying the regulated fees for it, unless it was the report of a secret committee In 1835 a resolution was passed by the house of commons to the following effect, "That the parliamentary papers and reports printed for the use of the house should be rendered accessible to the public, by purchase, at the lowest price at which they can be furnished, and that a sufficient number of extra copies should be printed for that purpose" The object of this resolution was to defray a portion of the heavy expense of printing, and to put an end to the sale of papers by officers of the house for their own advantage, which had in fact, to some of those officers become a lucrative and a very questionable species of trade

With respect to petitions, although some are printed upon motion by order of the house, and delivered as a supplement to the votes as speedily as possible the general rule now is to refer them, when laid upon the table, to a committee appointed for the purpose at the commencement of each session Petitions relating to undue returns, or to private bills are referred, the former to committees constituted by ballot, the latter to committees the members of which are selected But the sessional committee above mentioned is charged with the duty of classifying all other petitions (except those printed by special order), and of preparing such abstracts of the same as shall convey to the house all requisite information respecting their contents These abstracts are reported to the house from time to time, together with the number of signatures to each petition The committee has the power of directing the printing at full length of such petitions as may seem to require it Thus an effectual check has been established with reference to the printing of petitions, which in former years was carried to a most extravagant extent Cases are known in which several individuals who wished to bring particular subjects before the notice of the public, have written pamphlets upon them, and to save themselves the expense of printing and publishing such pamphlets, converted them into petitions to the house of commons, and so had them printed and circulated at the expense of the treasury!

Another very material alteration with respect to petitions has taken place in the house of commons Formerly a member, when presenting a petition, might make one speech on presenting, another in moving that it be laid on the table, and another on moving that it be printed. Now he is precluded from making a speech at any stage of the proceeding. He merely mentions the object of the document in as few words as possible He may, with the permission of the house, have it printed, and subsequently found a motion upon it, if he thinks fit, and an excellent regulation this is, for it has stopped up one great channel through which much of the time of the house was most unnecessarily wasted, while it has by no means abridged the right of the people to make known their grievances to parliament. This regulation, however, has not yet been adopted by the house of lords, although the inconvenience of speaking upon the mere presentation of petitions has been acknowledged in that house on more than one occasion.

HORSES.

To form a proper idea of this noble and generous creature, we ought to see him in his native wilds, untamed and undisciplined by man. Wild horses are found in several parts of the old continent, and in the warm climates of Africa; but in his natural state he is a mild, inoffensive creature. In this state they live together in large herds of five or six hundred, and each of their companies is always furnished by faithful sentinels, who give notice of the least danger. Herds of wild horses are found in Turkey, China, and the Cape of Good Hope; but the most beautiful, generous, and swift of the kind are found in Arabia. The Arabs catch them in traps, and try their fleetness and strength by pursuing the ostrich; the Arabian horse being the only animal that can keep up with this bird. The Spanish genet is counted next in value to the Arabian barb; they are beautiful, but extremely small. The Italian horses are very fine large animals; the Danish horses are low and strong; the German horses are small; but the Dutch excel all others, except the English, for the draught. The race-horses of England possesses the greatest fleetness, and have run a mile in little more than a minute. The horse was entirely unknown in the new continent till introduced there by the Spaniards.—*From a Visit to the Farmhouse.*

THE PUBLIC OFFICE.

A SKETCH.

SOME snug billets about these establishments. Some nice little quiet pasturages where elderly gentlemen may graze undisturbed, and grow sleek and fat, and, finally, slip comfortably into their graves. But did the reader never observe that there exists a certain quiet, composed, but inveterate hatred between the subordinates in public offices; a cordial detestation of each other? The reader must have remarked it, we think, but whether he has or not, there can be no doubt of the fact, taken as a general one.

This mutual dislike, however, be it observed, is almost exclusively confined to the elderly clerks—to the hard-featured, cleanly little old gentleman with the bald head—to the round-faced old gentleman with the brown scratch wig—and to the long-faced old gentleman in the flaxen peruke. It is to these worthies, then, that the official sort of hatred of which we would speak is especially confined. At least, it is in their case alone that it assumes the ludicrous character under which we feel disposed to contemplate it. The younger clerks, if they entertain any grudge at each other, express it openly, which is in no way amusing; but the old boys carry it under a calm exterior, that when viewed aright renders it sufficiently comical.

With them it is a deep-seated but cold and passionless dislike, which no possible occurrence can ever remove, or even in the smallest degree abate. It is fixed and transfused into their system, and has become a part of their nature.

Yet the old boys never quarrel outright; never bully one another; never commit any overt act of hostility. Their warfare is conducted on a quiet, orderly principle—its existence being made manifest only by snappish queries and still more snappish answers.

It is seldom, however, that they speak to each other at all. Not oftener than they can possibly help. They will not open their lips to each other for weeks, if they can by any means avoid it.

Heaven knows what ails the old fellows at one another, what can be the cause of that mortal grudge and hatred that they entertain for each other. It is impossible to tell; for, in truth, they cannot tell themselves. They just hate one another, and that's all that can be said about it.

Yet they have been twenty years together, probably much longer: a circumstance, one would think, which should have inspired them with some liking for each other, if not positive regard. Quite the contrary, however. It has had the effect only of making them hate each other the more. The longer they have been together the more cordial is their detestation of one another. This is almost invariably the case.

If you would have a little more amusement with the old gentlemen's antipathies than what is afforded by what may be called its official exhibition, take an opportunity of having a little private conversation with one of them, and turn that conversation on the subject of his colleagues; and if you manage the thing adroitly, you may calculate on being presented with a very full and very entertaining view of his hatred of his official brethren.

Begin with remarking how arduous his duties are. This is a favourite theme with all who are well paid and who have little or nothing to do—with all who hold snug sinecure situations. Never mind how glaringly inapplicable the remark may be: your sincerity will never be doubted for a moment; for the sinecurist always thinks himself one of the worst used, hardest wrought, and worst paid men in existence. He will, therefore, swallow your sympathy at once and without hesitation.

"Bless me, Mr. Wetherley, what a deal you have to do here."

With a faint smile of conscious martyrdom meekly borne, "Ah! my dear sir, you don't know the half of it. Toiled like a galley-slave, my dear sir. Not a moment to breathe. Half past nine in the morning till half-past three, never an instant away from *that* desk. It would kill an elephant. If I hadn't the constitution of a horse I couldn't stand it."

"Your colleagues seem to take it easy enough, however. *They* don't seem to oppress themselves with work. Why don't they relieve you of part of the toil?"

"They" pronounced in a tone of inexpressible contempt "Ay, they certainly do take it easy enough. Were we *all* to do so I don't know what would become of the business. Not I, I'm sure"

"Yet that old gentleman at the upper end of the desk there seems to go through his work pretty cleverly."

"Humph! mere child's play, sir. I'd get a boy of twelve to do all that he does. Never here on any day till a quarter to ten, and away again as the clock strikes three. *He* takes it easy enough, to be sure. But it's the way everywhere; the willing horse gets the most work."

"He seems a pleasant old gentleman, too."

"Pleasant! Hah, I only wish you had a week of him, and you find out whether he's pleasant or not. Why, sir, there isn't, I will venture to say it, a more disobliging man in all Christendom than is Mr. Dickenson there. No, not one. Why, sir, it was but the other day that I asked him—and it was the first favour I had asked him for the last dozen years, for he had played me a trick of the same kind; so, you see, to tell you a secret, we don't exactly row in the same boat together.—I asked him, I say, the other day, to lend me his penknife a moment, as I had left my own at home; and what do you think he said? Why, he said he wouldn't; that he hadn't penknives to lend to everybody who chose to ask them. There's a pretty fellow for you. There's one to get on with, eh? That man, sir, wouldn't step an inch out of his way to oblige his father. That he wouldn't."

"Bad enough, bad enough, indeed, Mr. Wetherley. How then do you get on with the other gentleman—the long-faced gentleman in the flaxen wig?"

"Six and half a dozen." Here a rapid series of significant words and very hard winks, meant to intimate to you that the elderly gentleman in the flaxen wig is no better than he should be. In discussing this colleague's character, however, there is an affectation of candour that is particularly amusing.

"Why, as to Mr. Waghorn, sir, I have nothing to say against Mr. Waghorn; nothing. And I suppose he has nothing to say against me. At least, I should fancy not. But some people have

queer ways of doing things, and do queer things, too, sometimes. They know themselves best what these things are. For my part, I say nothing about them. There's such a thing as underhand dealing in the world, however. I presume it can't be denied."

No. It certainly cannot. Neither can it be denied, we think, that Mr. Wetherley meant to insinuate that his colleague, Mr. Waghorn, was one of those underhand dealers, and therefore, not a man to ride the ford with. He, in fact, hates him; and that is the short and the long of it.

Now, the jest of all this is, that each of these worthy officials say precisely the same thing of each other. Mr. Dickenson speaks of Mr. Wetherley exactly as Mr. Wetherley has spoken of him. Mr. Waghorn, again, does the same thing. So there is no love lost between them. They all cordially hate and detest one another.

THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.

The island of Ceylon is becoming, under the fostering care of British government, an important and valuable portion of our Eastern possessions. We have emancipated the natives from the degrading servitude of their chiefs, by which they had been ground to the earth; we have opened up roads through a country hitherto almost impassable; given to the people the benefits of an improved administration of justice; organised a police; established a savings' bank, which is resorted to with confidence; encouraged the internal improvement of the island; and otherwise helped, by an enlightened policy, to develop its physical resources, and promote the moral well-being of the inhabitants. If British rule had been always as beneficially exercised as it has been in Ceylon, the extension of our dominion in the East would be a blessing to humanity.

Major Forbes, of the 78th Highlanders, has just issued, in a couple of volumes, the knowledge acquired during "eleven years in Ceylon." The title of the book is given below*. We shall select from it some passages for the instruction and amusement of our readers, such as may serve to give them some idea both of the Major's book and of its subject.

"The beautiful scenery of Ceylon," says Major Forbes, "its mild climate, rich vegetation, and some of its valuable natural productions, have already been made known to the British public. The immense consequence of this island, from its position, and the harbour of Trinkomalee, could never have been overlooked; so long as the British crown holds sway in India, or British merchants shall trade to the East, its importance can hardly be overrated: now, however, not only are the resources of this country, its most remote valleys and elevated plains, better known to Europeans; but the history of its inhabitants and of the island, its former state and late improvement, equally excite curiosity and demand attention. From the native chronicles we find that the ancestors of a people whom Britons long regarded as savages, and for some time treated as slaves, existed as a numerous and comparatively civilised nation, at a period antecedent to the discovery of Great Britain and its semi-barbarous inhabitants.

"The ancient and continued annals of the Cingalese race have been preserved for upwards of twenty-three centuries, and describe the erection or formation of all those extensive works—cities, tanks, temples,—whose ruins and numerous inscriptions remain to verify the historical records. For a great proportion of that long period the natives of Ceylon will be found to have remained stationary, or to have retrograded in arts, perhaps in intelligence; whilst Britons, advancing in civilisation with extraordinary rapidity, benefiting by experience, and improving in policy, have voluntarily abandoned their arbitrary rule in the island, for a mild, free, but still efficient government. From this circumstance Ceylon is already advancing beyond that barrier of mediocrity which in Asia seems to have arrested mind and manners at a particular point of civilisation.

"Institutions suddenly yet not rashly reformed; direct taxes on cultivated land first moderated, then carefully arranged, fairly levied, and finally redeemed; a whole people passing in an instant from a state worse than slavery to all the blessings of freedom, with perfect safety to the government, and incalculable benefit to the subject; a rapid improvement in the face of the country; a most beneficial change in the native character; generally diminished taxation; rapidly increasing revenue; a prosperous and happy people, and it is not too much to say an improved climate, —are the effects of the later years of British authority in Ceylon.

"Additional interest is given to the changes so happily introduced into this island, by its contiguity to the vast possessions of Great Britain in India; for although the same legislation that has proved so successful in Ceylon might be inapplicable to the neighbouring continent, yet the relative prosperity of their inhabitants cannot fail to provoke comparison, as it certainly invites inquiry.

"Another subject of very great interest is, the general introduction and rapid diffusion of the English language: this paves the way for Christianity, which it requires but little foresight to predict must gradually, perhaps rapidly, extend itself over the great majority of the natives of Ceylon."

Ceylon is in length 275 miles, with an average breadth of 100, and a superficial area of 25,000 square miles.

"Although the island is situated between six and ten degrees of north latitude, and between eighty and eighty-two degrees of east longitude, it enjoys a much more temperature climate than countries whose geographical position would be considered more favourable. From its size, the sea-breezes range across it; and the great elevation of the mountains not only insures a certain degree of cold, but attracts so many clouds and so much moisture as to insure the evergreen of its forests, and unceasing cultivation of the fields, over one half of the country."

Ceylon was known to the Greeks and Romans as a land of gold, precious stones, and spices. "Under the reign of Claudius," says Gibbon, "a freedman, who farmed the customs of the Red Sea, was accidentally driven by the winds upon its coasts; he conversed six months with the natives; and the king of Ceylon, who heard for the first time of the power and justice of Rome, was persuaded to send an embassy to the emperor." In modern times, the Portuguese were the first to attempt to secure the island. They landed in 1505, and for upwards of a century were almost continually at war with the native powers. The Dutch gradually supplanted, and finally expelled them in 1658. But the Dutch, though they remained a long time in Ceylon, and defeated an attempt of the French to supplant them, never obtained any permanent footing in the island; and were, in their turn, dispossessed by the British.

"In 1796, a British armament from the south of India, under the command of Colonel Stewart, took possession of all the towns and territory held by the Dutch in Ceylon, comprising the whole sea-coast, and a belt of unequal breadth all round the island: it is this territory which is usually denominated the Maritime Provinces. However able the arrangements or efficient the force, the warlike operations were not of a nature to excite interest or require detail; even Colombo, strongly fortified and fairly garrisoned, made no resistance.

"Ceylon remained for two years under the government of Madras, and during that short period some disturbances occurred, and considerable dissatisfaction was created by the employment of natives from the continent of India, in collecting the revenue and other duties, which, under the Portuguese and Dutch, had always been efficiently performed by the Cingalese headmen.

"In 1798, Ceylon was taken from under the authority of the East India Company; and the Honourable Frederick North arrived as governor."

For years our footing in Ceylon was precarious, and it cost the lives of hundreds of our troops, and thousands of the natives, in the contests which ensued. In 1815, Sir Robert Brownrigg, the governor, took the king of Kandy prisoner, dethroned him, or at least procured the native chiefs to do so, and to cause the Kandians to transfer their allegiance to the British government. But in 1817 the native chiefs broke out in insurrection, which for nearly a year proved extremely harassing.

"A protracted warfare of small military posts established throughout the country, and detached parties in continual motion, pursuing an armed population in a mountainous and wooded country, was naturally productive of considerable loss to the

* Eleven Years in Ceylon. Comprising Sketches of the Field Sports and Natural History of that Colony, and an Account of its History and Antiquities. By Major Forbes, 78th Highlanders. In two volumes, 8vo. Bentley, London. 1840.

British force; for, although few fell by the weapons of the Kandians, exposure and privations proved fatal to many. Driven from their villages, their cocoa-nut trees cut down, their property and crops destroyed, and unable to till their land, the natives suffered severely from sickness and famine, besides those who fell by the fire of the British troops, or suffered execution for their treasonable actions. Dr. Davy, who had the best opportunities of ascertaining the loss of life occasioned by this rebellion, estimates that of the British at one thousand; and I believe he certainly is not over the amount, when he says that ten thousand natives were cut off by war or its consequences at this period.

"After the rebellion had continued for nine months, no favourable impression had been made by the great exertions of our troops, who were nearly exhausted by incessant fatigue and extreme privations in a tropical climate; it is even understood that arrangements were in contemplation for withdrawing the British force from the interior, when a sudden change occurred. This was principally caused by disunion amongst the leaders of the rebels, who were incapable of continued perseverance in any one object, or of sacrificing their petty jealousies and personal disputes, even to forward a cause in which they had perilled their lives and hereditary properties; things almost equally dear to a Kandian chief."

The insurrection was at last put down; and "on the termination of hostilities and return to order, an entire change in the management of the Kandian provinces was accomplished. The paramount influence of the chiefs in the different districts was destroyed, by placing civilians, or British officers, in authority over them, to collect the revenue and administer justice; while all the inferior headmen, instead of being appointed annually by the chief, received their situations direct from government. This arrangement not only gave increased security to the government, but enabled the poor native suitor to obtain that justice which he had little chance of receiving under the former system, where money or influence might alike bias the judge or direct the evidence.

"We could not blame the chiefs if they had attempted to re-establish a native dynasty, which was hallowed in their eyes by its antiquity, and by conformity to the established religion; but to call their exertions in this rebellion patriotism would be to dignify it with a name of which their motives were unworthy. Self-interest, and to restore their own power over the mass of the people, whom they had so long oppressed, was their principal aim and final object: the restoration of a native monarchy was a secondary consideration, but a necessary step; the means by which they endeavoured to accomplish their purpose were often cruel, and generally treacherous."

"After the departure of Sir Robert Brownrigg, Sir Edward Barnes, who succeeded to the government, planned and superintended with unceasing vigilance the opening up of the Kandian provinces, by the formation of extensive carriage-roads, and building substantial bridges. Under him, the country derived all the benefit that could be produced by unrecompensed compulsory labour, which was exacted according to the customs of that despotism, to the powers of which the British government had succeeded. The untiring vigilance and personal activity which Sir Edward Barnes exerted in superintending public works alone caused so vicious a system to be of public benefit; under any man of less energy, unrecompensed compulsory labour would have been an unmitigated curse, enforcing caste, depopulating the country, and producing no adequate results. Each subdivision of class or caste was called out for service by its own headman, who, as he received no pay, depended for the amount of his perquisites and peculations on the number under him: it was therefore—a motive paramount to all others in natives—self-interest which insured the headman retaining all the members of his department in their original vocation and due subjection. Not only did this system maintain caste with the utmost strictness, but it retained and supported in full power over the people those headmen whose interests could never be otherwise than opposed to a regular government.

"It must also be considered that, without injustice to individuals, regularity of system, backed by power to enforce all legal rights, enabled the British government to exact much more, both of labour and revenue, than any native despot would have ventured to demand.

"In 1831, Sir Robert Wilmot Horton arrived as governor; and next year, in consequence of the report of his Majesty's commissioners of inquiry, the Magna Charta of Ceylon, the order of the king in council, abolishing all compulsory service, reached the island, and the native inhabitants passed in a day from a state more bitter than slavery to the most perfect freedom. In their former oppressed state, it is true that justice was impartially administered to the rich and to the poor, in so far as the facts of the case could be ascertained; yet the rich man was disgusted by impartial conduct in the judges, while the poor suitors did not benefit by it; for the rich litigant could bribe the influential native in office, and he could command the oaths of those who, placed and secured under his control, were not only liable to be overworked by his orders, but were even subject to punishment by his caprice.

"A charter soon followed the abolition of forced labour, and the people, having already obtained freedom, now found easy access to substantial and speedy justice, whilst every situation was thrown open to their competition; and the acquirements and character of the individual, not the colour of his skin, became the only tests of fitness for every office. Three gentlemen, natives of Ceylon, were introduced into the legislative council on terms of perfect equality with the other unofficial members, although it required some firmness on the part of government to carry into effect this liberal provision of the supreme government."

Amongst the inhabitants of Ceylon, the Veddahs are remarkable.

"The Veddahs are an uncivilised race, thinly scattered over an extensive, unhealthy tract of country, lying between the maritime province of Batticaloe on the eastern coast and the Kandian hills. They are the descendants of Yakkas, the aboriginal inhabitants, who were in possession of the eastern part of Ceylon when Vigeya and his followers landed B.C. 513; and having then escaped from the fury of these invaders into the depths of the forest of Bintenne and Veddaratta, have there preserved the purity of their race and the superstitions of their ancestors. All Veddahs are considered to be of the Goyawanzae (the highest caste now existing in Ceylon); and such of them as I have seen do not in any respect differ from what other natives would become, if compelled to use the same exertions, to endure the same privations, and like them to live as wanderers in a forest-wilderness. The village Veddahs have permanent places of residence, cultivate small portions of land, and communicate, although they do not mix, with the other natives of the island. The forest Veddahs subsist by hunting, or on such fruit as the earth yields spontaneously; and they obtain arrow blades, the only article of manufacture which they covet, through the intervention of their own headmen and their brethren of the villages. Their headmen—Kandians of the neighbouring districts,—in talking to Europeans, generally exaggerated the wild nature of the Veddahs: and never endeavoured to amend the habits, extend the comforts, or improve the appearance of these poor people. This is easily accounted for; the less civilised the Veddahs were, and the less they were known, the more easy it was for those in authority over them to impose on their credulity, and thus obtain for a trifle ivory and dried deer-flesh, the produce of their bows. This race has, perhaps, the scantiest measure of covering of any people who know the use of cloth, and pretend to wear it; their whole dress consisting of a small piece of cotton cloth depending in front from a string tied round the loins. The Veddahs 'have a curious way by themselves of preserving flesh: they cut a hollow tree, and put honey in it, and then fill it with flesh, and stop it up with clay, which lies for a reserve to eat in time of want.'

"The Veddahs may more properly be termed rude than savage, being as free from ferocity as from any trace of civilisation. Their present state is an inheritance from their ancestors, who, driven by oppression and treachery into solitudes, had to suffer hardships, under which they retrograded to the condition in which we now find them, and in which they have continued for more than twenty centuries. I cannot in any other manner account for the extraordinary fact of a people declining into the lowest state of mental debasement, accompanied by the endurance of bodily hardship, and thus continuing for so many ages, although acknowledged to be equal in rank with the best of a comparatively civilised nation, in the midst of whom they lived, and with whom they possessed a common language. The cruel and perfidious conduct of the Singha race of conquerors naturally inspired the Yakkas with feelings of terror and distrust, which in after times were maintained in their descendants by continued acts of violence of the Cingalese towards the Veddahs.

"The different families of the forest Veddahs are said to preserve boundaries in the woods, and only within their respective limits to kill the game which is their principal food. Without any regular religion, the Veddahs—like every other untutored race—

feel the force of an invisible and superior Power, which evinces its influence by undefined terrors, and the consequent belief and worship of evil spirits; they also make offerings to the shades of departed ancestors, and to figures temporarily prepared to represent the controlling spirit of some planet which they believe to exercise an influence over their fate.

"During the Kandian dynasty, the Veddahs paid tribute in wax and elephants' tusks, and obeyed headmen from the adjacent districts; afterwards, by the influence of these persons, they were led, in 1817, to join the rebellion raised against the British government. The weapons they use are clubs, and bows with arrows, the blades of which vary in length from four to fifteen inches: it is with these long-bladed arrows and wretched bows that Veddahs kill elephants, not by striking in the foot, as was commonly believed, but by creeping close up to the animal and shooting to the heart. Should the elephant have escaped receiving a mortal wound, the hunters follow his track, and persevere until he falls exhausted, or by a fresh attack; when, in addition to the ivory, they recover their arrows. Activity saves them from danger in this pursuit; and so cautious and stealthy is their pace, that they seldom startle any game which it is their object to approach: from this cause the Cingalese have obtained the belief that no wild animal will fly from a forest Veddah."

"In January, 1834, after a continued residence of nearly six years in the Kandian country, I revisited Colombo, on my way to examine the ruins of Mágam, and other remains of antiquity in the maritime provinces of the south and south-west parts of the island. On again entering the fort, the first impressions excited by its appearance on my landing from Europe were vividly recalled—particularly the delight I felt on seeing its lines of Suriya trees. Ever green, and always in flower, they produce a cheering effect and pleasing shade, with which I was the more charmed as I had suffered several months of sea-sickness; and the only other tropical country I had seen was that glowing heap of sand and cinders, St. Jago, in the Cape de Verd Islands.

"From long residence amongst the Kandians, and from being accustomed to their complexions, I was led to contrast their uniformity of colour, features, and dress, with the endless variety of hue, countenance, and clothing of the people of the maritime provinces near Colombo. They are seen of every shade, from deadly white to burnished black: those who are of Cingalese blood, free from exotic mixture, have the most pleasing colour; while the slightest mixture of native blood with European can never be eradicated, and in some cases seems to go on darkening in each succeeding generation, until—as in many of the Portuguese descendants—we find European features with jet black complexions. The Dutch descendants, with native blood, are now undergoing the blackening process, although in general they have only reached as far as a dark and dingy yellow. At the same time, it may be doubtful whether the sickly white of long-resident Europeans is not more disagreeable to the eye than any of the various shades of black or brown. To avoid the inroads of white ants, chests, cabinets, every kind of furniture which in cold climates have their station on the floor, are here seen mounted upon stilts; these, being formed of yellow jackwood, occasionally produce a ludicrous resemblance between the inanimate articles and the easily discomposed, thoroughly unsettled, thin-legged, long-bodied, dingy-coloured, climate-worn European.

"The harbour of Colombo is only capable of receiving very small vessels; and the road where the large ships cast anchor, at upwards of a mile from the shore, is exposed to the south-west monsoon. The fort of Colombo was commenced in 1518 by the Portuguese; but its present extent and strength have been gradually accomplished by them and their successors the Dutch, whose predilection for fortifications causes the principal towns on the sea-coast of Ceylon to be uncomfortable places of residence, from their being surrounded with walls that exclude the sea-breeze. While carrying on some repairs near the Battenburgh bastion, the labourers discovered a large stone, on which was an inscription, signifying that beneath it were deposited the mortal remains of Juaz Monteiro, of Setwelo, the first confirmed vicar and primate of Ceylon, who died A.D. 1536.

"Those persons, particularly Europeans of temperate habits, who reside in the maritime provinces of the south-west of the island, the towns of Colombo and Galle inclusive, are probably less liable to sickness than in any other part of the world; but it has too high a temperature and too moist a climate for longevity; and I believe there are more instances of extreme old age to be found in the vicissitudes of the Kandian climate than in the monotonous languor of the maritime provinces.

"The cinnamon gardens near Colombo are merely plantations of that valuable shrub, extending over several thousand acres of sandy soil, resting in some places on black moss. Although the roads by which these plantations are intersected afford pleasant and retired drives, from which in some places there are distant views of Adam's Peak and the Kandian mountains, yet the grounds have no great pretensions to beauty; and neither from the manner in which they are laid out, nor the condition in which they are kept, is the appellation of gardens applicable to these plantations. Their general appearance is that of a copse, with laurel leaves and stems about the thickness of hazel; occasionally a plant may be seen, which, having been allowed to grow for seed, has attained a height of forty or fifty feet, with a trunk of eighteen inches in diameter. There are also jambu, cashew-nut, bread-fruit, and other trees interspersed; and these, with the cocoa-nut trees that rise beyond the limits, in some measure relieve the sameness of an extended copse-wood."

"From Colombo I returned to Kandy by the mail-coach, and remarked the immense improvement that had taken place in the face of the country near the great road which was opened under the government of Sir Edward Barnes. When I first visited Kandy, in 1828, this line was unfinished; and the numerous obstacles which had been overcome, or were in progress of removal, could not be overlooked: the rock which had been blasted, the embankments that had been raised, were then bare; and the forests through which we passed showed how much of energy and perseverance was required to trace the road which was then forming. Now these obstacles would hardly be credited by any one who had not previously seen the country; for the shattered rocks and huge embankments were overgrown with vegetation, and the dense forest had almost disappeared from the vicinity of the road."

"The religion of Ceylon is properly that of Gautama Buddha; but his moral system is there found to be conjoined with the ancient superstitions of the aboriginal inhabitants, who never entirely abandoned the adoration of gods, demi-gods, devils, ancestors, and planets. Although demon-worship is repugnant to the doctrine of Buddha, yet its unhallowed rites were always maintained either openly or in secret: it is probably in consequence of the decline of Buddhism that the devils' priests have become more audacious, and that of late their ceremonies have increased in favour with the Kandian people."

Here we conclude at present, but shall return to Major Forbes' book again, and make some selections from his adventures with elephants, and other "large" deer, which may prove more interesting to some of our readers than what we have given.

EARLY AND IMPROVIDENT MARRIAGES.

It is not improbable that Swift's objection to early and improvident marriages originated in the consciousness that his dependent and miserable childhood was the fruit of such an alliance; his habits of strict economy, too, may have contributed to strengthen his resolution. It is recorded of him that in after-life he once inculcated this precept in a manner worthy of remark. We transcribe the anecdote as we find it—"A young clergyman, the son of a bishop in Ireland, having married without the knowledge of his friends, it gave umbrage to his family, and his father refused to see him. The dean, being in company with him some time after, said he would tell him a story: 'When I was a schoolboy at Kilkenny, and in the lower form, I longed very much to have a horse of my own to ride on. One day I saw a poor man leading a very mangy lean horse out of the town, to kill him for the skin. I asked the man if he would sell him, which he readily consented to, upon my offering him somewhat more than the price of the hide, which was all the money I had in the world. I immediately got on him, to the great envy of some of my school-fellows, and to the ridicule of others, and rode him about the town. The horse soon tired and laid down. As I had no stable to put him into, nor any money to pay for his sustenance, I began to find out what a foolish bargain I had made, and cried heartily at the loss of my cash; but the horse dying soon after upon the spot gave me some relief.' To this the young clergyman answered, 'Sir, your story is very good, and applicable to my case; I own I deserve such a rebuke:' and then burst into a flood of tears. The dean made no reply, but went the next day to the lord lieutenant, and prevailed on him to give the young gentleman a small living then vacant, for his immediate support; and not long after brought about a reconciliation between the father and him."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

NO. I.—ARE THE INDIANS CAPABLE OF CIVILISATION?

IT is received almost as an axiom, by far too many of those who enjoy the blessings of civilisation, that the red man cannot exist with the white man—that it is useless to seek to alter his wild condition, for attempts at civilisation only serve to degrade instead of elevating his character. Therefore it is argued the Indians must of necessity be driven beyond the pale of civilisation; for it is impossible to permit a wild country to be surrounded with cultivated settlements, and stand as it were an impediment to the convenience and improvement of all its neighbours. Assuming the fact that the Indians are incapable of civilisation, both the American and English governments have, whenever it has become necessary to assign new locations within their own boundary to Indians, clogged the lands with a condition that the proprietors should not dispose of any portion of it (except among themselves, and this has not always been permitted), without the sanction of the government. In other cases the right of pre-emption is claimed, and (by the Americans) very frequently inforced; the reason assigned for this line of conduct is, that it would be dangerous for a savage race of hunters to be confined within too small a space, which would probably be the case if they were permitted to dispose of their lands, and, accordingly, their masters take very good care they shall not. This effectually deprives the Indians of any incentive to change their mode of life, and as settlers press on their confines, it becomes necessary for the security and prosperity of the whites, to push the Indians further "west;" constant collisions are taking place between the contending parties, and the Indians perish by detail. There is enough in the history of their misfortunes, to make those who have intercourse with the whites feel themselves degraded, without the aid of whiskey, which, however, is actively employed to sink them lower still. Nor is an appeal to arms at all uncommon when the savages are restive, and unreasonably reluctant to leave their native homes. At the moment we write the United States are at war with the tribe of Seminoles. The republican general refused to march unless he was allowed to employ bloodhounds to hunt them down; and a supply of these ferocious beasts had just arrived at the date of the last American despatches.

The same course is pursued against the Indians in South America. When Mr. Darwin, the accomplished naturalist who accompanied Capt. Fitzroy in the Beagle, was in Buenos Ayres in August 1833, some Indians, who had been taken prisoners, gave information of a tribe living north of the Colorado. Two hundred soldiers were sent. The Indians, men, women, and children, were about one hundred and ten in number, and they were nearly all taken or killed, for the soldiers sabre every man. All the women above twenty are massacred in cold blood, and the children are sold or given away as servants. "These Indians," says Mr. Darwin, "came from Salta, a distance in a straight line of nearly a thousand miles. This gives one a grand idea of the immense territory over which the Indians roam. Yet, great as it is, I think there will not, in another half century, be a wild Indian northward of the Rio Negro. The warfare is too bloody to last; the Christians killing every Indian, and the Indians doing the same by the Christians. It is melancholy to trace how the Indians have given way before the Spanish invaders. Scherdel* says, that in 1535, when Buenos Ayres was founded, there were villages containing two and three thousand inhabitants. Even in Falkner's time (1750) the Indians made inroads as far as Lucan, Arecoo, and Arrecife; but now they are driven beyond the Salado. Not only have whole tribes been totally exterminated, but the remaining Indians have become more barbarous: instead of living in large villages, and being employed in the arts of fishing, as well as of the chase, they now wander about the open plains, without home or fixed occupation."

They fare better in Canada; they are not so much in the way, but they are kept as it were in a state of pupilage, and the operation of the system we have described causes them to continue a burden to the government, by whom a considerable sum is annually devoted to presents and pensions to Indians, who, under a different system, might have enriched instead of impoverishing the state. It may be objected, that no other system could be adopted, and that whites and Indians could not be mixed up together on the same lands, unless the latter submitted themselves entirely to the laws and government of England. There is but little force in the objection; for, were the Indians encouraged to become an agricultural people, they would, we believe, be eager to *seek* the protection of the laws.

It is melancholy to consider, that the war which gave independence to the United States was one of the chief causes of the ruin of the Indian tribes. Previous to that period, many of them had cultivated their lands to a great extent, and had thus laid a foundation for their ultimate civilisation. To show the extent to which they had carried their improvements, we will describe the condition in which the Americans, on different occasions, found the Indian lands and villages they went to ravage. Alas! how different were they when the spoiler left them! In 1779, it was determined by the Americans to make a serious attack upon the Indians. An expedition was accordingly despatched, under General Sullivan, against the Senecas and Cayugas, members of the "Six Nations," who were particularly distinguished among all their brethren for advancement in the social relations of life. After a well-fought battle, which took place at Newtown, now Elmira, near the Chemung river, the Indians were obliged to make a precipitate retreat, and the enemy marched forward to the work of destruction. "I apprehend," says Mr. Stone, in his Life of Brant, a book we have before had occasion to notice *, "that but few of the present generation are thoroughly aware of the advances which the Indians, in the wide and beautiful country of the Cayugas and Senecas, had made in the march of civilisation. They had several towns, and many large villages, laid out with a considerable degree of regularity. They had framed houses, some of them well finished, having chimneys, and painted; they had broad and productive fields; and, in addition to abundance of apples, were in the enjoyment of the pear, and the still more delicious peach †. But after the battle of Newtown, terror led the van of the invader, whose approach was heralded by watchmen stationed upon every height, and desolation followed weeping in his train. The Indians everywhere fled as Sullivan advanced, and the whole country was swept as with the besom of destruction." After destroying "a small settlement of eight houses,"—"the more considerable town of Kendaia, containing about twenty houses, neatly built, and well finished,"—"the Seneca capital, Kanadaseagea, containing about sixty houses, with gardens and numerous orchards of apple and peach-trees,"—"Kanandaigua," where they "found twenty-three very elegant houses, mostly framed, and in general large ‡," and several smaller places; and every corn-field and fruit-tree in the country,—they moved forward towards the towns upon the Genesee. The Indians made an ineffectual attempt to stop them on their march, but were forced again to retire, and the work of destruction went on. "The valley of the Genesee," says Mr.

* Purchas's Collection of Voyages.

* In No. 63, "Adventures of Joseph Sammons."
† The fruit-trees were all destroyed by special orders.
‡ General Sullivan's official account.

Stone, "for its beauty and fertility, was beheld by the army of Sullivan with astonishment and delight. Though an Indian country, and peopled only by the wild men of the woods, its rich intervals presented the appearance of long cultivation, and were then smiling on their harvests of ripening corn. Indeed, the Indians themselves professed not to know when or by whom the lands upon that stream were first brought into cultivation. Nearly half a century before, Mary Jemison (a white woman who had been taken captive, in 1755, by the Indians, and was bred up and married amongst them) had observed a quantity of human bones washed down from one of the banks of the river, which the Indians held were not the remains of their own people *, but of a different race of men who had once possessed that country. The Indians, they contended, had never buried their dead in such a situation. Be all this, however, as it may, instead of a howling wilderness, Sullivan and his troops found the Genesee flats and many other districts of the country resembling much more the orchards and farms and gardens of civilised life. But all was now doomed to speedy devastation. The Genesee castle was destroyed. The troops scoured the whole region round about, and burned and destroyed everything that came in their way. The town was burned to the ground; and large quantities of corn, which the people had laid up in store, were destroyed by being burned or thrown into the river. 'The town of Genesee,' said General Sullivan, in his account of the expedition, 'contained one hundred and twenty-eight houses, mostly large, and very elegant †. It was beautifully situated, almost encircled with a clear flat, extending a number of miles; over which extensive fields of corn were waving, together with every kind of vegetable that could be conceived. But the entire army was immediately engaged in destroying it; and the axe and the torch soon transformed the whole of that beautiful region from the character of a garden to a scene of drear and sickening desolation. Forty Indian towns, the largest containing one hundred and twenty-eight houses, were destroyed. Corn, gathered and ungathered, to the amount of one hundred and sixty thousand bushels, shared the same fate; their fruit-trees were cut down; and the Indians were hunted like wild beasts, till neither house, nor fruit-tree, nor field of corn, nor inhabitant, remained in the whole country.' The gardens were enriched with great quantities of useful vegetables of different kinds. The size of the corn-fields, as well as the high degree of cultivation in which they were kept, excited wonder; and the ears of corn were so remarkably large, that many of them measured twenty-two inches in length. So numerous were the fruit-trees, that in one orchard they cut down fifteen hundred."

One of the blackest transactions that took place during the whole contest was the slaughter of the Moravian Indians settled on the banks of the Muskingum. The Moravians had made many converts, and among others a celebrated Delaware chief, who had formerly been a noted warrior; they had several towns, and cultivated a large extent of country. Their religious principles forbidding them to take up arms, they professed a strict neutrality, and were consequently suspected by both parties, especially as their settlements lay about half-way between the frontier whites and the hostile Indians on the lakes. At length, the British governor forced them to remove to Sandusky, on lake Erie, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles, leaving behind them valuable standing crops, and considerable stores of corn and provision. They passed a wretched winter at Sandusky, being almost famished. In the spring, they obtained permission to return for the purpose of collecting their property, when, the very day they had completed the task and were preparing to return, they were surprised by a party of Americans, who were out in pursuit of some hostile Indians who had been hovering in the neighbourhood. These scoundrels, fearing to make an open attack lest their prey, who were scattered over the fields, should escape them, professed the greatest friendship, and pretended they were sent to convey them to Pittsburgh, where they would receive effectual aid from their brethren at Bethlehem. So speciously did the murderers talk, even going the length of affecting the greatest piety, that their victims were completely deceived. Their arms and instruments of labour were all delivered up to be conveyed with the other baggage—the whole population was gathered together in one house, and when there was no longer any possibility of resistance, these unoffending victims were butchered in cold blood, only two boys (one of whom was scalped, but saved himself by counterfeiting death) escaping. "Ninety Indians," says Mr. Stone, "Christians, and unarmed—unoffending in every respect—were murdered in cold blood. Among them were old men and matrons—young men and maidens, and infants at their mothers' breasts. Sixty-two of the number were grown persons, of whom one-third were women, and the remaining thirty-four were children. Five of the slain were assistant teachers, two of whom had been exemplary members of the pious Brainard's congregation in New Jersey. The convert chief, Isaac Glickhickan, was also among the slain."

Few acts of atrocity can parallel this enormity, yet, as the sufferers were "only Indians," the perpetrators obtained exceeding honour and glory.

Many other settlements of the Indians, distinguished by every appearance of successful industry, were destroyed during the war; but the peace between Britain and the United States brought no peace to them.

After the conclusion of the war of Independence, a dispute arose between the United States and the Indians respecting the claim of the former to territory beyond the Ohio. This the States at first attempted to enforce by arms, but after encountering a signal defeat in the Miami country, which they had invaded with the view of destroying the villages, they had recourse to diplomacy. The territory in dispute at this time* had confessedly never been sold to the British, and although many settlers had "squatted" upon it, and had received titles from the States, they were not yet justified in laying claim to it under their treaty with Great Britain as a British possession. They seemed well aware of this when, at a grand council of all the nations concerned in the question, they remarked the impracticability of breaking up the settlements on the disputed territory, and offered a large sum of money for a confirmation of their claim. The answer of the Indians was singularly shrewd; part of it ran thus. "BROTHERS—Money to us is of no value, and to most of us unknown; and as no consideration whatever can induce us to sell our lands, on which we get sustenance for our women and children, we hope we may be allowed to point out a mode by which your settlers may be easily removed, and a peace thereby obtained.—BROTHERS—We know that these settlers are poor, or they never would have ventured to live in a country which has been in continual trouble ever since they crossed the Ohio. Divide, therefore, this large sum of money which you have offered to us among these people; give to each also a proportion of what you say you would give us annually, over and above this large sum of money; and we are persuaded they would most readily accept of it in lieu of the lands you sold to them. If you add also the great sums you must expend in raising and paying armies with a view to force us to yield you our country, you will certainly have more than sufficient for the purposes of repaying these settlers for all their labour and improvements." And then they proceed in a strain of noble indignation. "BROTHERS—You have talked to us about concessions. It appears strange that you expect any from us, who have only been defending our just rights against your invasions. We want peace. Restore to us our country, and we shall be enemies no longer. BROTHERS—You make one concession to us by offering to us your money, and another by having agreed to do us justice, after having long and injuriously withheld it; we mean, in the acknowledgment you have now made that the king of England never did, nor ever had a right to give you our country by the treaty of peace. And you want to make this act of common justice a great part of your concession,

* We shall have occasion to refer to this curious fact when we come to consider the various accounts of the peopling of America.

† It is not easy to understand what meaning General Sullivan attached to the word elegant, which seems to have been a favourite of his. At the battle of Newtown he declared the cannonading to be "elegant."

* Its extent is marked on Cary's maps of 1807, as the boundary line of General Waynes' treaty of 1795.

and seem to expect that, because you have at last acknowledged our independence, we should, for such a favour, surrender to you our country."

After various attempts at negotiation, during which the Indians pertinaciously adhered to their determination of admitting no boundary but the Ohio, General Wayne was dispatched into the devoted Miami country, and, after defeating the Indians in a regular action, proceeded to lay everything waste. "The very extensive and highly cultivated fields and gardens showed the work of many hands. The margins of those beautiful rivers, the Miamis of the lakes, and the Au Glaise," wrote General Wayne, "appeared like one continued village for many miles; nor have I ever before beheld such immense fields of corn in any part of America, from Canada to Florida." All were laid waste for twenty miles on each side of the river, and forts erected to prevent the return of the Indians. This event ended the Indian war. A satisfactory treaty was negotiated between the United States and the British Court, and the latter had no longer any motive to give the covert support they had hitherto afforded the Indians in their contest. The consequence was, that a peace was concluded with the Indians, by which the Americans gained a vast accession of territory.

If we wanted further proof of the extent to which the Indians are—perhaps we should now say, have been—inclined to carry civilisation among themselves, we have only to recall the condition of Mexico at the period of the Spanish invasion. Inhabited by a race without doubt closely allied to the North American Indians of the present day, it possessed a regular government, laws, and even more, a literature. "What an immense treasure," remarked the celebrated historian Niebuhr, "for the history of civilisation, has been lost for ever by the order of the first bishop in Mexico, to burn the whole native literature! Perhaps a greater one than by Omar's conflagration. No greater loss has ever happened."

These instances are sufficient to prove that the Indians are perfectly capable of civilisation, and we cannot help believing that even yet they may, by proper means, be brought within the pale of society. But the great barrier which, ever since the arrival of the pale faces, has checked the progress of their red brethren, has been the reluctance of the former to acknowledge the relationship. Very pious well-meaning men have entertained the opinion that all "savages" are of a distinct and inferior race to whites, and that it would be absurd to treat them as upon an equal footing. Thus they have been used as tools, or tutored as children, but never trusted and confided in as men and equals. This opinion has of course been carried to excess by many; and even at the present day the life of an Indian is rated as little better than that of a dog. After the close of the War of Independence, and that with the Indians, the celebrated Indian leader Captain Brant*, who had taken an active part in both, paid a friendly visit to New York, where he was known and respected by many of the most distinguished citizens. He had received information that a German named Dygert, who had lost several relations in a battle in which Brant had been engaged, had sworn to take his life, and had followed him to New York. "Brant's lodgings were in Broadway, where he was visited, among others, by Col. Willet and Col. Morgan Lewis, both of whom he had met in the field of battle in years gone by. While in conversation with these gentlemen, he mentioned the circumstance of Dygert's pursuit, and expressed some apprehensions at the result, should he be attacked unawares. Before his remarks were concluded, glancing his quick eye to the window, he exclaimed, 'There is Dygert now!' True enough; the fellow was then standing in the street, watching the motions of his intended victim. Col. Willet immediately descended into the street, and entered into a conversation with Dygert, charging his real business upon him, which he did not deny. 'Do you know,' asked Willet, 'that if you kill that savage you will be hanged?' 'Who,' replied the astonished German, 'will hang me for killing an Indian?'" When, however, it was made clear to him that such would really be the case, he thought it best to forego his purpose. Mr. Stone relates several other similar anecdotes.

The same feeling unfortunately exists with us in regard to the unhappy people of Africa, and the consequence is, that the Caffres, an untutored race certainly, but a people possessed of many very noble and excellent qualities, are, instead of being taken by the hand as friends, and encouraged to participate in the advantages of a settled government (not as pupils, children, or dependants, but as equals), being driven to destruction at the point of the bayonet.

The feelings of the whites towards the Indians have probably been rendered more bitter, and their fears more highly excited, in consequence of the system of blood revenge common to all warlike and uncivilised nations being in full force with them. Yet on many occasions ingenious devices are practised to mitigate its ferocity. It is common for the victim to be saved by adoption into the family who has sustained the loss, fulfilling in his person the duties of the slain.* Instances have occurred where the devoted has been carried off from the stake; and such actions being looked upon as of divine inspiration, pursuit is never attempted. We cannot help transcribing a most singular anecdote relating to this subject, given by Mr. Stone. Mr. Dean, a white man, well known as an Indian missionary and interpreter, was residing with the Oneidas, who had adopted him into their tribe, and granted him a tract of land, when it happened that an Indian was murdered by some unknown white man, who escaped. Thereupon, the chiefs held council, and, after much deliberation, came to the determination that Dean should be sacrificed to atone for the murder. One night eighteen of the chiefs came down to his house, and awoke him with the death-whoop. Dean, who had been forwarned of their consultations, and would have fled before, but for the difficulty of conveying his wife and children, rose, and bidding them remain quiet in the inner room, went out to meet the Indians. The senior chief informed him that they had come to take his life, as a sacrifice for the murder of their brother. Dean rejoined, and pleaded his adoption. The whole party debated the matter with great gravity, and for a long period. "At length," says Mr. Stone, "he had nearly abandoned himself to the doom they had resolved upon, when he heard the pattering of a footstep without the door. All eyes were fixed upon the door. It opened, and a squaw entered. She was the wife of the senior chief; and at the time of Mr. Dean's adoption into the tribe in his boyhood, she had taken him as her son. The entrance of a woman into a solemn council was, by Indian etiquette, at war with all propriety. She, however, took her place near the door, and all looked on in silence. A moment after, another footstep was heard, and another Indian woman entered the council. This was a sister of the former, and she, too, was the wife of a chief then present. Another pause ensued, and a third entered. Each of the three stood wrapped closely in her blanket, but said nothing. At length the presiding chief addressed them, telling them to begone, and leave the chiefs to go on with their business. The wife replied, that the council must change their determination, and let the good white man—their friend—her own adopted son—alone. The command to begone was repeated; when each of the Indian women threw off her blanket, and showed a knife in her extended hand, and declared that if one hair of the white man's head was touched, they would bury their knives in their own hearts. The strangeness of the whole scene overwhelmed with amazement each member of the council, and regarding the unheard-of resolution of the women to interfere in the matter as a sort of manifestation of the will of the Great Spirit that the white man's life should not be taken, their previous decree was reversed on the spot, and the life of their intended victim preserved."

While we cannot doubt that white men are destined to carry civilisation into the countries at present occupied by the wild inhabitants of the prairie or the forest, yet no reasoning Christian can believe that God created Indians and negroes merely to be persecuted and exterminated by the white men. It follows then, that a wrong course has been pursued in the intercourse between the two, and the root of the evil we believe to exist in the repugnance the white man entertains to admit for a moment that his coloured brother can ever be his equal. He drives him away, instead of pressing him to his bosom. Remove this crying evil. Let the whites banish their disgraceful antipathy to the coloured races; place them in society, and under the protection of the law as equals, not dependants, and they will, in real civilisation, forget blood revenge, and cease to be savages.

This subject is of vast political importance, especially to us in the present state of our colonies. If, for instance, by any such mismanagement as produces war with Indians and Caffres, a war should arise between the Whites and New Zealanders, a conflict within such comparatively narrow limits must be attended with most disastrous results. We do not pretend to enter into any extended argument or detail; such would be unsuited to our columns. We have only attempted to lay down a broad principle, which we believe to be well founded. To carry it into practice may probably be very difficult. But the opposite course is proved to be attended both by difficulty and *crime*.

In an early number we shall return to the subject of the North American Indians, touching upon their peculiarities, supposed origin, customs, &c.

THE GHOST-BOOK.

BY MISS LESLIE.

'What yonder rings—what yonder sings?—
It is the owlet gray."—SCOTT.

One Saturday afternoon, on a cool pleasant day, such as sometimes chances to occur even in an American August, a country boy named Caleb Rowan came to the fence that separated his father's farm from that of Barzillai Brooks, whose two sons were sitting under the magnolias that shaded a running stream, and were hard at work with knives and sticks, making traps for the musk rats that burrowed in the bank.

"Come here, Harman," said Caleb; "come here, Stacey. I've something to show you, such as you never saw before in all your born days."

"As you are but one, and we are two," replied Harman, "I guess it will be quite as easy for you to get over the fence and come to us. But what have you got—a double plum, or some ginger bread of a new pattern?"

"Neither one nor t'other," answered Caleb, jumping over the fence; "but something pretty near as good, I can tell you. Think of my having a *written* book in my pocket! Maybe you don't know that books must always be writ before they're printed."

"Yes we do," exclaimed both the brothers, "we've known that all our lives."

"Possible!" ejaculated Caleb, looking somewhat surprised, "now that must be natural smartness! For my part, when I was a little fellow, I remember supposing that the printers made all the books as they went along,—that is, they thought of a word and printed it down, and then they thought of another word and printed that down, and so on till they got a whole book full. To be sure, there's no doubt that of all men printers must be the sensiblest, seeing how much learning they put out."

"I don't know," said Stacey; "the last time I attended market with father, we put up at the Black Bear, and there was a printing-office right back of the tavern. I looked across at the windows, and saw the men at work, and they seemed to print it off so fast that I can't see how any of the sense could stick by them."

"But about this written book of Caleb's," said Harman, "let me see it in my own hands."

Caleb Rowan then slowly drew from his pocket a manuscript volume in a reddish paste-board cover. Some of its pages were torn out, and those that remained were much disfigured with blots and interlineations. "Where did you get this book?" inquired Harman, turning over the leaves.

"I was rummaging about in the kitchen loft, as I often do," replied Caleb, "among the old boxes, and things that are of no manner of use, only mother thinks it a shame to throw them away."

"I know the place," said Stacey, "I've been there with you in the dark low corner, among the tea-pots without spouts, and the coffee pots without handles, and the split cullenders, and the ragged sieves."

"Well, no matter," pursued Caleb, "I took a notion to scramble among the old papers that were heaped up in the broken churn that Peggy Poundage thumped the bottom out of, one cold day when the butter would not come. So I plunged my hand in among them, as far down as it would go, thinking I might fish up an old almanack that would have some good reading in it, (such as new ways of making huckleberry puddin' or punkin pie,) and there I found this book; and though it's wrote so bad that I could only make out a few words here and there, I had wit enough to see that it's mostly about ghosts, and sperits, and apparations."

"Well, now, to me," said Harman, "the writing is not bad at all—it's a'most as plain as print. So let's go to the old stable, where we can be to ourselves, and I'll read it out loud to you. And there's David Gleason, just getting over the fence. He has come to spend his Saturday afternoon with us—so we'll take him along and let him hear the ghost-book. David's the scariest boy I know, so it will just suit him. I've seen his face turn as white as his hair, when we've been talking of such things."

David Gleason now joined the three other boys, and gladly assented to the proposed pleasure; so towards the old stable they proceeded, and Caleb Rowan said on the way:—"To be sure I never was a good hand at reading books I a'n't used to; 'specially them that's in writing—but I want very bad to hear what's in this'n, and father and mother and cousin Polly mus'n't know nothing about it, or they will take it away, and say it will make me as much afraid to go to bed as David Gleason is."

At this innuendo poor David "looked more in sorrow than in anger."

"I guess I know who writ this book," said Harman. "I'm a judge of writing, and it looks just like the hand of Master Orrin Loomis, that kept school here the year the painter came."

"What painter?" asked David,—"I didn't know there was any in these parts now-a-days. I never saw a wild beast that was bigger than a fox."

"Pho!" said Harman, "don't you know there are two sorts of painters, four-legged and two legged? Them that are wild things with four legs, spell their names *panthers*. Can't you remember the limner man that came out here from town, and went all through the country taking likenesses at two dollars a-head, and found? He could touch off one and a half a week, and grandmother said he must be coining money, considering he was only a painter; and that a stout hand in the harvest field gets no more. But father thought he worked pretty hard for his pay, 'specially when he painted the women, who always put on so many fandangles to go in the picture with; though to be sure he charged more when he took them with anything in their hand—sixpence for a peach, and ninepence for a rose."

"There were some that thought the painter persuaded Orrin Loomis away," said Caleb; "for they seemed to suit mighty well, and got to be great friends, and they went off the very day that the master was paid his last quarter money. Ours was the last house he stayed at. You ha'n't forgot Master Loomis—have you, David?"

"To be sure I ha'n't," replied David, summoning a little confidence; "everybody always talks to me as if I was simple. I an't quite such a fool as to disremember any of my schoolmasters—though Orrin Loomis did not take a very long turn at our house. I'm sure I've heard mother and the neighbour-women talk enough about him—he was not a bit like other people."

"Orrin's the very man that writ this book," said Caleb Rowan. "Haven't I known him write poetry verses, and didn't he sit at the table one evening a doing something he called a cross stitch for cousin Polly, and when it was done it spelt her name all down one side in big letters. David's made a good observation for once—Master Loomis was not a bit like other people."

"No more was the painter man," said Harman; "but still I liked them both; and when they were talking together I used to think I could sit and listen to them all night, and never get sleepy."

"As to Master Loomis," pursued David, emboldened by the praise awarded to his observation, "I've heard the neighbour-women say that wherever he boarded it seemed as if they could not help giving him the best bed room, and using him like a gentleman, and not expecting him to wash at the pump. I heard mother telling Susan Wonderly, that after our best room, that nobody ever sleeps in, was fixed for Master Loomis, she warned him that strange noises had been heard there at night in the dark closet by the head of the bed, and that she couldn't answer for it, that something frightful wouldn't come out of the closet-door. And he laughed, and said he liked the room the better for being haunted, and that he would promise when the ghost came to take it peaceably, and make no noise to disturb the family. But mother made him give his word that if he *did* see anything, he was never to mention it to anybody breathing. And so after that, there was no getting out of him whether he had seen anything or not, for he always said he had given his word not to tell. But there were them that thought he *did* see something, and more than once too."

"Well," replied Harman, "my father seems to think there a'n't no such persons as ghosts, and he won't allow nobody to talk about them; though, to be sure, they are what everybody likes to hear of. For my part, I think I could stand a spirit as well as anything else, (even if I *was* to see one,) for it's not easy to frighten *me* anyway—nor never was."

"Now, Harman," said Stacey, "don't brag too much. You know when we were little fellows, and Dutch Teeny lived with us, and you and I used to slip out to her of evenings, and sit on the steps at the back door, and hear her tell about things that had been seen in Germany—nobody could creep closer or hold faster to her than you did; and often when it was quite dark, and I went

to hide my head under her apron, I found yours there already, and you quite as cold and trembling as I was."

"I don't believe," rejoined David, "that Dutch Teeny could tell you any worse than I and my sisters was told by Black Katy, when she talked to us of the things that kept about her old mistress's plantation in Virginy. Well, Master Loomis never mentioned witches and ghosts to us; but I've heard mother and the neighbour-women say that there was certainly something strange about *him*, for he often seemed as if he were seeking for sperits to appear. When he boarded at our house he used to go off after supper, and rove about in the dark woods where the dead Indians walk; and in moonlight nights he would often stroll to grave-yards all alone by himself, and he has been known even to sit on graves. I dare say that book is full of his own written-down experience of the sperits he has met with."

The four comrades had now reached the ruinous and deserted stable, which was long since superseded by a better one, adjoining to the new barn. The floor of the old stable had been several times cleaned up by the boys, and they had furnished it with slabs by way of seats. It was now the favourite rendezvous of Harman and Stacey Brooks, and their neighbouring companions, for confabulations and other amusements.

Harman having seated himself on one of the slabs, his comrades, with earnest faces, placed themselves near him to listen to the ghost-book, while the shadowy light of the afternoon sun streamed in at a large aperture in the dismantled roof.

"If Master Loomis has put a moral at the fore part," said Stacey, "just pass it over, and get on at once with the story."

"You needn't tell me that," replied Harman; "but the beginning of this book seems to be tore out, for the first leaf has the figure of five on its corner; and if much of the story is missing, it will be pretty hard to make sense of the rest."

"Any how we can but try," observed Caleb Rowan, "half a loaf is better than no bread."

Harman Brooks cleared his throat three times, (his audience sympathetically repeating the ceremony,) and having cleared his vision also by rubbing his hand over his forehead and eyes, he made a commencement of the manuscript, in a slow and sonorous voice, more remarkable for its power than its modulation.

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"It was now the third night of my residence in my new abode. On the two first I had slept soundly till morning, notwithstanding the mysterious closet with the nailed-up door, and the hints of my hostess that I might possibly be disturbed by unaccountable visitants. The third night came, and though I had sat talking in the porch with the family till an unusually late hour for the habits of a farm-house, I felt no inclination to sleep on retiring to my room. After taking off my jacket, I seated myself at the open window, where a soft breeze blew refreshingly upon my forehead, and I looked out upon the moonlight, and meditated on my childhood's home in the green mountains of Vermont, and upon the wayward destiny which had compelled me to begin the world in the humble capacity of a country schoolmaster. The scene from my window reminded me of one I had long been familiar with from the back of my father's house. There was the narrow valley through which a stream ran murmuring over a bed of stones, its mimic cascades glittering in the moonbeams, 'that tipped with silver all the fruit-tree tops' of the old orchard on the hill-side; and beyond rose the dark forest that is always one feature in the scenery of our country. Lost in contemplation of the past and the present, drowsiness insensibly stole upon me—my perceptions became indistinct; and, reclining my head on the broad ledge of the casement, I unconsciously sunk into a slumber.

"I know not how long I slept, but I awoke suddenly; and it seemed to me that something was leaning over my shoulder, with its face close to mine. I started and turned my head. There was nothing near me. 'It must have been the commencement of a dream,' thought I. Feeling that a chill had crept upon me, which I was willing to impute to sleeping in the open window, I concluded to go immediately to bed; but, on casting my eyes towards the closet, I found that the door was partly open, rather more so than what is understood by the term ajar. This much surprised me, and caused me to suppose that it could not have been really nailed up, or that the nails not being driven securely, it had burst open by accident. The moon was now high in heaven, and poured her beams directly in at the window, so that I could see every object distinctly. Determined to examine the contents of the closet, (which was large, deep, and run far under a staircase,) I approached it, and attempted to open the door wider. To my amazement I could not move it, either to shut or to open, farther than I found it. There seemed to be something holding it on the inside; yet, as curiosity overpowered every other feeling, I looked in as far as I could, and saw only a dark void; I put in my hand and felt all about, but nothing met my touch.

"Still, I was more perplexed than terrified; and, but for the fear of alarming the family, I would have gone down stairs to obtain a light, and endeavour to discover who or what was in the closet. Wearied with conjecture, I lay down in the bed, but it was only to think over all I had ever heard of the return of apparitions from the world of spirits. I found it impossible to go to sleep. I could not withdraw my eyes from the closet-door, expecting every moment to see something issue from it; and I watched till the setting of the moon left the room in obscurity. But in a clear American night the darkness is never so intense as to make it impossible, with the assistance of an open window, to have some idea of the position of whatever objects may be in the apartment. While thus I lay awake and musing, something passed before me, and seemed to go into the dark closet. 'Is it possible,' thought I, 'that this being, whatever it may be, has been in the room with me, and about me all night, without my seeing it?'

"The dark hour which precedes the first indications of day-break seemed to linger on immeasurably. I looked towards the window, and I thought the morning would never come. At last I perceived that the stars were fading in the dim gray atmosphere of early dawn. I turned my eyes again towards the closet, and there was light enough for me to see that the door was shut. I rose to examine it, and found it nailed fast."

"It is our house!—it is our closet!—and I will never go to bed again!" exclaimed David Gleason, his utterance hoarse and broken with terror, and his face looking paler every moment.

"David, don't interrupt me," said Harman Brooks, in a somewhat tremulous voice, "there is considerable to read yet, and I want to get through before dark." He then proceeded as follows, first remarking that just in this place a leaf was missing.

"While the family were finishing their breakfast, I took an opportunity (having hurried through mine) to get a claw-hammer, and take it into my room to draw out the nails from the door of the closet, which I then entered. Even in broad daylight it was gloomy, and the low deep recess running under the stairs was quite dark. Having brought with me a lighted candle, I examined the place to its utmost corner, but found nothing; all its tangible contents, even to the shelves and pegs, having evidently been removed before the door was nailed up. But the floor and a part of the wall were certainly splashed with something that looked like blood.

"I blew out the candle, replaced the nails, and went about the business of the day as usual; though, I must confess, my thoughts dwelt much on the preceding night, and on the night that was to come. I resolved on burning a light, and sitting up till morning. For this purpose I placed myself at my table with a book, though in too much perturbation to comprehend much of its contents. Still I read, and pondered, and gazed around during two long hours, and then, on consulting my watch for the twentieth time, I found it was exactly twelve. At that moment my lamp went out, and I hastened to bed by the light of the moon, where sleep soon overcame me, and I slumbered undisturbed till sunrise. To be brief, a week passed on, the door of the dark closet remained fast, and I had no further molestation from my shadowy visiter.

"By cautiously leading to the subject when no others of the family were near, I learned from the worthy farmer who was my present host—"

"He means father," interrupted David Gleason.

"Hush, David," said Harman Brooks—"to be sure he does; it's your house, and no other, that he found ha'nted—that's as clear as preachin'—but where was I? Oh! here's the place—

"I learned from the worthy farmer who was my present host, that there was a tradition of a murder having been committed somewhere in the neighbourhood about fifty or sixty years before he came to live in it; but that as all the people who resided there at that time were either dead or gone off to the new settlements, or had been little children at the eventful period, the story, never a very clear one, was now so involved in obscurity, from the contradictions and discrepancies which had gathered about it, that nobody could exactly tell in which house the murder had taken place, who the sufferer was, or where the body had been interred. No one was willing to acknowledge openly that their house was haunted, and yet it was whispered that at times in several of the neighbouring dwellings, and indeed in the country round, sounds were heard and sights were seen. At all events there seemed to be a general impression that there had been a murder, and that there was a

ghost. With regard to the dark closet, my host informed me that he had found it nailed up when he first came into possession of the house; and that it had been judged best to allow it to remain so, particularly as it could be dispensed with for use, there being another closet beside the fire-place, and facing the window, smaller it is true, but light and cheerful-looking. As no member of the family liked to sleep in this room, it was appropriated to strangers, none of whom had ever made any complaint about it.

"I now felt a presentiment that it was my destiny to unravel the history of this mysterious murder; and my mind became filled with images of death, and with conjectures on the possibility of disembodied spirits continuing to linger about the precincts of the living world. Often, after night, I found a strange pleasure in rambling alone through the dark woods; and once the steps of some unknown being appeared to follow fast at my back; and when at last I turned my head to see what it was, I found it no longer behind me, but close at my side. Its figure was shrouded in something of indistinct form; and of what seemed its face I could distinguish no feature but eyes, such as I dared not look on for an instant. I hurried through the wood-path, the thing still walking beside me. When I gained an opening in the forest, it was no longer there.

"Sometimes the state of strange excitement in which I found myself led me to visit 'the lone churchyard.' Was it imagination, that one night, when the moon was shining down on the graves, and on the few old trees that shaded them, I saw a ghostly figure in the white habiliments of the dead, leaning its elbows on one of the tall tombstones; its pallid face resting on its hands, and looking like marble in the moonlight; and its hollow eyes gazing stedfastly upon me? My first impulse was to run away in horror, but after a few steps I paused and rallied my courage to turn back and approach the apparition. I did so, and as I advanced it seemed to go down into the grave. When I came to the place—there was nothing.

A fortnight passed, and encountering no farther disturbance from the closet in my room, I had ceased to anticipate it, and retired always to my bed, as if certain of sleeping unmolested till morning. At last, one night, after a slumber of several hours, I awoke suddenly with a feeling that there was something in the room. The moon had gone down, and there was no light but that of the stars. Habitually I turned my head towards the haunted closet, and I beheld, with strange distinctness, a face impressed with the awful lineaments of death, looking frightfully out upon me from the half-open door; the rest of the figure being gradually lost in obscurity, except a pale thin hand which was raised as if to beckon me into the gloom. I sat up in my bed, and fixed my eyes upon it. Its gaze was steadfast, thrilling, and unearthly. I felt my blood run cold, and my hair erect itself on my head. Now, indeed, was I terrified. I essayed to speak, but the words died on my lips. I closed my eyes to shut out the appalling vision, and sunk back on my pillow, where I lay and trembled for perhaps an hour. At length I could not refrain from opening my eyes again, for I seemed to feel that it had come out of the closet, and was very near me. There it was, sitting on my bed—close to me—the ghostly inhabitant of the grave—the being of another world—its dead eyes looking earnestly into mine. I could endure no more—I covered my head, and lay shaking with terror I know not how long, and vainly trying to reason myself into a more courageous frame of mind. When I again ventured to raise my head, the spectre was not there; and on looking round I gladly saw from my window the morning star, outshining all the jewels of the eastern firmament, and heralding the welcome approach of day.

The day, when it came, brought with it an additional cause of joy, for it was to be the last in the term of my present residence; in which, however, I had resolved that nothing should induce me to pass another night. Still, as, according to arrangement, I was to remove that evening to take my turn of boarding at the next farm, I persevered in refraining to give my worthy host and his kind family the slightest hint of the apparition that had haunted my apartment. After school I removed to my next quarters, a gay, cheerful, new house, which, as yet, had never been visited by death or suffering."

"That must be our house," said Stacey Brooks, "David Gleason, don't you remember that Master Loomis came straight from your house to ours?"

David Gleason, gradually overcome with horror at the idea of the haunted closet being within the walls of his own dwelling, was now incapable of remembering anything else: and he merely stared at Stacey Brooks, and made no reply.

"I remember, very well," said Caleb Rowan, "that from your house, Stacey, he came to ours; and that was his last; for as soon as his time was out, he went away with the painter-man, leaving a whole hearth-full of old papers in the chimney-place of his room;—and that bit of a book must have been among the rest of the rubbish—but go on, Harman—though I'm a'most afeard to hear the rest."

"There are some more leaves out here," said Harman, "however, I'll go on with what there is:—

"On the premises of my new host were the remains of an old structure which had been used as a stable at the time of the old house, some vestiges of which were yet apparent in its immediate vicinity. All the new buildings had been erected on the other side of the farm; and though it stood near the road-side, and the trees had grown up about it, the ancient stable had a remote and lonely aspect. [The boys looked at each other.] One Saturday afternoon I had retired to this place to enjoy uninterruptedly a new book, and twilight came upon me before I was aware. Desirous of finishing it, I held up the volume, so as to catch the last gleam of light as it came faint and gray through a chasm in the roof. [The boys all looked towards the chasm.] My whole attention was absorbed in the concluding pages of my book; and when I could read no more, I sat with it open in my hand, and pondered on its contents till the gloom of night gathered fast around me. Suddenly I was startled by a strange and unearthly sound that seemed to proceed from a dark corner behind me. I listened—and I heard it again—but it seemed nearer than before. And now I must pause till I gain nerve to relate what followed—for the cold damp is settling on my brow—the pen is trembling in my hand as I write—the horrors of my story are coming on."—

Affrighted at his own reading, the voice of Harman Brooks now became inaudible. The face of poor David Gleason, which had been turning every moment paler, looked blue round the mouth and eyes; and the two other boys gazed at each other with dilated orbs and parted lips. "We had better go home," said Stacey, looking fearfully round, "this is the very place—the very stable."

Just then three knocks were heard at the door, and answered by a start and a cry of terror from all the boys. The latch was heavily lifted, and the cry became a scream as they all sprang backward and huddled together, falling on each other.—"Boys!—boys!—what are you afraid of?" exclaimed the voice of their former schoolmaster, Orrin Loomis.

"It is his sperit!" cried Caleb Rowan, "it is his sperit—he is dead—and he has come for his book!"

Mr. Loomis had some difficulty in convincing his quondam pupils that it was himself in flesh and blood; and great was their joy at seeing him again as a living man. Our limits will only allow us space to inform our readers that on leaving the neighbourhood to seek for a better fortune in one of the large cities, he had been so successful as to obtain a large and profitable school. He continued to prosper, and he had recently been appointed to a professorship in one of the western colleges. He was now on his way thither, and had gone a little out of his road for the purpose of spending a day or two among his old friends in this part of the country. On passing the ancient stable, he was struck with the voice of Harman Brooks reading something which he soon recognised as the rough copy of a tale, in writing which he had amused some of his leisure hours, intending it for one of the periodicals of the day; but accidentally losing the fair copy afterwards, it had never been given to the public. So, tying his horse to a tree, he had come upon the boys as before related. And greatly indeed were they relieved and delighted when he convinced them that the whole narrative of what they called the ghost-book was an entire fiction; nothing concerning the supposed apparitions having ever existed except in his own invention.

All the four boys accompanied Mr. Loomis to the house of Barzillai Brooks, the father of Harman and Stacey, where he was received by the family with great cordiality. He passed the evening there, and took occasion to discourse so sensibly on the absurdity of believing in the return of departed spirits, that every boy felt as if he could never again entertain the slightest apprehension of seeing a ghost. To make all sure with David Gleason, Mr. Loomis kindly volunteered to go home with him, and to sleep quietly that night in his old chamber with the memorable closet. And this feat he accomplished to the satisfaction of the whole household; first drawing out the nails in their presence, then entering its deep recess, and staying there alone more than ten minutes; and lastly setting the door wide open for the night.

He took care, however, before he pursued his journey, to have the ghost-book restored to him.

THE FORLORN HOPE

THE following account of an unsuccessful attempt to storm the strong fort of Bhurtpore, in the East Indies, is extracted from the Memoirs of John Shipp, an extraordinary man who *twice* raised himself from the ranks by good conduct and acts of daring courage. He led the forlorn hope on three several occasions against Bhurtpore, and he thus relates the circumstances attending the first attack:—

"I have heard some men say that they would as soon fight as eat their breakfasts, and others, that they 'dearly loved fighting.' If this were true, what blood-thirsty dogs they must be! But I should be almost illiberal enough to suspect these boasters of not possessing even ordinary courage. I will not, however, go so far as positively to assert this, but will content myself by asking these terrific soldiers to account to me why, some hours previously to storming a fort, or fighting a battle, are men pensive, thoughtful, heavy, restless, weighed down with apparent solicitude and care? Why do men on these occasions more fervently beseech the divine protection and guidance to save them in the approaching conflict? Are not all these feelings the result of reflection, and of man's regard for his dearest care—his life, which no mortal will part with if he can avoid it? There are periods in war which put man's courage to a severe test. If, for instance, as was my case, I knew I was to lead a forlorn hope on the following evening, innumerable ideas will rush in quick succession on the mind, such as, 'for aught my poor and narrow comprehension can tell, I may to-morrow be summoned before my Maker!' 'How have I spent the life he has been pleased to preserve to this period? can I meet that just tribunal?' A man, situated as I have supposed, who did not, even amid the cannon's roar and the din of war, experience anxieties approaching to what I have described, may, by possibility, have the courage of a lion, but he cannot possess the feelings of a man. In action man is quite another being; the softer feelings of the roused heart are absorbed in the vortex of danger and the necessity for self-preservation, and give place to others more adapted to the occasion. In these moments there is an indescribable elation of spirits; the soul rises above its wonted serenity into a kind of frenzied apathy to the scene before you, a heroism bordering on ferocity; the nerves become tight and contracted, the eye full and open, moving quickly in its socket with almost maniac wildness; the head is in constant motion, the nostril extended wide, and the mouth apparently gasping. If an artist could truly delineate the features of a soldier in the battle's heat, and compare them with the lineaments of the same man in the peaceful calm of domestic life, they would be found to be two different portraits;—but a sketch of this kind is not within the power of art, for in action the countenance varies with the battle: as the battle brightens, so does the countenance; and, as it lowers, so the countenance becomes gloomy. I have known some men drink enormous quantities of spirituous liquors when going into action, to drive away little intruding thoughts, and to create false spirits; but these are as short lived as the ephemera that struggles but a moment on the crystal stream—then dies. If a man have not natural courage, he may rest assured that liquor will deaden and destroy the little he may possess.

"I slept soundly, and early in the morning commenced cleaning and new-flinting my musket, and pointing my bayonet, that it might find its way through the thick cotton stuffed coats of our enemies. All Mussulmen soldiers wear these coats during winter. The cotton is about two inches thick, and the coats are worn rather loose, so that you can with difficulty cut through them; and I am persuaded that many of them are ball-proof, and that bayonets and spears are the only weapons against them. In the course of the day I walked down to the batteries, to well ascertain the road I had to take to the breaches. Our batteries continued, with unabated exertions, to knock off the defences, and every thing, from appearances, seemed calculated to insure complete success. My heart was all alive this day, and I wished for the sombre garments of night. This was the 9th day of January, 1805. The greatest secrecy was observed as to the storming party; no general orders were issued, nor was there any stir or bustle till the hour appointed,—nine o'clock. Orders and arrangements were communicated to officers commanding regiments and companies, and in the same private manner conveyed to us. The gun fired as usual at eight o'clock. This was the signal to move out. I kissed and took leave of my favourite pony Apple, and dog Wolf, and I went to my post at the head of the column, with my little band of heroes, twelve volunteers from the different corps of the army. Reader, you may believe me when I assure you, that at this critical juncture, everything else was forgotten in the enthusiasm of the moment, except the contemplation of the honourable post confided to me. 'What!' thought I, 'I, a youth, at the head of an Indian army!' I began to think it presumption, when so many more experienced soldiers filled the ranks behind. I thought that every eye was upon me, and I did not regret the pitchy darkness of the night, which hid my blushing countenance. All was still as the grave, when I distinctly heard somebody call, 'Sergeant Shipp!' This was Lieut.-Colonel Salkeld, adjutant general of the army, who brought with him a gollandauze, who had deserted from the fort, and who, for filthy lucre, was willing to betray his countrymen. This man was handed over to me, he having undertaken to lead me to the breach. If he attempted to deceive me, or to run from me, I had positive orders to shoot him; consequently, I kept a sharp look out on him. We then, in solemn silence, marched down to the trenches, and remained there about half an hour, when we marched to the attack in open columns of sections,—the two flank companies of the 22nd leading, supported by the 75th and 76th European regiments, and other native infantry. I took the precaution of tying a rope round the wrist of my guide, that he might not escape, for firing at him at that moment would have alarmed the fort. Not a word was to be heard, but the cannon's rattling drowned many a deep drawn sigh, from many as brave a heart.

"I was well supported, having my own two companies behind me. Colonel Maitland, of his Majesty's 76th Regiment, commanded this storming party, and brave little Major Archibald Campbell his corps. The former officer came in front to me, and pointed out the road to glory; but observing the Native whom I had in charge, he asked who he was, and on being informed, said,

'We can find the way without him; let him go about his business.' I remonstrated, and repeated to him the instructions I had received; but his answer was, 'I don't care; if you don't obey my orders I will send you to the [illegible].' I did obey, and on we moved to the attack. Immediately behind me were pioneers carrying gabions and fascines to fill up any cavities we might meet with. The enemy did not discover our approach till within fifty paces of the ditch, when a tremendous cannonade and peals of musketry commenced; rockets were flying in all directions; blue lights were hoisted, and the fort seemed convulsed to its very foundation. Its ramparts seemed like some great volcano vomiting tremendous volumes of fiery matter; the roaring of the great guns shook the earth beneath our feet; their small arms seemed like the rolling of ten thousand drums, and their war trumpets rent the air asunder. Men were seen skipping along the lighted ramparts as busy as emmets collecting stores for the dreary days of winter. The scene was awful, grand, and must have been sublimely beautiful to the distant spectator.

'We pushed on at speed, but were soon obliged to halt. A ditch, about twenty yards wide, and four or five deep, branched off from the main trench. This ditch formed a small island, on which were posted a strong party of the enemy, with two guns. Their fire was well directed, and the front of our column suffered severely. The fascines and gabions were thrown in, but they were as a drop of water in the mighty deep. The fire became hotter, and my little band of heroes plunged into the water, followed by our two companies, and part of the 75th Regiment. The middle of the column broke off, and got too far down to the left, but we soon cleared the little island. At this time Colonel Maitland and Major Campbell joined me, with our brave officers of the two companies, and many of the other corps. I proposed following the fugitives, but our duty was to gain the breach, our orders being confined to that object. We did gain it, but imagine our surprise and consternation, when we found a perpendicular curtain going down to the water's edge, and no footing, except on pieces of rocks and stones that had fallen from above. This could not bear more than three men abreast, and if they slipped (which many did), a watery grave awaited them, for the water was extremely deep here. Close on our right was a large bastion, which the enemy had judiciously hung with dead underwood. This was fired, and it threw such a light upon the breach, that it was as clear as noonday. They soon got guns to bear on us, and the first shot (which was grape) shot Colonel Maitland dead, wounded Major Campbell in the hip or leg, me in the right shoulder, and completely cleared the remaining few of my little party. We had at that moment reached the top of the breach, not more (as I before stated) than three abreast, when we found that the enemy had completely repaired that part, by driving in large pieces of wood, stakes, stones, bushes, and pointed bamboos, through the

crevices of which was a mass of spears jobbing diagonally, which seemed to move by mechanism. Such was the footing we had, that it was utterly impossible to approach these formidable weapons; meantime, small spears and darts were hurled at us, and stones, lumps of wood, stink-pots, and bundles of lighted straw, thrown upon us. In the midst of this tumult, I got one of my legs through a hole, so that I could see into the interior of the fort. The people were like a swarm of bees. In a moment I felt something seize my foot. I pulled with all my might, and at last succeeded in disengaging my leg, but leaving my boot behind me. Our establishing ourselves on this breach in sufficient force to dislodge this mass of spearsmen was physically impossible. Our poor fellows were mowed down like corn-fields, without the slightest hope of success. The rear of the column suffered much as they were within range of the enemy's shot. A retreat was ordered, and we were again obliged to take to the water, and many a poor wounded soldier lost his life in this attempt. Not one of our officers escaped without being wounded, and Lieutenant Cresswell was almost cut to pieces. He, I believe, still lives in England, and, should this little history fall into his hands, he will read these events with as much regret as the narrator writes them. We, as may be supposed, returned almost broken hearted at this our first failure in India. Our loss was a melancholy one, and the conviction that the poor wounded fellows we were compelled to leave behind would be barbarously massacred, incited our brave boys to beg a second attempt. This was denied; had it been granted, it must infallibly have proved abortive, for there was literally, *no breach*. The disastrous issue of our attack caused the enemy to exult exceedingly, and the shouting and roaring that followed our retreat were daggers in the souls of our wounded and disappointed soldiers, who were with difficulty restrained from again rushing to the breach. I found that I had received a spear wound in the right finger, and several little scratches from the combustibles they fired at us. Pieces of copper coin, as well as of iron, stone, and glass, were extracted from the wounds of those who were fortunate enough to escape. We were in the course of the night relieved, and went to our lines to brood over our misfortunes.'

THE EIDER DUCK

The principal spots in Faxefiord (in Iceland) on which they breed are Vidoe and Engoe, two pleasant islands in sight of Reikiavik; a third and smaller one, called Ephersoe, would also be tenanted by these birds, were it not at low water accessible to foxes and dogs by a reef, which is dry at spring tides, and forms the principal protection to the harbour.

Vidoe is interesting as being the place from whence all the literature of the country is disseminated, for it contains the only printing-press now existing in Iceland.

The whole of the hill to the west was strewn with nests of ducks. So much do these interesting birds feel their security at Vidoe, that five of them had chosen as their location the ground under a narrow bench that runs along the windows of the house; and so perfectly fearless were they, that without moving away they would peck at the hand that disturbed them. The rising ground is particularly favourable for the birds to build on, being covered with hollows and inequalities that serve to protect them from the weather, and only requires the addition of down to convert them into nests. The drakes are easily known by their white and black plumage, but the dark hue of the females makes it difficult to distinguish them from the holes in which they sit. Owing to their lying close, I have frequently trodden on them without their warning me of their presence till the mischief was done. The drakes, though by no means wild, will not allow themselves to be handled as freely as the ducks, and mostly keep together on the top of the hill.

As soon as a nest is completed, it is usual to remove the greater part of the down while the bird is away feeding, and this operation is repeated a second, and occasionally a third time. On her return the bird makes up the deficiency thus created by stripping her own breast; and when her stock is exhausted she calls on her mate to add his portion, which will bear no comparison to the sacrifice she has made. The same sort of spoliation is practised with regard to the eggs, care being taken that three or four are left, for should the bird on her return find the nest empty she will desert it, and not breed again the same season. About six, considerably larger than those of tame ducks, and of a light green colour, are found in each nest. Their flavour is very inferior to that of hens' eggs, but they are not so strong as to prevent their being made into omelettes.

The average quantity of down obtained from these nests is half-a-pound, so mixed with grass and foreign matter that forty pounds in that state are reduced to fifteen after it has been thoroughly cleaned. Vidoe and Engoe together produce, I believe, about three hundred pounds' weight yearly, which would, if the above calculation is correct, make the number of ducks that come to these two places fall not far short of ten thousand every year. The number, however, that breed in Faxefiord is small, compared to those that bend their course to Breidefiord. The innumerable little islands that fill that bay afford ample shelter and security to Eider ducks, who seem to avoid nothing so much as any place accessible to foxes. These cunning animals are particularly fond of their eggs; but, though we will give them all credit for ingenuity in getting at them, we can hardly put much faith in the story told about them by the Danish travellers Olavson and Paulsen. When, say they, the Icelandic foxes have detected any crows' eggs in an inaccessible place, they take one another's tails in their mouths, and form a string of sufficient length to reach the nest, and let one end of it over the rock. They have, however, forgotten to tell us how the eggs are passed up by these craftiest of Reynards.

The separation of the down from the grosser feathers and straws occupies the women during winter. It is then thoroughly divested of particles too minute for the hand to remove, by being heated in pans and winnowed like wheat. Should it become matted and dead, it is again subjected to a brisk heat, which restores its original elasticity, and increases its bulk. As in the case of ostriches, the down taken after death is inferior to that which the living duck tears from its breast, which prevents their destruction through wantonness. They are besides protected by the law, which punishes the shooting of them by a pecuniary penalty, and the forfeiture of the weapon used. Nor are guns allowed to be fired in the neighbourhood during their sojourn, and even the corvette that brought the prince abstained in the spring from saluting him.—*Dillon's Winter in Iceland and Lapland.*

MISER AND NO MISER

When Matthew Robinson of Horton, second Lord Rokeby, took possession of Horton (about 1710) he laid down a plan of life peculiar to himself. He resolved to be shackled by no ceremonies, but to pass his days in independence, according to what it seemed to him that nature had pointed out. He kept no carriage; he never mounted a horse; he allowed no liveries to his servants, but his housekeeping was bountiful, and his hospitality generous and large. He was a resolute and unbending whig, formed on the principles of Algernon Sydney and Locke; and he carried his arguments much farther than in those days the people were accustomed to. Accustomed to think only for himself, he sometimes indulged in crude ideas, and his style was inelegant and harsh. He carried his hatred of the artificial through everything: he took down his garden walls, and let his hedges drop, that his herds and flocks might have their full range. He hated the plough, and let his arable fields run to natural grass, so that his park became very large and picturesque merely by letting it alone. He was skilful in the management of cattle, and, as his land was rich, his stock was fat and profitable.

He had some strange notions about money, and rarely put it out at interest. He kept a sum of money in gold for above fifty years, in chests in his house, which at compound interest would have accumulated to 100,000*l*., and he had at his death above 20,000*l*. lying in the hands of different bankers, of which a great part had lain there for many years; he had also money in many of the continental banks. He had no faith in the public funds, and always predicted that they would break; a prediction which he contended was fulfilled when the bank was restricted from cash payments in 1797; yet it was not very reasonable to fear the national bank, and trust private banks. It must be admitted that he entertained some crotchets in his head.

His clothes were plain to a degree that many would call mean; and latterly he let his white beard grow down to his waist. He was a great walker, and stalked along with his staff like an aged peasant. His voice was loud, but his manners were courteous; and he knew the world well. He was sagacious, manly, and uncompromising; he had a great contempt for provincial importance, and therefore was not in great favour with some of the neighbouring gentry, who knew not how to estimate that dignity of mind which despised the outward trappings of superiority on

which they prided themselves. By the yeomanry and peasantry he was adored as their protector and benefactor.

He was a great reader—but not works of imagination; his taste turned to politics, voyages, and travels. As he loved plainness, so he did not relish the more refined parts of literature. He was the reverse of his father, who was never happy out of the high and polished society and clubs of London, and thought a country life a perfect misery. The father and son were not very fond of one another, and each was angry at the other's taste.

In everything Lord Rokeby was manly and straightforward; he had no dark and hidden passion; he was free from the slightest taint of envy or jealousy; he was nobly generous, while he knew the full value of money—so much so as to appear to superficial observers miserly. His very simple and humble dress was mistaken by many for avarice.

When now and then some stranger of rank came into the country, and paid him a visit through curiosity, founded on the absurd rumours of his eccentricities and hermit-life, he was surprised to meet with a man, though singular in his dress, yet a man of the world in his manners and conversation; ready, acute, easy, and full of good sense, with a power of sarcastic dignity which put down the smallest attempt at impertinence or misapprehension.

He retained his faculties to the last; and I believe had enjoyed his earthly being altogether more than any other person I could name. He had an estate in Yorkshire as well as Kent, of which I do not know the exact extent, and of which he never raised the rents; and he might have died immensely rich in personal property if he had made interest of his money.—*Autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges.*

THE DREAMER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

BY GEORGE FLETCHER, A COMPOSITOR.

Bur little of thy life, my child, is told;
The future lies before thee—a wild dream;
And, like a flower whose petals teem with gold,
Thy looks, hope-tinted, greet life's opening beam.
Reckless of sorrow, how thy sparkling eyes
In laughter flash—then, mild as even-calm:
Thy arms are round my neck, my world wrung sighs
Die, as I feel thy sweet lips' honey-balm.
Thy voice's gentle music, as the call of Spring,
Steals o'er thy parent's ear like May-dew—freshening.

Wilt thou be beautiful in after years,
And fair as thy dear mother? Even now
Thy father feels a parent's darkling fears,
To think that sin may shade that snowy brow.
Thy mother's smile, her eyes, her graceful neck,
And her light laugh, thou hast in thy young glee:
The unsealed book of Time thou dost not reck,
Although each page may bear a grief for thee.
I look through years, and see thy forehead fair,
And woman's looks of love flash 'neath thy lustrous hair.

Those speaking eyes—bright stars in Beauty's sky—
May flash (but, ah! I shudder at the dream)
With all that woman's love or fame can dye
A barque of crime launch'd forth on Folly's stream;
And Virtue pale with pity at thy name—
Dear child, thou'rt smiling in thy father's face:
Can guilt inhabit such a gentle frame,—
Or thy dear brow wear vice's fearful trace?
Why should I muse upon thine early morn?
A flower, unfolded now, thou art—a sun veil'd by the dawn.

Why should I muse? Thy father yet is young.
Perhaps for him there may be length of years.
Be his the task to woo, by deed and tongue,
Thy worship to the shrine chaste Virtue rears.
Oh sweet the task! and richly overpaid,
To see thy virtue grow with growth of years:
A modest, meek, and unassuming maid—
The picture, fancy drawn, has woke my tears.
Thou might become all that my bursting heart
E'er fondly hoped—as good as fair thou [illegible]

Perhaps, blest time, I may, in after days,
See thy dear children round me fondly come:
Thou the bright star—and these thy kindred rays—
The gentle love-lights of [illegible]'s home.
Perchance they'll climb their aged grandsire's knee;
And pat his cheek; and stroke his time-bleach'd hair.
I hear in fancy now their infant glee,
Or, with thy dulcet notes, blending, at vesper-prayer;
Thy husband's manly voice joining the swelling hymn:
Oh! such a scene is half divine—all portraiture is dim!

Then, sweet the thought, as life's dim shadow flies—
My eyes grow weak—my pulse waxs faint and dull—
Thou and thy loving mate may watch my dying eyes,
Upturn'd to heaven—home of the beautiful!
And if that one, who gave thee life and love,
Shall stay behind me, from the tomb of death,
Then be thy joy a daughter's love to prove:
That hope shall cheer me—though my parting breath
May bless my wife, yet on thy dutcous head,
With her sweet love will fall,—a blessing of the dead.

My dream is o'er. Thy mighty will be done,
Eternal God!—all power, all fate, is thine!
Into thy care receive this gentle one;
And be the soul that haunts this infant shrine
As pure in after years, as now, without a sin,—
(For can she err till sin's dark power is given?)—
She clings about my neck, a father's love to win,
Felt only greater by her Sire in heaven.
Oh in the human heart, the streams that lie
Of love, parental love, with life are only dry!

SUICIDE.

Killing oneself is but a false colour of true courage, proceeding of a fear of a farther evil, either of torment or of shame; for if it were not a hopeless respecting of the harm, courage would make one not respect what might be done unto one; and hope being of all other the most contrary to fear, self killing being an utter banishment of hope, it seems to receive its ground in fear. Whatever comes out of despair cannot bear the title of valour, which should be lifted up to such a height that, holding all things under itself, it should be able to maintain its greatness, even in the midst of miseries. God has appointed us captains of these our bodily forts, which, without treason to that majesty, are never to be delivered over till they are demanded.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

EXTRACTION OF POPE PIUS VII.

A nobleman said, probably forgetting that Mr. Niebuhr himself was not descended from a noble family, "I understand the present pope is not even a man of family." "Oh, as for that," replied Mr. Niebuhr, with a smile, "I have been told that Christ himself was not a man of family, and St. Peter, if I recollect well, was but of very vulgar. Here, in Rome, we don't mind these things."—*Lieber's Reminiscences of Niebuhr.*

DU VAL, THE HIGHWAYMAN.

This hero having arrested the carriage of a certain knight and his lady, who he knew were travelling with 400*l* in their possession, the lady, to show she felt no apprehension, began to play a tune with her flageolet. Du Val very decorously waited until she had finished, and then, being himself an excellent musician, took a flageolet which hung by his side, and played a tune in return, and afterwards stepped up to the carriage, and invited the lady to dance a *corante* with him. So reasonable a request could not be refused; she descended, performed the dance, Du Val singing the tune, and was handed back by her partner to the carriage. He then reminded the knight that he had forgot to pay for the music; whereupon the courteous knight presented him with 100*l*., which our hero politely accepted, telling him he would let him off with the other three hundred he had with him.

LOVE.

The two bands of Good-will are Loveliness and Lovingness.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

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SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE.

NO. I.—EARLY AND LATE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

IN looking back to the past history of science, it is remarkable to observe how much the ancients accomplished, and how much they did not. Far back in history—near six hundred years before our era, and therefore two thousand four hundred years ago—the *principles* of our solar system were taught by Pythagoras, Anaxagoras, and a century later by Democritus, as well as other philosophers. Pythagoras believed in the diurnal rotation and annual revolution of our earth, and had something like a correct idea of the nature of comets. Anaxagoras taught at Athens, and had amongst his hearers, Socrates the great philosopher, Euripides the great poet, and Pericles the great statesman, and is said to have held many things as true which were not *known* to be true until comparatively recently. Democritus conjectured that the dark spots on the moon were occasioned by shadows, a far-distant anticipation of the revelations of the telescope; and both he and Anaxagoras are reputed to have considered that the "Milky Way" was composed of stars—a fact which Sir William Herschel has but recently put beyond doubt. Aristotle, the pupil of Plato and tutor of Alexander the Great, in his observations on the habits of animals and their scientific classification, may be said to have anticipated Linnæus and Cuvier by more than two thousand years. Euclid, who still teaches mathematics in our schools, was born about the time that Aristotle died; and Archimedes, some of whose reputed sayings are still quoted as scientific proverbs in our books and lectures, came into existence about the period of Euclid's death, as if it had been intended that the succession of eminent men should be continued from generation to generation, in order to carry on the progressive advancement of science.

And yet how strange is the consideration, that the true history of science—meaning by that word, Natural Philosophy—only begins between three and four hundred years ago! The last four centuries has done more to elevate the human intellect—done more to extend the whole range of human knowledge—than a period of between six and seven thousand years which elapsed previously! It appears as if some great overruling Power had permitted the human intellect to advance a certain length at an early period in our history, and had then retarded its movement, until the arrival of a period when it was to spring forward with a rapidity unknown before. A long period elapsed between the death of Archimedes and the advent of scientific truth in the days of Bacon and Galileo. A still longer period elapsed between the days of Pythagoras and the time when the doctrine that the earth moved had to fight its way into the popular belief, in defiance of ridicule, of persecution, and of conscientious but ignorant fear that it tended to impugn the truth of revelation. That there *are* eras in the history of man, is an idea assented to by most of the great minds who have contemplated the past; periods when, to use the words of Sir John Herschel, in speaking of the times of Bacon and Galileo, an extraordinary impulse is given to discovery, and "Nature seems to second the impulse;" and the probability of the exercise of a *retarding* influence—a staying of the progress of certain departments of human intellect, until the arrival of certain eras—seems to be hinted at by Professor Kidd, when he says, "Another remarkable fact in the history of human science, which, though frequently observed, has not yet been explained, is the occasional arrest of its progress at a point immediately bordering on discoveries which did not take place till many ages subsequently. This may be affirmed, in a certain extent at least, with respect to glass: for this substance, though very early discovered, hardly came into general use for ordinary purposes till comparatively a very late period. But a more remarkable instance occurs with respect to the art of printing: and whoever looks at the stereotype stamps, as they may be called, which have been discovered at Herculaneum and other places, will be disposed to allow that the embryo of the art of printing died, as it were, in the birth."

We may leave speculation, however, as to the cause or causes which retarded the progress of human knowledge in the arts as well as in science. Many visible or apparent causes might be pointed out, in the condition of human society, the rise and fall of empires, especially the great empire of Rome, &c; but it still must appear extraordinary (it may probably be more clearly seen at a future period in the history of the world) why, after the human intellect had continued for thousands of years in comparative darkness, vainly plunging in error, and ignorant of the constitution of the external world, it should suddenly be emancipated, and led out into the dazzling light of truth. Astronomy, the oldest of the sciences, so to speak, was studied, not from the mere love of knowledge, but because the knowledge of the stars was supposed to enable its possessors to penetrate futurity; two scientific *arts*—namely, astrology and alchemy—preceded two sciences, astronomy and chemistry. At the same time, we must beware of falling into the error, that because men were ignorant of the true *principles* of science, they were therefore ignorant of almost all its facts; and that both facts and principles were brought forth at once. All knowledge is accumulative; facts, though misapplied, may still be known; it is the "master-mind" who discovers *principles*—who walks, like Cuvier, into a charnel-house of "dry bones," which appear to other eyes a mass of confusion, until arranged by the hand of genius.

In truth, looking at *all* the departments of human knowledge, there can be no hesitation in our assuming ourselves to be immeasurably superior to the ancients in every respect. The poet and the artist may be disposed to doubt the fact, and, pointing to time-enduring poems, and the enchanting even though mutilated fragments of art, ask if modern times can produce anything to approach them. But though the ancients made early progress in the arts—though they produced great poets, great sculptors, great statesmen, and great warriors, and though occasional philosophers made extraordinary "guesses at truth," all that is vast and permanent in natural philosophy belongs to modern times. In the words of Sir John Herschel, "previous to the publication of the Novum Organum of Bacon, natural philosophy, in any legitimate and extensive sense of the word, could hardly be said to exist. Among the Greek philosophers, of whose attainments in science

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alone, in the earlier ages of the world, we have any positive knowledge, and that but a very limited one, we are struck with the remarkable contrast between their powers of acute and subtle disputation, their extraordinary success in abstract reasoning, and their intimate familiarity with subjects purely intellectual, on the one hand; and, on the other, with their loose and careless consideration of external nature, their grossly illogical deductions of principles of sweeping generality from few and ill-observed facts, in some cases, and their reckless assumption of abstract principles, having no foundation but in their own imaginations, in others; mere forms of words, with nothing corresponding to them in nature, from which, as from mathematical definitions, postulates, and axioms, they imagined that all phenomena could be derived, all the laws of nature deduced."

"The physical researches of Aristotle," says Professor Powell, "present an extraordinary mixture of sound and chimerical opinions. His vast and industrious collection of facts in natural history evinces the sober and patient inquirer; his mechanics contain something of the real application of mathematical reasoning; whilst his physical speculations display all the extravagance of gratuitous theorising and verbal dogmatism. He attributed absolute levity to fire, and gravity to earth; considering air and water as of an intermediate nature. He considered gravity to be a tendency to the centre of the earth, which he also regarded as the centre of the universe. He also introduced the celebrated principle of Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum."

But whatever may be the merits or defects of the writings of Aristotle, it became a fashion, in what are called the "middle ages," to regard them as the great and infallible "text-book" of all philosophy. "In the early ages of the church," says Sir John Herschel, "the writings of Aristotle were condemned, as allowing too much to sense and reason; and even so late as the twelfth century they were sought and burned, and their readers excommunicated. By degrees, however, the extreme injustice of this impeachment of their character was acknowledged: they became the favourite study of the schoolmen, and furnished the keenest weapons of their controversy, being appealed to in all disputes, as of sovereign authority; so that the slightest dissent from any opinion of the 'great master,' however absurd or unintelligible, was at once drowned by clamour, or silenced by the still more effectual argument of bitter persecution. If the logic of that gloomy period could be justly described as 'the art of talking unintelligibly on matters of which we are ignorant,' its physics might, with equal truth, be summed up in a deliberate preference of ignorance to knowledge, in matters of every day's experience and use."

In that "gloomy period" appeared Roger Bacon, one of the "morning stars" which preceded the rising of the sun of true science. Roger Bacon lived in the thirteenth century, and was an ecclesiastic of the Franciscan order; but his mind was far in advance of his age. He was one of the very few enlightened men who endeavoured, in a period of very general ignorance, to lead his fellow-men to the true sources of science, and was consequently rewarded, not only with envy and hatred, but with actual persecution, having suffered imprisonment, and had his writings condemned. (See a brief sketch of his character in No. 58.) He had a theoretical knowledge of the composition of gunpowder, and had an idea of the telescope; and though he believed in astrology and alchemy, and other absurdities of his age, those who have studied his writings, and are acquainted with the character of both the man and his times, consider him to have been a philosopher of no ordinary stamp—one of those who sow the seeds of truth, to produce fruit in after-ages.

Nearly three centuries elapsed between the death of Roger Bacon and the birth of his great namesake, Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam; the one having died in 1292, the other having been born in 1561. In that interval appeared Nicolaus Copernicus, who began the construction of the modern system of astronomy, which was carried on by Tycho Brahé, Kepler, Galileo, &c., and completed by Newton, with the aid of his contemporaries and successors. As, however, we shall have to revert to these names again, and give some account of what they did, we shall pass on to Lord Bacon, who, along with his contemporary, Galilei Galileo, may be said to have fairly overthrown the old false systems of mental and physical philosophy, and laid the foundations of the true in their stead.

Lord Bacon was the youngest son of an eminent judge and statesman, Sir Nicholas Bacon, and was born in London in 1561. Though bred to the profession of the law, and connected with powerful families, he was a long time a struggler: but though kept somewhat in the background during the reign of Elizabeth, he began to rise on the accession of James I.; was made a knight, attorney-general; became what his father had been, keeper of the great seal, and at last became a lord, and chancellor of England. As a man, he fell from his high eminence. He was accused of taking bribes, in order to wrest the course of justice; the House of Commons took the matter up, and several cases of gross corruption were clearly brought against him. It was not avarice but need, and a foolish weakness, which thus caused him to sully his judicial and professional character, and to disgrace the woolsack. He permitted a wasteful extravagance in his household, and his servants were the agents of his temptation. He was justly punished; being confined in the Tower, stripped of his offices, and subjected to a fine of forty thousand pounds. He never afterwards held up his head, but lived in retirement, spending his days chiefly in scientific pursuits. He died in 1626, in the sixty-sixth year of his age; saying, in his will, "My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to my own countrymen, after some time be passed over."

This is the man, the "glory of the woolsack and the shame," whose writings helped essentially to revolutionise the human intellect. "By the discoveries of Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo," says Sir John Herschel, "the errors of the Aristotelian philosophy were effectually overturned, on a plain appeal to the facts of nature; but it remained to show, on broad and general principles, how and why Aristotle was in the wrong; to set in evidence the peculiar weakness of his philosophising, and to substitute in its place a stronger and a better. This important task was executed by Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, who will, therefore, be looked upon in all future ages as the great reformer of philosophy, though his own actual contributions to the stock of physical truths were small, and his ideas of particular points strongly tinctured with mistakes and errors, which were the fault rather of the general want of physical information of the age, than of any narrowness of view on his own part; and of this he was fully aware." We shall give some account of Lord Bacon's chief work in our next paper.

PRONUNCIATION OF THE LATIN.

SPEAKING of the proper pronunciation of the Latin, Niebuhr said, "Why should we not adopt the Italian pronunciation? As to the pronunciation of the *c*, it is clear that the Romans did not pronounce it in the German way, *Tsitsero*; this is altogether an uncouth northern sound. To pronounce it like *Sisero* (with hard *s*) is equally wrong; no inscription, or other trace, induces us to believe that the Romans used *c* as equivalent to *s*. Besides, if we see that each nation pronounces Latin according to the pronunciation of the vernacular tongue, it is preposterous to maintain that one or the other is the correct pronunciation, except the

pronunciation of the Italian itself. That the *g* is not pronounced hard as the German *, seems clear from the fact that most nations pronounce it soft. On the whole, Latin reads much better in the Italian way; and I think many passages of the poets require this pronunciation to receive their full value. People ought to agree to adopt this pronunciation; for it is too ridiculous to find the same language pronounced differently in every country, and subjected to all the caprices of the various idioms. The Spaniards sometimes claim to be, by way of tradition, in possession of the true Roman pronunciation. It is equally preposterous that they whose language is so much more mixed, and whose country was never more than a province, should have retained a better pronunciation than the people of the mother country! Italian is still, in a degree, a Latin dialect."—*Lieber's Reminiscences of Niebuhr.*

* The German *g* is pronounced like the English in *give*.

BOOKS AND BOOK-STALLS.

It is an old observation, that a large library does not necessarily make a learned man: and a person may acquire a very exact and comprehensive knowledge by the aid of a small but well-used collection of books. We do not, however, despise a "large" library—so far from it, indeed, that we only wish we had one. Still, a large library is of very little use to many people who reckon themselves very intelligent. They do not know how to use it, and they buy books on much the same principle that a lady buys trinkets, a virtuoso "curiosities," and a child toys.

We know one individual who, from his youth up, has had a devouring passion for accumulating books and "literary treasures." Prodigious have been his pains in copying prose and poetry, and in "cutting out" passages from newspapers; his shelves are crammed with collections, of which it may be said, reversing the usual style of an advertisement for the recovery of a lost document, that they are of use to almost anybody but the owner. In the same way, he has been at great expense for a book-case, and storing it with handsome books, very few of which he has read, and of those he has glanced over he can give but small account. This book-gathering passion may be indulged in harmlessly—nay, even usefully—by a monied man; but in a poor man it is ridiculous. A few nicely-bound books in a nice bookcase constitute a very pretty piece of furniture; but an avaricious passion for a mere accumulation of books is nearly as bad as the habits of the misers in the olden time, in storing up their gold and silver.

The late Mr. Heber, one of our modern bibliopoles, was a noted recent instance of a rich man indulging in a bibliomania. His large library is now dispersed—truly did he "heap up" books, not knowing who would "gather them!" When he was in town, he was a very regular visitor on *Sundays* of a noted dealer in old books. Just as the bells were about to ring for church, and all the good folks were about to trudge forth to their respective places of worship, would Mr. Heber present himself at the "old" bookman's door, which was afterwards, of course, carefully closed against all intrusion. There was an arm-chair respectfully set for him; the attentive bookseller had the various "treasures" he had picked up during the week ranged at hand; while the "shop-boy" also, deprived, like a chemist's apprentice, of his "one day," was in attendance to rummage amongst the stores. Thus, during the forenoon's service, would Mr. Heber's book-bill mount upwards; and books were added weekly to his library, hundreds of which he never looked on again.

It was confidently affirmed, that "cheap literature" would destroy the old book-stalls,—that "standard libraries" would put old books out of all fashion; yet, strange to say, the "old book trade" is more thriving now in London than ever. Greater quantities of old or second-hand books are bought than there used to be; and owing to a greatly-increased demand from the United States, their value has been considerably augmented. But easy as it may seem to embark in this trade, it is not everybody who can read a title-page who is fit to keep an old-book stall.

We can understand the bibliomania of such men as Sir Walter Scott and Charles Lamb; we can understand and sympathise with the bibliomania of poor students, who buy books to read, *and read them*; we can feel what was the force of that passage before "cheap literature" came in vogue,—

"I saw a boy, with eager eye,
Open a book upon a stall,
And read as he'd devour it all;
Which when the stallman did espy,
Soon to the boy I heard him call—
'You, sir, you never buy a book,
Therefore in one you shall not look.'
The boy pass'd slowly on, and with a sigh
He wish'd he never had been taught to read,
Then of the old churl's books he should have had no heed."

But we cannot understand the bibliomania of people whose learning lies in title-pages and book-backs—our taste is not a *dusty* one. From this inferred censure we must exclude artists, some of whom pick up old books almost expressly for their title-pages: but then these title-pages are frequently exquisite specimens of antique art.

A young surgeon has given us the following personal "confessions of a bibliomaniac," which we hope will be useful to more than one of our readers:—

My vicious propensity to possess and hoard up books exhibited itself among the earliest of my likes and dislikes. No picture-book leaves were found lying about our floor after I was able to pick them up: all my little book-presents were kept as clean and as carefully as if I had been an apprentice to a bookseller. At school, too, I used to exchange my marbles for the books of my schoolfellows, and was invariably resorted to by them when their stock ran short, and they had still a book in their possession which they could part with. Many of these little books I could show even now, with a considerable part of each of the yellow fly-leaves scratched white, in order to erase the name of some one of my schoolfellows.

At this time even, I was very fond of reading, and have been till now; though certainly not more so than many around me. From my knowledge of books and other circumstances I was chosen librarian of our school-library, and in the exercise of this office my appetite for books increased considerably; every farthing which I could command was spent in books, and when I left school my library consisted of upwards of one hundred volumes, chiefly juvenile, however, and selected with little respect to their intrinsic value.

Immediately on leaving school, I was sent to prosecute my studies at the college of Edinburgh, and for a month or two was so engaged with my studies that my ruling passion was but little exercised; but the Christmas holidays having come on, I was left more at leisure, and soon became acquainted with every second-hand book-shop and every book-stall in the town. Afterwards these were my daily haunts, and I soon became personally acquainted with their proprietors. Some part of every day was stolen to visit one or other of them; and never did I pass one, however limited my time, without waiting a minute to cast my eyes over the well-known volumes. All this was the height of folly; for often, when I had appropriated the intervening hour between two lectures to visit some distant book-stall, have I waited so long, as to arrive at my class far behind the hour, and so warmed by my quickened pace as to be unable to listen attentively to the professor's instructions—and all for what? Simply for the gratification of seeing whether a single book had

been added to the stock of a distant book-stall;—content if there had been none; but if there had, to have the feeling of envy raised within me for a book beyond my means of purchase, or imprudently to lay out my slender pittance on a book envied merely for its possession.

Over all these book-stalls and book-shops I exercised as it were a kind of superintendence, and was perhaps better acquainted with their stocks than many of the booksellers themselves. With almost every volume on every shelf, its place and price, I was well acquainted, and knew at once by my first glance whether "anything new" had appeared. On account of the smallness of my allowance, however, my passion exhibited itself not so much in purchasing books as in watching over the buying and selling of them by others. Now and then I did make a purchase; and this was the ostensible reason for the frequency of my visits, with which I quieted my conscience for mispent time. There can be no doubt that the desire to purchase was strong within me, though the pockets were weak.

The same passion led me into another channel to gratify itself. Book-auctions were not unfrequent in Edinburgh, and many an hour did I spend—idly spend—night after night, at these haunts, and often without a single farthing in my pocket—my sole object merely to see a certain book sold, to learn its price, and to go home envying its purchaser. Often now do I wonder how, on a cold winter's night, I could leave my own snug little room and cheerful fire, with my well-kept library, and the last added book—so long envied before enough was saved to purchase it—to stand for hours among a crowd of book-stall keepers and eager bibliopolists, waiting the sale of a book which I well knew I could but envy.

From the first year of my studies till their completion my bibliomania was *rampant*, and my time mispent, as I have described, hunting after books which I could not purchase, and purchasing often when my means could ill afford it, and when my sole object was possession.

Ere the completion of my studies, I was well acquainted with the names and intrinsic value of innumerable books; and the desultory reading of my purchases, with the conversations of my bookselling friends, enabled me to talk pretty smoothly of the merits of authors: but in real knowledge, relating to subjects foreign to my profession at least, I was miserably deficient, for few—very few indeed of those books, to possess which I spent my money and so much of my time, had been studied as they ought to have been: many of them, in truth, had never been opened from the day of their purchase, and were of value to me only as they adorned my shelves. Idle pursuit! one half of the time which I spent in the purchase of these unread books, if rightly employed, would have instructed me in many branches of useful knowledge which I left unheeded to purchase with my ignorance a knowledge of the title-pages, ages, editions, and prices of old and unread tomes.

Bibliomaniacs, as I was, are more numerous than is generally believed. I have met with many persons, and more especially young men, whose conversations on books betrayed them to me as bibliopolists; and from many with whom I first became acquainted by meeting them at my book-haunts, have I learned that the passion in them was equally strong, and its effects equally baneful as in myself.

A friend who knew all my favourite book-stalls and book-shops, used always, when walking with me, to break from my arm whenever we came near one of them, and run past the stall or window, that I might not indulge in my favourite propensity. If a stranger accompanied me through the streets, I very seldom had fortitude to resist a peep at some stall or other; and on such occasions I am sure I must often have given offence by my conduct.

If I visited another town, the book-marts were my principal attraction: it was impossible for me to pass one without running my eyes over its contents, and examining those books which were new to me. If the prices were affixed, my enjoyment was enhanced; for it was painful to ask the prices of all those that I had an itching for.

I remember once paying a visit to Leith, where on a stall I found a book which some time previously I had seen marked in a bookseller's catalogue "very rare." I immediately hailed it as my own, though, beyond the knowledge of its *rarity*, I was altogether ignorant of its merits, never once having heard or seen its name mentioned till I saw it in the bookseller's catalogue. Its price was exactly the amount of my whole stock of cash, and being wearied with rambling about the sea-shore, I had previously determined on riding home. In this dilemma I prudently resolved to forego the purchase of the book, and followed up my resolve by at once taking out and paying for my seat at the coach-office, lest my passion might prevail over my prudence. The money paid, and all hopes of possessing the "very rare" book being gone, I longed more than ever to have it, and blamed my rashness for not considering better before foregoing its purchase. These feelings increased as the coach rattled along, and carried me away from the object of my wishes. Almost the first person that I met in Edinburgh was my kind friend, whom I immediately hailed, borrowed a couple of shillings from him, and ere ten minutes from my arrival was again on my way to Leith, to possess myself of the "very rare" book. It was soon mine, and I was as proud as if I had found a treasure. —*I have not yet read it!*

Last year I came to London, and immediately commenced my book-stall peregrinating system; but the extent of the field sickened me, and being soon convinced that indulgence in my old propensity would utterly ruin my professional prospects, like a true Scot I threw *it* to the dogs, and stuck to physic. Bitterly do I now lament the time mispent in the indulgence of my passion; and I would urgently impress upon all who have a like propensity, the superior satisfaction and delight which I have felt since giving it up, in the enjoyment of the internal beauties of those books which formerly I valued only FOR THEIR POSSESSION.

HUNTING IN THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.

We proceed now, as promised in the previous Number, to make some extracts from Major Forbes's volumes, relative to his adventures, not in the battle, but the chase. We must, however, first give his adventures with a creature somewhat smaller than an elephant. When he was on an excursion, in 1832, to inspect some ruins, he says,

"Whilst stooping down to examine the sluice at the Kalawa tank, I suddenly found myself completely overspread by that greatest of living torments within the tropics—viz. ticks. From the effect of their bites I suffered much inconvenience for several weeks, and was obliged to leave this very warm part of the country immediately, without waiting either to complete the business which had brought me down, or to make some farther excursions which I had projected in Nuwarakalawia. Ticks are to be found in all the dry parts of Ceylon; often banded together in lumps containing several thousand, they remain attached to some leaf, which, if touched by an unwary passenger, discharges a shower of these pestilent vermin, which soon make their presence known by bites resembling the application of red-hot needles, followed by intolerable itching. Ticks, although sometimes much larger, are in general about the size of a pin's head; they are round, hard, flat, and adhere with wonderful pertinacity to the skin of men or animals, into which they occasionally contrive to introduce themselves. They disregard all attempts to kill or remove them by any application except actual force; but the natives having the benefit of much practice in putting to death other animals of similar habits, pick off, and subject them to interdigital trituration with

much ability and zest; their practice in this respect corresponding with that of the most classical nations of civilised Europe.

"It may, however, be satisfactory to those who may visit tropical climates to know, that the longer they remain in them, the less are insects and their bites regarded; and the sojourner of ten years' standing may hear with complacency what he had often listened to with impatience, particularly on first landing,—'Don't scratch moschetto bites;' which is a warning commonly offered in sincerity by old residents, and neglected from necessity by new-comers."

The Major does not think that "tee-totalling" will do in Ceylon.

"I was in the habit," he says, "if I had been travelling in the sun, of taking a bumper of madeira and an equal quantity of warm water: this was a sufficient restorative; and prevented my being chilled, while dressing, in the currents of air that find free passage through most rest-houses, and are inseparable from all leaf-huts. If much exhausted by violent exercise or long exposure to the sun, I took brandy-and-water; but always in small quantities—not more than a wine-glassful at a time: copious draughts, unless persevered in, (this is often impossible, and never advisable,) aggravate the evils of thirst and exhaustion which they are intended to subdue. Generous living is necessary for Europeans in Ceylon, and nothing is more likely to injure a constitution than bad fare and unnecessary abstinence; perhaps needless fear of climate is equally hurtful, for it prevents the timid from indulging in that change of air and scene which has proved so beneficial in health. The water-lapping hypochondriac and the trembling valetudinarian cannot expect to enjoy themselves in Ceylon: the one has not the strength, the other wants the courage, to visit the magnificent and exciting scenery of this lovely island. In rocks, rivers, mountains, forests,—all that is grand and beautiful in nature,—he sees but forms behind which may lurk some demon of disease, that has no existence but in his own distempered fancy. To maintain a sound constitution in Ceylon, it is only necessary to live well, avoid excess, eschew indolence, take sufficient exercise for the body, and give constant employment to the mind. I consider the use of Chinese umbrellas to be of material service in preserving health; they are procured at a trifling expense, are easily carried, and, being formed of paper covered with thick black varnish, are an effectual protection against the rays of the sun. Many Europeans despise this precaution; but no native willingly exposes himself to the sun or rain if he can procure an umbrella, or its substitute in the shape of a talapat, palmyra, plantain, or aram leaf."

The following is a mixed narrative, showing that even the pleasure of elephant-shooting is not without sundry drawbacks.

"On our arrival at Avisavellé, the Modeliar informed us that the large herds were at some distance off, and in a very dense jungle; but that he had certain information of a hora-alia (rogue-elephant) that was little more than a mile from the rest-house. Against this one we determined immediately to proceed. Natives believe a rogue elephant to be a turbulent member expelled by the unanimous consent and assistance of a whole herd; also, that he is destructive to crops and dangerous to people, and is alike dreaded by his own kindred and by the inhabitants in the neighbourhood of his haunts; he seldom ranges beyond ten or fifteen miles, and is generally to be found in the same forest. Some rogue-elephants have killed many people; for, having once overcome their dread of man, and made a successful essay, homicide seems to become to them a favourite amusement: they have been known repeatedly to remain quiet near some jungle-path (contrary to their usual habit, which is to be always in motion,) until a victim come within their reach. I afterwards knew an instance of a rogue-elephant in mid-day coming into an open field, killing a woman by trampling her to death, and then leisurely returning to the forest; neither irritation in the animal, nor any inducement to the act, could be perceived by a number of persons who were near the unfortunate victim. It is more easy to account for rogue-elephants attacking natives carrying loads of rice; this often happened during the Kandian rebellion, although many of those Coolies (baggage-porters) who were missing, and supposed to have been killed, merely kept out of the way, and concealed themselves until a change of circumstances should free them from the compulsory execution of a most arduous, fatiguing, and dangerous service. • •

"From Avisavellé we passed down the bank of the Seetawaka river, through scenery which closely resembled an English park; fine glades of green turf, with clumps, thickets, and forest-trees of enormous size, gave beauty to this woodland scene, until we arrived at a thick bamboo jungle. Into this we entered, and filed along a narrow, damp, dark buffalo track: here the fallen leaves seemed to be alive, from the innumerable land-leeches that moved amongst them; and it required the excitement of a wild elephant in the thicket to prevent me from stopping to pluck these ferocious vermin from my feet, hands, and neck. In passing along, our guide stopped, and reaching up his hand, pointed to a tree, the trunk of which was coated with mud at least as far as nine feet from the ground: this showed us the height of the elephant of which we were in pursuit, and who had been lately using this tree as a scratching-post. A little farther on, and the native, who was leading, suddenly stopped, and bending his head almost to the ground, pointed to a small open swamp, at the same time drawing in his breath, and repeating rapidly in a whisper, *Onna! onna! onna!* (There! there! look there!) Kneeling down amongst legions of leeches, I was just in time to see a huge elephant slowly raising himself from his luxurious mud-bath in a shady quagmire: for a moment I hoped he was about to charge at us; and I was the more impressed with this opinion from the instantaneous shifting of our guide from the front to the rear of our party, in which position he would no doubt have been equally ready to lead the retreat, as, to do him justice, he had been forward to head the advance. The animal, still but indistinctly seen, paused for a second, then blew sharp through his trunk, curled it close up, wheeled round, and tore through the thick-set bamboos, which appeared to yield before and close behind his ponderous figure. It was impossible to follow into such a jungle; we therefore sought the open ground, and commenced shooting pigeons, which we found in considerable numbers and variety. On two different occasions, this day, large snakes glided from before me, and disappeared amongst the decayed leaves of the jungle. Whether they belonged to the class of the harmless garandi (rat snake), or to the poisonous nága (hooded snake), I could not decide, as I had not as yet learned to distinguish between these serpents, which are as similar in appearance as they are different in character.

"I cannot sufficiently account for the wondrous few accidents that occur from snakes in Ceylon; that desire, common to all animals, to shun the path of man, appears to me the only reason of much force which I have heard advanced. From experience I can assert that snakes, even poisonous ones, are very numerous, and the few deaths which they cause is to me quite incomprehensible; therefore, the timidity of new comers on this head is not only a natural impulse, but a rational feeling, and only gives way gradually before long habit and continued impunity. Elephant shots get much sooner rid of their fears on this subject than other people do, as the excitement of the sport absorbs all minor feelings, and snakes are not thought of when elephants are to be pursued."

Now for an adventure with a herd of elephants, during which inexperience and rashness placed the hunting-party in great peril; one of them meeting with serious injury.

"With heavy tread and noisy tumult the elephants came on, and rested, as far as we could judge from the sound, within twenty yards of us; and then again succeeded an interval of dead silence. To us they were still invisible, and the utmost straining of my eye-sight was unable to gain me a glimpse of any of them: at this time anxiety and excitement made my senses so acute, that not only did I feel the pulses thump with unwonted violence, but the ticking of my watch sounded on my ear as if a church-clock had located itself in my pocket; neither could I turn my head without feeling and fancying I heard the joints of my neck creak on their pivots. The beaters in the mean time had advanced, and from a short distance behind and around the elephants arose loud shouts of people and the rolling of tom-toms: immediately the jungle in front of us seemed heaving forward, and a second or two only elapsed before the heads of the two leaders of the mass were distinct and bearing directly on us. I fired at the one immediately opposite to me, and not more than ten feet distant: he stopped, and was in the act of turning, when I fired again. Mr. S—— had also fired twice at the other leader, and with the same want of success; for the whole herd tore back through the brushwood, and rushed towards the hill.

"Ere we could load again, double shots from both our friends on the rising ground announced the direction which the elephants had taken, and caused some of them to turn down; and these we heard tearing through, and at length stationing themselves in, the

bamboos behind the place where we stood. Having reloaded, we cut into something like a buffalo track, leading towards the spot where we imagined the elephants to be; but were soon overtaken by a native, who endeavoured by signs to persuade us to turn back and follow him. Tolerably sure of the position of our game, and not dreaming of any accident having occurred, we were pushing on, when another native came after us, and in broken English said, 'One gentleman plenty sick.' The close jungle and suffocating heat naturally suggesting itself to us as the cause of his malady, we handed to the messenger a specific in the shape of a brandy-flask, and were about to proceed on our path, notwithstanding the deprecative shakes of his head and unintelligible sounds intended for English, his stock of which seemed to have been exhausted in the announcement above quoted. At this time the noise of elephants near us induced silence, and we distinctly heard Colonel L—— calling to us that H—— had been seized by an elephant: on this we hastened to the spot, and found H—— perfectly collected, but bearing evident marks of his recent encounter. That one of his arms and one collar-bone were broken, we soon ascertained; but we were afraid, from marks which showed that he had been rolled over on the ground, that he might have received more serious injuries. From what I heard at the time, and on my return here a few weeks afterwards, I believe that Colonel L—— and H—— each fired both barrels at elephants advancing on them. After the discharge, as the one at which H—— fired rushed forwards, he turned to receive his spare gun; but the native who held it had fled. H—— then endeavoured to escape, but fell, and the animal coming up, knelt down, and with his head attempted to crush him against the ground, and in doing so rolled him over. In perfect ignorance of the perilous situation of his friend, Colonel L——, observing the elephant apparently butting against the ground, concluded it was a wounded one, and went up for the purpose of giving a finishing shot. On seeing him quite near, the animal suddenly raised itself and rushed into the jungle; while, to the utter astonishment of Colonel L——, H—— got up from apparently the very spot which the elephant had just quitted. Had Colonel L—— been a few seconds later in running up, H—— would probably have been sacrificed; or had Colonel L—— fired and killed the elephant, it must have fallen upon and crushed H——, who in every way had a narrow escape.

"The active and energetic Modeliar soon caused a temporary litter to be prepared by some of his followers, while others cut down such bamboos as might obstruct its carriage through the path: this done, we soon reached the road, and afterwards met the Modeliar's palanquin, into which we transferred our disabled friend, and proceeded towards Hangwellé; our dinner unfortunately lying in the opposite direction. On reaching Hangwellé, we found a boat ready, in which without loss of time we embarked; and the stream that, in the height of our spirits, and when flushed with anticipated sport, had defied our utmost exertions to proceed on our upward voyage, now bore us swiftly along, baffled, discomfited, and dinnerless. We reached the bridge of boats at midnight; and in an hour after, H—— was in the fort of Colombo, attended by the medical men, who ascertained that the only very severe injuries he had received were those we had already remarked.

"After placing our disabled friend in the hands of the surgeon, I accompanied Colonel L—— to his house on the Galle road, and there we bethought us how eighteen hours of fatigue and fasting might best be repaired. As a preliminary to something more substantial, a glass of liqueur was proposed; and seeing it both rich and clear, I willingly consented to make it a bumper. Had I been able to control my feelings for a few seconds after swallowing it, my kind host would also have taken as a cordial what my premature exclamation enabled him to shun as an odious drug: 'fine cold-drawn castor-oil' was found printed on the label!

"H—— recovered rapidly from the effects of his accident; but it was a warning which, combined with our most unwelcome fast and signal failure in elephant-shooting, was a sufficient reason for my commencing to acquire more minute information regarding the interior arrangement of an elephant's head, before I should again run the risk of facing a herd at close quarters. The Colombo Medical Museum afforded me the opportunity of examining the skeletons and sections of the skulls of these animals; by which I at once perceived that the real information I had picked up on this subject was very limited, the instructions I had received extremely incorrect, and that my conclusions were proportionably erroneous. I found that the brain of an elephant occupies but a small space, perhaps not more than one-eighth part of the head, the bones of which were very thin and particularly light. The fore part of the head, in front of the brain, for a thickness of eight inches, is formed of cells separated by thin plates of bone: this, with the muscles necessary to move their trunks and support their enormous heads, is a satisfactory explanation why those persons who have attempted to shoot elephants without being close to their game have invariably proved unsuccessful. Having been made aware of this fact, our want of success was owing, not to firing at too great a distance, but to our ignorance of the small size and peculiar position of the brain of an elephant."

The following is a fair counterpart to some of the adventures of our Cockney sportsmen:—

"In our morning ride we met a young sportsman with a European complexion and abundance of big guns: he informed us of his success the day before in killing two wild buffaloes; complained of being interrupted by a native, whom he could not understand, and had abruptly dismissed; and ended his frank communication by stating, what I already guessed, that he had but lately joined his regiment at Trinkomalee. Two miles farther on we overtook a native, who soon made known to us, by most obsequious gestures and a grievous clamour, that he was on his way to the district judge, to claim compensation for the loss of two buffaloes which had been shot by the gentleman we had so lately passed. He said his claims and remonstrances had been unheeded by the European gentleman (who probably did not understand a word he said), and that his other buffaloes were in imminent danger (most likely some had already bitten the dust)."

A gallant colonel found a "pocket-pistol" of signal service in an adventure with a bear.

"The Ceylon bear, although of small size, is fierce, and much dreaded by the natives; some of whom I have known terribly disfigured, when they were fortunate enough to escape with life from the strong arms and sharp teeth of these animals. The encounter of an active and gallant officer, Colonel H——, with two bears in the Magampattoo, is a story well known in Ceylon. He had embarked in a native boat, which was driven far past Hambantotte, the post at which he intended to land: having got on shore, although without attendants, and at a considerable distance from any inhabited place, he determined on attempting to reach a resting house before night-fall. In this determination he proceeded, carrying a small portmanteau and a bottle of brandy; the last article a gift most fortunately pressed upon him by the friend from whose house he started. While proceeding with all possible expedition, it became dusk, and Colonel H—— found the path beset with elephants; by them he was chased, but escaped by throwing away his portmanteau. Much exhausted by his exertions, he had proceeded but a short way, when, by the indistinct light, he perceived two bears occupying the path, and advancing upon him. As soon as the animals came within reach, Colonel H—— struck the foremost bruin so severe a blow, that the bottle was broken on the animal's head, and the brandy dashed over its countenance: on this the bear made a precipitate retreat, followed by his unanointed companion, and Colonel H—— arrived in safety at the rest-house of Yallé."

"There are several different ways of catching elephants in Ceylon; but that requiring least preparation and most dexterity is noosing them in an open forest. For this purpose, having ascertained the position of one, the hunters steal up against the wind, carrying their atmaddoos (strong ropes made of bullock's hide, with a noose at one end). Having got close to the animal's flank, they watch an opportunity, either when he starts off or attempts to turn round, of slipping the noose under a hind foot, at the same time taking a turn round a tree with the other end of the rope. Checked and tripped, the animal stumbles; and, before recovering, additional hide-ropes are fixed to his other legs, which are afterwards entangled by cords made from the keetul (sugar-palm) tree, and twisted from one foot to another, in the form of a figure of eight. The elephant is then fixed to the nearest tree, and a shed erected over him, unless tame ones can be procured to escort him to the stable.

"Another method by which elephants are caught, with less danger to the people but greater injury to the animal, is by laying a large noose of gasmaddoo (a thicker kind of hide rope) in a path, covering it slightly with earth, and fixing the other end to a shady tree, in which a man is concealed, who holds a leading-rope attached to the noose. The elephants being driven towards the snare, if any of them put a foot within the noose, it is raised around his leg by the man who is on watch: by the animal's exertions to escape, the noose is tightened; and the hunters coming up, the capture is completed. Elephants caught in this

way so often overstrained themselves before the hunters came up, that I discontinued catching with gasmaddoos.

"In the maritime provinces, it was the practice to catch elephants in very large kraals; and a multitude of people driven to these hunts were placed in a semicircular chain, sometimes embracing a great extent of country, until, gradually advancing as the elephants removed, the extremities of the line of assailants were brought round so as to reach the enclosure. By noise during the day and fires at night, the encompassed animals were gradually pressed forward towards the fence; then, unable to proceed except by the passage left on purpose, they rushed into the toils, and the entrance was immediately secured before the enraged captives had time to discover their dilemma. From the great kraal the elephants were forced or enticed into a narrow funnel-shaped passage, in which, being unable to turn, they were easily secured, and, as they came out, were attached to two tame elephants to be conducted to the stables."

EARLY LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

In our 61th Number we inserted an article on the study of Astronomy, which commenced with a brief notice of the life of the late Sir William Herschel, father of the present Sir John Herschel, the Astronomer. It was there stated that Sir William was the second son of a musician at Hanover, and that his early life was spent in connexion with the musical profession, "though few correct particulars respecting it are known." It then goes on to state, that he began to turn his attention to Astronomy while he was resident at Bath, as organist of the Octagon Chapel, &c.

Previously to this, it appears that he had been organist at Halifax in Yorkshire, and that he was brought into notice at Doncaster in that county: and perhaps it would not be uninteresting to our readers if we were to insert the following particulars, which we believe are only partially known, of a portion of his early life, and of the manner in which the astronomer who discovered the Georgium Sidus was brought from a state of humble obscurity to a situation which paved the way to his future greatness.

The gentleman who was the means of this change in his circumstances was Edward Miller, Doctor of Music, at that time organist of the parish church of Doncaster, and who afterwards wrote and published a History of that town and the neighbourhood, in quarto. The Doctor, in a note in the said History, gives an interesting account of the manner in which Herschel was introduced into respectable society; and we think that we cannot do better than tell the story in his own words.

Speaking of the manner in which the gentry of Doncaster and the neighbourhood wisely spent their evenings at that time (which was about the commencement of the present century), the Doctor describes the weekly concerts given by Mr. Copley at Nether Hall, in which Sir Bryan Cooke, of Wheatley Hall, near Doncaster, grandfather of the present Sir Wm. B. Cooke, Bart., took part, along with other gentlemen in the neighbourhood. He then says, "On the arrival of Mr. Herschel in Doncaster, Sir Bryan Cooke, of course, resigned the first violin to him." The note above alluded to refers to this part of the text, and is as follows:—

"It will ever be a gratifying reflection to me, that I was the first person by whose means this extraordinary genius was drawn from a state of obscurity. About the year 1760, as I was dining with the officers of the Durham Militia at Pontefract, one of them informed me that they had a young German in their band as a performer on the hautboy, who had only been a few months in this country, and yet spoke English almost as well as a native; that, exclusive of the hautboy, he was an excellent performer on the violin, and if I chose to repair to another room, he should entertain me with a solo. I did so, and Mr. Herschel executed a solo of Giardini's in a manner that surprised me. Afterwards I took an opportunity to have a little private conversation with him, and requested to know if he had engaged himself to the Durham Militia for any long period? He answered, 'No, only from month to month.' 'Leave them, then,' said I, 'and come and live with me. I am a single man, and think we shall be happy together; doubtless your merit will soon entitle you to a more eligible situation.' He consented to my request, and came to Doncaster. It is true, at that time my humble mansion consisted but of two rooms. However, poor as I was, my cottage contained a small library of well-chosen books; and it must appear singular, that a young German who had been so short a time in England should understand even the peculiarities of our language so well as to adopt Dean Swift for his favourite author. I took an opportunity of introducing him at Mr. Copley's concert; and he presently began in

'Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.'

For never before had we heard the concertos of Corelli, Geminiani, and Avison, or the overtures of Handel, performed more chastely, or more according to the original intention of the composers, than by Mr. Herschel. I soon lost my companion—his fame was presently spread abroad—he had the offer of scholars, and was solicited to lead the public concerts both at Wakefield and Halifax."

So far, to the credit of the worthy doctor, *himself* a composer of no mean talent, and who must have been highly gratified at the result of his disinterested and noble generosity, we have introduced Herschel into public life. But the account states further,—

"About this time a new organ for the parish church of Halifax was built by Snetzler; which was opened with an oratorio by the late well-known Joah Bates. Mr. Herschel and six others were candidates for the organist's place. They drew lots how they were to perform in rotation. My friend Herschel drew the third lot—the second performer was Mr. Wainwright, afterwards Dr. Wainwright, of Manchester, whose finger was so rapid, that old Snetzler, the organ-builder, ran about the church, exclaiming '*Te tevel, te tevel, he run over te key like one cat; he vil not give my piphes room for to sphcak.*' During Mr. Wainwright's performance, I was standing in the middle aisle with Herschel. 'What chance,' said I, 'have you to follow this man?' He replied, 'I don't know; I am sure fingers will not do.' On which he ascended the organ-loft, and produced from the organ so uncommon a fulness—such a volume of slow solemn harmony, that I could by no means account for the effect. After this short extempore effusion, he finished with the old hundredth psalm tune, which he played better than his opponent. 'Ay, ay,' cried old Snetzler, '*tish is very goot indeet; I vil luf tish man, for he gives my piphes room for to sphcak!*' Having afterwards asked Mr. Herschel by what means, in the beginning of his performance, he produced so uncommon an effect, he replied, 'I told you fingers would not do;' and producing two pieces of lead from his waistcoat-pocket, 'One of these,' said he, 'I placed on the lowest key of the organ, and the other upon the octave above: thus, by accommodating the harmony, I produced the effect of four hands instead of two. However, as my leading the concert on the violin is their principal object, they will give me the place in preference to a better performer on the organ; but I shall not stay long here, *for I have the offer of a superior situation at Bath,—which offer I shall accept.*'"

Here, then, the future Astronomer Royal is traced to Bath, the place at which we first introduced him to the notice of our readers. More of the history of this great man, we believe, is scarcely known. It appears, however, that he came to England in 1759, a date which perfectly agrees with the time stated by Dr. Miller. It seems that he did not turn his attention entirely to Astronomy until the year 1770, eleven years after his arrival in this country. He then made a large reflecting telescope. About 1779, this self-taught astronomer commenced a regular review of the heavens, with a seven-feet reflector; and in 1781 it was that he discovered the Georgium Sidus, now called Uranus, and which for some time was frequently known by the name of Herschel, in compliment to its discoverer.

The main features of Herschel's life are alluded to in our former Number; and we need now only add, that his character and standing were so high in the scientific world, that the University of Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D.; and the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., on behalf of his royal father, bestowed on him the high distinction of the Hanoverian and Guelphic distinction of Knighthood. Sir William Herschel died on the 23rd of August, 1822, at the age of 83.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

NO. II.

THE sittings of the house of lords have of late years fallen into a degree of irregularity which stands greatly in need of some remedy. After the first week or fortnight of the session very few lords attend, and the debates are few and "long between." In consequence of this paucity of attendance, many bills sent up from the commons are postponed until after Easter, and towards June and July the business to be got through becomes so very oppressive that their lordships are obliged to throw out many bills merely from want of time to give them sufficient consideration. It is obvious that the machinery of the two houses is not well adjusted in this respect.

The peers claim to be entitled from ancient prescription to vote by proxy on all occasions, except when the house sits in committee. A peer, for instance, who chooses to remain in the country or abroad, writes to the prime minister, or any other friend of his a member of that house, empowering such minister or friend to use his vote in any way deemed by either most expedient. It certainly does not appear reasonable that a noble lord residing, say at Naples or Rome, should have the power to vote at Westminster upon a question of which he was at the time of voting most probably altogether ignorant. It happens sometimes that a member of a deliberative assembly, after hearing the arguments on both sides of a subject, changes the opinions which he had entertained upon it before the discussion presented him with the opportunity of making himself acquainted with all its details. From any change of this kind, a proxy precludes the party who gives it. Indeed, there is no reason for excluding proxies from being counted upon divisions in committees, which does not apply with equal force to this species of voting in "the house" itself.

The general routine of a public bill through parliament before it becomes law is so well known that it seems almost superfluous to describe it. The purport of the bill having been fully or partially explained, the member who proposes it asks leave of the house to bring it in, if it is first to be introduced in the house of commons. In the house of lords no such permission is required, a peer having the right to lay his bill upon the table at once, and demand for it a first reading, which is almost never refused. The bill being read a first time, is printed, and a day is fixed upon for the second reading. At this stage it is discussed chiefly as to its principle; and if there be any material differences of opinion concerning it, the question whether it is to proceed farther is decided. If resisted, a motion is made by one of its opponents that it should be read a second time on that day six months; and should this motion be carried, the bill is thrown out. Should there be no opposition, or the motion against the bill fail, it is next referred to a committee of the whole house; its details are gone through, and alterations and amendments are proposed, and according to the views of the majority accepted or rejected. A member chosen for the purpose at the commencement of each new parliament presides as chairman on such occasion. He sits at the table in the centre of the house, and exercises all the duties which in "the house" devolve upon the Speaker. If, however, upon any material point of order, his decision be considered erroneous, it is referred to the Speaker.

The whole of the details of the bill having been arranged, the report of the committee is brought up. Upon the motion that the report be received, a fresh debate may take place. If unopposed, the next step is to order that the bill be engrossed and read a third time on a fixed day. The bill in its amended form is then engrossed upon sheets of parchment, which are folded in the form of a roll. Upon the motion that the bill be read a third time, it is competent to any member to move again that it be read a third time that day six months, or that further alterations be introduced into it. If these alterations be approved of, they are added in the way of "riders" on the bill; being so called because the new clauses are engrossed on separate slips of parchment, and stitched to the original roll at the places where they ought to come in. If the bill be read a third time, the final question is, that this bill "do now pass;" a question upon which very rarely indeed a division takes place.

The bill, if approved by both houses of parliament, is presented in the house of lords to the sovereign for his assent, which is signified by him personally or by commissioners named for the purpose. His assent is expressed by the words—"Le Roi le veut,"—"The king wills it so to be." His dissent is conveyed in these words—"Le Roi s'avisera,"—"The king will advise upon it." The prerogative of rejection by the crown is now very seldom resorted to.

In the case of a private bill, a similar course is observed, except that the committee is a select one, which sits in a separate chamber. To a bill of this kind the royal assent is expressed in the words—"Soit fait comme il est désiré,"—"Be it as it is desired." The general bill of supply is carried at the close of the session from the house of commons to the house of lords by the Speaker: the royal assent to this bill is given in a different form by the words "Le Roi remercie ses loyal subjects, accepte leur bénévolence, et aussi le veut,"—"The king thanks his loyal subjects, accepts their benevolence, and wills it so to be."

In ordinary cases a bill passed through the house of commons is committed to the custody of a member named for that purpose, who, attended by other members, carries it to the bar of the house of lords, and delivers it to the lord chancellor, who comes down from the woolsack to receive it. A bill passed in the first instance in the house of lords is carried to the house of commons by two masters in chancery, unless upon occasions of great importance, when that office is performed by two judges. All messages from the upper to the lower house are conveyed by masters in chancery; those from the lower to the upper house, by members of the former. Should disagreements take place between the two houses, the points of variance are discussed in a conference between delegates from each house. At this conference the commoners are uncovered, the lords wear their hats. Formerly also the peers (before the Painted Chamber, where such meetings were held, was burned down) claimed the right of standing upon a floor elevated by one step above that upon which the commoners stood. I know not whether this privilege be still adhered to. These old customs appear almost ludicrous; nevertheless they are symbols which mark the superior dignity always assumed by the lords over the commons, and as such are entitled to consideration.

When, at the end of a session, one looks at the long catalogue of measures proposed at its commencement, one wonders at the little that has been realised out of all that had been promised. This remark is especially applicable to the proceedings of parliament for the last three or four years, during which many bills that have occupied months in the house of commons have been thrown out, I may say, in bundles in the house of lords, from a want of sufficient time for consideration. Besides the reason already given for this occurrence, it must be acknowledged, I think, that the machinery of parliament, as it is now constituted, is scarcely equal to the management of the constantly-increasing business of this empire and its vast dependencies.

It would be a very great convenience, I submit, that every bill not absolutely necessary to be dealt with immediately, should be printed and widely circulated at least one session before it is brought forward for discussion in parliament. It would be well also to consider whether much of our private legislation might not be devolved, in the first instance, on assemblies of delegates in the localities interested; bills passed in those assemblies, however, not to have the force of law without the assent of a joint committee selected by ballot from both houses. Some such arrangement as this would save a great deal of time, and protect members from the severe fatigue which attendance upon private committees frequently imposes upon them. It often happens that members who are scrupulous in the discharge of their duties, are called upon to give to them no less than ten or twelve hours out of the four-and-twenty. A heavy day's work in a private committee, and then

six or eight hours' attendance in the house, are, if often repeated, sufficient to break down the strongest health. It is understood that the lives of individuals who are addicted to parliamentary functions are shorter, upon the average, than those of the generality of our population.

If the private business could be divided between local delegates and a joint committee of the two houses in the way I have mentioned, then there could be no good reason why the house of commons might not meet, as the chamber of deputies does in Paris, at one o'clock P.M., instead of five o'clock, and continue until seven in the evening. This would give the ministers all the morning and the evening (after seven) for the despatch of state affairs. On Wednesdays but little business is transacted in the house of commons, and on Saturdays it seldom meets. These two days of the session the ministers have entirely to themselves, besides the recesses of Easter and Whitsuntide, and the whole of that part of the year intervening between the prorogation and the new session.

Undoubtedly this alteration in the sittings of the house might not be perfectly convenient to professional and commercial members; but the amount of that inconvenience, even after making full allowance for it, is not sufficient to weigh down all the other advantages which such an arrangement would produce. The length of a day's debate being limited, might compel loquacious members to reduce their speeches in number and measure. The hours would be much more conducive to the health of the Speaker, clerks, the great mass of the members, and the reporters—a most valuable body of literary men, whose general habits would be much improved by a reform of this kind.

As to the house of lords, they seldom sit above an hour or two on Mondays; on Wednesdays and Saturdays not at all, generally speaking. The present arrangement is perhaps the only one that house could adopt, as the mornings are usually devoted to appeals, and other judicial business.

Another most important part of our "state machinery,"—one of which everybody feels the influence, but which it would be very difficult to describe,—is *public opinion*. What is *public* opinion? This is a question upon which two political parties can almost never agree. One party represents its view to be the popular one. Should this be conceded, which is seldom the case, the other still contends that it has upon its side all the "good sense" and real weight of the country, and that the sentiments of the sound thinking portion of the community alone are the true elements of "public opinion." All sides are agreed that "public opinion" is and ought to be the guide of ministerial and parliamentary measures; but their organs in the press so vehemently contend for their separate principles, that a common reader who peruses the journals of the antagonists is often sadly puzzled to decide who is right and who is wrong.

The debates in parliament are now so voluminous, that no reader can get through them unless he can devote to that purpose three hours a-day. This is a labour which very few persons will willingly perform; they, therefore, content themselves with the summary which they find at the head of the leading articles. These summaries are usually framed in the tone, and interspersed with brief commentaries advocating the political principles, of the journal. They are followed by more elaborate articles on "the same side;" and the result is, that nine readers out of ten, being but imperfectly informed as to the facts and arguments connected with both sides of a question, usually adopt, to save themselves further trouble, the sentiments of the journal which they are most accustomed to peruse. The journals which enjoy the most extensive circulation have, therefore, a *primâ facie* title to assert that they are the true sources of "public opinion."

And it must be admitted that this is a title which it is extremely difficult to overthrow, if we are to define public opinion to be the opinion of a great majority of the reading members of the community. There are, however, other things to be taken into consideration before we can accept this definition as the just one. We must, in the first place, look at the character of the publications which claim for themselves the titles of the "leading journals" of the country. If their arguments be founded in truth—if those arguments be temperately and logically conducted—if the writers be manifestly free from strong political bias, and have in view, not the exaltation of one party or the depression of another, but the real welfare of the empire,—then their identification with a decided majority of the enlightened classes of the community entitles them to say that they are the authentic oracles of "public opinion."

But if, on the contrary, we plainly see at the commencement of a discussion upon any particular topic that assertions not consistent with truth are made,—if suppressions be resorted to—if the quality of candour be absent, and its place be filled up with mere declamation;—if this course of loudness and violence be pursued day after day, without any intervals of sober thought, quiet retrospection, calm investigation of the arguments and facts adduced on the other side, we must conclude that the sources of opinion contained in journals of that description are, to say the least of them, liable to great suspicion, if not altogether apocryphal.

Burke has remarked, that a man who utters through the press what he knows to be a lie, and repeats that lie every day for a month or two, will eventually believe it to be a truth. The habit he acquires, during any continued period, of contemplating his original invention, begets a faith in it which sooner or later shapes it out as an unquestionable fact. Moreover, if his journal have any circulation and influence, his primary fiction comes back upon his view in so many various forms from other publications, which either copy it or argue upon it without suspecting its real character, that he becomes himself the victim of credulity as much as any of those whom he has gathered in his train. This is the kind of process that generally takes place when fanaticism, either political or religious, supplants in men's minds the faculty of reason. It is clear that from such a poisoned fountain as this truth cannot flow, and that although a majority of voices be in favour of the journal that presents it, their votes do not constitute it "public *opinion*." It is assertion—it is dogmatism—it is clamour—anything but opinion—that is if we take opinion to be at all connected with sanity of judgment.

Besides the character of the journals which assume to be the true representatives of public opinion, we must also consider the classes of persons by whom these journals are patronised. This, however, is a matter of fact, involving a sort of general census of the population which cannot be easily made. From the arguments that are used, and the feelings and jealousies and interests appealed to, we can, however, form a pretty fair conjecture upon this point; and if we find that the majority assumed to exist, and to coincide with the journals on whose side that majority is ranged, does really embrace a large proportion of persons of property, information, and influence, we are constrained to acknowledge that they have with them that moral power known by the designation of public opinion—a power undoubtedly irresistible in this country.

Proofs of its many victories over all sorts of resistance abound in our annals. A very recent instance of it occurs in the establishment of the universal penny-postage. This was an innovation combated at its original stages by the post-office authorities, the government, and the houses of parliament. After passing through its early stages of discussion, it was opposed also by a portion of the press, and certain mercantile interests which, it was said, ought to be held inviolable. Even at the last hour the measure was not acceptable to the house of lords; nevertheless it is now the law of the land, having triumphed over all obstacles. And the reason that it did triumph is, that it carried with it a most decided majority of the thinking and discreet members of the community. The mistake of its opponents was, that they treated it as a mere fiscal question; whereas it involves considerations of the highest moral value, and moreover leads to results which eventually will show themselves in a great augmentation of the revenue, although that increase may not be looked for under the head of the "post-office."

True public opinion is, I apprehend, not difficult, after all, to be detected, amid the various sentiments put forth with reference to any question of importance. It is curious to trace its progress

from very small beginnings to an immeasurable extent. The surface of the smooth sea disturbed by the fall of a stone, and presenting a succession of circles in consequence, which every moment widen until at length they embrace a vast area, exhibits a just resemblance of the progress of what really may be called sound public opinion in this country. It is seldom that any measure of rational and useful reform is proposed amongst us in vain. The circle which at the commencement embraces its advocates may be small; but if it be really a good measure, that circle will every year grow larger, until at length it comprehends the whole country. Propositions of a chimerical tendency are speedily put down, especially if their advocates attempt to enforce them by mere brute strength: the laws have only to raise their calm and majestic voice if treason be abroad, and to summon around them all the energies of our social system whenever it becomes necessary to repel movements amongst the people of a character unsanctioned by the constitution.

At the same time, it is clearly to be understood that the people of this country possess a legal right of resistance against the violences of power. That right they exercise, when it is necessary, through the administration and free course of justice in the courts of law, through petitions to the crown and parliament for redress of grievances, through appeals by frequent meetings and the eloquence of the press to public opinion, and lastly, by the use of arms. It is to this right of resistance we owe the Great Charter, and the confirmations of it afterwards when monarchical usurpations endeavoured to rescind it. From the same right, lawfully put in force, resulted the abdication of the throne by James II., and the establishment upon it of the family now reigning over us. That great safeguard is expressly consecrated in the bill of rights. It is, however, a safeguard to be resorted to only in extreme cases. It is the acropolis to which we need not fly until all the outward bulwarks are demolished. De Lolme justly remarks, that "the power of the people is not when they strike, but when they keep in awe: it is when they can overthrow everything, they need never to move; and Manlius included all in four words, when he said to the people of Rome—'Ostendite bellum, pacem habebitis;'"—"Show them war, and you will have peace."

CHINESE TESTIMONALS OF GRATITUDE.

In No. 69, we gave an account of the Ophthalmic Institution and Hospital at Macao and Canton, originally established by T. R. Colledge, Esq., and carried on by Dr. Parker and others. We here add some additional particulars, taken from the Report of the "Medical Missionary Society in China," together with one or two "testimonials of gratitude" from some of the Chinese benefited by the gratuitous labours of these benevolent men.

We may commence with the Ophthalmic Institution at Macao:

"Its founder, T. R. Colledge, Esq., was appointed surgeon to the British Factory in China in 1826, and the succeeding year commenced administering to the infirmities of such indigent natives as sought his assistance. All sorts of distempers now came under his investigation. But soon discovering that no native practitioner could treat diseases of the eyes, which prevail to so great an extent among the labouring classes of Chinese, he determined to devote his skill more particularly to this branch of his profession. In the year 1828, he rented apartments at Macao, for the reception of such patients as required operations for the recovery of their sight. This institution became the topic of conversation throughout the province, and praises and thanks were heaped upon its proprietor by the friends and families of those who had received benefit, as well as by the individuals themselves who had felt 'his healing hand,' as may be seen by the translation of a *few* of the many Chinese letters expressive of gratitude, which were addressed to Mr. C., and which are annexed to this work.

"One of those letters I will here particularly notice: I allude to that from Tsae Ye, expressing his gratitude for curing his broken arm; and would state that the accident was caused by a horse, rode by a captain of the Honourable Company's Service, which was somewhat uncontrollable. The Chinese was met in a narrow path, near Macao, and the horse rushed upon him and tumbled him over, and unfortunately broke his arm ere there was time to retreat, or stop the horse. Mr. Colledge happening to arrive at the spot soon after the accident occurred, was recognised by the crowd of Chinese that had assembled around the unfortunate man, and kindly taking him under his charge, restored his arm to health. Had this not been done, there is no doubt the Chinese officers, as is their usual practice, would have given the captain much trouble, and put him to considerable expense; and, could they have seized his person, would have brought him to trial; but all trouble was prevented by thus taking charge of the man."

The following is the letter alluded to:—

"Note of thanks from Tsae Ye, for the cure of his arm, to the English nation's surgeon, Colledge.

"I, Tsae Ye, of Mongha (village), on the 7th of the 9th moon, when going to the village, met on the way a ship captain, riding about for amusement. We encountered each other in a narrow part of the road, where there was no room to turn off, and avoid one another. Hence I was kicked and trodden down by the horse, and my arm broken. Deeply grateful am I to the English nation's great doctor for taking me home to his worthy abode, and applying cures; so that, in about a month, I was perfectly healed. Ye is, indeed, deeply imbued with your profound benevolence. In truth it is as though we had unexpectedly found a divine spirit, giving life to the world. On earth there is none to match you. Ye, sleeping and waking, thinks of you. In this life, in the present world, he has no power to recompense you; but in the coming life he will serve you as a horse or a dog.

"To the English nation's great doctor,

"TSAE YE,

with his whole family imbued by your favour, bows his head, and pays respects."

The incident recorded in the following shows the influence of Mr. Colledge's labours:—

"The vigilance and steadiness of the proprietor, in enforcing the rules he had laid down for the institution, and keeping subordination among the inmates, together with his scientific and professional attentions to the sick, had for a long period saved the infirmary from any event of an alarming nature. Yet, in course of time, an aged Chinese, who had been admitted, while conversing with Mr. Colledge, suddenly fell and expired. This circumstance was most unexpected and alarming, owing to the prejudices of the Chinese and the severity of their laws. However, Mr. Colledge, with great presence of mind, immediately locked the door of the room where the deceased lay, and, taking the key with him, sent and informed the tsotang (a Chinese magistrate) of the circumstance; this officer received the information with good feeling, and having satisfied himself concerning the circumstances of the death, evinced no desire either to extort money or make difficulties.

"It is likewise worthy of remark, that none of the patients left the infirmary in consequence of this event, although they were apprised of Mr. Colledge having invited the tsotang to take cognizance of it: on the contrary, every inmate—and the hospital was then full—volunteered to give evidence of the good treatment the deceased had received. And two of the convalescent patients accompanied the corpse to its native village, and returned after the interment.

"I have selected the above anecdote to exhibit the influence the founder of the infirmary had obtained over the mind of the Chinese, who had come to a knowledge of his benevolent exertions, softening, and, in fact, almost subduing, their spirit of revenge towards foreigners."

Some of the letters from the Chinese are very characteristic, both generally and individually. Two individuals approach "respectfully to take leave:"—

"We *ants**, having been long abroad, wish now to return to our familes. We are grateful, medical officer, for the grace you have displayed in giving us benefits, perfectly curing the diseases of our eyes, and granting us food and provisions, without our spending a particle of money. It is, indeed, what may be called expansive benevolence. Your fame will spread over the four seas to men of all ages. We have now no ability to repay you with favours, but can merely express our good wishes in vulgar lan

* "This is in accordance with the Chinese custom of designating one's self by some humble term."

guage. May your happiness, medical officer and teacher, be as the eastern sea, the waves overtopping each other, in a thousand steps; and may your longevity compare with the southern mountains, and be perpetual as the sun and moon.

"To the medical officer and teacher:—may he gradually rise upwards to the first rank, and continue long as heaven and earth.

"HWANG TSEWLE and HWANG ASZE,

people of Kweishen district, bend their heads, and bow a hundred times."

Again:—

"Your disciple, Tan Sheling, of the district of Haeping in Shaoukingfoo, deeply sensible of your favour, and about to return home, bows and takes leave.

"It seems to me that, of all men in the world, they are the most happy who have all their senses perfect, and they the most unfortunate who have both eyes blind. What infelicitous fate it was that caused such a calamity to befal me, alas, I know not. But fortunately, Sir, I heard that you, a most excellent physician, having arrived in the province of Canton, and taken up your residence in Macao, compassionated those who have diseased eyes, gave them medicines, and expended your property for their support; and that, by the exertion of your great abilities, with a hand skilful as that of *Sun* or *Hwa*, you drew together hundreds of those who were dim-sighted, furnished them with houses, took care of them, and supplied them with daily provisions.

"While thus extending wide your benevolence, your fame spread over the four seas. I heard thereof and came, and was happily taken under your care; and not many months passed ere my eyes became bright as the moon and stars when the clouds are rolled away. All this is because your great nation, cultivating virtue and practising benevolence, extends its favours to the children of neighbouring countries.

"Now, completely cured, and about to return home, I know not when I shall be able to requite your favours and kindness. But, sir, it is the desire of my heart, that you may enjoy nobility and emoluments of office, with honours and glory; happiness and felicity that shall daily increase; riches that shall multiply and flourish, like the shoots of the bamboo in spring time; and life that shall be prolonged to ten thousand years. Deeply sensible of your acts of kindness, I have written a few rustic lines, which I present to you with profound respect:—

"England's kind hearted prince and minister,
Have shed their favours on the sons of Han:
Like one divine, disorder'd eyes you heal,
Kindness so great I never can forget.

Heaven caused me to find the good physician,
Who with unearthly skill, to cure my eyes,
Cut off the film, and the 'green' lymph removed:—
Such, sir, were rarely found in ancient times.

"Honourable sir, thou great arm of the nation, condescend to look upon your disciple, TAN SHELING,
who bows his head a hundred times, and pays his respects."

Another eloquent gentleman—"Knocks head, and thanks the great English doctor. Venerable gentleman! May your groves of almond trees be abundant in spring, and the orange trees make the water of your well fragrant; as heretofore may you be made manifest to the world, as illustrious and brilliant, and as a most profound and skilful doctor. I myself arrived at Macao last year, blind in both eyes; I have to thank you, venerable sir, for having, by your excellent methods, cured me perfectly. Your goodness is lofty as a hill, your virtue deep as the sea; therefore all my family will express their gratitude for your new-creating goodness. Now I am desirous of returning home; your profound kindness it is impossible for me to requite; I feel extremely ashamed of myself for it. Again, I trust that you, venerable sir, will kindly feel compassion for me. Moreover, morning and evening you supplied me with firewood and water. This adds to the shame I feel. I am grateful for your favours, and shall think of them without ceasing. Moreover I am certain that, since you have been a benefactor to the world, and your good government is spread abroad, Heaven must surely grant you a long life, and you will enjoy every happiness. I return to my mean province. Your illustrious name, venerable sir, shall extend to all time; during a thousand ages it shall not decay. I return thanks for your great kindness; inexhaustible are my words to sound your fame, and to express my thanks. I wish you everlasting tranquility.

"Presented to the great English doctor, and noble gentleman, in the 11th year of Taoukwang, by Ho Shuh, of the district of Chaougan, in the department of Changchoo, in Fuhkeen, who knocks head and presents thanks."

One poor man, in giving thanks for the cure of his daughter's eyes, says, "I feel deeply indebted for her perfect recovery; but being very poor, I have no means of offering a recompense. I have merely prepared some variegated crackers to manifest my respect. In speaking of his meritorious virtue I feel endless gratitude." Another has a wish that may well startle a Malthusian, namely, that Mr. Colledge may have "sons and heirs numerous as the fruitful locust;" which said locust is reputed to have ninety-nine young ones at a time! But we conclude with the letter of a poet, who aspires to something more than a compliment of "variegated crackers."—

"This I address to the English physician: condescend, sir, to look upon it.

"Diseased in my eyes, I had almost lost my sight, when happily, sir, I met with you;—you gave me medicine; you applied the knife; and, as when the clouds are swept away, now again I behold the azure heavens. My joy knows no bounds. As a faint token of my feelings I have composed a stanza in pentameter, which, with a few trifling presents, I beg you will be pleased to accept. Then happy, happy shall I be!

"*Tse [illegible] pih—ane kin y h,*
Ho [illegible]—[illegible] Tsin
Ling [illegible]—pin chang hang;
Shou [illegible] chung chun.
Jo [illegible] Tung tsz—sang tsze she,
[illegible] Shou [illegible]—[illegible] tsze shin
[illegible] kwei kwo hone,
Kow pee [illegible]—shwuy che pun.

"He lavishes his blessings,—but he seeks for no return,
Such medicine, such physician,—since Tsin were never known.
The medicine—how many kinds most excellent has he;
The surgeon's knife—it pierced the eye, and spring once more I see.
If Tung has not been born again to bless the present age,
Then sure, 'tis [illegible] re-animate, [illegible] upon the stage.
Whenever you'll away from us to see your native land,
A living monument I'll wait, upon the ocean's strand."

"* * * pays his respects, and bows a hundred times."

LIVERPOOL MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

THIS institution was founded in June 1825, by a few public-spirited gentlemen of Liverpool; among whom was Dr. Traill, now Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in Edinburgh College. These gentlemen took a few rooms in Duke-street,—engaged masters to teach in the evenings, reading, writing, English grammar, the elementary parts of mathematics, drawing, &c. Few, however, availed themselves of this excellent opportunity for improvement; the institution was looked upon with jealousy by the majority of master trades-men, and with indifference by that class for whom it was intended. These feelings, aided by the indolence of some of the masters, brought it in a short time to such a state that its existence was despaired of by many of those who had established it.

At this juncture a few of its most undaunted supporters made a last effort: they discarded several of the masters, engaged others more efficient, and instituted a close personal inspection of the classes. These measures in a few years restored it to prosperity, and in 1832 a larger building became necessary to accommodate the increasing number of pupils in the evening schools. As the institution had no funds, the raising of a new building was to be accomplished entirely by contributions, and this necessarily made the directors responsible to a great amount; yet so determined were they, that Mr. Radcliff, and Mr. Leyland, the president for this year, to both of whom the greatest praise is due for their unwearied exertions, signed the title deeds of the ground upon which the building stands, when they had only *six guineas* of subscriptions in their possession. Shortly after this, two gentlemen subscribed the munificent sums of 500*l*. each: from this period subscriptions rapidly increased, and the first stone of the new building was laid by Lord Brougham in the summer of 1835.

In due time a most commodious edifice was erected, which, however, was no sooner completed than it was burnt to the ground, even before it had been entered upon. Notwithstanding this, the building again rose like the phœnix from its ashes. The ground and building are valued at 11,000*l*. Two distinct day-schools were opened within its walls; the one called the High School, intended for the wealthier classes of society,—the other called the Lower

School, which had been previously established and was intended for the sons of mechanics.

The structure itself is of immense size, consisting of two wings and a centre building. In these there is a beautiful theatre for public lectures, which will accommodate upwards of 1500 auditors; a sculpture-gallery, containing several valuable statues; a museum, a reading-room, and library containing 6000 vols., of which, on an average, 200 are given out daily. The number and extent of the other rooms will be best understood by an account of the classes which occupy them. The Lower Day School, which in 1837 contained 80 pupils—in 1838, 221 pupils, and three masters—in 1839, 449 pupils and 10 masters—contains at present 470 pupils under the care of 12 masters. The terms for sons of members are 1*l.* 15*s.* per annum, for others 2*l.* 5*s.* Excepting classics, there are taught in this school all the branches of a good English education; comprising reading in elementary science, history &c., geography and the use of the globes, grammar, composition &c., writing plain and ornamental, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry &c., drawing, French, and natural philosophy.

The High School contains 356 pupils, under the care of 18 masters; terms, 10 guineas per annum. The course of instruction given in this school is intended to fit the pupils either for the college or counting-house. The evening classes, conducted by 26 masters, contain about 650 pupils, to whom instruction is afforded in English grammar, composition, geography, history, writing, arithmetic, the various branches of pure mathematics, navigation, nautical and popular astronomy, mechanical science and its application to the arts, mechanical drawing, architectural drawing, landscape-drawing and practical perspective, ornamental figure drawing and modelling, naval architecture, painting, natural philosophy, the French and German languages, classics, rhetorical delivery, and vocal music. In addition to these, there are public lectures twice a week, the audiences varying in number from 800 to 1000. The number of members at present belonging to the institution is as follows:—

Life members	512	Sons of members	655
Annual members	1595	Apprentices of members	266
Quarterly members	43	Ladies	389
		Total	3160

A contribution of ten guineas constitutes a life member; one guinea per annum, an annual member. A lady's subscription is half-a-guinea per annum.

The whole number of pupils in both the day and evening schools is by the last report 1476.

The effects of such an institution as this, must necessarily be a wide diffusion of useful knowledge among a class of men whose education has hitherto been much neglected. But there is another effect which ought not to be overlooked:—at the time when the institution was first established, many viewed it with great jealousy. Such a change of opinion, however, has now taken place, that those who stood aloof are now about to establish a similar institution. Private schools have also received a new incitement to exertion, and another Mechanics' Institution has already been founded at the north end of the town: in this there are evening schools and public lectures twice a week. This state of public feeling speaks well for the cause of education in Liverpool.

PROPERTY, CAPITAL, AND CREDIT.

NO. II.—CAPITAL AND CREDIT.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

"A MOMENT's consideration will show the unreasonableness of a prejudice against capital, for it will show that it is the great instrument of the business movements of society. Without it, there can be no exercise, on a large scale, of the mechanic arts, no manufactures, no private improvements, no public enterprises of utility, no domestic exchanges, no foreign commerce. For all these purposes, a twofold use of capital is needed. It is necessary that a great many persons should have a portion of capital: as, for instance that the fisherman should have his boat; the husbandman, his farm, his buildings, his implements of husbandry, and his cattle; the mechanic, his shop and his tools; the merchant, his stock in trade. But these small masses of capital are not alone sufficient for the highest degree of prosperity. Larger accumulations are wanted to keep the smaller capitals in steady movement, and to circulate their products. If manufactures are to flourish, a very great outlay in buildings, fixtures, machinery, and power, is necessary. If internal intercourse is to diffuse its inestimable moral, social, and economical blessings through the land, canals, rail-roads, and steam-boats, are to be constructed at vast expense. To effect these objects, capital must go forth like a mighty genius, bidding the mountains to bow their heads, and the valleys to rise,—the crooked places to be straight, and the rough places plain. If agriculture is to be perfected, costly experiments in husbandry must be instituted by those who are able to advance, and can afford to lose, the funds which are required for the purpose. Commerce, on a large scale, cannot flourish without resources adequate to the construction of large vessels, and their outfit for long voyages, and the exchange of valuable cargoes. The eyes of the civilised world are intently fixed upon the experiments now making to navigate the Atlantic by steam. It is said that the Great Western was built and fitted out at an expense of near half a million of dollars. The success of the experiment will be not more a triumph of genius and of art than of capital. The first attempts at the whale-fishery, in Massachusetts, were made from the South Shore and the island of Nantucket, by persons who went out in small boats, killed their whale, and returned the same day. This limited plan of operations was suitable for the small demands of the infant population of New England. But the whales were soon driven from the coast; the population increased, and the demand for the product of the fisheries proportionably augmented. It became necessary to apply larger capital to the business. Whale ships were now fitted out at considerable expense, which pursued this adventurous occupation from Greenland to Brazil. The enterprise thus manifested awoke the admiration of Europe, and is immortalised in the well-known description by Burke. But the business has grown, until the ancient fishing grounds have become the first stations on a modern whaling voyage; and capitals are now required sufficient to fit out a vessel for an absence of forty months, and a voyage of circumnavigation. Fifty thousand dollars are invested in a single vessel, she doubles Cape Horn, ranges from New South Shetland to the coasts of Japan, cruises in unexplored latitudes, stops for refreshment at islands before undiscovered, and on the basis, perhaps, of the capital of an individual house, in New Bedford or Nantucket, performs an exploit which, sixty or seventy years ago, was thought a great object to be effected by the resources of the British government. In this branch of business a capital of twelve or fifteen million of dollars is invested. Its object is to furnish a cheap and commodious light for our winter evenings. The capitalist, it is true, desires an adequate interest on his investment; but he can only get this by selling his oil at a price at which the public are able and willing to buy it. The 'overgrown capitalist,' employed in this business, is an overgrown lamplighter. Before he can pocket his six per cent., he has trimmed the lamp of the cottager, who borrows an hour from evening to complete her day's labour, and has lighted the taper of the pale and thought-worn student, who is, 'outwatching the bear,' over some ancient volume.

"In like manner the other great investments of capital—whatever selfish objects their proprietors may have—must, before that object can be attained, have been the means of supplying the demand of the people for some great article of necessity, convenience, or indulgence. This remark applies peculiarly to manufactures carried on by machinery. A great capital is invested in this form, though mostly in small amounts. Its owners, no doubt, seek a profitable return; but this they can attain in no other way than by furnishing the community with a manufactured article of great and extensive use. Strike out of being the capital invested in manufactures, and you lay upon society the burden of doing by hand all the work which was done by steam and water, by fire and steel; or it must forego the use of the articles manufactured. Each result would in some measure be produced. A much smaller quantity of manufactured articles would be consumed, that is, the community would be deprived of comforts they now enjoy; and those used would be produced at greater cost by manual labour. In other words, fewer people would be sustained, and those less comfortably and at greater expense. When we hear persons condemning accumulations of capital employed in manufactures, we cannot help saying to ourselves, Is it possible that any rational man can desire to stop those busy wheels,—to paralyse those iron arms,—to arrest that falling stream which works while it babbles? What is your object? Do you wish wholly to deprive society of the fruit of the industry of these inanimate but untiring labourers? Or do you wish to lay on aching human shoulders the burdens which are so lightly borne by these patient metallic giants? Look at Lowell. Behold the palaces of her industry side by side with her churches and her school-houses;

the long lines of her shops and warehouses, her streets filled with the comfortable abodes of an enterprising, industrious, and intelligent population. See her fiery Sampsons roaring along her railroad with thirty laden cars in their train. Look at her watery Goliahs, not wielding a weaver's beam, like him of old, but giving motion to hundreds and thousands of spindles and looms. Twenty years ago, and two or three poor farms occupied the entire space within the boundaries of Lowell. Not more visibly, I had almost said not more rapidly, was the palace of Aladdin, in the Arabian tales, constructed by the genius of the lamp, than this noble city of the arts has been built by the genius of capital. This capital, it is true, seeks a moderate interest on the investment; but it is by furnishing to all who desire it the cheapest garment ever worn by civilised man. To denounce the capital which has been the agent of this wonderful and beneficent creation,—to wage war with a system which has spread, and is spreading, plenty throughout the country—what is it but to play in real life the part of the malignant sorcerer in the same eastern tale, who, potent only for mischief, utters the baleful spell which breaks the charm, heaves the mighty pillars of the palace from their foundation, converts the fruitful gardens back to their native sterility, and heaps the abodes of life and happiness with silent and desolate ruins?

"It is hardly possible to realise the effects on human comfort of the application of capital to the arts of life. We can fully do this, only by making some inquiry into the mode of living in civilised countries in the middle ages. The following brief notices, from Mr. Hallam's learned and judicious work, may give us some distinct ideas on the subject. Up to the time of Queen Elizabeth in England, the houses of the farmers in that country consisted of but one story and one room. They had no chimneys. The fire was kindled on a hearth of clay in the centre, and the smoke found its way out through an aperture in the room, at the door, and the openings at the side for air and light. The domestic animals, even oxen, were received under the same roof with their owners. Glass windows were unknown, except in a few lordly mansions, and in them they were regarded as moveable furniture. When the Dukes of Northumberland left Alnwick castle to come to London for the winter, the few glass windows which formed one of the luxuries of the castle were carefully taken out and laid away, perhaps carried to London to adorn the city residence. The walls of good houses were neither wainscoted nor plastered. In the houses of the nobility the nakedness of the walls was covered by hangings of coarse cloth. Beds were a rare luxury. A very wealthy individual had one or two in his house: rugs and skins laid upon the floor were the substitute. Neither books nor pictures formed any part of the furniture of a dwelling in the middle ages; as printing and engraving were wholly unknown, and painting but little practised. A few inventories of furniture, dating from the fifteenth century, are preserved. They afford a striking evidence of the want of comfort and accommodation in articles counted by us among the necessaries of life. In the schedule of the furniture of a Signor Contarini, a rich Venetian merchant living in London in 1481, no chairs nor looking-glasses are named. Carpets were unknown at the same period: their place was supplied by straw and rushes, even in the presence chamber of the sovereign. Skipton Castle, the principal residence of the Earls of Cumberland, was deemed amply provided in having eight beds, but had neither chairs, glasses, nor carpets. The silver plate of Mr. Fermor, a wealthy country gentleman at Easton, in the sixteenth century, consisted of sixteen spoons, and a few goblets and ale-pots. Some valuations of stock-in-trade in England, from the beginning of the fourteenth century, have been preserved. A carpenter's consisted of five tools, the whole valued at a shilling; a tanner's, on the other hand, amounted to near ten pounds, ten times greater than any other,—tanners being at that period the principal tradesmen, as almost all articles of dress for men were made of leather.

"We need but contrast the state of things in our own time with that which is indicated in these facts, to perceive the all-important influence on human comfort of the accumulation of capital, and its employment in the useful arts of life. As it is out of the question for the government to invest the public funds in the branches of industry necessary to supply the customary wants of men, it follows that this must be done by private resources and enterprise. The necessary consequence is, that the large capital required for these operations must be furnished by the contributions of individuals, each possessing a portion of the stock, or by a single proprietor.

"It is rather remarkable that the odium, of which all capital in large masses has sometimes been the subject, should be directed more against the former,—namely, joint-stock companies,—than against large individual capitals. This, however, appears to be the fact. Some attempts have been made to organise public sentiment against associated wealth, as it has been called, without reflecting, as it would seem, that these associations are the only means by which persons of moderate property are enabled to share the profits of large investments. Were it not for these associations in this country, no pursuit could be carried on, except those within the reach of individual resources; and none but very rich persons would be able to follow those branches of industry which now diffuse their benefits among persons of moderate fortune. In which part of this alternative a conformity with the genius of our political institutions exists, need not be laboured.

"But whether the masses of capital necessary to carry on the great operations of trade are derived from the association of several, or from the exclusive resources of one, it is plain that the interest of the capital, however formed, is identical with that of the community. Nobody hoards,—everything is invested or employed, and directly or indirectly, is the basis of business operations.

"It is true, that when one man uses the capital of another, he is expected to pay something for this privilege. But there is nothing unjust or unreasonable in this. It is inherent in the idea of property. It would not be property if I could not take it from you and use it as my own without compensation. That simple word, It is *mine*, carries with it the whole theory of property and its rights. If my neighbour has saved his earnings and built him a house with it, and I ask his leave to go and live in it, I ought in justice to pay him for the use of his house. If, instead of using his money to build a house in which he permits me to live, he lends me his money, with which I build a house for myself, it is equally just that I should pay him for the use of his money. It is his, not mine. If he allows me to use the fruit of his labour or skill, I ought to pay him for that use as I should pay him if he came and wrought for me with his hands. This is the whole doctrine of interest. In a prosperous community, capital can be made to produce a greater return than the rate of interest fixed by law. The merchant who employs the whole of his capital in his own enterprises, and takes all the profit to himself, is commonly regarded as a useful citizen; it would seem unreasonable to look with a prejudiced eye upon the capitalists who allow all the profits of the business to accrue to others, asking only legal interest for his money which they have employed.

"I have left myself scarce room to speak on the subject of credit. The legitimate province of credit is to facilitate and to diffuse the use of capital, and not to create it. I make this remark with care, because views prevail on this subject exaggerated and even false; which, carried into the banking system, have done infinite mischief. I have no wish whatever to depreciate the importance of credit. It has done wonders for this country. It has promoted public and private prosperity; built cities, cleared wildernesses, and bound the remotest parts of the continent together with chains of iron and gold. These are wonders, but not miracles; these effects have been produced not without causes. Trust and confidence are not gold and silver; they command capital, but they do not create it. A merchant in active business has a capital of twenty thousand dollars; his credit is good; he borrows as much more; but let him not think he has doubled his capital. He has done so only in a very limited sense. He doubles the sum on which for a time he trades; but he has to pay back the borrowed capital with interest: and that, whether his business has been prosperous or adverse. Still, I am not disposed to deny that, with extreme prudence and good management, the benefit to the individual of such an application of credit is great; and when individuals are benefited, the public is benefited. But no capital has been created. Nothing has been added to the pre-existing stock. It was in being—the fruit of former accumulation. If he had not borrowed it, it might have been used by its owner in some other way. What the public gains, is the superior activity that is given to business by bringing more persons, with a greater amount and variety of talent, into action.

"These benefits, public and private, are not without some counterbalancing risks: and with the enterprising habits and ardent temperament of our countrymen, I should deem the formation of sound and sober views on the subject of credit one of the most desirable portions of the young merchant's education. The eagerness to accumulate wealth by trading on credit, is the disease of the age and country in which we live. Something of the solidity of our character and purity of our name has been sacrificed to it.

Let us hope that the recent embarrassments of the commercial world will have a salutary influence in repressing this eagerness. The merchants of the country have covered themselves with lasting honour abroad, by the heroic fidelity with which they have, at vast sacrifices, fulfilled their obligations. Let us hope that hereafter they will keep themselves more beyond the reach of the fluctuations in business and the vicissitudes of affairs."

HINTS FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

OUR attention having been drawn by a correspondent to the subject of the management of Sunday-schools, and believing that many of our readers take an interest in those useful establishments, we have inserted the following "Hints," which are from the pen of a friend who has for many years taken an extremely active part in the superintendence of a Sunday-school very numerously attended:—

A Sunday-school is, of all others, perhaps the most difficult to conduct efficiently, because the influence of the teacher is not *daily* felt. Of course, there is less difficulty when the children are regular attendants at a day-school, being trained there in habits of order; but even then it is not easy for the Sunday-school teacher to maintain the strict discipline so essential to success. The best rules are these:—In giving directions, or establishing rules, be very careful that they be just, and not beyond what may reasonably be expected of *children*; but after this, be FIRM in making yourself obeyed. Never command *without* obedience; for if children once feel that the teachers do not make a rule of this, they will naturally pay very slight attention to them: of course it will require perseverance in the teacher, but he will soon find the good effects of his firmness. Again, be *even tempered*, never on any account suffering yourself to *speak a word in anger*, but speak in kindness, which is quite compatible with firmness; and let the children see that you wish to be their *friend* as well as mere instructor, taking occasion to remark publicly on their *good* as well as *bad* behaviour.

Be lively and animated in your manner. Never be satisfied with simply hearing a lesson well read or repeated, but take pains to lead your children to understand what they read. For this purpose, converse familiarly with them, using freely plain illustrations, and leading their young minds to *think*:—to do this *happily*, of course, requires much practice, and some labour at first. The teacher should be careful not to go to his labours *unprepared*, especially when (as is the case with so many Sunday-school teachers) he has enjoyed but a limited education. Be sure, before dismissing any subject you have conversed about, to ascertain *that you have been understood.*

Here it is worth remarking, that whilst familiar in your manner, you must never suffer the respect of your pupils to be diminished. Always, also, maintain a religious tone and bearing in all your instruction. In the case of very young children, the conversational style of teaching is most useful, and keeps up attention best. With these be very careful to restrain the *first* indications of disobedience; and by not dwelling too long on one subject, and not talking above their comprehension, adding to all a lively and cheerful mode of address, you may easily succeed in keeping good order without any weeping.

As to punishments, *when the teacher is judicious and in earnest*, they will rarely be needed. NO CORPORAL PUNISHMENT should be used, but a deprivation of some privilege, or a few kind words from the superintendant, *apart from the class*, will often be quite sufficient. *The teacher* is often the most to blame. We cannot go further into this subject, although so many thoughts occur that it is difficult to stop. Let our inquirer study such books as Todd's Sunday-school Teachers' Manual for fuller information: and above all, let his heart be filled with that love to the little ones under his care—that earnest desire to be of some use in his day and generation, which will, with due reliance on the aid of his heavenly Father, effectually prevent his being discouraged by any difficulties, or cast down by apparent want of present success. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return unto thee after many days."

It is well worth adding, that a Sunday-school class should not exceed eight or ten if possible; a larger number may be and often met with, and *sometimes* well-disciplined, but the mental training must be imperfectly attended to.

THE WIDOW'S HOPE.

BY H. F. GOULD.

SLEEP on, my babe, and in thy dream
Thy father's face behold,
That love again may warmly beam
From eyes now dark and cold.
His wonted fond embrace to give,
To smile as once he smiled,
Again let all the father live,
To bless his orphan child.

Thy mother sits there heavy hours
To measure off with sighs;
And o'er life's quick-wither'd flowers
To droop with streaming eyes.
For, ah! our waking dreams, how fast
Their dearest visions fade,
Or flee, and leave their glory cast
For ever into shade!

And still, the doting, stricken heart,
In every bleeding string
That grief has snapp'd or worn apart,
Finds yet wherewith to cling;
And yet whereon its hold to take
With stronger, double grasp,
Because of joys it held to break,
Or melt within its clasp.

A blast has proved, that in the sand
I based my fair, high tower!
Pale Death has laid his rending hand
On my new Eden bower!
And now, my tender orphan boy,
Sweet bud of hope, I see
My spice of life, my future joy,
My all, wrapp'd up in thee.

I fear to murmur in the ear
Of Him who will'd the blow,
And sent the king of terrors here
To lay thy father low.
I ask his aid my griefs to bear,—
To say "Thy will be done,"
That Heaven will still in pity spare
The widow's only son.

ANARCHY.

In times of anarchy, ambition maketh use of the people as ministers to its private views, and doth but use them to put on their own yokes.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

A ROYAL RIVAL IN TRADE.

Charles V. going to see the new cloister of the Dominicans at Vienna, overtook a peasant who was carrying a sucking-pig, and whose cries were so disagreeable to the emperor, that, after many expressions of impatience, he said to the peasant, "My friend, do you not know how to silence a sucking-pig?" The poor man said, modestly, "that he really did not, and should be happy to learn." "Take it by the tail," said the emperor." The peasant finding this succeed upon trial, turned to the emperor, and said, "Faith, friend, you must have been longer at the trade than me, for you understand it better!"—an answer which furnished repeated laughter to Charles and his court.

A LIVELY IMAGINATION.

A lively imagination is a great gift, provided early education tutors it; if not, it is nothing but a soil equally luxuriant for all kinds of seeds.—*Nature.*

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is made fast by interwoven benefits.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

HUMANITAS gives us the following statement:—"A youth, respecting whom he writes, was, at the early age of eighteen weeks, by "a paralytic stroke, deprived of the use of his lower limbs, and consequently disabled from walking. He is now about twenty three years of age and has not recovered the strength of those useful members, and cannot walk any, not even with the aid of crutches. Providence however, has amply compensated him by bestowing the rare and invaluable gift of great intellectual powers. These he has diligently cultivated and has increased both in knowledge and piety. His natural talent, combined with that high degree of improvement (to which his solitary state must be very favourable), has rendered him a young man of great capability remarkable for his unblemished character, and for his untiring exertion, even at his present age, for the public good. In the year 1836 being not then twenty years of age, he wrote and published a pamphlet, called 'Expostulations with the Profane.' It was reviewed and recommended by the 'Watchman' newspaper, and notwithstanding the remoteness of his present situation (residing in a village in the county of Radnor, as a schoolmaster and the tract being published by a country bookseller) it has had a rapid sale. In 1837 he addressed a powerful and well written letter to the 'Inhabitants of the County of Radnor on the present low State of Learning in the County,' and has now a work in the press, called 'An Essay on the Nature and Importance of Legal Oaths, and on the awful Consequences of Perjury and of Profane Swearing.' His object in this is, as his preface states, 'to promote ... the love of truth and faithfulness, of fidelity and piety.'

Now, the question I have to ask you is—Is there nothing ... can there be ... by which he may be able to move himself along a street, ... or the like? Being the eldest of a large family, he has not as yet ever felt the want of an attendant as he has brothers who one or the other carry him. Now, Mr Editor as his arms and body are strong, could ... believe me I ask you with all modesty ... would not there be something of ... kind on the principle of the lever and wheel?"

Mr KIRK the gentleman who originally called our attention to the ... has written to us—and so have several other correspondents—relative to the interesting letter of J. P. (which was from Glasgow) ... Our correspondents and ourselves would come nearer in agreement than perhaps they think but we are unwilling to open up the matter ... as we might be drawn into controversy.

C. W.—The FUNDS as they are called are not funds—that is, they are not ... The money which constituted the National Debt is all spent and ... are nothing but the acknowledgments of the Government of ... that it is indebted so much money, and the holders or persons in whose name the debt stands are thereby entitled to receive so much money annually as interest. In consequence however of the national creditors ... free permission to transfer their claims the National Debt has become ... of property, which is daily bought and sold. If I have a certain amount of money invested in the Funds—that is, if the Government acknowledges that it owes me so much money, for which I am paid through the agency of the Bank of England a certain amount of annual interest—and I am anxious to get the use of my *principal*, I can transfer my claim on the Government to any individual who may be willing to take it. And as the interest is always ... and the convenience of being able to sell out ... very great, people who have money which they wish to invest for a period prefer generally investing it in the Funds, as they can recover their principal again with an ease which ... be the case with investments in other descriptions of property. The national creditor cannot demand his principal back from Government; it is only bound to pay the annual interest: therefore the facility of transferring stock is not only a great convenience, but is made a great monied instrument.

Any person may transfer his own stock to any purchaser whom he may choose to sell it to, but the practice has grown up of leaving the business in the hands of stock-brokers, who constitute an influential class. The chief stock-brokers form a sort of self-elected corporation, with a building where they hold their meetings, called the Stock Exchange, a few steps from the Bank of England: such brokers and jobbers as have not been able to gain admission into the Stock Exchange constitute a kind of "light infantry," ... about it, the individuals of which are more or less individually respectable.

The National Debt having been borrowed at different times, at different rates of interest, and on varying conditions, the "Funds," or national obligations are divided into different classes, bearing different names, the chief of which are the "Consols," a contraction for consolidated, (several classes having been consolidated to form it,) or otherwise the Three per Cents. Added to the Government Funds are an immense variety of other paper securities—shares in foreign loans, in companies, mines, canals and railroads, &c. &c., which constitute the stuff bought and sold in the MONEY MARKET, and the respective values of which rise and fall on much the same principle that the value of corn, fish, or potatoes, rises or falls—though, of course, the action, or machinery, of the money market is somewhat more artificial, complicated, and delicate, than that of any ordinary market.

There is a vast amount of "jobbing" in the Funds, practised not only by the irregulars, but by the regular members of the Stock Exchange, which, under the pretence of buying and selling, is a species of gambling on a large extent. One party offers to buy, and another to sell, at a certain price on a certain day. Instead, however, of actual sales, or transfers, taking place, the losing party pays to the winner the difference between the price at which the bargain or bet was made, and the price which the particular stock, or fund, is selling at when the settling arrives. Defaulters, unable to settle their bets, are called *Lame Ducks*; parties whose purchases or bargains make it their interest that the prices should rise are called *Bulls* because they are supposed to be likely to resort to any artifice that may cause the prices to be *tossed up*, while parties whose interest it is that the prices should fall are called *Bears*, on the opposite idea of *trampling down*.

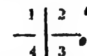
Thrice has a Mr F. D. WYNNE written to us—"thrice the brinded cat has mewed"—and we have not answered him! Therefore writes he, in mournful strain, "I am a lover of the Penny Post for I scribble away a deal of paper, and pay a many pennies but I get no answers not even from the London Saturday Journal." This is sad—but why did he not try us with something else than one single solitary question? Mr Wynne wished us to tell him which of the metropolitan suburban villages were the most healthy, and though the question was rather ... we put ourselves a little out of the way to try and get the materials for an answer to him. We have not succeeded and can only tell him that Islington is pleasant but is becoming already an integral portion of London; that Highgate is high and healthy, but too cold in the spring months for invalids, that Hampstead is also a very pleasant district, Stoke Newington likewise, and Hackney, an ancient but not to be despised parish. Of the villages on the Surrey side of the Thames we can say nothing, though the road all the way out to Norwood is exceedingly pleasant.

While we are thus gratifying one individual, we may here mention that we have not a few correspondents who have had greater reason to complain than Mr Wynne. Several very intelligent correspondents have suggested topics for consideration, or questions well worthy of attention, which, not being able to attend to at the time, have been gradually forgotten, and many others who have written in an intelligent manner on matters chiefly personal to themselves have received no answer. Let such of our correspondents as think themselves unworthily neglected refresh our memory—it costs them *only a penny*—and we will have no hesitation to answer privately any considerate correspondent who gives us his address, and whose letter may seem to require it.

S. Z. says "In Mrs H. More's work on the Education of a Princess, there is a suggestion which I think might be of a very useful cast. I allude to a passage in the early part of the chapter on Books, in which the authoress proposes that associations should be formed for the purpose of conversation on various subjects (of which several good examples are there offered), without the formality of debate. I know not whether there be any such societies, and if there are, they ought to be rather limited as to numbers. Will it be within your plan to suggest to your readers the formation in their respective circles of such associations?"

S.—Birds preen and dress their plumage with oil secreted by glands situated on the upper part of the tail. Water birds require a larger portion of this protecting fluid, and therefore the glands are largest in that race.

GEO. INCHBOARD, Manchester, recommends the following mode of securing money in letters:—"Take a card (if the size of the letter, the better), and cut it thus—



then put in your coin with the corners 2 and 4 above it, and the corners 1 and 3 below it, and I defy all the post office clerks and letter-carriers in England to shake it out by any fair means."

R.—The IDES OF MARCH is noted in Roman history as the day of the assassination of Julius Cæsar. Shakspeare makes a soothsayer bid the Dictator "beware the ides of March." The Romans divided their months into three parts, of which the ides was the middle, from *iduare*, to divide. Cæsar was slain on the 15th of March, that day being the ides.

"A YOUNG STUDENT," Newcastle on Tyne, wishes "to study some books which contain the fundamental parts of English poetry," and requests us to assist him to do so.

The question is not very lucidly put, since the essential qualities of poetry are the same in all languages, and the ornaments of rhythm, rhyme, and metre are but outward graces, rendering intellectual loveliness more attractive through an earthly medium, "the charmed ear." Our correspondent informs us that (among others) he has read great part of the works of Milton and Wordsworth. Had he not informed us of this we should have at once referred him to those poets as a full satisfaction to his desire, and even now we can but recommend a careful study of both for a fulfilment of his wishes. We cannot, in the literature of any age or country, point out two, more fully imbued with the fine spirit of true poetry. The diction of both is masterly, although Wordsworth has sometimes disfigured his works by an adherence to a fantastic theory. Milton, in his unrivalled blank verse, fettered himself by no rules, his ear was his faithful guide. We have somewhere seen his magnificent rhythm compared to the grand tones of an organ. It was a poetic mind that prompted the simile.

The poets of antiquity must not be omitted by a student of the art, but they cannot be read by him with advantage except in the original, or without a very *thorough* knowledge of the languages they wrote in. We half suspect, from the tone of his letter, that our correspondent is himself an aspirant to poetic honours. There are few, who have read much when young, who have not adventured to tag a rhyme, and too, by far too many, have been deluded by a facility in versifying into a belief that they were poets. We earnestly warn our correspondent against this danger. Supposing even that he be really possessed of true poetical powers, yet let him remember in time that no man ever did, or ever can, distinguish himself as a poet without possessing an intimate knowledge of men as they are, and that such knowledge is not to be gained otherwise than by studying them in the world, and not in the closet, and that, consequently, he cannot gratify his highest aspirations otherwise than by toiling in the station in which he is placed in life, be it high or low. Let him not forget that Milton was for years a schoolmaster, and that his finest works were the product of his riper years. If the poetic fire be genuine, it will not be extinguished. If it be false, it is well to have refrained from following a deceitful *ignis fatuus*.

It may perhaps gratify the "Young Student" and some others of our correspondents, to learn that we purpose very shortly commencing a series of papers on the British poets, interspersed with specimens illustrative of their peculiar excellences.

"A CONSTANT READER," DUNFERMLINE, referring to Milton's description of Chaos, inquires the meaning of Demogorgon, in the passage

—— "And by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon."

"Is it," says our correspondent, "a Greek compound created for the emergency, to convey some awful image of the brain which he could not express in English, save by a periphrasis?—or has it any mythic allusion to the great whirlpool of the Atlantic, the Gulf Stream, an interpretation which I have seen tantalisingly hinted at in an article on Poetry in an Edinburgh Review?"

We cannot perceive any, even the remotest allusion to the Gulf Stream or the perils of an Atlantic voyage, in the description of Satan's flight from hell. Milton compares his course to the voyages of Jason and Ulysses, but does not use any expression which can warrant the supposition that he had the perils of Columbus, or any of the succeeding American adventurers, in his mind when he dictated the second Book of Paradise Lost. The whole imagery is drawn from the classic mythology.

Demogorgon was the chief, or rather the most terrible, of the terrestrial divinities, his companions were Eternity and Chaos. To him the creation of the Heavens and the Sun, which he gave in marriage to the Earth, is ascribed. From this marriage, Tartarus, Night, and other children, proceeded. Demogorgon is fabled to have had many children,—first Discord, then Pan his second son, the Fates, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, Heaven, Pethos, the Earth and Erebus.

Demogorgon was regarded as an awful mystery, and it appears that, in the fables of his children and their offspring, the history of the creation is shadowed forth. Sacrifices were offered to him, especially in Arcadia. The name is derived from the two Greek words, Daimon, which properly means a spiritual essence or intelligence—a being intermediate between the gods and men, and Gorgōn, a being terrible to behold. Hence Milton's fine poetical expression, "the dreaded *name* of Demogorgon"—something too awful for the imagination to embody.

Orcus is generally by the poets taken for Pluto, as *Ades* for any dark place. These terms are of a very vague signification, and are employed by the poets accordingly. Milton has personified them, and put them in the court of Chaos.

A SUBSCRIBER, COLCHESTER, puts the following question: "Whether the talents of an individual are of an *equal* degree, and whether the proficiency to which any such individual attains in a science or any other branch of learning is dependent upon taste or other acting principles, and not upon a supposed genius for such science."

Without referring to the minute division of the various mental faculties made by phrenologists, we must admit that the power of the mind as exercised through the medium of the body—the only state in which we can form a judgment of its nature—is divisible into separate parts, distinct from each other. For instance, we recognise the power of imagination, of calculation, and memory, and we believe it to be very rare indeed for each of these faculties to be possessed in an equal degree by one individual. We do not pretend to say what may be the predisposing cause, but we are perfectly satisfied of the fact. It is most satisfactorily proved by the examination of children, and never yet met with any who had been accustomed to their society, as instructors or otherwise, who doubted it. It is not unusual to meet with a boy who is a good arithmetician and yet has a bad memory, or one with a good memory who is dull at cyphering. Our correspondent, who appears to advocate the equality of mental powers—at least until a bias has been given to the mind and a "taste" for a particular study infused—quotes the case of Kirke White, who succeeded in every study to which he gave his attention, and alludes (we think not very happily) to the multifarious knowledge of Lord Brougham. Such instances prove nothing. It may be very possible for a man of a powerful mind to attain a knowledge of any subject he chooses to turn his attention to, but we do not believe that he will master every one with equal facility. We will quote one passage from Kirke White's Diary, which we think our correspondent must have overlooked, and will then take leave of the subject. "I will labour diligently in my mathematical studies, because I half suspect myself of a dislike to them." Why should he, who by dint of these very studies had just received the highest collegiate honours attainable, dislike them, had they not proved more toilsome than other studies as arduous but more congenial? We could multiply instances of this, but our limits restrain us.

We have received several letters on the subject of the Camphor Experiment referred to in the Letter Boxes of Nos. 61 and 65. With deference to our correspondents who have taken the trouble to write (two of them very intelligently) we rather think the subject not of sufficient importance to our readers to advert further to it. One of the letters however,—a rambling but very amusing one, dated from "the foot of the Grampians,"—states that the writer, after trying the experiment successfully and unsuccessfully, thinks "if there be the least dust or grease, the experiment will be a failure; if otherwise, that it will succeed." In this our friend Norval, "on the Grampian Hills," is quite right. We tried the experiment with precaution, and though the camphor did not whirl at the rate of "ten knots an hour," as we were told it would, it did, nevertheless, whirl very rapidly, and the drop of oil stopped its rotary motion. Samuel Haughton, of Carlow, may therefore, try his experiment once more. Rapid evaporation is probably the cause of the rotary motion.

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MEMOIRS OF A PRISONER OF STATE.*

THE character of Francis I., the late Emperor of Austria, (father-in-law of Napoleon,) who died in 1835, in his sixty-seventh year, and was succeeded by his son Ferdinand, the present emperor, has been much discussed. One party has represented him to have been a cold, formal, exact, precise, unfeeling man, whose notions of government were, that all his subjects should be living automatons, performing the duties of life with mechanical routine, and who punished with unrelenting severity any attempts of anybody in his dominions to think and act for themselves. Another party has praised him as a mild and paternal sovereign, regular in his habits, attentive to the wants of his people, easily accessible to the meanest of his subjects, and whose anxiety to maintain peace and good order, to diffuse happiness and content, was rewarded by a wide-spread popularity in Austria. As usual, in such estimates of character, the truth lies somewhere between. He was certainly a man who had no mean idea of the "divine right" of power, and who considered that if monarchs took the trouble of ruling, the people should find their pleasure in obedience. He hated, with a cordial hatred, the idea of popular rights and constitutional governments; and it is said of him, that, when very ill, he sharply rebuked his physician, for giving him hopes that the strength of "his Majesty's constitution" would enable him to rally—the word "constitution" suggesting an idea abhorrent to the royal ears. But then he had causes for much of his aversion and for much of his despotism. His uncle, Joseph II., under whose care he had been brought up, had introduced many well-meant reforms into his dominions; but the arbitrary way in which he had introduced them, as well as the indigested methods of proceeding, had offended instead of gratifying his subjects. When Francis came to the throne, he found himself surrounded with difficulties; while the breaking-out of the French revolution, followed by the military despotism of Napoleon, and the continental war under which Austria suffered much, all tended to deepen his natural prejudices, and make him detest the very thought of popular movements, or even of popular complaint.

That the Emperor Francis did much for the material comfort of his subjects, there can be no question; and that he was, on the whole, popular amongst his people, there seems as little reason to doubt. "The ruling principles of his administration were love of order, minuteness of detail, economy, and strict subordination. These principles, which agreed pretty well with the character of his German subjects, clashed with the temper of the people of Italy, whose activity, love of pleasure, military ambition, and national spirit, had been stimulated during twenty years of French dominion. The people of Lombardy, especially the educated classes, felt dissatisfied at being reduced to the condition of an Austrian dependency. Conspiracies were hatched, which all failed, and only served to render the Austrian government suspicious and severe. Of the persons implicated, some escaped, others were tried and condemned to death, which sentence the emperor commuted to imprisonment for various periods in several fortresses, but mostly in the castle of Spielberg, in Moravia." Respecting these events, Fortunato Prandi, the able translator of the book before us, says,

"Few works have in these times excited a deeper or more extensive interest than Silvio Pellico's account of his imprisonment. It was in fact impossible that his great virtues and piety, combined with so much suffering, should not at once gain the admiration and sympathy of his readers. Some of his statements concerning the miseries he had to endure appeared at first so incredible, that doubts were even entertained as to his veracity. It was then, however, but little known that the first edition of his "Prigioni" had been printed at Turin, where a watchful censorship, wholly subservient to Austria, was more likely to have suppressed many obnoxious truths, than to have allowed any groundless charge against that power. But those who were well acquainted with the politics of Italy considered Pellico's narrative greatly deficient, and expected with impatience that some of his fellow-prisoners would give to the world a more complete description of the atrocities perpetrated by the Austrian government upon its Italian subjects.

"A few years afterwards, a Frenchman, who had also been released from the dungeons of Spielberg, announced his intention to prepare for the press a relation of his own captivity. Independent of Austria, possessed of considerable talent and acquirements, and widely esteemed for his integrity, Monsieur Andryane was believed to unite all the qualifications required for the task. The expectations he raised were high, especially as he had been confined in the same cell with Confalonieri, the hero of modern Italy."

Alexander Andryane, a Frenchman, of a good family, served a short time in the army of Napoleon, when the peace of 1815 made him relinquish the military profession. He then became a man of fashion in Paris, and pursued an idle and a worthless life, until, reclaimed by the wise counsels of a sister, who acted towards him as a mother, he quitted Paris, and resolved to become a student at Geneva. Here he became acquainted with some Italian refugees, ardent republicans, who, in the excess of their enthusiasm, overlooked all the difficulties that lay in the road to independence and republicanism. Accordingly, when M. Andryane had resolved to spend a year or two in Italy, these men resolved to make use of him, in opening up a communication with their countrymen; and succeeded in persuading him to be the bearer of a number of letters and documents, by which he would be introduced to the members of secret societies. Andryane set out for Italy on December 18th, 1822, and arrived at Milan at the beginning of 1823. At this period, the Austrian police was exceedingly active; many arrests had taken place; and those of the republicans who ventured to speak confidentially to Andryane were so discouraged and fearful, that he saw the hopelessness of his mission, and resolved to destroy the dangerous documents with which he was entrusted. A sense of honour made him hesitate; he wrote to Geneva, announcing his intention of abandoning his mission; and his ardent friend, Buonarotti, the person who induced him to

* Memoirs of a Prisoner of State, in the Fortress of Spielberg; by Alexander Andryane, Fellow-Captive of Count Confalonieri; with an Appendix by Maroncelli, the Companion of Silvio Pellico. Translated by Fortunato Prandi. Complete in two Volumes. 8vo. Saunders and Otley. 1840.

Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

undertake it, ignorant of, or underrating, the danger which surrounded the young man, wrote back to reproach and encourage him. Still Andryane was determined to get quit of his dangerous charge: but instead of destroying the papers, he sought out one of the Italians to whom he had been introduced, who promised to come for them next day. On the morning of that day the bell at the door of his lodging was rung, and there entered into his room "a gentleman in a brown coat, of a sinister and cadaverous visage, followed by several gendarmes. I shuddered; a thought struck me like a thunderbolt—'It is all over with me!'—a moment of intense agony, which however I mastered sufficiently to assume a polite and unconcerned air, and ask the personage in the brown coat to what I owed the honour of his visit?

"'Excuse me,' he replied; 'I am sent by the Customs to search whether you have not contraband goods in your possession.'

"'I am not a merchant: the Customs ought to be aware of that.'

"'I trust you will pardon me, but it is my duty:' and so saying, he and his myrmidons entered my room.

"A thought, a glimmer of safety, shot through my mind. The fire was blazing in the chimney; to throw my papers into it whilst I confused these pretended custom-officers by engaging them in a scuffle, was worth attempting. I rapidly strode two or three steps toward the sofa; but I found I had to do with a man who was no novice in such expeditions. Two of his alguazils had immediately stationed themselves in front of the fire-place. I should, however, have proceeded in my design, relying on my own strength, but that it occurred to me the papers were inclosed in the cursed leather case, and would not therefore immediately catch fire. My situation was desperate, my means of escape none. If I had had arms, I should certainly have made an attempt, however hazardous; but I had nothing but a cane.

"Taken by surprise, I was obliged to conceal my feelings, and put on a good face, while the agents of the police examined one by one the drawers of my wardrobe and desk. All my movements—my very looks—were strictly watched by the eye of their leader, who expected perhaps by this means to gain a hint as to where the objects of search were concealed, or perhaps feared that by some means or other I should spirit them away. To put off the evil moment for a time, I drew near them as they examined the papers of my desk; I even joked with them on some passages in my travelling journal, out of which I read several sentences to the head officer—such as the letter of Buonarotti, of which, it seems, he could not decipher the writing. But all these feints served little to lead the Signor Conte Bolza off the scent, an old bloodhound of the police, and well versed in the art and mystery of arrests.

"A last resource struck me, to gain possession of the writing-case, and hurl it on the roofs of the neighbouring houses, then covered with snow; whilst, profiting by the surprise of my visitors, I should throw myself out into the street. It was a desperate measure, which would have availed me nothing, and which the next moment rendered impracticable. Several of the police were already arrived in the course of their search at the sofa; towards which, as if by instinct, the commissary Bolza all at once advanced. The first cushion he lifted discovered the case; he eagerly clutched it, and held it up. A mortal chill ran through my veins—I felt that my fate was about to be decided!

"Transported with his lucky seizure, of which he already suspected the importance, Bolza, fixing his cold and serpent-like eyes upon me, began to open the case. I strongly protested against this, and required him on his responsibility to inclose it in an envelope, and place a seal upon it immediately. 'Take me,' I said to him, 'take me before the director-general of police; he alone should examine these papers.' To this he acceded, and carefully sealed the packet in my presence; his gendarmes still continuing a minute search throughout the chamber.

"The evil was without remedy, and I now had only to brace myself for whatever might happen, and bear it with becoming fortitude. With this view I preserved an air of perfect assurance and politeness towards the agents of police, which prevented their losing for an instant the respect due to me. Without the least appearance of uneasiness, and with as much tranquillity as if I were going to call on an intimate friend, I left my room with Bolza, who loaded me with marks of deference and respect. The staircase, the court, the door, at which a coach was in waiting, were all guarded by soldiers, placed ready to prevent any attempt at escape.

"'I had taken every precaution, you see,' said the prudent commissary, with a self-satisfied air: 'I knew with whom I had to deal; and, to tell the truth, I would not have undertaken your arrest if they had not given me a strong force.'

"'I see you understand your business,' I answered.

"In a few minutes we arrived at the head-office of the police, where, under a good escort, and guarded by Bolza, I was introduced into the cabinet of the director without delay. The sealed case was handed over to him; he took it, tore off the envelope, opened it, and having turned over the papers, begged me to be seated; then desiring Bolza to examine its contents, and make a list of them, he sat himself down again to his desk, and continued his employment.

"The silence which prevailed in the room, only broken by the rustling of the parchments as the commissary drew them from the case, and the scratching of the pen of the director as he wrote, left me entirely to myself, and I began more clearly to see the abyss into which I had fallen. No chance of saving myself occurred to my mind. I am in the power of the Austrians—I am lost—I see it—I feel it! These were my only thoughts. Tired of this anxious state of suspense, I asked leave of the director of police to take a book from his library; a request which he accorded very graciously. I opened the book, turned over the pages; I even read several of them mechanically, for I found it vain to attempt to interest my mind in the subject; and my eyes kept wandering every now and then to catch a furtive glance of what was going on around.

"Sometimes a glimmer of hope enlivened my spirits, and I said to myself, 'After all, what have I done to warrant my arrest?—they can only send me with a good escort to the frontier.' Already I had traversed the Alps—I had gained Switzerland—I was at Geneva!—a momentary illusion, which the director of the police very soon dispelled, by requesting that I would myself draw up, and cheque with Bolza, a list of the papers in the case: not a word, not a gesture, however, betrayed his intentions towards me. Polite, though reserved, he had the manners of a man of the world, who feels, and never forgets, that no circumstances give us a right to be less attentive or less civil to one whom misfortunes have stricken. I really felt grateful to him; and after his telling me that he was sorry it was his duty to place me in confinement, and before my leaving the room, I stopped and thanked him for his attention and politeness. Had his manners been rough and overbearing, I should certainly have felt the horror of my situation much more keenly.

"On being conducted into another chamber, they undressed me from head to foot; the first operation of my jailer, and the first of the long series of annoyances which were continued to the last moment of my captivity. After undergoing the scrutiny of this talented personage, who was so little satisfied at finding nothing that he was almost ready to peer under my eyelids for concealed despatches, they conducted me into a lower apartment, where I found Bolza, who immediately led me to the prisons of the police. To reach them, it was necessary to pass through a large kitchen, where two or three cooks in white jackets were busied, as my guide informed me, in preparing dinner for the numerous prisoners of the commission. 'You see his Majesty takes care that you should live well here,' added he, pointing out the shelves furnished with pans; 'and moreover we have here the first cook of Milan, the famous Cisalpino;—you will find yourself very well off.'

"'Really,' said I, looking at the dainty morsels hung around, 'I did not know the emperor treated his prisoners so well.'

"'When a man has on a stone-jacket, what has he better to amuse himself with than eating?' cried a burly man with a horse-laugh, whom Bolza introduced to me as the head jailer.

"'You will not find it very comfortable to-day,' said the commissary; 'but in a day or two—Is all ready?' he said hastily to a turnkey who came up at the moment.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Then let us be gone,' I said: and he led me into the same building where Silvio Pellico had been confined three years before: but its female inmates had been removed, and their chambers, changed into prisons, were now occupied by the unfortunate patriots whom the commission had torn from the bosom of their families.

"Passing through a low and dark corridor, which looked out upon a small court surrounded by a high wall, the jailer opened a little door studded with iron, on which my eyes had been from the first presagingly fixed.

"'May I trouble you to enter?' said Bolza. I entered—the door closed behind me with a hollow sound. May God recompense one day or other the intense anguish which fell upon my heart at that moment!"

Thus, at the age of twenty-four, did Alexander Andryane commence his dreary captivity. The night previously he had been at the magnificent theatre La Scala; on that very morning he had been preparing for a tour of Italy: from that night, ten years passed over his head, during which bitterly did he eat "the bread and water of affliction!" Even amid the exaggeration and French sentimentalism of Andryane's narrative, in reading it one's gorge is perpetually rising at the abominable, the atrocious, yet petty, contemptible, and needless treatment which the Frenchman endured.

A *secret* inquisitorial commission for the investigation and trial of political offences was sitting at Milan, the most active of which was one Salvotti, a cunning, overbearing man, whose great object was to make himself acceptable to the emperor, by the importance and extent of his discoveries. It was immediately concluded, from the fatal papers, that Andryane was a great prize; and that, if they could but get him to confess, and reveal the extensive information which they concluded he possessed of the designs of secret societies, a full harvest of arrests might be reaped, and doubtless thereafter a shower of honours from the grateful emperor. Again and again was Andryane brought before this secret tribunal; coaxed, teased, urged, and bullied; he was visited in his cell, and tempting inducements held out—his youth, his family, the hope of immediate liberty, &c., &c.—but all in vain. Here is a specimen of the style of his repeated examinations.

"'How can you maintain,' cried Salvotti with anger, 'that you do not know the names of those who have written these documents?'

"'So it is, however.'

"'And these letters of introduction without signatures—no doubt you also do not know who they are from? Well, then, I will tell you myself:' and he named all the Italian refugees he supposed I had met at Geneva.

"'You know more about it than myself,' I replied, coolly, without minding his irritation, or the insulting epithets with which he interlarded each sentence.

"'Well then,' he continued, beckoning me to the table, and showing me a paper in Buonarotti's hand, upon which I had myself added several lines, 'will you dare to assert that you know nothing of this? You might as well deny your own writing! Just compare it with the letter of Buonarotti to his brother the advocate at Florence: is it not the same autograph?'

"'It may be so—but I cannot say.'

"'What impudence! Never mind, never mind—we can do without your admissions. The thing is clear enough. It will be a bitter day to him if he falls into our hands. Here is another of your letters coming from him; it proves that—'

"'I had given up all idea, all projects against the Austrian government; and that it would be unjust to punish an intention no sooner formed than abandoned.'

"'Oh, you think so, do you? Is that all you know of criminal jurisprudence? You will soon find out that you have a great deal to learn in that science.'

"'In France—'

"'Pshaw! must we tell you every day that you are not in France, but in Austria, which has the power, and is determined to keep down the disaffected? I am in the confidence of the Emperor, and I will prove myself worthy of it by committing all his enemies to the rigour of the law.'

"'But, sir, I am no more the enemy of the Emperor of Austria than I am his subject. I have done nothing against him.'

"'Nothing! Oh, then you call it nothing to enter his dominions with revolutionary projects—to incite his subjects to revolt?'

"'That remains to be proved.'

"'Oh, we shall prove it in good time—we shall do more, we shall make you confess it yourself.'

"'Never.'

"'Ah, well, no matter—you will not the less be hung; and those for whose safety you make yourself such a fool will laugh at your expense. You may now return to prison, and pray God to have mercy on you, while you have time for it. There, you may go.'"

One of the commission, M. Minghini, was a man of humanity—had a mind and a heart; and to his oft-repeated interferences Andryane was indebted for many kindnesses, which alleviated his misery. Andryane's sister, with her husband and child, had come from Paris to Milan, in the hope of being able to do something for him; but it was with great difficulty, and only through Minghini, who took a strong interest in them, that the friends were permitted to have a hurried interview. This is the style in which Salvotti talks to him, when galled by not obtaining the important disclosures he expected.

"'Your obstinacy shall not overmaster the law; you shall speak—you shall divulge your secrets.'

"'But for that, sir, it would be requisite to have them.'

"'Just see what impudence!' cried Salvotti, showing the two judges the oft-mentioned papers.

"'Impudence!' replied I; 'no, sir, no.'

"'Those who thus make a sport of truth,' continued Salvotti, 'deserve not the slightest consideration. You shall not be allowed to see your friends—they shall be ordered to quit Milan immediately. You shall no longer be permitted to write, and your books shall be taken from you. No indulgence to hardened culprits;—such is the will of his Majesty, whose clemency it will henceforth be vain for you to entreat.'

"'I had hoped, sir,' said I to Salvotti, 'that, my examination once concluded, I should be permitted to see my relations.'

"'Ay, but we will not bring it to a close yet—I can, if I choose, protract it for two years longer. But be not alarmed,' added he, with the bitterest irony, 'you shall have your desert before that; the gallows will be ready for you quite soon enough.'"

At last, when Salvotti found he could not worry nor weary out the prisoner, the examinations were closed. Salvotti even permitted him to draw up a defence, promising to transmit it to the emperor.

"The next day Minghini came to see me. 'I have read your defence,' said he; 'it is ably written—very; perhaps too much so, for unfortunately that will only do you injury with the emperor.'

"'And how should it have been, then?' demanded I.

"'How?—more humble, more submissive.'

" 'Cringing, say rather.'

" Minghini shook my hand at parting, and showed signs of genuine pity.' "

As the prisoners were prevented from making any noise, or speaking loudly, in their cells, one of their recreations was to endeavour to open a communication with adjoining cells, by gently tapping on the walls. One tap served for the letter *a*, two for *b*, three for *c*, and so on. Tedious as this was, and requiring excessive labour and patience, it yet alleviated the horrors of imprisonment, when the prisoner in the adjoining cell happened to comprehend the mural alphabet.

" 'This agitation kills me,' said I one day to Rinaldini. I tapped at the wall, and listened;—no answer. I tried again, and the last tap was immediately followed by a slight response. 'Who are you?' I asked. He replied: the first letter was a *c*, the second an *o*, then an *n*, then an *f*, followed by an *a*. My attention was redoubled; after the *a*, I heard an *l*, an *o*, an *n*. I became breathless; all my nerves were on the stretch. I then articulated the letters *i*, *c*, *r*, *i*, and exclaimed 'It is he!'

" 'Who?' asked my companion eagerly.

" 'It is he! it is he!' I repeated with joy; 'it is Confalonieri.'

" On my informing him of my name, he said, 'I know who you are, at what time you were arrested, and also how you have behaved during your imprisonment: I pity and esteem you.'

" Who could express the comfort these words administered! How proud I felt to be so favourably greeted by this man, whose misfortunes and noble character had so frequently aroused my sympathies, and spoken so forcibly to my imagination! I regarded this unexpected meeting as the work of Providence, confirming my presentiments that I should share his fate,

" 'I know you too,' I answered, with such a transport of joy as prevented me from accurately beating the letters: 'your exiled friends, whom I met in Switzerland, and whom I have loved, spoke of you, and told me how dear you were to Italy and to themselves. Some faithful patriots of Milan, who lament your fate, have also recounted with enthusiasm your acts and sufferings in your country's cause. And in prison, the best of men, the good Monpiani, has made me acquainted with your generous sentiments. I esteem and admire you, I reverence you, and I thank God for having brought me near you.'

" He gave the signal that he understood me, but did not answer immediately. I listened anxiously, and with tears in my eyes. 'Excuse my silence,' said he a few moments after; 'I am so weak that the least effort fatigues me. I assure you I am delighted at our meeting—we will speak of our friends, of France.'

" I remained some time with my ear against the wall, in the hope that he would continue; and I was about to tap again, when Rinaldini warned me by a slight cough. I turned towards him; he was at the door, with his finger on his lips, giving signs of alarm. 'What is the matter?' said I, impatiently. He pointed to the corridor.

" 'There they are,' whispered he.

" I advanced towards him, saying aloud, to aid his retreat, 'Will you read to me?'

" 'Willingly,' said he, leaning forward, to prevent those who were listening from suspecting that he was so near the door.

" Then, as he did not stir, I understood that it was necessary I should make some noise to enable him to withdraw.

' I therefore moved the chairs, and by means of this stratagem he advanced on tiptoe to the place where I stood. There he regained his courage and his voice, and we began to recite verses, to speak of poets, until we hoped that our spy had decamped. Then Rinaldini taking me aside, repeated significantly, 'They were there! I heard them breathe.'

" 'Do you suppose they heard me?'

" 'I am afraid they did. When Salvotti finds that we have spoken with Confalonieri, woe unto us! Heaven knows what punishment may await us. They are continually watching the Count's door. I implore you, if you speak again with him, be brief; I am on thorns all the time.'

" Such was the happy chance, or rather the will of Providence, which brought me into connexion, for the first time, with him whose captivity I was doomed to share for many years."

Here we pause; but shall resume the narrative in our next Number.

EFFECTS OF EDUCATION.

At an annual meeting of the British and Foreign School Society, Mr. Fowell Buxton once related the following anecdote:—It had been his misfortune, when very young, to live with a gentleman whose prejudices against the improvement of the poor were numerous and inveterate. There were, in that gentleman's opinion, three great causes of the demoralisation of the poor—reading, writing, and arithmetic; and whenever a quarrel took place in his neighbourhood, he was in the habit of saying, "That is the effect of education." If a theft or murder were committed, "There," he would say, "is another test of the bad effects of education" In speaking of his own steward, this hater of human improvement would say, "That man—to his credit be it spoken—is not able to read a word or to write a figure; and yet he is, perhaps, the best accountant in the county." It was natural enough to inquire by what process of memory the steward kept his accounts. This was shown. A drawer was produced: in one compartment there was a parcel of beans, in another a parcel of peas, and in the remaining divisions there were various descriptions of grain. These were the symbols of various debts and payments, which, with the aid of a strong memory, the steward kept with great exactness, until one night a rat broke into his account-box, and down went the account of what was due from various tenants, and all was thrown into the wildest confusion and doubt. From that moment he (Mr Buxton) had been a convert to the superiority of written or printed symbols.

THE REGULAR TORN-DOWNER.

Amongst the various classes of unfortunates whose external appearance bespeaks the misery of their condition, which the streets of every city and town exhibit, there is one in particular which has long had a large share of our especial attention. This class consists of a certain description of individuals in the last stage of shabbiness as to apparel, and who yet have about them something of the appearance of having been once in better circumstances.

At first, from having noticed only two or three unfortunates of the kind alluded to, we set them down as mere varieties of a species, but a little further observation, by discovering to us that they were pretty numerous, satisfied us that they formed a class—a distinct and separate class. As such, then, we are now to consider them.

By what accident, or combination of accidents, the torn-downer has been reduced to the unhappy state in which we find him, who but himself can tell? His is a curious history, full of odd circumstances and incidents, and unlucky chances, with (this is invariably the case) a certain groundwork of dissipation, which has had—although the unfortunate himself does not see, or will not own it—the effect of lessening the benefits of all his advantages, and of aggravating the evils of all his misfortunes.

The torn-downer, then, is dissipated; he is desperately so. He will go through fire and water for drink—he will submit to any privation for drink;—he will *do* anything for drink.

" Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold,
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old,"

Is *now* his creed; and in the spirit of devotion to the tankard expressed in the above lines, does the heart and soul concur.

The torn-downer does nothing now—nothing whatever; for nobody will have anything to do with him; so, finding himself

thus thrown off by the world, he throws off the world in turn, and commences a career of independent starvation. Kith and kin he abjures—they, however, having first abjured him—and connects himself with an entirely new set, gentlemen who, like himself, having been disgusted and annoyed with the crushing and squeezing, and difficulty of keeping their places in society, have withdrawn from its pressure to hover on its skirts, and to contemplate with a philosophic eye the vain and anxious turmoil from which they have retired. The torn-downer, in fact, absolutely acquires a certain citizen-of-the-world sort of look; a bland, expansive kind of expression, indicative of an entire exemption from all the cares, and passions, and prejudices of life. He has got above them all.

It has been already hinted, that the torn-downer, who, we may as well add, is also a kind of drunken philosopher, is in a deplorable state as to externals; but this is a department of his entire composition worthy of some special consideration.

In the attire of the subject of our sketch, however wretched it may be, there may always be perceived an attempt at something above the mechanic or tradesman—something approximating to his former condition—something which he desires should distinguish him from the vulgar herd of idle dissipators, with whom he feels sensitively conscious he might otherwise be classed. With the torn-downer, then, the surtout is a favourite article of dress; so is the drab or brown hat. In these, then, especially the former, you very generally find him attired.

The surtout is in a deplorable condition: it is bleached and threadbare, cruelly and mercilessly brushed, sorely battered about the button-holes, torn at the pockets, and minus all the buttons behind. Still, it is a surtout, and, being so, forms one of the desired marks of distinction. A white neckcloth too is often aimed at, and occasionally accomplished; but the surtout buttoned close upon an old greasy black stock is the most general fashion and wear of the torn-downer. There is something, by the way, in this desperate sort of pretension in the article of dress that greatly adds to the squalor of his appearance. He looks infinitely more wretched than the open, undisguised mendicant. The latter's rags bespeak poverty indeed, but the former's bleached surtout and battered white hat give an idea of a state of desperation and wretchedness far beyond what mere poverty would suggest.

Another peculiarity in the clothes of the torn-downer is, that they never seem to fit him. They do not seem to have been made for him; neither have they. They are the cast-off clothes of some acquaintance who knew him in his better days; and hence, as formerly alluded to, the superior sort of cut observable in his apparel, however wretched it may otherwise be.

There is something worth noting, too, in another circumstance relating to the present department of our subject. Select any particular individual of the class of whom we are speaking; keep him in your eye for some time, and you will perceive his outer man gradually progressing, day by day, from shabbiness to utter desperation. You will perceive everything about him getting rapidly into the last stage of decay: the bleached and dilapidated surtout becoming more and more bleached and dilapidated; the baked, battered, and shapeless drab hat becoming more baked, battered, and shapeless. Marking this, you begin to wonder how matters are to end, how far shabbiness can be carried; and, above all, how or where on earth your torn-downer is to get his outer man renovated. A crisis you see is approaching, and it is one in which you begin to feel an interest. You see that your man cannot possibly hold out much longer, and marvel greatly what turn affairs will take in the end; when, lo! just at this critical moment, all your curiosity, all your speculations, are put an end to, by the sudden appearance of your torn-downer in an entire new rig,—that is, new with reference to him, but it is, of course, all second-hand, the gift of some charitable friend. It fits very indifferently, being either too wide or too narrow, too long or too short; but it is, on the whole, in tolerable order, and, although palpably never intended for its present wearer, is a most desirable and timeous acquisition.

Whenever then—we speak from a series of observations all confirmatory of the fact—the torn-downer gets into the last stage of desperation as to apparel, he is sure to burst upon you one day in a state of entire renovation—a renovation extending from top to toe, from shoe to hat. A new rig is certain to come from some quarter or other; and we rather think our friend relies on this,—that he reposes on the feeling that somebody must and will supply him with a new suit when a new suit can no longer be delayed.

Elevated by the comfortable sensations imparted by his new integuments, the poor torn-downer begins to look a little large, to hold his head considerably higher than usual. If he carries a stick, he now shoulders it with an easy, careless kind of air, and in his manner altogether presents a sort of ludicrous caricature of the independent gentleman.

Heaven knows how the torn-downer lives! It is a mystery. But a still greater is *where* he lives. We verily believe no human being but himself knows this. It is in some strange, out-of-the-way and interminable purlieu of the City. We have frequently endeavoured to trace him to his quarters, but never yet succeeded. His turnings, and windings, and doublings, through narrow alleys and tortuous passages, were sure to throw us out in the long-run, and to baffle all attempts at seeing him fairly kennelled.

We have said that the torn-downer does nothing, and this is true of him generally; but he sometimes clerks a little for small concerns, for he writes a capital business-hand, figures well, and is altogether rather a shrewd and clever sort of person. He may be found, then, occasionally putting in order the greasy hieroglyphical books and long-winded unintelligible accounts of some small huckstery business. But his favourite employment is clerking to a publican; for here there is always something in the way of drink going, and even although there should not be so much of this as he could wish, the very idea of being amongst it, as it were, is delightful to him.

If the torn-downer be, as he frequently is, a broken-down lawyer, then he picks up a trifle now and then, mostly, however, still in the shape of drink, by teaching small roguery to small swindling bankrupts, whom he puts in the way of *doing* their creditors.

HERO-ADMIRATION PERNICIOUS.

Of all that is pernicious in admiration, the admiration of heroes is the most pernicious; and how delusion should have made us admire what virtue should teach us to hate and loathe, is among the saddest evidences of human weakness and folly. The crimes of heroes seem lost in the vastness of the field they occupy. A lively idea of the mischief they do, of the misery they create, seldom penetrates the mind through the delusions with which thoughtlessness and falsehood have surrounded their names and deeds. Is it that the magnitude of the evil is too gigantic for entrance? We read of twenty thousand men killed in a battle, with no other feelings than that "it was a glorious victory." Twenty thousand, or ten thousand, what reck *we* of their sufferings? The hosts who perished are evidence of the completeness of the triumph; and the completeness of triumph is the measure of merit, and the glory of the conqueror. Our schoolmasters, and the immoral books they so often put into our hands, have inspired us with an affection for heroes; and the hero is more heroic in proportion to the number of the slain—add a cypher, not one iota is added to our disapprobation. Four or two figures give us no more sentiment of pain than one figure, while they add marvellously to the grandeur and splendour of our victor. Let us draw forth one individual from those thousands, or tens of thousands;—his leg has been shivered by one ball, his jaw broken by another—he is

bathed in his own blood, and that of his fellows,—yet he lives, tortured by thirst, fainting, famishing. He is but one of the twenty thousand—one of the actors and sufferers in the scene of the hero's glory—and of the twenty thousand there is scarcely one whose suffering or death will not be the centre of a circle of misery. Look again, admirers of that hero! Is not this wretchedness? Because it is repeated ten, ten hundred, ten thousand times, is not this wretchedness?—*Bentham's Deontology.*

AN EVENING IN FLORENCE.

I HAD passed an hour in the saloon of the Count of St. Leu, whose palace stands conspicuous among those splendid buildings upon the quay of the Arno, near the bridge of the Holy Trinity in Florence. The count was confined to his bed by illness; his customary evening circle awaited him in vain; it was at length announced that he was too ill to appear; sherbet was served, and the guests departed.

Nothing is more disagreeable in a strange city than an interrupted *soirée*, by which our social arrangements for the evening are destroyed; one then feels doubly a stranger. M. de D——, a relative of Prince Talleyrand, proposed to take us to the Pergola, where the "Rosamond" of Donizetti was to be performed, and in which Duprez was to sing. "Rosamond" is a feeble composition. It is said of this work, that the composer had been captured by four brigands, who led him to their cave, and, with their bayonets at his breast, compelled him to write an opera. "Rosamond," written in one night, was the result.

We approached the Pergola; the street was dark, and the theatre closed. Some one of the neighbourhood informed us, that Duprez was to sing at the Palazzo Pucci, in a concert given by a celebrated vocalist.

"We may as well proceed to the Palazzo Pucci," said our conductor with a smile; and away we went.

The street was full of carriages, and the hall crowded with people. It was impossible to obtain a place for one, and we were three. M. de D—— observed, that he was well acquainted with the owner of the palace, a wealthy Englishman, who often indulged in the generous practice of loaning his hall and his lustres to artists for these occasions. "We must obtain admission at all hazards," added he; "I have just heard that Duprez is to sing two *arias* from 'Tell,' and that is worth more than the whole of 'Rosamond.' Wait for me but one minute."

He leaped up the steps with the light and confident tread of a favoured family friend.

The minute lasted an hour. At length we saw him returning, and, as he approached, he threw up his arms in token of ill success. There were already more people in the hall than it would hold; even the owner had himself retired to make room for strangers. Could hospitality farther go?

"We will to the Countess Survilliers," said M. de D——; "I have not seen her for five weeks, and will introduce you to her." We gladly acceded to the proposal, and our carriage was soon rolling along the dark and solitary streets leading to the Ponte Vecchio. Crossing the Arno, we penetrated a sombre and dilapidated suburb, where one would hardly think of seeking for a queen's palace. It seemed, indeed, as if we ourselves were going into exile.

The carriage stopped before a high trellis; the servant pulled the bell; it seemed like ringing at the door of an Egyptian tomb, so many were the answering echoes, and so solemn was the silence of the place. At length the slow movement of a porter was heard. Before opening, he asked our names. M. de D—— gave his, which was known to almost every porter in Florence; and the gate swung upon its hinges.

The dark and deserted court through which we passed was rendered still more dismal by the dying flicker of a solitary lantern. We ascended a broad, resounding staircase; M. de D——, after very cavalierly dismissing the old porter, opened the first door of the apartments, and conducted us to the grand reception-room.

Two ladies were in the saloon. One of them, the *ci-devant* Queen of Spain, appeared to have been asleep upon a sofa, and aroused by the noise of our entrance. The other, the Princess Charlotte, her daughter, was occupied in drawing at a small table. The Countess Survilliers welcomed us by a graceful inclination of the head, and with a motion of the hand pointed out to us our seats. She was ill, and suffering much; her pale countenance, however, yet retained its noble and dignified expression. The Princess Charlotte discontinued her drawing, yet preserved a cold and melancholy demeanour. We knew not how to introduce conversation; no one spoke; M. de D—— himself, with his adventurous boldness, acquired by constant intercourse with the world, was constrained and silent.

The impression made upon me by this group may well be imagined. It was the first time I had seen the countess, and I understood nothing of this extraordinary silence in a Florentine saloon, where the winged words generally fly so rapidly, and all seem to speak in chorus. I first learned, alas! after leaving the palace, how much of meaning and consecrated etiquette there was in this reception.

I knew not, at the time, that a dreadful calamity had recently fallen upon this exiled family; I knew not that this young and lovely princess was the widow of that unfortunate Napoleon, the son of Hortense, who had met a violent death in Romagna. Time had robbed the catastrophe of none of its horrors, which were constantly present to the minds of these sad mourners. But, instead of tears, prevailed that deep-seated, inexhaustible, and unconquerable sorrow, which still endures when the black crape has faded, and ceases but with the last throb of the broken heart. A widow of eighteen years, and in what manner widowed? There are some misfortunes so dreadful, that they momentarily shake even a settled and unwavering faith in the righteousness of God's providence. There are calamities, entirely out of the usual course of human events, apparently intended for the special affliction of some devoted individual, and resulting from a combination of circumstances so strange and frightful, that to the sceptic they naturally seem to emanate from the Spirit of Evil. It was not enough that a young girl, full of grace and spirit, like this Princess Charlotte, at an age usually gilded by the sunshine of careless joy, should be called to mourn all those illustrious dead who, to us, are merely the brilliant subjects of universal history, but to her were near relatives and dear friends. A ray of happiness seemed at last to fall upon the innocent exile; a happy marriage had prepared for her a brilliant future, and given her the most delightful residence in that city of refuge for the unfortunate—beautiful Florence; it had blessed her with wealth, honour, love. But, alas! ere the bridal garland had yet lost its freshness or its fragrance, ere the last echoes of the marriage hymn had yet ceased, commenced the solemn requiem for the loved, the lost, the dead!

I remained an hour in this abode of sorrow, during all which time but few words were interchanged. Although exerting myself to restrain a childish curiosity, I could not refrain from an occasional glance at the objects around me. The saloon was spacious, splendidly gilded, and luxuriously furnished. In one of those moments when the Princess Charlotte had made a successful effort to combat busy memory, that she might speak on other subjects than that which incessantly occupied her heart, she observed to me that this palace had formerly belonged to the Prince Demidoff, of whom her family had purchased it. This noble building, now so silent and solitary, of which two sorrowing women were the sole inhabitants, had then witnessed all those brilliant festivals given by the rich Muscovite to the descendants of the Guelfs and the Ghibellines. How instructive, how full of change, is the history of a palace! As joy dies away in the hearts of men, so also expire the flames of the lustres; and the mournful darkness of the saloon affords its silent sympathy to suffering humanity.

The amiable princess seemed desirous of making compensation for the sad constraint which circumstances had imposed on us all. Twice towards the end of our visit were her pale features lighted up with a faint, sweet smile. She showed to us her album, which contained many beautiful emanations from her own mind and heart.

It was not without humid eyes that we took our leave. No word was spoken in the carriage; and the whole city seemed to have caught a shade of our sadness. The Arno murmuringly rippled by the foundations of the old Ghibelline mansions upon its banks; the rising moon shed its pale light upon the cypress wood which frowns above the Villa Strozzi; and the illuminated clock upon the dark tower of the old palace indicated the hour of eleven, when, amid congenial stillness and gloom, we reached our hotels.

Early in 1839, "Princess Charlotte, daughter of the King Joseph Napoleon, died at Sarzana, on her way from Florence to Genoa for the benefit of her health. Her decease produced great regret where she was known, from her taste for the arts, for which she possessed remarkable talents. Since her youth she had been in exile with her family, but still entertained an enthusiastic affection for France. She resided with the Queen Julia, her mother, in Frankfort and Brussels, till the death of Napoleon at St. Helena. She traversed the Atlantic to offer consolation to her father, then in the United States, the feeble state of her mother's health having

prevented her from going. Princess Charlotte returned to Europe in 1822, and she was united to a prince worthy of her, Prince Napoleon. His premature death had deeply affected her; and in her turn she has been suddenly taken away by the breaking of a blood-vessel."

PELAYO AND THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

It is the common lamentation of Spanish historiographers, that for an obscure and melancholy space of time immediately succeeding the conquest of their country by the Moslems, its history is a mere wilderness of dubious facts, groundless fables, and rash exaggerations. Learned men, in cells and cloisters, have worn out their lives in vainly endeavouring to connect incongruous events, and to account for startling improbabilities, recorded of this period. The worthy Jesuit, Padre Abarca, declares that, for more than forty years, during which he had been employed in theological controversy, he had never found any so obscure and inexplicable as those which rise out of this portion of Spanish history, and that the only fruit of an indefatigable, prolix, and even prodigious study of the subject was a melancholy and mortifying state of indecision.

During this apocryphal period flourished Pelayo, the deliverer of Spain, whose name, like that of William Wallace, will ever be linked with the glory of his country; but linked, in like manner, by a bond in which fact and fiction are inextricably interwoven.

The quaint old chronicle of the Moor Rasis, which, though wild and fanciful in the extreme, is frequently drawn upon for early facts by Spanish historians, professes to give the birth, parentage, and whole course of fortune of Pelayo, without the least doubt or hesitation. It makes him a son of the Duke of Cantabria, and descended, both by father and mother's side, from the Gothic kings of Spain. I shall pass over the romantic story of his childhood, and shall content myself with a scene of his youth, which was passed in a castle among the Pyrenees, under the eye of his widowed and noble-minded mother, who caused him to be instructed in everything befitting a cavalier of gentle birth. While the sons of the nobility were revelling amid the pleasures of a licentious court, and sunk in that vicious and effeminate indulgence which led to the perdition of unhappy Spain, the youthful Pelayo, in his rugged mountain-school, was steeled to all kinds of hardy exercises. A great part of his time was spent in hunting the bears, the wild boars, and the wolves, with which the Pyrenees abounded; and so purely and chastely was he brought up by his good lady-mother, that, if the ancient chronicle from which I draw my facts may be relied on, he had attained his one-and-twentieth year without having once sighed for woman!

Nor were his hardy contests confined to the wild beasts of the forest. Occasionally he had to contend with adversaries of a more formidable character. The skirts and defiles of these border mountains were often infested by marauders from the Gallic plains of Gascony. The Gascons, says an old chronicler, were a people who used smooth words when expedient, but force when they had power, and were ready to lay their hands on everything they met. Though poor, they were proud; for there was not one who did not plume himself on being a hidalgo, or the son of somebody.

At the head of a band of these needy hidalgos of Gascony was one Arnaud, a broken-down cavalier. He and four of his followers were well armed and mounted; the rest were a set of scamper-grounds on foot, furnished with darts and javelins. They were the terror of the border,—here to-day and gone to-morrow—sometimes in one pass, sometimes in another. They would make sudden inroads into Spain, scour the roads, plunder the country, and were over the mountains and far away, before a force could be collected to pursue them.

Now it happened one day, that a wealthy burgher of Bordeaux, who was a merchant trading with Biscay, set out on a journey for that province. As he intended to sojourn there for a season, he took with him his wife, who was a goodly dame, and his daughter, a gentle damsel, of marriageable age, and exceeding fair to look upon. He was attended by a trusty clerk from his comptoir, and a man-servant; while another servant led a hackney, laden with bags of money, with which he intended to purchase merchandise.

When the Gascons heard of this wealthy merchant and his convoy passing through the mountains, they thanked their stars, for they considered all peaceful men of traffic as lawful spoil, sent by Providence for the benefit of hidalgos like themselves, of valour and gentle blood, who lived by the sword. Placing themselves in ambush in a lonely defile by which the travellers had to pass, they silently awaited their coming. In a little while they beheld them approaching. The merchant was a fair, portly man, in a buff surcoat and velvet cap. His looks bespoke the good cheer of his native city, and he was mounted on a stately, well-fed steed, while his wife and daughter paced gently on palfreys by his side.

The travellers had advanced some distance in the defile, when the Bandoleros rushed forth and assailed them. The merchant, though but little used to the exercise of arms, and unwieldy in his form, yet made valiant defence, having his wife and daughter and money-bags at hazard. He was wounded in two places, and overpowered; one of his servants was slain, the other took to flight.

The freebooters then began to ransack for spoil, but were disappointed at not finding the wealth they had expected. Putting their swords to the breast of the trembling merchant, they demanded where he had concealed his treasure, and learned from him of the hackney that was following, laden with money. Overjoyed at this intelligence, they bound their captives to trees, and awaited the arrival of the golden spoil.

On this same day Pelayo was out with his huntsmen among the mountains, and had taken his stand on a rock, at a narrow pass, to await the sallying forth of a wild boar. Close by him was a page conducting a horse, and at the saddle-bow hung his armour; for he always prepared for fight among these border mountains. While thus posted, the servant of the merchant came flying from the robbers. On beholding Pelayo, he fell on his knees, and implored his life; for he supposed him to be one of the band. It was some time before he could be relieved from his terror and made to tell his story. When Pelayo heard of the robbers, he concluded they were the crew of Gascon hidalgos upon the scamper. Taking his armour from the page, he put on his helmet, slung his buckler round his neck, took lance in hand, and mounting his steed, compelled the trembling servant to guide him to the scene of action. At the same time he ordered the page to seek his huntsmen, and summon them to his assistance.

When the robbers saw Pelayo advancing through the forest with a single attendant on foot, and beheld his rich armour sparkling in the sun, they thought a new prize had fallen into their hands; and Arnaud and two of his companions, mounting their horses, advanced to meet him. As they approached, Pelayo stationed himself in a narrow pass between two rocks, where he could only be assailed in front, and bracing his buckler and lowering his lance, awaited their coming.

"Who and what are ye?" cried he; "and what seek ye in this land?"

"We are huntsmen," replied Arnaud; "and, lo! our game runs into our toils."

"By my faith," replied Pelayo, "thou wilt find the game more readily roused than taken! Have at thee for a villain!"

So saying, he put spurs to his horse and ran full speed upon him. The Gascon, not expecting so sudden an attack from a single horseman, was taken by surprise. He hastily couched his lance, but it merely glanced on the shield of Pelayo, who sent his own through the middle of his breast, and threw him out of his saddle to the earth. One of the other robbers made at Pelayo, and wounded him slightly in the side, but received a blow from the sword of the latter, which cleft his skullcap and sank into his brain. His companion, seeing him fall, put spurs to his steed and galloped off through the forest.

Beholding several other robbers on foot coming up, Pelayo returned to his station between the rocks, where he was assailed by them all at once. He received two of their darts on his buckler, a javelin razed his cuirass, and, glancing down, wounded his horse. Pelayo then rushed forth and struck one of the robbers dead; the others beholding several huntsmen advancing, took to flight, but were pursued, and several of them taken.

The good merchant of Bordeaux and his family beheld this scene with trembling and amazement, for never had they looked upon such feats of arms. They considered Don Pelayo as a leader of some rival band of robbers; and when the bonds were loosed by which they were tied to the trees, they fell at his feet and implored mercy. The females were soonest undeceived, especially the daughter; for the damsel was struck with the noble countenance and gentle demeanour of Pelayo, and said to herself—"Surely nothing evil can dwell in so goodly and gracious a form."

Pelayo now sounded his horn, which echoed from rock to rock, and was answered by shouts and horns from various parts of the mountains. The merchant's heart misgave him at these signals, and especially when he beheld more than forty men gathering from glen and thicket. They were clad in hunters' dresses, and armed with boar-spears, darts, and hunting swords; and many of them led hounds in long leashes. All this was a new and wild scene to the astonished merchant; nor were his fears abated when he saw his servant approaching with the hackney, laden with money-bags; "for of a certainty," said he to himself, "this will be too tempting a spoil for these wild hunters of the mountains."

Pelayo, however, took no more notice of the gold than if it had been so much dross; at which the honest burgher marvelled exceedingly. He ordered that the wounds of the merchant should be dressed, and his own examined. On taking off his cuirass, his wound was found to be but slight; but his men were so exasperated at seeing his blood, that they would have put the captive robbers to instant death, had he not forbidden them to do them any harm.

The huntsmen now made a great fire at the foot of a tree, and bringing a boar which they had killed, cut off portions, and roasted them, or broiled them on the coals. Then drawing forth loaves of bread from their wallets, they devoured their food half raw, with the hungry relish of huntsmen and mountaineers. The merchant, his wife, and daughter looked at all this, and wondered; for they had never beheld so savage a repast.

Pelayo then inquired of them if they did not desire to eat: they were too much in awe of him to decline, though they felt a loathing at the thought of partaking of this hunter's fare; but he ordered a linen cloth to be spread under the shade of a great oak, on the grassy margin of a clear running stream; and to their astonishment they were served, not with the flesh of the boar, but with dainty cheer, such as the merchant had scarcely hoped to find out of the walls of his native city of Bordeaux.

The good burgher was of a community renowned for gastronomic prowess: his fears having subsided, his appetite was now awakened, and he addressed himself manfully to the viands that were set before him. His daughter, however, could not eat; her eyes were ever and anon stealing to gaze on Pelayo, whom she regarded with gratitude for his protection, and admiration for his valour: and now that he had laid aside his helmet, and she beheld his lofty countenance glowing with manly beauty, she thought him something more than mortal. The heart of the gentle donzella, says the ancient chronicler, was kind and yielding; and had Pelayo thought fit to ask the greatest boon that love and beauty could bestow—doubtless meaning her fair hand—she could not have had the cruelty to say him nay. Pelayo, however, had no such thoughts: the love of woman had never yet entered his heart; and though he regarded the damsel as the fairest maiden he had ever beheld, her beauty caused no perturbation in his breast.

When the repast was over, Pelayo offered to conduct the merchant and his family through the defiles of the mountains, lest they should be molested by any of the scattered band of robbers. The bodies of the slain marauders were buried, and the corpse of the servant was laid upon one of the horses captured in the battle. Having formed their cavalcade, they pursued their way slowly up one of the steep and winding passes of the Pyrenees.

Toward sunset, they arrived at the dwelling of a holy hermit. It was hewn out of the living rock; there was a cross over the door, and before it was a great spreading oak, with a sweet spring of water at its foot. The body of the faithful servant who had fallen in the defence of his lord was buried close by the wall of this sacred retreat, and the hermit promised to perform masses for the repose of his soul. Then Pelayo obtained from the holy father consent that the merchant's wife and daughter should pass the night within his cell; and the hermit made beds of moss for them, and gave them his benediction; but the damsel found little rest, so much were her thoughts occupied by the youthful champion who had rescued her from death or dishonour.

Pelayo, however, was visited by no such wanderings of the mind, but, wrapping himself in his mantle, slept soundly by the fountain under the tree. At midnight, when everything was buried in deep repose, he was awakened from his sleep, and beheld the hermit before him, with the beams of the moon shining upon his silver hair and beard.

"This is no time," said the latter, "to be sleeping; arise, and listen to my words, and hear of the great work for which thou art chosen!"

Then Pelayo arose, and seated himself on a rock, and the hermit continued his discourse:—

"Behold," said he, "the ruin of Spain is at hand! It will be delivered into the hands of strangers, and will become a prey to the spoiler. Its children will be slain, or carried into captivity; or such as may escape these evils will harbour with the beasts of the forest or the eagles of the mountain. The thorn and bramble will spring up where now are seen the corn-field, the vine, and the olive; and hungry wolves will roam in place of peaceful flocks and herds. But thou, my son, tarry not thou to see these things, for thou canst not prevent them. Depart on a pilgrimage to the sepulchre of our blessed Lord in Palestine; purify thyself by prayer; enrol thyself in the order of chivalry; and prepare for the great work of the redemption of thy country; for to thee it will be given to raise it from the depth of its affliction."

Pelayo would have inquired farther into the evils thus foretold, but the hermit rebuked his curiosity.

"Seek not to know more," said he, "than Heaven is pleased to reveal. Clouds and darkness cover its designs, and prophesy is never permitted to lift up, but in part, the veil that rests upon the future."

The hermit ceased to speak, and Pelayo laid himself down again to take repose; but sleep was a stranger to his eyes.

When the first rays of the rising sun shone upon the tops of the mountains, the travellers assembled round the fountain beneath the tree, and made their morning's repast. Then, having received the benediction of the hermit, they departed in the freshness of the day, and descended along the hollow defiles leading into the interior of Spain. The good merchant was refreshed by sleep and by his morning's meal; and when he beheld his wife and daughter thus secure by his side, and the hackney laden with his treasure close behind him, his heart was light in his bosom, and he carolled a chanson as he went, and the woodlands echoed to his song. But Pelayo rode in silence, for he revolved in his mind the portentous words of the hermit; and the daughter of the merchant ever and anon stole looks at him full of tenderness and admiration, and deep sighs betrayed the agitation of her bosom.

At length they came to the foot of the mountains, where the forests and the rocks terminated, and an open and secure country lay before the travellers. Here they halted, for their roads were widely different. When they came to part, the merchant and his wife were loud in thanks and benedictions, and the good burgher would fain have given Pelayo the largest of his sacks of gold;

but the young man put it aside with a smile. "Silver and gold," said he, "need I not; but if I have deserved aught at thy hands, give me thy prayers, for the prayers of a good man are above all price."

In the mean time the daughter had spoken never a word. At length she raised her eyes, which were filled with tears, and looked timidly at Pelayo, and her bosom throbbed; and after a violent struggle between strong affection and virgin modesty, her heart relieved itself by words.

"Senior," said she, "I know that I am unworthy of the notice of so noble a cavalier; but suffer me to place this ring upon a finger of that hand which has so bravely rescued us from death; and when you regard it, you may consider it as a memorial of your own valour, and not of one who is too humble to be remembered by you."

With these words she drew a ring from her finger, and put it upon the finger of Pelayo; and having done this, she blushed and trembled at her own boldness, and stood as one abashed, with her eyes cast down upon the earth.

Pelayo was moved at the words of the simple maiden, and at the touch of her fair hand, and at her beauty, as she stood thus trembling and in tears before him; but as yet he knew nothing of woman, and his heart was free from the snares of love. "Amiga," (friend,) said he, "I accept thy present, and will wear it in remembrance of thy goodness." So saying, he kissed her on the cheek.

The damsel was cheered by these words, and hoped that she had awakened some tenderness in his bosom; but it was no such thing, says the grave old chronicler, for his heart was devoted to higher and more sacred matters: yet certain it is that he always guarded well that ring.

When they parted, Pelayo remained with his huntsmen on a cliff, watching that no evil might befal them until they were far beyond the skirts of the mountain; and the damsel often turned to look at him, until she could no longer discern him, for the distance and the tears that dimmed her eyes.

And for that he had accepted her ring, says the ancient chronicler, she considered herself wedded to him in her heart, and would never marry; nor could she be brought to look with eyes of affection upon any other man, but, for the true love which she bore Pelayo, she lived and died a virgin. And she composed a book which treated of love and chivalry, and the temptations of this mortal life; and one part discoursed of celestial matters, and it was called "The Contemplations of Love;" because, at the time she wrote it, she thought of Pelayo, and of his having accepted her jewel, and called her by the gentle appellation of "Amiga." And often thinking of him in tender sadness, and of her never having beheld him more, she would take the book, and would read it as if in his stead; and while she repeated the words of love which it contained, she would endeavour to fancy them uttered by Pelayo, and that he stood before her.

ATMOSPHERIC EFFECTS.

We are all aware, if the weather be damp and foggy, that a listless and languid state is produced; whilst during dry weather, however cold it may be, there is a feeling of light-heartedness and cheerfulness pervading the whole system. In the first instance the atmosphere is robbing us of our electricity, which it greatly absorbs; in the latter case the dryness of the air is such, that it leaves us in possession of the electricity which seems to belong to us: hence the buoyancy of spirits on the cold and frosty days of December and January, and the suicidal despondency of November; and hence the elasticity, the life and animation of the Frenchman—the sluggish heavy movement of the Dutchman—the variable feelings of the Englishman, one day full of hope and cheerfulness, and the next day at war with himself and all the rest of mankind. To every one, in damp moist conditions of the atmosphere, flannel is a great comfort, but silk is the most useful covering of the body: it is by far the best friend and comforter that can be applied. We know that if a silk handkerchief be perfectly dry, lightning the most accumulated could not pass through it, so decided a non-conductor is it; hence, if worn next to the skin, the air cannot absorb the electricity of the human body. Silk waistcoats, drawers and stockings of the same material, are of the greatest service during the humid state of the winter months of this country. The hypochondriac, the nervous, will derive from them more benefit than from the most active tonic, and they will prove a more invigorating cordial than any spirituous dram; nor are the effects transient, for a buoyancy of spirits and an agreeable warmth are thus diffused over the whole frame. Patients, too, during mercurial influence, are much better wrapped in silk than even when confined to bed.—*Dr. Sigmond.*

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

NO. V.

WALKS UPON THE ISLAND OF HONAN.

This island lies in the river opposite to the city of Canton, and is about eight miles in length, and nearly one-third of that in its greatest breadth. Its shape and position will be seen by a reference to the map of the Canton river, No. 66. It has long been well known to foreign visitors, as it has afforded them space for inhaling sweet draughts of fresh air, and for enjoying the wholesome effects of recreative exercise. I have heard of quarrels and fights which took place between foreigners and natives, and have witnessed what would have ended in something of the same kind, had I not interposed; but I must do the Chinese the justice to say, that I think the strangers were most worthy of blame. They condescended to resent the abuse of a few dirty urchins, or ventured to take greater liberties than the laws against trespassing allowed them, and so words led to blows, and valour was overmatched by numbers. A traveller might traverse the length and breadth of the island, and never meet more serious opposition than what a little coolness, set off by a little philanthropy, might fairly overcome. A great number of tanka-boats hover near the landing-places in front of the factories to convey passengers to the island, the Fa Te Gardens, or to any other place whither inclination may lead them. As we descend towards the point of embarkation, the boat-women, guessing our object, are always loud and pressing in their invitation, and prefer their several claims with an enthusiasm that seems to have something of real friendship about it. These boats are the epitome of a dwelling-house, and present all the most essential comforts in miniature. The visitors are of course introduced into the principal apartment, which is not furnished with moveable seats, as at Macao, but has a settle extending round it, whereon we range ourselves, and find shelter from the wind and the rain, or from the torrid rays of the sun in summer. For neatness the apartment can scarcely find an equal; which distinguishing attribute in the Chinese character is nowhere displayed in a more engaging manner than in one of these floating habitations. A corner is generally occupied by a niche, or, in humble phraseology, a cupboard, dedicated to some deity, or to the manes of departed ancestors. An odorous match smokes in honour of them at dawn, and again at sun-down, while a candle casts its flickering gleams over their imaginary presence during the watches of the night. A Chinese landscape, a poetic conceit in graphic, or, as the natives call them, *everlasting characters*, a patch of gilded paper, or perhaps a foreign print, adorns the walls of this tasteful apartment. But it is not unusual to see the picture of a Chinese beauty, with her finely-arched and pencilled eyebrows, and her eyes melting in a smile of fondness. For, whatever we may choose to talk about the degraded condition of Chinese females, their countrymen appear to reckon handsome women among the chief glories of their land; "Heaven above, and Soo-chow below," a city in the province of Keangnan,—i. e. the latter is an earthly paradise corresponding to the one in heaven,—say the coiners of an old adage, because, as a Chinaman who spoke English indifferently well said, "the women there are above all."

After crossing the river, which is rather less than a furlong in width, we land at a flight of steps formed by slabs of granite, and proceed up a narrow lane in front of an elegant little temple, and steer our way thence through two or three streets till we come

to the side of a canal, which, like all other canals in China, is covered with living creatures, who dress their food, spread forth their viands, rest at noon, and sleep at night, in a habitation like that which wafted us across the river. The shops that line our path are meaner in their appearance than those of Canton; they are like them open in front, and display rice of various qualities, meat, dried fish in abundance, &c. &c. At certain seasons of the year we see *crickets* exposed for sale in bowls covered with a wire netting. These tiny insects, this, the most gambling people in the world, treat as fighting-cocks, and lay heavy bets upon the issue of a contest. The owner can make them chirp at pleasure, which is the menace or prelude of battle, and not the song of content, or the serenade of love, wherewith dream-loving bards have been so much enamoured.

At length we cross a bridge built of granite: by means of a pier or two, a few slabs, and a parapet of the same material, there is formed a strong and durable piece of workmanship. We next pass up a very narrow lane, where the tenements afford just room enough for the family to squat round a table by day, and to nestle upon the floor or a pallet at night. The children are often very dirty, and not unfrequently deformed by some cutaneous eruption; but the mother is always neat, and sometimes gay, in her attire. At the top of this lane is a temple sheltered from the sun by the lofty head of a *Pombax* or silk tree, distinguished by its fingered leaves, and its long pods filled with the most delicate "*staple*" of silk. In Cochin China it is used for stuffing pillows and cushions, but it is too brittle for the distaff or the loom. In the front of this temple is a small area, where we often see two or three leprous women who in their misery come hither with a shadowy hope of getting somewhat from the presiding deities. Frequent examples convince us that want generates piety or its counterfeit in China; but this phenomenon in the moral world is not, I am afraid, wholly confined to that country. Their labour, however, is in vain—for nothing can come of nothing—save when the philanthropic eye of some Christian stranger lights upon them in compassion, and the slender pittance of a few copper pieces is dropped into their half-withered hands. This disease is not like that mentioned so often in Holy Scripture, for in that the centre of the sore was lower than the surface of the skin, but in this the integuments or natural covering of the body become like a piece of board in hardness, the features swollen and singularly rounded, while the extremities waste by the stealthy advances of this horrible malady. "I feel no pain," is the melancholy acknowledgment of the patient, who augurs from this fact that any cure or spontaneous restoration are things beyond the bounds of hope. After the bestowment of a little charity, and a sigh at their sad lot, we press towards a rising knoll, and reach a clump of bamboo trees, under which the deluded votaress burns her tapers, her gilded paper, her stick of fragrant wood, and pours out libations to she knows not what. "What are you doing?" inquired the stranger as he gazed upon the various emblems of worship. "I am poor and friendless, and therefore am I come to seek help of the deity that haunts the shade of this green and shady grove," was something like the answer she returned. A scene like this enables us to realize with homefelt conviction what a forlorn, empty, and futile thing idolatry is.

From the top of the elevation whereon we are supposed to be standing, we get the first glimpse of the country, at which the lungs expand, the heart beats with new vigour, and the eye seems to drink the verdure that is spread before it. The substratum or rock upon which this island rests is red sandstone, and consequently yields a greater proportion of clay to aid the labours of tillage than the peninsula of Macao, which is mostly composed of granite. It presents a few pleasing undulations, but little that deserves to be called a hill—a fact that agrees very well with what we might expect from the nature of the rock; although in Borneo Proper, the hills, though composed of sandstone, are sharp, steep, and ridgy.

The terraces which part the fields and guide our steps to the remoter villages are paved with granite, and are wide enough to allow two persons to walk abreast. The effect of these terraces upon the landscape is very striking, and conveys a silent voucher to the mind that industry and forethought have done their best to accommodate the traveller. They are sometimes flanked by lofty trees of a very beautiful kind, which were known in this country solely from a Chinese drawing, till I gave Mr. Lambert, who has published a magnificent work upon cone-bearing trees, specimens of the fruit and the leaves. They are a species of Thuja, which are a most engaging group of trees and shrubs. The height is often between fifty and a hundred feet; the trunk is garnished with many clusters of wreathing and fantastic roots at the base, and is not a little remarkable for its jutting knots and protuberances at a greater elevation. The young shoots are of a pale green, which diversifies the colour of the top, and impresses the beholder with an idea of health and vigour. The branches are pendent; and this imparts a waving grace to the whole appearance, and suits that fondness which we have for ease and pliancy.

The estimate which a Chinese forms of the productive value of the soil does not prevent him from allowing ample portions for the interment of the dead; and so here and there we behold a rising hillock consecrated to this purpose. He has a peculiar attachment to hills, because he has learned that by their agency he obtains the buoyant and fleecy cloud, the "upper and the nether springs," and the chief features in a goodly prospect: he therefore commends the relics of parent, brother, or friend to spots so much affected by himself while living. The eight genii (six male and two female) of the national mythology are supposed to haunt the mountain brow or the hilly ridge; and thus the enchantment of idolatrous association is marshalled on the side of a natural choice; for the disembodied spirit is imagined to enter at once into such happy fellowships, and yet at the same time to hover about the highly-favoured dust of its corporeal tenement. The hearts of this people are fraught with superstitious notions; an inference we gather not from their statements when questions are put to them, but from what they do while following the free and unrestrained bias of their own minds.

On the top of a hillock devoted to the purpose just mentioned, stands, in the midst of a sylvan scene, a Buddhist temple, of small elevation, but with a spacious ground-plot. Here at day-fall the attendant of the priests beats a large drum, shaped not unlike a cask, and resting by one side upon a stand. The head is made of hide, and kept distended by means of large, broad-headed nails. By the sound of this drum vespers are announced, and the priests summoned to prayer; but not unfrequently it is the only rite of worship for the day. We entered the temple, talked with the priests, and viewed the altars, on which are placed urns of various shapes and sizes, but generally in threes, two sides and the middle. The same arrangement we see on all our chimney-pieces, and it seems to have been taught us by Nature. The priests are generally a stupid race of men, who make a merit of knowing little and caring less about the "dusty" matters of this life; and hence they exert but little influence upon the minds of the common people, and will never form any important obstacle in the path of Christianity. Not far from this temple we find the tombstone erected to the memory of "Doctor Le," a Franciscan friar, who died in 1669 at Canton. One side of the inscription is in Chinese, and the other Latin. I may just remark, that a hill (*shan* in the Chinese phraseology) is often equivalent to burial-ground; and hence the poor Franciscan was interred in consecrated ground of the Celestial Empire.

As one or two of us were threading our way among the narrow streets that lay between us and the country in another direction, we encountered a procession of Taou priests, who followed a portable altar borne by some of their attendants and a small band of music. In the course of their lustration, they visited each of the little chapels, gates, and niches within the district. Amidst the loud and ear-stunning strains of the *heang teih*, or Chinese clarionet, and the drum that never learned what rhythm means, my friend saluted and shook hands with the priests, who made me as they passed courteous acknowledgments of the softest refinement. Their hair was gathered into a knot upon the crown of the head, and confined in its place by a sort of wooden skewer. The reader

is perhaps aware that the Tartars compelled the Chinese to shear off the hair and leave only a small commodity upon the crown of the head. The Chinaman's queue is, therefore, a badge of his slavery, though use has taught him to regard the custom now as very becoming. Anterior to the Tartar conquest, 1644, the hair was wreathed into a knot upon the crown of the head, and confined in its place by a pin, just like the people of Lewchew. These priests then adhere, we see, to the ancient usage, because they are, as I apprehend, the indigenous priests of the country, and the representatives of the most ancient sacerdotal order in the world.

In one of our walks we went to the residence of a Fokien gentleman, who, it seems, had purchased rank, and was therefore allowed to wear the insignia and paraphernalia thereof. Hereditary honours are scarce things in China, and nothing is noble which has not the imperial stamp to authenticate it; and hence a man who has not talents to achieve merit, is glad to purchase the emblems of it by money, and so wears the ornaments of office without the incumbrance of its duties. Sinecures in China are costly, not lucrative, as with us. This residence was, as usual, a cluster of dwellings, or, in other words, a system of roofings; none of these exceeded one story in height, and the largest not more than twenty-five feet in span. An edifice of this kind looks like a group of cottages, neatly constructed of thin blueish bricks. The front resembled a row of dwellings, of which the nigher pertained to the attendants and retainers, and the furthest to the master of the house. Each dwelling was marked by a receding in the façade, so that it was parted from its neighbour by a sort of balustrade without moulding or any other ornament. Below the eaves, there was a white border, charged with figures in relief of various kinds, but chiefly landscapes. This we may style the frieze, and pronounce it to be a very pretty and ingenious way of ornamenting a wall, which is otherwise plain, and well fitted to act as a foil to set off embellishment. The badges of office were ranged on each side within a portico, and may be noticed one by one, as they afford a sample of Chinese taste in this way. The first thing was a board, on which the name and honours of the great man were written; the second, a cylindrical umbrella, which is carried not only to screen his head from the sun, but by a little sleight-of-hand is made to whirl round and produce a refreshing eddy at the same time—it answers the twofold purpose of a fan and parasol; the third item was a shovel-like umbrella, or *yu sheen*, and is, in fact, a fan upon a large scale; the fourth consisted of sundry wands or batons, for the defence of the officer in case of attack; the fifth was an assortment of hats made of iron netting, and ornamented with a feather that looks like a goose-quill,—these are worn by fellows who give the halloo, or magisterial shout, and were, like the rest of the insignia, fresh and new. We entered the hall, where two lines of chairs, one on each side, compose with the frontispiece a quadrangle, and when desired to sit down, took our seat upon the "lowest room," or the first chair in the line, while our host, as a matter of course, bade us to come up higher. We had in miniature a practical commentary upon the advice given in Prov. xxv. 6, 7, which was applied and enforced by the great model of Christian politeness as well as of every other perfection. Without this quadrangle, on each side towards the wall, stood tables strewed with books for the use of the scholars, who were the sons of the master, nurtured under the care of a private tutor. This gentleman treated us very courteously, and showed us a large book containing various specimens of calligraphy as a guide to himself and his pupils; for in China the art of "writing fair" is one of the accomplishments of the scholar, and ranks next in order after a skill in composition. To express beautiful sentiments in apt and pithy language, and to put the same upon paper in a graceful delineation, comprise no inconsiderable portion of literary qualification in China. In the book aforesaid was a landscape which represented the Meilin Hills, in the province of Fokien, with two figures like human beings, which he called "footze." But the day was declining, so that we were compelled to hasten away after a very short inspection. The walls on both sides were covered with long labels of white written over with moral sentences. The dignified but easy manners of the teacher, and the mild deportment of the youths, agreed very well with this literary display, and were a proof of the effect of moral education, though true philosophy and true religion had no share therein.

We had permission, on one occasion, to visit the residence of a Hong merchant upon this island, which is one of the fairest specimens of Chinese taste in the neighbourhood of Canton. It is made up, like the one just referred to, of a multitude of buildings. It is now in a neglected state, and seems to sympathise with its owner, who has lost four of his sons by death. The frontage of the first building, or portico, which leads us to the ancestorial hall, is very imposing. The eaves project a good distance from the wall, or we should say rather the wall is built several feet from the margin of the roof, so as to produce the effect of a verandah without any violation of unity: this is supported by four pillars and the lateral walls. The pillars are square, and have very little to distinguish the base, the shafts, or the capital, from each other. They are connected together near the top by a beam, which supports the edge of the roof by means of several that are very curiously carved, and compensate for the want of capital in the columns. Corresponding to each pillar is the *Chung kea*, or system of cross-beams and queen-posts, which constitutes one of the distinguishing features of Chinese architecture, and is oftentimes the subject of the most elaborate workmanship. The ancestorial temple stood at the remote side of the quadrangle into which the portico opens, and seemed to be a building of no mean pretensions. It was open on one side as usual, and has its ceiling supported by plain round pillars of teak, or Indian hard-wood. On the opposite wall was a niche, where the spirits of the dead are imagined to hold their session from time to time either in person or by their representatives. Over this was the sun in full orb, stained with red, as that luminary looks when seen through a mist, the only time when mortals can dwell long upon it in steadfast gaze. The urns and bowls were ranged upon a table or altar before this niche, just as they usually are in the temples of the Buddhist religion; and hence from this and many other evidences I infer that the early propagators introduced the worship of the "three Buddhs," with other foreign heroes, but adopted in part the ritual that they found ready made to hand in China. In one of the apartments of the dwelling-house was set up a small tablet of wood, in honour of a departed son, with a bench in front of it, whereon were placed a cup of tea and two small pans of rice. Thus memory in fond idolatry broods over the dead, and imagines them still capable of receiving those kind attentions which soothed them while living. The hall for receiving visitors attracted and deserved the greatest part of our attention: it was open in front, with walls panelled, often with borders of fretwork, which enclosed pictures of different objects of nature, landscapes, &c. At the upper end is a settle or divan, about four or five feet in breadth, with a small table at the medial point, with a cushion of mat-work on each side. On this two friends may lean, and tell their free hearts in social converse. The rest of the settle is adorned with flower-stands, vases of antique workmanship, censers, and other rarities. The gardens were extensive, but out of order. The objects that attracted my attention were several standards of the *Stillingia sebifera*, or tallow-tree, which were lofty, and throw over us a magnificent shade. While I was contemplating these handiworks of nature, some of our party caught sight of some little girls who were the granddaughters of our host, and ran to get a nearer view of them, but their nurses interposed. One of the gentlemen then beckoned to them, which had such an influense upon their minds that the interdicts of the nurses were instantly disregarded. When I came up, strangers and natives were in conversation, and seemed to be extremely well pleased with each other. The little girls were elegantly attired, and had their faces stained with red and white to heighten their beauty, or, in truth, to exchange a Chinese complexion for that of a European. So much for the Chinaman's contempt for the *fan kwei*.

On another occasion we visited the docks, where we found more than a dozen vessels just laid down. The men were occupied in laying the floors, and seemed to proceed in a synchronous order, for all were nearly in the same state of forwardness. They have a keel, and a false keel or kelson, like our own, a provision suggested to the inventors by the nature of the thing; one as the foundation of the fabric, the other as the plane of resistance to keep the vessel from sagging to leeward. The nails were of iron, and were driven in with the back of that most useful instrument a Chinese hatchet. Putty, made of the *Wootung* oil and lime, was put into the seams and joints, in the same manner as glue is by carpenters and cabinet-makers. The timbers, instead of being bent by means of hot water, are laid over a series of broad pans filled with lighted wood: this process chars, bends, and hardens them at the same time. But this is a rude performance; and so thought the chief man at the Custom-house, who, when informed that we bent ours by the use of hot water, said that everything belonging to our naval architecture was superior to that of China. I went on board one of the large junks which was going to receive a new deck, and so had an opportunity of looking at the nature and plan of her build. One thing that strikes you is the number and strength of her beams, which, by being placed one over the other, divide the length of her hull into several compartments, and so interfere not a little with her stowage. Another strange peculiarity arises from enormous beams two feet or more in thickness, which rest upon the upper deck, and are intended to counteract the straining effect which the movement of these ungainly things have in the water when it is agitated by a strong breeze. Two other beams resting upon the lower deck run from the bows to the bends, that is, nearly from one end of the vessel to the other, to keep things in their proper places, and compensate by massiveness of bulk the want of science and compactness of workmanship. These are not, however, the best specimens of Chinese ship-building, for some of the smaller craft are neatly finished, and well contrived for going through the water. It is in the construction of large vessels that skill fails them, and where they have much to learn from Europeans.

In returning from one of our excursions, two of my companions had the curiosity to proceed up a passage between two buildings to get a sight at the gardens that lay at its upper end. I followed them reluctantly, as unwilling to trespass and to merit the reproof of the natives. While I was advising them to proceed no further, the bailiff or steward made his appearance, and called me a child of the devil, and so forth, for venturing past his door without his permission. "I am going back," said I in Chinese, "and there is no occasion for wrath." The current of abuse continuing to flow, the reply was repeated with greater emphasis, when the old man, as if stung with self-reproach, threw himself into his dwelling as he uttered the same words in a bitter agony of spirit. My companion returned, and a crowd of inmates soon gathered round us, while the old gentleman kept aloof, lest he should encounter a stranger who had run him through with that two-edged sword—a cool rebuke. He had doubtless read, for such persons fill up their time by study, the many charming things which Chinese novelists had written about gentleness and self-possession, and felt they would have applauded my conduct, but condemned his own.

SINGULAR METHODS OF STUDY.

It is recorded of Anthony Magliabechi, that his attention was continually absorbed day and night among his books. An old cloak served him for a gown in the day, and for bed-clothes at night; he had one straw chair for his table, and another for his bed, in which he generally remained fixed, in the midst of a heap of volumes and papers, until he was overpowered with sleep. With all this intense application to reading, his knowledge was well estimated in the observation applied to him—that he was a learned man among booksellers, and a bookseller among the learned. David Blondell, a Protestant minister in the 17th century, was esteemed one of those who had the greatest knowledge of ecclesiastical and civil history. He had a very singular way of studying; he lay on the ground, and had round about him the books which he wanted for the work he was upon. Descartes used to lie in bed sixteen hours every day, with the curtains drawn and windows shut. He imagined that in that easy and undisturbed situation he had more command over his mind than when it was interrupted by external objects. And Malebranche used to meditate with his windows shut, as the light was a disturbance to him. Mezerai, the famous historian, used to study and write by candle-light, even at noonday in summer; and, as if there was no sun in the world, he always waited upon his company to the door with a candle in his hand.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

How many essays have been written on that simple word *happiness*, from the times posterior to Miss Hannah More's charming poem entitled "Search after Happiness," to the present day! when it seems to be conceded, that Happiness is a celestial resident, who has no home on earth, and whose "visits are few and far between;" that she only comes now and then to say, that we must not expect to be intimately acquainted with her till we seek her in her own region of life and glory, where she dwells in the presence of the Creator.

Let us then cease to repine that she so constantly eludes our pursuit, and take the best substitutes we can find,—cheerfulness and contentment.

It would be a utilitarian service, not unworthy the projects of the present day, to prove that these qualities are within the reach of all; but I am not sanguine enough of success to attempt it. An habitual discipline of mind, however, will secure a comfortable portion of contentment, and a conscience at peace with itself will conjure up its partner, cheerfulness: it must be confessed, nevertheless, that conscience is not apt to be perfectly at peace with itself; and the higher the standard, the less there is of self-complacency.

There is one great truth connected with this subject which illustrates most powerfully the goodness of God. Contentment is not oftener the portion of the rich than of the poor; neither does it ally itself to rank or intellect. One of the most contented people I ever heard of, was one among the least gifted. She was uncouth in her figure and gait, and deeply pitted with the small-pox, which she had had severely in her youth. By daily labour she supported an aged mother; and they occupied a room furnished with the bare necessaries of life. Let not the wealthy disdain "the simple annals of the poor." She often spoke of her success in life with fervent gratitude, and said it seemed to her a miracle how she had risen in the world, so as to be able to "keep house."

Her idea of affluence was bounded to a sufficient supply of work to enable her to clothe herself suitably for the season, to furnish three meals a-day, and to pay an annual rent of twelve dollars for her room. This last demand she considered exorbitant, and said, "if she consulted only her own comfort, she would not submit to it, but Marm must live well—she was used to it, and could not be reduced in her old age: then, upon second thoughts, she did not so much blame her landlord, for the prices of everything had risen, and it was natural enough that rent should rise too." At length, however, she said, with something like gloom, "that they must move;—the landlord had raised their rent from twelve to fourteen dollars, and she could not afford to pay it, and if she could, she should think it wrong to be living at such a rent." I offered to *lend* her the two dollars. I would not have risked hurting her feelings by offering to give them. She said, "No, people must accommodate themselves to their circumstances; she would move, though it would take her off from a day's work, and she was afraid they should go behind-hand. The bedstead must be uncorded, and there was a chest of drawers to be moved, and only one pair of hands to do it, but, thank her stars, they were strong ones."

I proposed sending a hand-cart for the heavy articles, and asked how far they were to be carried. "Only across the entry," she replied; "the landlord can get a higher rent for this room than the other, and so *that* is more suitable for *us*."

She certainly lost none of this blessed quality of contentment by getting into a smaller apartment, but said, "the same good luck had followed her that did about everything;—it took less fire to warm it, and was every way a saving."

In time, Sary's mother died (this was the name she always went by), and she became rheumatic and unable to work; and then

she got what she called "a nice snug berth in the almshouse." I knew her love of independence so well, that I thought this must be a calamity to her; but I found it otherwise. The first time I went to see her, she began to enumerate her comforts; said, "she had half a bed to herself, and that was as much as she had when her mother was living." After she recovered her health, which she did in the course of a few months, she preferred remaining in the almshouse as an assistant. "I can do more," said she, "than earn my living; I can do something for the poor, and it is but just that I should, for I have been living almost a year upon charity; not that I ever felt humbled by it, for we are all living upon God's charity." Sary was something of a philosopher; for she added, "that she knew she was well off there, and it was uncertain whether she should 'better her situation' by trying to live independently."

She certainly had not book-learning, for she could neither write nor read; but she had collected a good many sayings, that she applied to the affairs of life. The wisdom of them she always tested by her own experience, and never yielded her opinion to their authority without full conviction. If she had any affectation, it was in quoting the observations of men instead of those of her own sex; and she always prefaced her quotations by remarking, "I have heard sensible men say," &c.

I recollect one striking instance of her independence of public opinion. She prefaced a quotation as usual by, "I have heard sensible men say,

'If you mend your clothes on your back,
For poverty you 'll never lack;'

now I know *that* is not true, for I have mended mine on my back a hundred times, and I never yet wanted for anything."

Some circumstances took place which rendered it necessary for Sary to make a journey. It was upon the whole a trial to her equanimity; but she was too wise to repine at an unavoidable evil, and so she made up her mind to perform it for pleasure. It was eight long miles; and then there was a bridge to cross, which would cost her two cents. This last difficulty was obviated by crossing in a boat below for *nothing*; it made her foot-journey two miles farther, but she saved her cents. She said, however, "that it was the hardest job she ever went through for pleasure, and, upon the whole, the dearest one, taking into account the wear upon her shoes." I will not farther illustrate my subject, lest some one should say, this is not intellectual contentment, but mere vegetation. It may be so; for God ripens fruits, flowers, and plants by his sunshine; and he will watch over the humblest mind to which he has given existence, even though to the highly-gifted it may seem scarcely raised above the clod of the valley*.

* From "The Token, an American Annual."

INFLUENCE OF OCCUPATION UPON THE DURATION OF LIFE.

Amongst men of genius, or those who have distinguished themselves in science or literature, life is, at least in modern times, of rather a short duration. Mr. Disraeli, in his estimate of the literary character, mentions the excitement which all eminent men are accustomed to feel, and which, by acting physically on the brain, tends naturally to abridge life amongst such persons. But the late Niebuhr, the Roman historian, we remember, observes in one of his philosophical chapters, that nothing tends more to longevity, than the contemplation of projects which one has one's self conceived, in their progress to a successful development. Hence generals, who have retired from the field, after having attained the objects of their warfare according to their wishes, are long-lived; and the historian adduces as an example of what he says, the case of Camillus. We can ourselves quote many modern instances to confirm this opinion. Marlborough, one of the most fortunate leaders that ever commanded an army, lived rather too long for his own reputation. Perhaps it is for a contrary reason that we see so few British statesmen live long in office. Those who lead a party, and are unsuccessful in their plans, die almost always prematurely. Witness Pitt, Fox, Canning, &c. But the great Bacon died in his sixty-fourth year; Newton, at eighty-four; Harvey (the discoverer of the circulation), at eighty-eight; Linnæus, at seventy-one; Leibnitz, at seventy; Galileo, at seventy. On the contrary, Bichat, a modern, died in his thirty-fourth year; and Davy, before he reached sixty. Amongst 1700 cases of persons, in all classes of society, who have reached the age of one hundred, only one literary man was to be found, and that was Fontenelle. We have before us a list of nearly three hundred persons, men and women, in all parts of the United Kingdom, who had attained to a great age (in no instance less than one hundred), during the term of years beginning with 1807 and ending in 1823; and we cannot discover throughout the whole catalogue a single name that has linked itself with an expression or a deed worthy of being remembered for an hour. Rather a curious confirmation of Niebuhr's doctrine, just mentioned, is to be found in the ages of all the successful painters. The Italian artists, with very few exceptions, lived long: Titian was ninety-six; Spenello was nearly one hundred; Carlo Cignani ninety-one; Michael Angelo ninety; Leonardo da Vinci seventy-five; Calabresi eighty-six; Claude Lorraine eighty-two; Carlo Maratta eighty-eight; Tintoretti eighty-two; Sebastian Ricci seventy-eight; Francesco Albano eighty-eight; Guido sixty-eight; Guercino seventy-six; John Baptist Crespi seventy-six; Giuseppe Crespi eighty-two; Carlo Dolce seventy; Andrew Sacchi seventy-four; Zucharelli eighty-six; Vernet seventy seven; and Schidon seventy-six.—*Monthly Review*.

STOCKHOLM, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF BERNADOTTE, KING OF SWEDEN.

The situation of Stockholm is the most picturesque that can be imagined. Built, as its name imports, upon islands, (the termination *holm* signifying island,) and upon the narrow strip of land which divides the Malaren from the Baltic, it is a city of the waters—a second Venice—or, as it is sometimes called, the Venice of the North; but with this difference, that the Venice of the Adriatic lies upon low, flat islands, while the Venice of the Baltic is built upon hills in the midst of the sea. Rocks of granite rise out of the water, some of them as naked as at the creation, and the rest covered with trees, or crowned with buildings. The interior of the city does not altogether correspond with the unrivalled beauty of its situation. Though there are many public buildings, bridges, squares, and monuments, which are in the best taste; though the fine churches, noble quays, and the grandest of royal palaces, give to the city an air of magnificence; the private houses are, in general, of very ordinary appearance. In the central part of the town, as in the nucleus of all European cities, the streets are narrow, crooked, and dirty; but in the other quarters, straight and broad. The royal palace is an immense quadrangular pile, of simple and chaste architecture, in the centre of the city, and conspicuous from all quarters. Europe can boast of few edifices of any kind whose architecture is so noble, and whose general aspect is so impressive. When seen from the water, the effect of its massive white walls is very imposing; and the palaces, spires, and towers of the city, clustering around the vast old pile, form no inapt illustration of the constitution of the country—the monarch being the centre of the system, of which the people are, however, an important and inseparable part. The population of the town is about 80,000, including the persons of all descriptions in the employment of the government, and the nobility drawn hither by the court. The people are well-dressed, orderly, and civil, and a more respectable population in appearance it would be difficult to find. From the port, the city looks like an amphitheatre, rising before you from the quay, street above street; and whichever way you move in the town or its environs, you have some new prospect to admire—a prospect of hill, valley, island, and water; on one hand, "the Salt sea," as they call it, with its burden of shipping, and on the other, the lake alive with steamers, boats, and water-crafts of all kinds. Though the Baltic washes the quays of the city, it is only after having passed myriads of islands like those that gird the whole eastern coast; so that the open sea is eighty miles distant. Here, as at Venice, boats are in constant use, not like the gondola, but broad, open boats, rowed by women, who wait at all the quays, and who seem to have the exclusive privilege of conveying passengers by water. I have often admired their quiet, modest deportment, sitting in their boats, waiting for employment, and employing the intervals in knitting, or some such woman's work. Nothing can be more agreeable than a row about the waters of Stockholm. I have dreamed away many an hour, floating among the islands, amid the most pleasing pictures of scenery, natural and artificial, rapidly succeeding each other, and exhilarated by the clear, elastic atmosphere of a northern summer. Conceive the beauty of a bright, sunny day, in the Malaren, the sky without a cloud, or a moonlight scene, the light falling softy on the masses of foliage, and the intervening waters, all so still as to seem to sleep.

Crossing the bridge near the palace a day or two after my arrival, I met an open carriage-and-four, with postilions and out-

riders: a fat old lady occupied the back seat, and, as the carriage passed, all the people turned so as to face it, and stopped; the women curtsied, and the men took off their hats and bowed. Such, it seems, is the etiquette to be observed towards any of the royal family, and this was the Queen, the wife of Bernadotte, once Mademoiselle Cléry, the merchant's daughter of Marseilles.

The King, her husband, was at the time indisposed, and did not go out. In his busy and eventful life, he has seen hard service enough to bend a man of fewer years; but years alone are sufficient to bow him down, at the age of seventy-five. Of all the French commanders of the Republic and the Empire, he has been the most permanently fortunate; he still retains the highest place to which his fortunes ever lifted him; and he alone, of all that numerous and giant progeny to which the French revolution—prolific mother!—gave birth, is still in the possession of sovereign power.

Jean Baptiste Jules Bernadotte was born at Pau, in the Lower Pyrenees, the 26th of January, 1764. Originally entering the ranks as a private soldier, the extraordinary demands of the times, and his own wonderful fortune, led him, by rapid promotion, to the rank of colonel, general of brigade, and general of division in the Republican armies; afterwards ambassador to Vienna, and then minister of war. The revolution of Brumaire found him almost at the head of the French generals, and the only one who was thought at the time at all capable of making head against the usurpations of Napoleon. From necessity or policy, however, he gave in his adherence to the Consular Government, and after the peace of Luneville, was appointed minister to America, but was prevented from going thither by the renewal of the war. On Napoleon's assumption of the Imperial dignity, Bernadotte was created marshal of the Empire; and he commanded in the Imperial armies at the battles of Austerlitz, Jena, and Wagram. In 1806, he was created Prince of Ponte-Corvo. Such he remained till August 1810, when, by a concurrence of most extraordinary circumstances, such as happen scarcely once in an age, he was chosen Crown-Prince of Sweden, and succeeded to the throne.

It might be difficult to tell all the motives which led the Swedish Diet to this choice. In the German campaign of 1806, fifteen hundred Swedes were taken prisoners on the Trave, to whom he showed great kindness, which, together with his conciliatory administration in Swedish Pomerania, made him remembered in Sweden. An enlarged and liberal policy would have placed the crown upon the head of the King of Denmark; for the contiguous position, the similarity of language, the community of blood and religion, and the necessities of their own separate weakness, should seem to demand the reunion of the three crowns; but a Danish alliance has been hateful to the Swedes ever since the revolt of Gustavus Vasa, and the old grudge was too strong for considerations of political expediency. Besides the family of Denmark, there was no other royal family into which it seemed suitable or expedient that the crown of Sweden should fall. The star of Napoleon was then at its culminating point. It was blazing in the zenith. His countenance was a great object, particularly with a secondary state like Sweden, and it was thought that the choice of one of his marshals would secure it. Bernadotte was one of the first of his marshals, and he had been bred a Protestant, a circumstance of great importance in the eyes of the strict Lutherans of Sweden. All these motives together, and perhaps others that will ever be kept secret, induced the King, Charles XIII., to propose, and the Diet to choose, Bernadotte to be his successor, on the single condition of his embracing the Lutheran religion.

Bernadotte came into Sweden in October of the same year, and was received by Charles XIII. as a son, and by the majority of the Swedes as the Prince and Heir Apparent of their choice. "It was his aim, as it was his policy, to make himself popular among them, and he has so far succeeded as to make them look upon him with respect, and even attachment, as a sincere and well-intentioned Prince, but without any of that enthusiasm which would follow a popular one. He looks and acts the King, but he is not a great man, though he was a successful military commander. Though educated in the midst of republican France, he does not understand the rights of the people; though he owes his crown to the choice of their representatives, he has no just conceptions of their power, or the authority of their collective will; though he affected to make himself a Swede in all things, he has never yet learned their language; though he sought their sympathy, and adopted as his motto, "The people's love is my reward," (Folkets Kärlek min belöning,) by his latter controversies with the Norwegian Storthing and the Swedish press, he has done much to alienate their affections from himself and his family. It was quite impossible, moreover, for a man of forty-six to change the habits of his former life, so as to assimilate them to the far different ones to which the natives of the country were accustomed. It was equally impossible for him to pursue, as a Swedish prince, the victorious course which he had begun as a French marshal; and the re-conquest of Finland, which had seemed in the eyes of the Swedes as a natural consequence of his election, was found to be as distant an event as it had seemed under the late dethroned King. Nor was the countenance of Napoleon secured, as had been expected. Bernadotte had never been his favourite, and it was moreover impossible that any Prince should receive his countenance, and yet preserve his own independence unimpaired; and in two or three years an angry controversy arose between them. In 1812, he entered into a treaty with Alexander of Russia, having for its object a common cause against the French, in which, instead of the restoration of Finland, Alexander engaged that Norway, with which he had nothing to do, should be transferred to Sweden. In pursuance of this treaty, Bernadotte took the field in 1813, at the head of 30,000 Swedes, against his old companions in arms,—fought the battles of Gross-Beeren and Dennewitz, and co-operated with the allies at the battle of Leipsic. After the passage of the Rhine, he refused to take any part in the campaign against the French, and turned his forces against Denmark, for the purpose of compelling the cession of Norway, which he obtained January 14th, 1814, by the treaty of Kiel. For taking arms against France, he has been censured severely. It must, indeed, be owned that his situation was very painful, compelled to choose between his countrymen by birth and his countrymen by adoption; but it seems to me no fair judge can censure him for the choice he made, always supposing that there existed a necessity for his interfering in the war at all. When he accepted the call of the Swedish nation, he assumed all the duties of a Swedish prince; he was bound to consult Swedish interests as much as if he was the real in place of adopted son of the king; and in any conflict between his new duties and his old allegiance, from which, in fact, he had been released by the formal act of the Imperial Government itself, he was bound, as a man of honour, to abide by his engagements to the Swedish people, and to stand or fall with them.

On the death of Charles XIII., in 1818, Bernadotte succeeded quietly to the throne, and was crowned both in Sweden and Norway. He has pursued an even, noiseless course; encouraging the industry and developing the resources of the country; striving to counteract the vicious system of monopoly, exclusive privilege, and commercial restriction, which has weighed heavily upon Sweden; he has sought to gratify the vanity of the nation, by seizing occasions of honouring and commemorating the great deeds of his heroic predecessors; but after all, he does not seem to have taken strong hold of the hearts of the people. In spite of all he can do, he is still a foreigner among his own subjects. He was a great and victorious military commander, but a great and victorious military commander is not therefore an able and politic prince; but he may have established his family upon the throne of the North, and built up a dynasty as lasting and as brilliant as the heroic dynasty of the Vasas—the glory of Sweden for ages—which his own has supplanted. There are those who imagine that the death of Carl Johan will be the signal for calling in Gustavus Vasa, son of the dethroned king, who is now in Austria; but it seems to me, from the limited observations I could make, that the Crown-Prince Oscar has the advantage, even of his father, of having been brought up in the country, of speaking its language, of having won the hearts and identified himself with the interests of the Swedish people.

In considering the political condition of the countries over which Carl Johan bears sway, it is necessary to distinguish between Sweden and Norway. The constitutions of these two kingdoms are widely different, but scarcely more so than the political opinions and the spirit of the people. The constitution of Norway is the most democratical in Europe, and one of the most curious phenomena of our day: established in 1814, it has taken firm root in the country, got hold of the pride and the affections of the people, and become a firm, compact political establishment, sufficient to resist the sovereign. The history of the controversy throws great light not only upon the principles of Carl Johan, but upon the political condition of the two kingdoms. Until 1818, Norway had been governed by the king of Denmark, as an absolute king, but in conformity to ancient laws. In January of that year, in consequence of the treaty of Kiel, he issued his proclamation, releasing his Norwegian subjects from their allegiance. Upon this, the Norwegians, not choosing to be transferred from

one king to another without their consent, declared themselves independent, formed a constitution, which they proclaimed on the seventeenth of May, and called a prince of Denmark to the throne. By this constitution the government is monarchical indeed, but so extremely limited, that the whole real power is in the hands of the nation, and is exercised by a legislature, consisting of two houses, chosen by the people, and styled the Storthing, upon which the sovereign has only a qualified veto. Bernadotte resolved to coerce the Norwegian nation by force of arms into an acknowledgment of the transfer, and advanced upon Norway with a Swedish army. The new king of Norway, too timid or too weak to defend himself, resigned his crown in the following October, and the Storthing thereupon entered into an arrangement with Bernadotte to confer the crown upon him, on condition of maintaining the constitution they had established. He accepted the condition on the fourth of November, and took the oath of fidelity to the constitution. But he chooses to consider his title to Norway as derived from the treaty of Kiel, and the new constitution as a grant from himself on the fourth of November; while the Norwegians maintain that their constitution exists, by their own will, from the seventeenth of May, and that the title of the king to his crown is derived from the compact of the fourth of November. In this paltry spirit, the king has kept up a dispute with the people of Norway for many years; they persisting in celebrating the seventeenth of May as the anniversary of the constitution, and he interfering by every means in his power—once by military force—to prevent the celebration, but always in vain. The constitution of Norway has proved, in its working, vastly too democratical for the lovers of high monarchical authority; and so the history of the Storthing, for the last few years, has been a history of disputes with the executive government—the latter making earnest and repeated attempts to grasp a greater authority than it now possesses, and the Storthing steadily and resolutely resisting every one of these attempts. But this is a great subject, into which we have not time now to enter. There is little in the history of Europe for the last twenty years more interesting and encouraging, to every philanthropist, to every American, to every lover of popular government, than the history of Norway from the establishment of her democratical constitution.

Sweden has had for ages a Diet—a general assembly of the States of the Kingdom—consisting of four houses, the nobles, the clergy, the burgesses, and the peasants. The houses of the burgesses and the peasants are representative bodies, chosen, the former by the inhabitants of the towns, and the latter by the small landed proprietors, of the class of peasants. All peasants owning land which pays taxes are electors, and eligible to the house of peasants. The kingdom is divided into districts or *hereds*, for each of which a representative to that house is elected. The house of the clergy consists of representatives chosen by that class, together with the bishops. The house of nobles consists of the head of each noble family in the kingdom. A law may be passed by a majority of the chambers, although the fourth dissent; and when all agree, the king has still an absolute veto. The Diet meets regularly every five years, but may be called together at any time by the king. Whatever may be the nominal authority of the Diet, it is in reality subservient to the crown, for four-fifths of the three upper houses are dependant upon it. But if the Diet were independent, it would have in its hands the destinies of the kingdom, for its control over the public officers is direct and decisive; and any of the judges of the highest court may be removed by a standing committee appointed by the four houses. But in the present composition of the Diet, the people cannot control the crown. The only independent house is the peasants', and its concurrence is not necessary to any legislative act, if the three others but agree. What then can the peasants do, to break up the present abuses which paralyse the country?

Although the resistance of the house of peasants, according to the present working of the constitution, might be nearly fruitless to arrest any bad measure, or its efforts to promote any good one, yet a strong opposition has at times manifested itself there; and there are members of that house who have distinguished themselves by their manly and eloquent speeches in defence of popular rights. But there is an incubus upon the heart of the Swedish nation, which almost stops its pulsations, and which must be removed before the body politic can breathe freely. It is the vast old system of exclusive privileges—exclusive privileges to the nobility, to the clergy, to guilds and corporations, and to individuals. It is amazing how industry is fettered—how the liberty of moving and acting is restrained, among a people boasting of its freedom. Scarcely an art, a trade, a profession, is free to all. A Swede can scarcely move without a passport, or engage in any business without a royal license. The people are split into clans, having little connexion or sympathy with each other; there is no middle class, strong in numbers and character; and the nobility are therefore entirely separated from the peasantry, and consequently supercilious and exclusive, though they are generally poor, and dependant upon official employment for their support. Though the elements of a free government do certainly exist among this people, which at some time or other will grow into a popular constitution—popular in practice as in theory—it is far enough from it now. I cannot think that the spirit of a free people yet exists among the mass of the Swedes. The peasant elector is the proprietor of a small farm, but he is poor; he is accustomed from infancy to the restraints and privations of a vicious system; his life is uniform, his labours constant, his necessities pressing; and his life has been too quiet in a remote part of the world, free from the agitations which in other countries have awakened the peasant to a sense of his rights and his wrongs, for him to think a great deal of the administration of a government which suffers things to go on in the old way, and in which, moreover, he feels himself to have a share indeed, but a share that is quite insignificant, and a voice that is scarcely heard. He has been taught the common rudiments of education, and every Swede can read—but reading, as the example of Sweden proves, is not of itself sufficient to make a freeman. Even the inhabitant of the towns, the burgess, the man to whom Europe owes her regeneration after the night of the middle ages, is not here the bold resolute man he then was. Their numbers are too few; they have not sufficient wealth; the towns are too small; and the burgess, accustomed to the supercilious deportment of the nobility, and infected himself with an appetite for the most trifling distinctions and titles, is hardly firm to look upon himself as a partner in the government.

The judicial system, if the courts were all opened to the public, would be excellent; but there is a *Hered* court, for each of the two hundred and sixty-four hereds or districts into which the country is divided, sitting three times a year, over which a *heredhoving* presides, assisted by a jury of twelve men, elected for two years by the peasants; and corresponding local courts for the towns. Above these are the *Lagman's* courts, in which a lagman presides, assisted by a jury; and over all are the *Hof* courts, of which there are three in different parts of the kingdom. But on petition to the king, the adjustments of the Hof courts may be reviewed in the Council of State.

The guards about Stockholm are a fine-looking body of men, well appointed and well disciplined. The military force of the kingdom consists of three descriptions of troops—the enlisted troops, the *indeldta* troops, and the landstrum. There are only about six thousand enlisted troops, all of whom are stationed in the capital and its environs. The indeldta soldier is a military colonist, and upon this description of force the defence of the country chiefly rests, by land and sea. Each district is obliged to furnish small farms and cottages for a certain number of men, who are trained to arms, constitute a standing force, and may be embodied at any time, but who are permitted to marry, and, when not called into active service, support themselves on their little farms. It is only when called out that they receive pay from the State. The number of indeldta troops is about twenty-seven thousand men; the landstrum is a sort of militia, and numbers about sixty thousand: so that the whole military force of Sweden is nominally less than one hundred thousand men. The Swedish soldier, all history shows, is brave, resolute, and yields readily to strict military discipline. Patience and discipline are attributes of the northern nations. For Sweden, a poor country, abounding in natural defences, its military system is well devised, and would doubtless prove sufficient, except, perhaps, in case of a sudden invasion by a large Russian force, in winter, from the Aland islands, the point where Sweden is most vulnerable. For their defence by sea, the Swedes rely less upon heavy ships of war than upon a numerous flotilla of gun-boats and small vessels, acting with ease among the innumerable islands which form the best bulwark against hostile fleets. Under competent leaders, the Swedish troops are capable of as much as any others; and, when brought to co-operate with more numerous forces, as during the operations with the allies in Germany, under Bernadotte, form a valuable auxiliary; but alone Sweden can scarcely ever again venture upon offensive war. Her star began to decline at Lutzen, and though it floated like a meteor at times under Charles XII., it set in blood and darkness on the fatal field of Pultowa.

The currency of the country is almost exclusively of paper.

The first bank was established in 1657, and for a time its business was conducted upon the just principles of banking. But it was a government institution, and in the urgent necessities of the State, the temptation to over-issues was too strong to be resisted. Vast issues were made from time to time, as one exigency succeeded another, without a sufficient basis, or any adequate means of redemption: depreciation began, as a necessary consequence, till at last the notes fell to one-third the same nominal amount in silver. At this rate of three for one, the rate of depreciation is now permanent, and new issues are made every day at this fixed rate. The consequence has been that gold and silver have nearly disappeared. Scarcely any coin is to be seen, except small pieces of copper; and the country is suffering under the curse of a universal paper currency, bank notes being in circulation of the smallest denominations—some even as low as six cents. The enormous loss upon the depreciation of the original issues fell, of course, upon the people, while the government, the unjust author of all this mischief, reaped the advantage of the fraud, if any real and permanent advantage can accrue from a departure from the eternal canons of right to individuals or nations.

FEMALE FORTITUDE.

WITH the exception of naval and military men, there is no class of the community who witness more examples of fortitude and personal courage, than the practitioners of surgery. What greater proof can be given of confidence and courage, than that with which a person surrenders himself, blindfolded, and bound hand and foot, to the knife of the operator? Every day in the week, this great metropolis produces, in silence and in secrecy, acts of heroism, of strength of mind, and firmness of purpose, that would do honour to the ancient Roman. I have witnessed many in both sexes; and although the first amputation I ever saw had nothing of the "sublime or the beautiful" to recommend it, yet it affords an illustration of the observation, from low life, of how much the mind may be under control, even during great bodily pain, and the bitter anguish of the sudden loss of a limb.

"How do you find yourself, Mrs. Judy?" said a St. Bartholomew's surgeon, after taking off the arm of an Irish basket-woman.

"How do I find myself? why, without my arm—how the divil else should I find myself?" was Mrs. Judy's reply.

In another operation, shortly afterwards, of much more importance, the force of female character was evinced in a different manner. A lady, of some consequence, of the highest order as to intellectual endowments, had occasion to submit to one of the most serious, painful, and protracted operations that the sex can be subject to. Her case was a source of great interest to all her friends, and of the most bitter anguish to all her relatives. When the necessity of an operation became decided, she determined on the speedy and secret execution of it, and arrangements were made of her own planning, by which her physician, three surgeons, and myself, then a surgical aide-de-camp, were introduced into the house, and the operation successfully performed, without the knowledge of any one of her own family, or the cognizance of any of a large establishment, excepting her own maid.—*London Medical Gazette.*

IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD HANDWRITING.

A BAD handwriting ought never to be forgiven; it is a shameful indolence; indeed, sending a badly-written letter to a fellow-creature is as impudent an act as I know of. Can there be anything more unpleasant than to open a letter which at once shows that it will require long deciphering? Besides, the effect of the letter is gone if we must spell it. Strange, we carefully avoid troubling other people with trifles, or to appear before them in dress which shows negligence or carelessness, and yet nothing is thought of giving the disagreeable trouble of reading a badly-written letter. In England, good breeding requires writing well and legibly; with us (Germans) it seems as if the contrary principle were acknowledged. Although many people may not have made a brilliant career by their fine handwriting, yet I know that more than a few have spoiled theirs by a bad one. The most important petitions are frequently read with no favourable disposition, or entirely thrown aside, merely because they are written so badly.—*Niebuhr.*

DEATH.

Death is a fearful thing, and life full of hopes; it is want of well-squared judgment to leave any honourable means unessayed of saving one's life.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

WE MET WHEN LIFE AND HOPE WERE NEW.

WE met when life and hope were new,
When all we look'd on smiled,—
And Fancy's wand around us threw
Enchantments, sweet as wild!—
Ours were the light and bounding hearts
The world had yet to wring;—
The bloom that, when it once departs,
Can know no second spring!

What though our love was never told,
Or breathed in sighs alone;
By signs that would not be controll'd,
Its growing strength was shown:—
The touch, that thrill'd us with delight;
The glance, by art untamed;
In one short moon, as brief as bright,
That tender truth proclaim'd!

We parted, chilling looks among;—
My inmost soul was bow'd;
And blessings died upon my tongue,
I dared not breathe aloud:—
A pensive smile, serene and bland,
One thrilling glance—how vain!
A pressure of thy yielding hand:—
We never met again!

Yet still a spell was in thy name,
Of magic power to me,
That bade me strive for wealth and fame,
To make me worthy thee!
And long, through many an after-year,
When boyhood's dream had flown,
With nothing left to hope or fear,
I loved, in silence, on!

More sacred ties at length are ours,
As dear as those of yore;
And later joys, like autumn flowers,
Have bloom'd for us once more!
But never canst thou be again
What once thou wert to me;—
I glory in another's chain—
And thou'rt no longer free.

Thy stream of life glides calmly on,
—A prosperous lot is thine—
The brighter, that it did not join
The turbid waves of mine!
Yet, oh! could fondest love relume
Joy's sunshine on my brow,
Thine scarce can be a happier doom
Than I might boast of now!

ALARIC A. WATTS.

NAPOLEON.

Napoleon knew how to break men like dogs. He would trample upon them, and again show them a piece of bread and pat them, so that they came frisking to him: and no monarch ever had so many absolute instruments of his absolute will as Napoleon. I do not speak only of his immediate servants; princes and sovereigns showed themselves equally well broken.—*Niebuhr.*

COURTESY.

It is better with willingness to purchase thanks, than with a discontented doing to have the pain and not the reward.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

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SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE.

NO. II.

POPULAR VIEW OF BACON'S NOVUM ORGANUM.

ALTHOUGH we cannot charge the Physics of antiquity with being absolutely regardless of experiment,—some attention to fact being necessary to render a theory plausible,—yet so unskilful was the use made of it, and to so limited an extent was it pursued, that the physical theories by which the ancients accounted for natural phenomena are mere chimeras. They took up principles lightly from an inaccurate and careless observation of many things; or, where more accurate observations were made, they unwarrantably generalised from too limited a number of facts. In some instances, indeed, they made very important discoveries in natural philosophy, astronomy, and other branches of physical inquiry; but they pursued no regular system of experimental investigation, and too often, from superficial examination, made facts subservient to preconceived theories. During the middle ages, the faults of the ancients were not likely to be corrected by the visionaries who then dignified themselves with the name of philosophers. Indeed, the authority of Aristotle, (undoubtedly a great and immortal name, but one too long and too slavishly venerated, even to the exclusion of the evidence of men's senses—sight for instance,) for nearly two thousand years, exercised as complete a control over the human mind as any religious superstition which ever darkened or cramped it; so that, even in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, an appeal from the Stagyrite to Nature herself was reckoned equivalent to heresy. But men could not always shut their eyes to the light and the phenomena of nature. Notwithstanding that the thunder of the Vatican was fulmined for the purpose of drowning every voice that attempted to promulgate principles opposed to the doctrines of the schools, examples of experimental inquiry began to be given to the world in the sixteenth century. It was reserved, however, for Lord Bacon, who had turned his mighty and creative intellect to the contemplation of the state of human knowledge, to mark its imperfections and plan its improvement. This truly great man, unlike Plato, Aristotle, and all the other philosophers of antiquity, was the father of no new sect of philosophers, the inventor of no new theoretical system; but, taking to pieces the fanciful fabrics of those who had gone before him, he sketched the plan of another edifice, to be constructed by those who came after him, not hastily, but slowly from age to age, and according to the immutable principles of nature and truth. "Knowledge is power," said he; but in his day the natural alliance between the knowledge and the power of man seemed entirely interrupted. Improvement in art was left to the fortuitous operations of chance, and that of science to the collision of opposite opinions. "Men have sought to make a world from their own conceptions," he says, "and to draw from their own minds all the materials which they employed; but if, instead of doing so, they had consulted experience and observation, they would have had facts and not opinions to reason about, and might have ultimately arrived at the knowledge of the laws which govern the material world." It is only in conducting scientific inquiry by an appeal to observation and fact, that we can ever arrive at a knowledge of the true system of nature. Such was the fundamental principle laid down by Bacon; and it has been called the inductive method of investigating nature. Induction literally signifies *a bringing in*, and is sufficiently expressive of the method of *bringing together* particular facts and instances, previously to any attempt at forming a system or theory, or by reasoning upon mere conjectures about nature's laws and properties, as philosophers had been accustomed to do before. In his treatment of this important subject of induction, Bacon exhibited a comprehensiveness of mind, a penetration and a sagacity, such as the world had never before seen, and which well entitles him to the appellations he has received of the *Prophet of the Arts*, and the *Father of Experimental Philosophy*. We shall, therefore, now proceed to give an account of the most important and considerable part of his general work, entitled the *Instauratio Magna*, or *Instauration of the Sciences*. It is called *Novum Organon Scientiarum*, or a *New Method of studying the Sciences*, from the Greek word *Organon*, which signifies an *instrument* or *machine*.

Before laying down the rules to be observed in this inductive process of reasoning, Bacon philosophically points out, with great exactness, various general sources of those *errors* which men are apt to commit in forming their notions of things. The prejudices that check the progress of truth he figuratively but strikingly designates *Idols*, because mankind bow down and pay homage to them, instead of regarding truth. Their names, though significant, are somewhat quaint and fantastical; but such a style of composition was characteristic of the age in which Bacon flourished. These Idols of the mind, or grand sources of prejudices and prepossessions, are divided into four classes—Idols of the *Tribe*, Idols of the *Den*, Idols of the *Market*, and Idols of the *Theatre*. The comprehensiveness of mind which Bacon here displays, in distributing the sources of error under these several heads, is very remarkable; for under one or other of them everything which can retard the progress of the human mind in its search after truth will be found to come. "While the rules which Bacon gives us," says Dr. Thomas Brown, "are rules of physical investigation, the temple which he purified was not that of nature itself, but the temple of the mind; in its inmost sanctuaries were all the idols which he overthrew; and it was not till these were removed, that Truth would deign to unveil herself to adoration."

1. The Idols of the *Tribe* are so called because they are common to frail humanity, and spring not from peculiarity of circumstance, but from the nature of the human mind itself. "The mind," he says, "is not like a plain mirror, which reflects the images of things exactly as they are; it is like a mirror of an uneven surface, which combines its own figure with the figures of the objects it represents," thus distorting and perverting them. Among the idols of this class, the tendency in the mind to suppose a greater *uniformity* in nature than really exists is none of the least conspicuous. Rash and superficial generalisation has been the bane of science in all ages, and probably more than anything else has retarded its progress. For instance, when it was perceived that the orbits of the planets returned into themselves, (that is, after

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the planet had gone a certain round in the heavens, it was at a certain period found in that exact place from which it took its departure,) it was immediately concluded that all the heavenly bodies move in circles; and this was implicitly believed, until Kepler proved that they move in oval orbits. This propensity has in latter times been recognised under the name of *the spirit of system;* and the prediction of Bacon, that the sources of error would return, and mingle with science even in its most flourishing condition, has been often verified, particularly in theories regarding the physical constitution of the mass of the globe. Amongst other Idols of the Tribe, *prepossessions* or *partialities* in favour of any theory which pleases the fancy are very common to the mind. Thus, any notion which has at first imparted a high degree of satisfaction is supported, even in the face of evidence to the contrary, and facts and observations are twisted and construed to make them correspond with it. The force of general prejudices is also aided by the restless activity of the mental powers, and the ambitious desire of the mind to pry into mysteries, and attempt to grasp the incomprehensible, such as ideas of *space, time, eternity, infinity, final causes,* and the like. Our purely intellectual opinions are also greatly affected by peculiarities in the *moral* constitution of the mind. With admirable sagacity our author observes: "The light of the understanding is not a pure daylight, but it receives a tincture from the will and the affections, and forms the sciences accordingly; for men are most willing to believe what they most desire. Difficulties are rejected through impatience; the deeper things of nature are dreaded through a certain awe: experience is discarded through pride; truth, when it limits our hopes: paradox is shunned through fear of vulgar opposition: and thus, in innumerable ways, and often imperceptibly, do the affections and passions tinge the understanding with their own colouring." The fallacy and incompetency of the senses, and the love of the mind for abstractions and generalisations, complete the number of the sources of error arranged under the head of Idols of the Tribe.

2. The Idols of the *Den* are those which result from the peculiar mental constitution of the individual. Besides the causes of error which are common to the species, Bacon observes, that every individual has his own dark cavern or den, into which the light is but imperfectly admitted, and where a favourite tutelary idol lurks, at whose shrine the truth is often sacrificed. These idols are characterised by our author as "each man's particular demon, or seducing familiar spirit;" and again, every mind is compared to "a glass with its surface differently cut, so as differently to receive, reflect, and refract the rays of light that fall upon it." Particular studies greatly influence men's opinions; and Bacon instances this in the case of Aristotle, who depraved his physics so much with his dialectics, as to render the former entirely a science of words and controversy, a source of endless and useless disputation. Amongst other private prejudices, or sources of error arising from the mental constitution of individuals, the natural difference of men's capacities is mentioned. Bacon distinguishes two grand classes of minds; those composing the one being best adapted to perceive the differences of things; those composing the other, to catch their resemblances. "A steady and sharp genius," says he, "can fix its contemplations, and dwell and fasten upon all the subtilty of differences; whilst a sublime and ready genius perceives and compares the smallest and most general agreements of things. Both minds fall easily into excess, by grasping either at the dividing scale or the shadows of things." Attachment to times is also mentioned as having a powerful influence in the formation of our ideas of truth and excellence. Thus, an idolatry of the ancients has been carried to excess, and the "wisdom of our ancestors" is a proverbial term of expression to the present day. In general, however, this kind of prejudice has greatly declined since Bacon's time,—*truth,* and not the establishment of sects, having become the aim and end of philosophical inquiry. There are other kinds of prejudices which our author enumerates; but they are more obscure and less important than the foregoing.

3. The Idols of the *Forum* are those that arise out of the commerce or intercourse of society, and especially from language, or the means by which men maintain an interchange of thought*.

The re-action of thought upon language, and language upon thought, is a very obvious source of error in reasoning.—Language is very imperfect; and in an inconceivable number of instances, the precise idea which is meant to be conveyed is but very faintly indicated. Lord Bacon's meaning may be illustrated by such words as *sensation* and *will.* The former may be defined by saying it is *feeling:* but what is feeling? What, for example, is the feeling or sensation of *cold* or *heat?* What is the sensation of *seeing?* It is obvious that none can describe these to a person supposed never to have experienced them. *Will* may be defined as *volition,* but this again is a mere translation; and if an intelligent being could be imagined who had never actually *willed* anything, nor ever had any *desire* in his mind to do or say anything, it would be utterly impossible to make him understand what willing is. For such imperfections, there appears to be no remedy but having recourse to particular instances, and carefully comparing the meanings of words with the external archetypes from which they are derived.

4. The Idols of the *Theatre* are the last, and consist of the prejudices and perversions of the mind arising from the fabulous and visionary theories, and the romantic philosophies, that so long prevailed in the world. "We call them Idols of the Theatre," says Bacon, "because all the systems of philosophy that have been hitherto invented or received are but so many stage-plays which have exhibited nothing but fictitious and theatrical worlds; and there may still be invented and dressed up numberless other fables of the like kind." "Philosophy," he again remarks, "as hitherto pursued, has taken much from a few things, or a little from a great many; and in both cases has too narrow a basis to be of much duration or utility." Lord Bacon, in his review of these false and visionary systems of philosophy, divides them into three general kinds—*sophistical—empirical—* and *superstitious.* The ancient systems were chiefly of a sophistical nature, and were formed on a few careless and imperfect observations and experiments, the filling up being dependent upon the ingenuity and fancy of the inventor. The philosophies of Aristotle, Anaxagoras, Leucippus, Democritus, and others, are prominent examples of these kinds of Idols of the Theatre. Empirical systems are those which are founded upon a few experiments only, although these may be perfectly true and exact in themselves. The ancient chemists or alchemists, with their idle speculations about the four elements, and their dreams of a universal medicine, which was to reverse the irrevocable doom of humanity—death, as well as the Philosopher's Stone, and the like, are adduced as examples of such false systems. Superstitious systems are those in which certain philosophical theories are interwoven with religion, and made subservient to it. In ancient times the philosophies of Pythagoras and Plato are specimens; and in modern times, Whiston's theory of the globe, and Hutchinson's attempt to trace the physics of

* This may be looked upon as the germ of Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, which every one knows resulted from its great author observing, whilst conversing with some friends, that much of argumentation might be saved if disputants would only come to an understanding about the exact meaning of terms before they debated a point.

the true astronomy to the Mosaic account of the creation, afford very striking examples.

After various preliminary discussions concerning the "characteristics of false systems," the "causes of error in philosophy," the "grounds of hope regarding the advancement of science," the great restorer of philosophy proceeds, in the second book of the "Novum Organum," to describe and exemplify the nature of the induction which he deems essential to the right interpretation of nature. He divides the whole into three parts, comprising Aphorisms, or remarks on what is termed the *Discovery of Forms; Tables* in illustration of this discovery; and the *Doctrine of Instances*. The word *form* here employed is borrowed from a sect of ancient philosophers, and, as used by Bacon, has a very comprehensive meaning. In one passage he observes, "When we speak of *forms*, we understand nothing more than those *laws* and *modes* of action which regulate and constitute any simple nature, such as heat, light, weight, in all kinds of matter susceptible of them. Again, "The form of any nature is such, that where *it* is, the given nature must infallibly be." In short, the form of any substance is its essential nature—the form of any quality is that which constitutes the quality,—and the "discovery of forms" may be regarded as signifying the discovery of the laws of nature in general. Bacon seems to have thought that a knowledge of the ultimate essences of the qualities, and powers, or properties of matter lies open to human scrutiny; that is, that to discover the nature of heat, cold, colour, and other principles or properties of matter, is within the range of possibility. But this great philosopher probably overrated the capacity of the human understanding in supposing that such should ever take place: indeed, he seems to have placed the grand aim of philosophy beyond what it is, in all probability, given to man to reach. Upwards of two centuries have rolled away since the promulgation of Bacon's system, and yet we are still entirely ignorant of the *causes* of the various operations of nature. A stone, after being projected into the atmosphere, falls to the earth, we say, by virtue of the laws of gravitation:—but the problem *what is gravitation*, still remains to be solved. Since Bacon's time we have ascertained many of the effects and properties of heat, but its *form* or essential nature we are perfectly ignorant of. The question still remains undetermined, whether heat be a subtile fluid, and hence *material*,—or, as Bacon himself supposed, nothing more than a certain motion amongst the particles of bodies. The same remark is applicable to the other agents in nature, light, electricity, elasticity, and the like.

Two other objects, subordinate to forms, but often essential to the knowledge of them, are also occasionally subjects of investigation;—these are the *latent process*, and the *latent schematism*. By the former is meant, the secret and invisible progress by which insensible changes are brought about, and involve what has since been called the *law of continuity*, according to which no change can possibly take place without a certain portion of *time* being expended in the operation; in other words, no body can change its bulk, or move from one place to another, without occupying intermediate time—that is, the time which intervenes between the commencement and the termination of every change, or passing through intermediate space—that is, the space which lies between the place where the body was before it began to move, and that where it is found when it has ceased to move. We see this in innumerable operations of nature;—such as the planetary movements; the phenomena of accelerated velocity in falling bodies; the motion of light, shown by the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites; in the progress of disease, in which there is a change of the structure of the parts. Upon this subject the eloquent Playfair remarks: "To know the relation between the time and the change effected, would be to have a perfect knowledge of the latent process." By the *latent schematism*, Bacon meant that invisible structure of bodies on which so many of their properties depend.—For instance, an inquiry into the internal structure or constitution of crystals, is examining into the latent schematism*. We do the same when we attempt to explain elasticity, magnetism, gravitation, and the like, by any peculiar structure of bodies, or any arrangement of the particles of matter.

The second part contains Tables, given in illustration of the inductive method. The materials from which Lord Bacon designed that *tables* of this kind should be composed for the advancement of science, he gives an example of in his "Natural History, in Ten Centuries:" each of the ten sections into which it is divided, containing one hundred facts and experiments, relating to a great variety of subjects; the term *natural history* being used by him in a very extensive sense, as signifying a record of observations on nature in general. This history of facts was to contain an account of the subject under examination, in all the varieties and modifications of which the appearances belonging to it were susceptible.—Not only were the facts which present themselves to the senses in nature to be embodied, but also such as could be elucidated by experiment. And these facts, both affirmative and negative, are reduced into the above-mentioned tables for conveniency. Lord Bacon formally exemplifies his method of induction in this part of the Novum Organum, on the subject of *heat*, his object being to inquire what is its form or nature. In order to institute this inquiry, he arranges the facts and experiments he was acquainted with relating to it in five different tables. Regarding these, Professor Playfair remarks:—"Though his collection of facts be imperfect, his method of treating them is extremely judicious, and the whole disquisition is highly interesting." * * * The first table contains instances in which heat is found, and is termed the "Affirmative Table, or Instances that agree in possessing the nature of heat;" and the author enumerates the sun's rays, meteors, fires of all kinds, and many other phenomena. The second table is *Negative*, and contains a list of things in which heat is not found. The examples here introduced are purposely those things which have a sort of natural relation or resemblance to the things mentioned in the first table, *heat* alone excepted.—The parallel negative instances to the sun's rays are obviously those of the moon, of the stars, and of comets. The third table consists of a comparison of the degrees of heat found in different substances. These three tables, containing a great number of positive, negative, and comparative examples, are designed to "present a view of instances to the understanding:" and when this view is procured, the business of induction commences. The first step in an inquiry into the *form* or *cause* of anything by induction, is to consider what things are to be excluded from the number of *possible* forms or causes. This exclusion confines the field of hypothesis, and brings the true explanation within narrower limits. Thus, if we wish to inquire into the quality which is the cause of transparency in bodies, we would at once exclude rarity and fluidity from those causes, because the diamond is transparent, and it is a solid and

* We have already observed, that Bacon not only anticipated a greater perfection in human knowledge than it will probably ever attain, but that he has somewhat mistaken the manner in which knowledge is to be made subservient to practical purposes. He supposes that if the *form*, or cause or law of any quality were known, it would be possible, by imparting that peculiar form to any body, to communicate to it the said quality. Not to dwell upon the improbability of human ingenuity being ever able to penetrate so deeply into the mysteries of nature, the practical utility of such knowledge is very questionable.—But we have adverted to this subject principally for the purpose of observing that Bacon seems to have supposed that the *ultimate atoms* of all bodies were alike in their nature,—a doctrine which modern discoveries have gone far to explode.

dense body. Bacon's fourth table accordingly proposes to exhibit "an example of this exclusion or rejection of natures from the form of heat,—that is, a rejection of those things as the *causes* of heat in which it evidently cannot exist." Bacon's meaning may be thus explained.—Although heat is felt in the sun's rays, yet as a common fire contains heat, the sun is not the essential *cause* of heat, "and he excludes celestial and terrestrial nature." Light and splendour are rejected as essential to heat, because water, air, and solid bodies, will receive or conduct heat without being ignited, and so on. The fifth and last table is quaintly entitled, "The first vintage concerning the Form of Heat;" that is, a rough and general specimen of a conclusion derived from the foregoing investigation. Bacon concludes here, that from an examination of all the instances, "separately and collectively, the nature whose *limitation is heat, appears to be motion*," which he attempts to prove from the view he took of the facts. It is almost unnecessary to observe, that the nature of heat is yet unknown; for all the experiments that have yet been made have failed to set the question at rest.

The third part relates to the "Doctrine of Instances or Facts as regards the Discovery of Forms." It must be obvious to every one that facts are not all of equal value in the discovery of truth. Some of them show the thing sought for in its highest degree,—others in its lowest; some exhibit it simple and uncombined,—in others it appears confused with a variety of circumstances; and so on. This led the author to consider what he calls *Prerogativæ Instantiarum*,—Prerogative Instances; or the comparative value of facts as means of discovery, or instruments for finding truth. He enumerates twenty-seven different specii, and divides them into three classes,—which are denominated, those which address themselves to the *understanding*; those which assist the *senses*; and those which conduce to *practice*. Into the peculiar properties of each species he enters at some length; but it is impossible in this place to follow the illustrious author through all the instances which he adduces; only a very few of the most important can be given. The first place is assigned to what are called *solitary* instances, and they are of two kinds; those in which bodies *differ* in all things but one, and those in which they *agree* in all things but one. 2. *Instantiæ Migrantes*, or *travelling* instances, are those in which one quality is lost and another is produced; or, in which the nature or quality inquired into exhibits changes and degrees, passing from less to greater, or from greater to less. Let *whiteness* in bodies that are of this colour be the subject of inquiry. Glass and water are adduced by Bacon as examples. Glass when whole is without colour, but when reduced to powder becomes *white*; and water in its natural state is colourless, but in the states of foam or snow is white. 3. In the third place are the *Instantiæ Ostensivæ*, or facts which show some peculiar nature or quality in its highest state of power or energy. The thermometer is very judiciously chosen as an example, that instrument exhibiting the expansive power of heat in a manner more distinct and measurable than in common cases. 4. The *Instantiæ Clandestinæ*, or obscure instances, may be considered as opposed to the last. They show some power or quality just as it is beginning to exist, and in its weakest state.

Such are a few of the species of instances described in the Novum Organum, the composition of which work by Lord Bacon entitles him to the homage and admiration of the whole human race now and for ever, as one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. In that work he has done more than any single individual ever achieved to promote the final triumph of truth over error, and to hasten that consummation so devoutly to be wished, when, in the magnificent language of a great poet, TRUTH, though "hewn, like the mangled body of Osiris, into a thousand pieces, and scattered to the four winds, shall be gathered limb to limb, and moulded, with every joint and member, into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection."

THE FATAL REVENGE.

A HIGHLAND STORY.

"NORMAN," said one of the sons of the laird of Kinallan to his brother, "do you intend going to Soonart's party to-night?"

"Most certainly, Hector. Don't you?" replied the other

"Are you aware that Kilmoran is to be there?" rejoined Hector; answering his brother's question by asking another.

"Perfectly," replied Norman; "but what of that?"

"Why, of *that, this*," said Hector, fiercely: "that *I* would as soon throw myself from the top of Dunavarty as enter the same house—much less sit down at the same table with Kilmoran. I have sworn to be his death, and therefore will not break bread at the same board with him. You have sworn a similar oath, Norman. How can you reconcile it with your conscience to sit down in pretended peace with the man?"

"Fair and softly, brother," replied Norman, in his usual quiet tone; "you are hot-headed—you are rash, Hector. It is not the most dangerous dog that barks most. If I keep a fair side to Kilmoran, it is that I may make the more sure of my revenge when the fitting opportunity presents itself."

"And how long do you propose waiting for that opportunity?" said Hector, impatiently, and with a slight expression of contempt, which he could not suppress, for his more cautious brother's tardiness in executing their common vengeance.

"Till it comes," replied Norman, calmly but emphatically. "You know that we dare not attack him openly; otherwise, we should give mortal offence to the duke, and thereby bring down ruin on ourselves. We must, therefore, 'bide our time.'"

"Umph!" rejoined Hector, turning on his heel, and, without further remark, quitting the apartment in which the conversation took place.

Availing ourselves of the opportunity which this incident presents, we will here introduce a word or two of explanation concerning the parties whom we have, rather abruptly perhaps, just introduced to the reader, and of the circumstances in which they stood with regard to each other.

The two brothers, Hector and Norman M'Dougal, were the sons of Alexander M'Dougal of Kinallan, a gentleman of considerable property in the West Highlands; they were neither of them very young men, both being considerably above thirty. As may, in part, have been gathered from what has been already said, the brothers, although agreeing in the atrocious resolve which forms the subject of our tale, were of very different dispositions. Hector was fierce, irascible, and outspoken, and although capable of entertaining the most deadly hatred against those who offended him, was incapable of concealing it; all the savage nature of the man was expressed in his bold and determined countenance. It was otherwise with Norman: equally vindictive with his brother, he was more cautious and guarded; quiet and reserved in his manners, slow and deliberate in his proceedings, it was not easy to discover whom he liked, or whom he disliked. Nor, so carefully did he conceal his resentments, were the objects of his hatred always aware of the enmity he bore them: on the contrary, deceived by his civil speech, his ready smile, and apparently placid temperament, they often knew not of their danger, till circumstances having, by some sudden turn, put them in his power, they felt the sting which he had hitherto so carefully concealed. He never struck until sure that his blow would not only fail, but tell upon his victim.

Kilmoran, again,—we adopt the Highland custom of distinguishing persons by the name of their property or place of residence,—was a neighbouring laird, with whom the family of the M'Dougals had been long at feud, and who had recently added to

his offences by securing, through his influence with the Duke of Argyle, with whom he was in great favour, a certain farm which the M'Dougals had made some strenuous efforts to obtain.

Soonart, again,—or the Laird of Soonart, as he was called,—was also a neighbour, although not a very near one, his residence being about five miles distant from those of the M'Dougals and Kilmorans, which were within a quarter of a mile of each other.

Having mentioned these particulars, we proceed with our tale.

Agreeably to the resolution which he had expressed to his brother, Norman, shortly after the conversation with the former which we recorded at the outset of our story, mounted his horse, and set off for Soonart; the merry-making to which he had been invited, and to which we formerly alluded, being to take place on the afternoon of the day on which our tale opens.

Soonart, or Castle Soonart, as it was sometimes called, although scarcely deserving so dignified a title, was an ancient building in the style of the sixteenth century, turreted and battlemented, with steep grey roofs and deeply-indented ledges. It stood on the summit of a rugged, precipitous cliff, whose base was washed by the sea; its white-crested waves, in stormy weather, howling around, and leaping upon the majestic rock, like a flock of hungry wolves. On the land side, however, the house was of easy access, being connected with the main land by a broad natural mound or isthmus. In ancient times, this neck of land was intersected by a deep moat at a short distance from the building; but it had been allowed to fill up, and was at the time of which we write but just discernible by faint outlines.

The greater number of the party invited to Soonart had already arrived, when Norman M'Dougal presented himself in the large dining-hall of the mansion; and amongst those assembled there was Kilmoran. On Norman's entrance, the latter, who was a good-natured, kind-hearted man, and who had always anxiously desired to be at peace with his neighbours the M'Dougals, instantly made up to him, and offered him the hand of friendship. It was readily accepted by his treacherous enemy, and apparently with as much cordiality as it was given. The ready but quiet smile of Norman replied to the half-jocular, half-serious remonstrances of Kilmoran on the subject of their ancient enmity; and a significant shrug of the shoulders, accompanied by words of kindness, expressed—or were meant to express—his perfect willingness to entertain Kilmoran's proposal that they should forget the past, and live in friendship for the future.

Soon after, the guests having all assembled, the party sat down to table, to partake of the good things provided for them by their host. Leaving them thus agreeably employed, we shall return for a time to the residence of the M'Dougals, and take up the part about to be enacted by Hector in the tragical drama of the evening.

Brooding over the grudge he bore Kilmoran, and which had been stirred into fresh activity by the incident of their common invitation to Soonart, and in part also by the late conversation he had had with his brother on the subject, Hector M'Dougal was suddenly struck with one of those atrocious ideas that so frequently present themselves to desperate and revengeful men, and fill the world with crime. He determined on that very night to waylay and murder Kilmoran on his return from Soonart, which he calculated would be somewhere about midnight. Having come to this hellish resolution, he armed himself with his rifle—with which he was an unerring shot, as the deer of his native mountains knew by fatal experience,—and hasted away to seek a favourable situation for executing the dreadful deed he contemplated.

Stealing secretly out of the house, and afterwards taking a quiet and circuitous route, he made for a certain copse on the face of a rising ground, that overlooked the road by which Kilmoran must return home; this road lying between the rising ground alluded to and a beautiful lake that slept in the hollow of the hills. Entering the copse, M'Dougal pushed through it until he reached the skirt nearest the way by which Kilmoran would pass, and which brought him to within fifty or sixty yards of it. Here concealing himself amongst the thick underwood, and with a paling in front on which to lean his rifle, M'Dougal awaited the appearance of his victim. It was a bright moonlight night, and as the horse Kilmoran always rode was a very light grey, approaching almost to white, and in this respect somewhat remarkable, there would be no difficulty in at once recognising him.

Leaving the assassin thus watching for his prey, we shall return to Soonart, to see how the evening was passing with the festive party there assembled. It was passing pleasantly: the banquet-room of the old mansion rung with the burst of hilarious merriment which the facetious jest and humorous song were ever and anon eliciting, and the wine-flagon was pacing it merrily round the festal board.

The time came, however, when the jest and the song were heard more rarely, and when the wine-flagon began to make its rounds with a more tardy motion. It was getting late; the spirits of the party were flagging, and a general movement amongst the guests to break up the party was the result. It did break up; when, hurrying out of the apartment in merry and somewhat obstreperous confusion, the guests sought the stables for their horses, all of them having come from a distance. Kilmoran was amongst the party who sallied out in quest of their steeds, but it was merely to see his friends mounted he accompanied them, as he had been prevailed upon by his host to remain with him all night, in order to join him in a hunting-party which had been made up for an early hour of the following morning. This was altogether an unexpected circumstance on the part of Kilmoran, who had originally intended to return home that night.

On the party reaching the stable, it was found that Norman M'Dougal's horse was dead lame in two of his legs, and consequently unable to walk a single step. How this had happened could not be at the moment ascertained; some sinews strained, it was supposed, or some injury sustained in the feet. But whatever might be wrong with the animal, or in whatever way he might have come by his injuries, it was clear he was quite unable to carry his master home that night. Seeing this, Kilmoran, in the same spirit in which he had made up to M'Dougal on his first arrival at Soonart, pressed him to take the use of his horse; adding, good-humouredly, that if he did not think he could presume to take a horse of his to his father's house, seeing the ancient enmity that was between them, he might ride him to Kilmoran, leave him there, and walk home, a distance of only about half a mile.

M'Dougal would have refused to accept the proffered kindness; but, besides his own wish to deceive Kilmoran with regard to his feelings towards him, there were too many witnesses present for him to feel safe in exhibiting any, the slightest, symptom of the dislike he bore that person; and his rejection of his offered civility on the present occasion, he feared, might be looked upon in that light, and be remembered afterwards if anything should happen to Kilmoran. Reasoning thus, and reasoning as quick as thought, M'Dougal, with many expressions of thanks, accepted the offer of Kilmoran's horse, mounted him, and rode off. Fifteen minutes' smart riding brought him to the margin of the lake formerly alluded to; a few minutes more saw him enter on and proceed along the road that skirted it.

Unconscious of peril, M'Dougal rode on, and had attained somewhere about half the length of the lake, when the sharp report of a rifle rung in the copse, and in the same instant Norman M'Dougal fell from his horse a dead man—a rifle-ball having passed right through his head. Deceived by the horse he rode, his brother had directed against him that shot which he intended for Kilmoran.

Unaware of the dreadful mistake he had committed, M'Dougal hastened home, and, unperceived by any one, entered the house and retired to bed. Morning came, and with it much surprise to the midnight assassin that his brother had not returned. Leaving his couch, on which he had spent but a restless night, he approached the window of his bedchamber to look abroad on the morning. He had not done so for many seconds, when he saw a

crowd of people slowly approaching the house, and bearing along what appeared to be a heavy burden. In a few minutes he made out that it was a human body they were carrying, and, not doubting that it was the corpse of Kilmoran, he summoned his utmost resolution to meet the report of that gentleman's murder with as unmoved and unconscious a manner as possible. But why bring the body of the murdered man to his house? Why not take it to Kilmoran? The proceeding confounded him, and filled his guilty bosom with a thousand indefinable terrors. In the mean time, the persons bearing the corpse approached; they passed beneath the window at which M'Dougal was standing, and in the livid and ghastly upturned face of the murdered man he recognised the face of his brother. Suspicions of the dreadful truth flashed across his mind, and he sank into a chair, powerless and all but insensible.

In a few minutes, one of the men who had brought the body home entered his apartment, and with a sorrowful countenance—and not aware that he had seen the body pass—informed him that his brother had been killed.

"How?" said M'Dougal in a sepulchral voice.

"Shot through the head," replied the man.

"Where was the body found?" again asked M'Dougal, with white, parched, and quivering lip.

"By the side of the loch, near the Clachanmore," answered the man.

All that day M'Dougal kept his apartment, and would neither himself come forth, nor would he allow any one to enter. When the morning came, he was missing; he had disappeared through the night, and none could then, or ever after, tell whither he had gone. It was supposed by some that he had thrown himself into the lake; by others, that he had left the country and gone abroad: this last rumour being followed up by a report, some years after, that he had fallen in the American war—it was said, in the battle of Bunker's Hill.

PIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

LADY GRISSEL BAILLIE.

THE name of Robert Baillie, of Jerviswood, is familiar as that of one of the victims of the unjustifiable measures pursued by the government of Charles II. in the persecution of all who were suspected of offering opposition to their schemes for establishing arbitrary power.

Baillie, who had long been a marked man as a stanch friend of civil liberty and the Protestant cause, had more than once suffered imprisonment on account of his opinions, when he and two other gentlemen were sent up to London by the Scottish malcontents to concert measures with Monmouth, Russell, Sidney, and the other English leaders implicated in what is called the Rye-house plot, for a simultaneous rising in the North, to support the proposed insurrection in London and other places in England. When the conspiracy was discovered, Baillie was immediately seized and sent to Scotland, although not a tittle of evidence could be found against him; and on his refusing to answer, on oath, any questions the Privy Council might please to propound, a fine of six thousand pounds was imposed upon him, and he was kept in such a cruel confinement in the prison on the Bass rock and elsewhere, that his health was utterly broken; and when at length, by the examination of other prisoners under torture, evidence of the share he had taken in the conspiracy was procured, and sentence pronounced upon him, he was in so weak a condition that the judges ordered it to be carried into execution the same day, lest their victim should escape them. Yet even this was not the limit of their vindictive fury; for, with unexampled barbarity, his two sons were compelled to be present on the scaffold, and even placed so near the block that their clothes were covered with the blood of the father.

The eldest of these sons, George, who afterwards became the husband of Lady Grissel, the subject of this sketch, was only nineteen at his father's death, after which event he retired to Holland, where he continued till he returned with the Prince of Orange at the Revolution.

Lady Grissel Baillie, the eldest daughter of Sir Patrick Home of Polwarth, afterwards Earl of Marchmont, was born at Redbraes Castle on the 25th of December, 1665. Her early trials, and admirable bearing under them, have thrown a romantic cast over a character in which so much of strength and gentleness were combined; and the beautiful sketch given of her career in the "Metrical Legends" of Joanna Baillie, who, we believe, claims kindred with her heroine, rendered her merits more generally and highly estimated. Lady Grissel's daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope, left behind her in manuscript a memoir of her mother, which, although one of the most beautiful memorials ever raised by a child to the virtues of a parent, was not published entire until the year 1822. It is to this work that we are indebted for our materials.

Sir Patrick Home, who possessed the same principles with Baillie, lived in the strictest friendship with him, and was exposed to the same dangers, although, more happy than his friend, he was enabled to surmount them. "In the troubles of King Charles the Second's time, his daughter began her experience of afflicting and terrifying hardships; though," says Lady Murray, "I have often heard her say she never thought them any. At the age of twelve she was sent by her father from their country house to Edinburgh, a long journey, when Mr. Baillie was first imprisoned, to try if, by her age, she could get admittance into the prison unsuspected, and slip a letter into his hand, of advice and information, and bring back what intelligence she could. She succeeded so well in both, that from that time I reckon her hardships began, from the confidence that was put in her, and the activity she naturally had far beyond her age, in executing whatever she was entrusted with.

"After the persecution began afresh, and Mr. Baillie again in prison, her father thought it necessary to keep concealed; and soon found he had too good reason for so doing, parties being continually sent out in search of him, and often to his own house, to the terror of all in it, though not from any fear for his safety, whom they imagined at a great distance from home; for no soul knew where he was but my grandmother and my mother, except one man, a carpenter called Jamie Winter, who used to work in the house, and lived a mile off, on whose fidelity they thought they could depend, and were not deceived. The frequent examination and oaths put to servants, in order to make discoveries, were so strict, they durst not run the risk by trusting any of them. By the assistance of this man, they got a bed and bed-clothes carried in the night to the burying-place—a vault under ground at Polwarth Church, a mile from the house—where he was concealed for a month, and had only for light an open slit at one end, through which nobody could see what was below. She went every night at midnight to carry him victuals and drink, and stayed with him as long as she could to get home before day. In all this time my grandfather showed the same constant composure and cheerfulness of mind that he continued to possess to his death, which was at the age of eighty-four; all which good qualities she inherited from him in a high degree. Often did they laugh heartily in that doleful habitation at different accidents that happened. She at that time had a terror for a church-yard, especially in the dark, as is not uncommon at her age, by idle nursery stories; but when engaged by concern for her father, she stumbled over the graves every night alone, without fear of any kind entering her thoughts but for soldiers and parties in search of him, which the least noise or motion of a leaf put her in terror for. The minister's house was near the church; the first night she went, his dogs kept such a barking as put her in the utmost fear of a discovery; my grandmother sent for the minister next day, and upon pretence of a mad dog, got him to hang up all his dogs. There was also difficulty of getting victuals to carry him without the servants suspecting. The only way it was done was by stealing it off her plate at dinner into

her lap. Many a diverting story she has told about this and other things of the like nature. Her father liked sheep's head; and while the children were eating their broth, she had conveyed most of one into her lap: when her brother Sandy had done, he looked up with astonishment, and said, 'Mother, will ye look at Grissel; while we've been eating our broth, she has eat up the whole sheep's head!' This occasioned so much mirth amongst them, that her father at night was greatly entertained by it, and desired Sandy might have a share of the next. I need not multiply stories of this kind, of which I know many. His great comfort and constant entertainment—for he had no light to read by—was repeating Buchanan's Psalms, which he had by heart from beginning to end, and retained them to his dying day."

The confinement in the gloomy vault of Polwarth Church was, notwithstanding the cheerfulness with which it was borne, excessively irksome; and Grissel and Jamie Winter set about arranging a safe concealment in the house. They removed the boards beneath a truckle-bed in a room on the ground-floor, of which Grissel kept the key, excavated the earth with their hands to make no noise, and carried it through the window in a sheet to the garden. When a sufficient space was obtained, a large box, with plenty of air-holes, which Jamie made at home and brought at night, was introduced into the cavity, and being furnished with a bed, it was thought that Sir Patrick might seek a refuge there in case of alarm, while the truckle-bed above would conceal the loose boards. The only fear was of the damp; but all proving safe after a due trial, Sir Patrick ventured home, remaining undiscovered and unsuspected in the room which no one had been accustomed to enter but his daughter. He had not, however, enjoyed the change for more than a fortnight, when one morning, upon the usual examination of the hiding-hole, the box was found full of water. Sir Patrick determined to "tempt Providence," as he expressed himself, no longer, more especially as the news of Mr. Baillie's execution was brought the same day. His wife and daughter worked indefatigably to prepare clothes for him that night sufficiently to disguise him, and he escaped safely, missing, by the mere accident of losing his way, a party who were sent to take him. He got safe to London, where he passed for a surgeon, having some knowledge of medicine, and always carrying lancets with him. He got to France without discovery, and travelled on foot from Bordeaux to Utrecht, where he took up his abode under the assumed name of Dr. Wallace, and thence sent for his wife and children.

His estates had been in the mean time forfeited, and upon receiving this summons, his wife, taking Grissel with her, went to London to solicit some allowance out of them for the support of herself and her ten children; but, although assisted by the influence of many kind and zealous friends, she could obtain only about one hundred and fifty pounds a year for them. Returning to Scotland, she carried all her family, except Julian, who was too ill to travel, to Holland, and when they were all settled at Utrecht, Grissel, still a mere girl, alone and unprotected, was sent back for her sister, and "to negotiate business, and try if she could pick up any money of some that was owing to her father."

They had a long and disagreeable voyage back to Holland, rendered more irksome by the ill conduct of the captain. When at length they landed at the Brill, "they set out at night," says Lady Murray, "on foot for Rotterdam, with a gentleman who was of great use to them, that came over at the same time to take refuge in Holland. It was a cold, wet, dirty night; my aunt (Julian), a girl not well able to walk, soon lost her shoes in the dirt; my mother took her upon her back, and carried her the rest of the way, the gentleman carrying their small baggage. At Rotterdam, they found their eldest brother and my father (George Baillie) waiting for their arrival, to conduct them to Utrecht, where their house was; and no sooner were they all met, than she forgot everything, and felt nothing but happiness and contentment."

"A fine sparkle of love," as Froissart has it, had stolen into the hearts of Grissel Home and George Baillie before either had departed from Scotland, and although until better times came they had the prudence to abstain from any formal engagement, yet the love for the sister was strongly manifested in friendship for the brother, and it was the most natural thing in the world for George Baillie to be in waiting to meet Grissel Home. "She had seen him," says Lady Murray, "for the first time in the prison with his father, and from that time their hearts were engaged. Her brother and my father were soon got to ride in the Prince of Orange's guards, till they were better provided for in the army; which they were before the Revolution. They took their turn in standing sentry at the Prince's gate, but always contrived to do it together; and the strict friendship and intimacy that then began, continued to the last. Though their station was then low, they kept up their spirits. The prince often dined in public; then all were admitted to see him: when any pretty girl wanted to go in, they set their halberts across the door, and would not let her pass till she gave each of them a kiss, which made them think and call them very pert soldiers. I could relate many stories on that subject; my mother would talk for hours, and never tire of it; always saying it was the happiest and most delightful part of her life. Her constant attention was, to have her brother appear right in his linen and dress: they wore little point cravats and cuffs, which many a night she sat up to have in as good order for him as any in the place; and one of their greatest expenses was in dressing him as he ought to be." If the whole truth were told, we suspect it would appear that George Baillie now and then participated in the care thus bestowed upon the "little point cravats and cuffs."

They lived three years and a half in Holland, during which time Grissel Home made a second voyage to Scotland upon business, for she was the very stay and support of the whole family; and well might her mother on her death-bed bless beyond all the rest her "who had ever been her helpful child." "All the time they were there," continues Lady Murray, "there was not a week my mother did not sit up two nights to do the business that was necessary. She went to market, went to the mill to have their corn ground (which it seems is the way with good managers there), dressed the linen, cleaned the house, made ready the dinner, mended the children's stockings and other clothes, made what she could for them, and in short did everything. Her sister Christian, who was a year or two younger, diverted her father and mother and the rest, who were fond of music. Out of their small income they bought a harpsichord. My aunt played and sang well, and had a great deal of life and humour, but no turn to business. Though my mother had the same qualifications, and liked it as well as she did, she was forced to drudge; and many jokes used to pass between the sisters about their different occupations. Every morning before six, my mother lighted my father's fire in his study; then waked him; (he was ever a good sleeper, which blessing among many others she inherited from him;) then got him, what he usually took as soon as he got up, warm small beer with a spoonful of bitters in it, which he continued his whole life, and of which I have the recipe. Then she took up the children, and brought them all to his room, where he taught them everything that was fit for their age; some Latin, others French, Dutch, geography, writing, reading, English, &c., and my grandmother taught them what was necessary on her part. Thus he employed and diverted himself all the time he was there, not being able to afford putting them to school; and my mother, when she could afford a moment's time, took a lesson with the rest in French and Dutch, and also diverted herself with music. I have now a book of songs of her writing when there; many of them interrupted, half writ, some broke off in the middle of a sentence."

Notwithstanding their limited means, they contrived to extend hospitality to "unfortunate banished people like themselves, and they seldom went to dinner without three, four, or five of them, to share with them: and many a hundred times," says Lady Murray, "I have heard my mother say, she could never look back upon

their manner of living there, without thinking it a miracle they had no want, but plenty of everything they desired, and much contentment, and always declared it the most pleasing part of her life; though they were not without their little distresses—but to them they were rather jokes than grievances.

At length the Revolution put an end to their exile, and all the party returned to their native land, except Christian, who died within a short time of their departure. "I have," says Lady Murray in relating this melancholy event, "heard my mother say, she had no notion of any other cause of sorrow, but the death and affliction of those she loved; and of that she was sensible to her last, in the most tender manner. She had tried many hardships without being depressed by them; on the contrary, her spirits and activity increased the more she had occasion for it; but the death of her friends was always a load too heavy for her. She had strong and tender passions, though she never gave way to them but in what was commendable and praiseworthy."

Two years after their return home, when both Mr. Baillie and Sir Patrick Home had recovered their estates, and were both in honourable employments, the former in Parliament, the latter as Chancellor of Scotland, the lovers were "made happy;" and never was the phrase more justly applied to a marriage, for her daughter "often heard her declare, that they never had a shadow of a quarrel or misunderstanding—no, not for a moment, and that to the last of his life, she felt the same ardent and tender love and affection for him, and the same desire to please him in the smallest trifle, that she had at their first acquaintance. Indeed, her principal and sole delight was, to watch and attend to everything that could give him pleasure or make him easy. He never went abroad but she went to the window to look after him; and so she did the very day he fell ill, the last time he went abroad, never taking her eyes from him as long as he was in sight;" a beautiful picture of true love flourishing greenly after a union of forty-eight years' duration.

What the conduct of such a woman as we have described Lady Grissel Baillie was towards her children, may be easily imagined; nor is it surprising that they loved and reverenced such a mother. After the death of her son-in-law, Lord Binning, who married her younger daughter, her maternal cares were extended to his children, whose education she sedulously superintended. Nor were the talents for business so early displayed suffered to lie idle. Besides her household cares, to which, however occupied by other affairs, she always paid watchful attention, she was often called upon to assist her husband in the management of his business; and such was the reliance he had upon her judgment, that he seldom did anything without consulting her. Her amazing energy and activity enabled her to perform all her labours with such apparent ease as to astonish those who beheld her. "She went to Scotland every second year to see her father, and when he wanted assistance in his old age, and could not take the trouble of looking after his own affairs, she looked into and settled his steward's accounts; once at Kimmerghame, with a trouble and fatigue incredible, for two months, from five in the morning till twelve at night, that she scarce allowed herself time to eat or sleep, settling and taking them from one that had long had the charge of the business, till she half killed the whole family by attending her, though they kept not the hours she did."

When her son-in-law Lord Binning fell ill, he was advised to try the air of Italy; and his father-in-law and his whole family accompanied him to Naples. On their way they passed through Utrecht. When Lady Grissel came there, says her daughter, she had the greatest pleasure in showing us every corner of the town, which seemed fresh in her memory, particularly the house she had lived in, which she had a great desire to see; but when she came there, they would not let her in, by no arguments either of words or money, for no reason but for fear of dirtying it. She offered to put off her shoes, but nothing could prevail, and she came away much mortified at her disappointment.

"At Naples she showed what would have been a singular quickness of capacity and apprehension at any age, much more at hers. She knew not one word of Italian, and had servants of the country that as little understood one word she said; so that at first she was forced to call me to interpret betwixt them; but in a very little while, with only the help of a grammar and dictionary, she did the whole business of her family with her Italian servants—went to shops, bought everything she had occasion for, and did it so well, that our acquaintances who had lived many years there, begged the favour of her to buy for them when she provided herself; thinking, and often saying, she did it to much better purpose than they could themselves."

The death of her husband, which happened in 1738, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, afflicted her deeply. "It threw her into a dangerous fit of illness; which with joy she would have allowed herself to sink under, had she not thought her life was still necessary for the happiness of her family." She often expressed her firm conviction that she and her husband should meet and know each other again in another world, and said that without that belief she could not support herself. Her expressions of grief for his loss throughout the remainder of her life, were frequent and most affecting. One day, visiting the family-house in Scotland, looking round and admiring the beauties of the place, she checked herself, burst out in tears, and said, "What is all this to me, since your father does not see and enjoy it!"

She survived him rather more than eight years, which were chiefly occupied in the care of her grandsons, the children of Lord Binning, and died in London, after an illness of a few days, on the 6th of December 1746, having nearly completed her eighty-first year. She expressed a wish to be buried by her husband at Mellerstein, and, thoughtful to the last, told her daughter that in a black silk purse in her cabinet, she would find money sufficient to do it, which she had kept by her for that use, that whenever it happened it might not straiten us. She added, "I have now no more to say or do;" tenderly embraced her daughter; laid down her head upon the pillow, and spoke little after that. Her wishes were complied with, and she was buried at Mellerstein on her birthday, the 25th of December.

We have been obliged, by the limits of our sketch, to leave out numberless little touches which fill up the outline of the picture drawn by Lady Grissel's daughter. But we have preserved sufficient to render any laboured panegyric unnecessary; and we leave her character for the reader's judgment and imitation.

THE ENGLISH POETS.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen cares,
And frantic passions, hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills, the lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command:
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing;
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

GRAY

POETRY, which has from the earliest ages delighted mankind, is sometimes in the present day underrated by those, who, being from the circumstances of their life indisposed to seek *pleasure* from books, are inclined to despise poetry because its professed object is to give pleasure; they therefore conclude that an art whose professed object is to please the ear with harmonious numbers, must necessarily be trifling—its pursuits unworthy of a thinking man—and any attention bestowed upon it by readers but a waste of time. Such reasoners overlook the great design of poetry, and the amazing power it is capable of exerting over the human mind, arising from the exquisite delight communicated by its perusal. "The end of poetry," says Lord Bacon, "is to fill the ima-

gination with observations and resemblances which may second reason, and not oppress and betray it; for these abuses of art come in but *ex obliquo*, for prevention and not for practice."

The imagination is a power of the mind that is very frequently at work even with those who are scarcely conscious of possessing such a faculty; and it is often totally disregarded, and its use in enlightening and enlarging the understanding utterly neglected. To the imagination the poet addresses himself, and awakening the mind by images of beauty, heroism, and virtue—exciting by turns the various passions—he fixes his lessons on the memory with a vivid distinctness which is unattainable by any other medium. Addressing himself directly to an auditor who is held to attention by the charm of melody, the poet possesses a power of conviction which, rightly directed, is almost supreme. The power, like all others, may be and has been abused; but the abuse of a good gift can never be opposed against its legitimate use. Such an argument would hold equally strong against misdirected eloquence, which indeed has too frequently been used for vain and selfish purposes. The spirit of *true* poetry, moreover, is of such a nature—allied to the highest qualities of mental intelligence—that, although it may be sullied by the vices of the age, yet it cannot be checked in its upward flight by the thick atmosphere they may cast around; and, as has been justly remarked by a very excellent writer on the subject*, "it will be in fact found that, with very few exceptions, poetry has adapted itself to the highest tone of morality prevalent in the country or age wherein it has flourished." The writer might have safely gone further, and affirmed that it has most usually gone far beyond it. In the earlier stages of society, the poets have been the guides and instructors of the people, and their moral and heroic maxims being borne in the memory from generation to generation, have produced effects indelible; and although they do not possess so unlimited an authority over minds more cultivated and less easily gratified, yet we believe that their melodious numbers will never cease to please; and that, so long as this mortal state continues, they will constitute a great part not only of the "delight," but of the "profit" of those who are wise enough to listen to them.

To write an essay upon poetry is not our intention: our object, like the poet's, is to "please," while we at the same time endeavour to "profit" our readers. There are some who endeavour to disparage the inherent seeking after pleasure which is so strong in all mankind. These would-be modern stoics must certainly entertain a curious opinion of humanity when, as too frequently, they condemn those innocent amusements which are necessary to keep the mind in a state of healthy vigour; and, contending that this life is but a state of punishment, not of trial, sink us to despair. This is not the spirit in which the life we are endowed with is to be used. The first feeling arising in our minds when sense is early opening, is gratitude for the blessing of being: we know not whence it comes; but we feel the great enjoyment of existence, and we seek the cause to whom we ought to give our acknowledgment.

When the revolving year brings on sweet spring-time, we envy not him whose heart does not bound under its influence. The fresh budding trees, the opening sweetness of the flowers, the joyous song of birds, awakening our hearts to the ecstasy of that purest felicity of humanity, conjugal love, all incite us to pour out our gratitude to Him—the generous donor of so many goods.

God gives us many pleasures to alleviate the hardship of our toils. He has endowed us with faculties enabling us to enjoy the beauties of nature—to drink in the harmony of the sweet voices of the birds, to feel pleasure from the rich minglement of the flowers that adorn the earth, to luxuriate in their perfume, and to welcome the zephyr that tempers the strong heat of the glorious sun. And not unwisely have men used the intellectual gifts they have felt themselves possessed of in the gift of poetry; a form of language which, being very agreeable to the ear, is accepted gladly by the tired spirit, and is able even, like the honied cup of the over-kind nurse alluded to by Horace, to give agreeably a dose which, in another and less pleasing guise, might be rejected by the patient.

Alexander's Feast is not only the master-piece of Dryden, but the most splendid specimen of the class of poetry to which it belongs that our language possesses; and although so familiar to us, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of gracing our pages with this matchless composition, which in itself combines the splendour of the poet's inspiration and the melody of the musician's lyre. We seem to hear the voice of Timotheus, and are spell-bound by the magic of his song.

ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
(So should desert in arms be crown'd).
The lovely Thais by his side,
Sate, like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high,
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love).
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And while he sought her snowy breast;
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity! they shout around:
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravish'd ears,
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath;—he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

* John Hughes, Esq., A.M., of Oriel College, in an article upon "Poetry" in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of Chance below:
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour, but an empty bubble,
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying.
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head!
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud with a furious joy,
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy:
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

The merits of this extraordinary poem are so obvious as to render it superfluous to attempt to direct the admiration of the reader, who cannot fail to discover some new beauty, in felicity of expression, the charm of rhythm, or in magnificence of imagination, upon every reperusal.

It has been stated upon authority which Sir Walter Scott, who introduces the story in his Life of Dryden, calls respectable, but without naming it, that this ode was composed at one sitting. The story is given by Sir Walter in the following words:—"Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, happening to pay a morning visit to Dryden, whom he always respected, found him in an unusual agitation of spirits, even to a trembling. On inquiring the cause, 'I have been up all night,' replied the old bard; 'my musical friends made me promise to write them an ode for their Feast of St. Cecilia: I have been so struck with the subject which occurred to me, that I could not leave it till I had completed it; and here it is, finished at one sitting." But, although there is no reason to doubt this tale, it appears that he spent an entire fortnight in correcting and giving the last polish to his work.

Alexander's Feast was set to music by three different composers; but none, except Handel, appear to have been equal to a task which indeed required no ordinary powers to cope with; and it is not the least of Handel's merits that he so worthily performed the arduous undertaking.

MEMOIRS OF A PRISONER OF STATE *.

NO. II.

ANDRYANE had not an opportunity of seeing Confalonieri, until he and the other prisoners were assembled to hear their sentences. Confalonieri was at this time very ill; and Andryane, on his first introduction, had the melancholy satisfaction of supporting the noble patient during the scene. And this was their doom:

"'By the sentence of the Imperial Commission, confirmed by the Supreme Tribunal of Verona, and sanctioned by his Majesty, the Count Frederick Confalonieri, accused and convicted of high-treason, is condemned to death.' There he stopped.

"To enjoy the terrible effect which this sanguinary doom must produce on the victim, Salvotti cast on him piercing and triumphant looks. But he was deceived—no alteration was visible in the countenance of Confalonieri.

"After a long pause the secretary continued:—'But the capital punishment, by the inexhaustible clemency of his Majesty, has been commuted to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Spielberg.'

"A slight shudder arose among the assistants. Confalonieri remained immoveable. Pallavicini repeated the words, mingled with sighs and murmurs.

* Memoirs of a Prisoner of State, in the Fortress of Spielberg; by Alexander Andryane, Fellow-Captive of Count Confalonieri; with an Appendix by Maroncelli, the Companion of Silvio Pellico. Translated by Fortunato Prandi. Complete in two Volumes.—8vo. Saunders and Otley. 1840

"Some minutes elapsed before the reading recommenced, when we heard again: 'By a similar sentence of the Imperial Commission, confirmed by the Supreme Tribunal of Verona, and sanctioned by his Majesty, Alexander Andryane, aged twenty-five years, accused and found guilty of high-treason, is condemned to death; but, by the inexhaustible clemency of his Majesty, the capital punishment is commuted to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Spielberg.'

"The eyes of Salvotti, lighted up with a cruel satisfaction, said to me, 'I promised you this!' while in those of Confalonieri, which were turned towards me, was seen the most tender compassion. I replied to the one by a pressure of the hand—to the other by a smile of pity. I heard the certainty of my salvation without emotion and without joy. I had already suffered so much, that the sorrow of my heart exceeded my desire of life.

"They now passed sentence on the others. Pallavicini, Borsieri, and Castillia, were condemned to twenty years' solitary confinement; Tonnelli, to ten years. When the secretary concluded, the president addressed some words exhorting us to merit by our conduct the clemency that his Majesty had shown us. We listened in silence, and, without answering a word, bowed, and retraced our steps to the chapel."

This scene took place during the night; and in the morning the prisoners had to undergo the pillory. In chains—chains even on the fainting Confalonieri—were they led out, to be exhibited to the mob of Milan. The crowd, however, gave such unequivocal symptoms of sympathy with the prisoners, that the police, uneasy at such a manifestation of feeling, took upon themselves to withdraw them from the scaffold some minutes before the appointed time.

The removal of the prisoners from Milan to Spielberg was an important affair; but Confalonieri was obliged to be left behind on the journey, being too ill to continue it.

"At Krems, a little town on the Danube, at which we arrived eight days after leaving Confalonieri, we learned that a chief commissary of police had been sent to fetch him to Vienna. I received the news with joy, as a proof that my poor friend was yet living; but when Bolza, to complete his confidential communication, added that the Emperor had sent for the Count in the hope of conquering his obstinate silence, I said with grief that the last seal had thus been affixed to his doom. Some of our party, who knew not sufficiently either Confalonieri's constancy or the unforgiving character of the Emperor, would entertain a different opinion, and hope; but the course of events has, alas! but too clearly shown that they laboured under an illusion.

"Only a few days' march now remained to reach Spielberg: we travelled very slowly, it is true; but we advanced, and the end of the journey was close at hand. One evening we were informed that for the last time we were to have our meal together, and to sleep in a bed. We embraced each other, and parted as if we were never to meet again. The next morning, on Sunday the 26th of February, we had scarcely been three hours on the high road from Znaïm to Brunn, when a fortress frowning on the summit of a hill attracted our attention. It was Spielberg! 'It is there, then,' exclaimed Borsieri, 'that my poor Pellico has been languishing these two years—that we are going to be buried alive! How gloomy is the aspect of that prison, even in spite of the rising sun! Oh, my poor parents and sisters! we shall never meet again—never.'

"I took his hand and said, "Borsieri, He who is the source of sorrow and of joy will take pity on them. Let us but merit his mercy by patience and resignation.'

"The road now began to be crowded with vehicles and persons riding or walking. The director-general of the police of Moravia, who came to meet us, ordered that the blinds of our carriages should be pulled down. We proceeded slowly, and with withered hearts, tearless and vacant eyes, awaited in silence the moment when the gates of Spielberg should open to receive us. After the most laborious efforts to drag our heavy coaches over the steep ascent of the mountain, the horses stopped;—a sound of chains and bolts was heard; the heavy gates creaked on their hinges—and we entered! The clock of the chapel struck twelve. Overwhelmed with affliction, I thought of the beloved objects of my love, and prayed God to give them consolation and peace for the long sufferings I was doomed to endure in that sojourn of grief."

In Spielberg, they were clothed in a parti-coloured dress of the coarsest cloth, had fetters rivetted on their legs, and were distributed into different cells, in pairs. At first, the chief authorities acted with as much humanity as they durst venture to show.

"In a short time," says Andryane, "I became thoroughly acquainted with all that was passing around me. I observed everything, animate or inanimate, from the commandant of Spielberg, who every day paid us a visit, to the two convicts who attended to the needs of our dungeon. One of these, young, limber, active, with a roguish leer, and a countenance the epitome of rascality, seemed to laugh at his destiny; the other, advanced in years, though still robust, bore upon his open features the impress of long and patient suffering. The former was a Pole, the latter a Bohemian. What crimes they had committed I was never told; but I should have been much disappointed had I learned that the old man, so patient and humble, had been guilty of any villanous action. As to the younger, his physiognomy told its tale; and, when he smiled at me with an air of familiarity, I felt such disgust, that I either closed my eyes or turned away my head.

"His amicable advances did not however cease, and I soon began to think there must be some meaning in his signs, as he repeated them more expressively when the jailors happened not to be watching him. I at first feigned not to understand him, but still he persisted. What could he want of me? I tried in vain to divine. At last, one day, he drew from his pocket a little packet, very dirty and much worn. This he adroitly placed under our jug as he filled it, indicating by a side glance of his eye, as he departed, the treasure which he had confided to my honour.

"The door closed—I hurried to gain the packet: it contained a vial of reddish liquid, the stump of a pen, and a letter worded nearly as follows:

"'We are ignorant of your names; but your misfortunes and ours are the same, and on this ground we address you. Let us know who you are; tell us about Milan, about Italy, about everything. During the two years that we have been here, no news has reached us. Write without fear; we vouch for the messenger. Reply quickly, for we burn to hear by what fatal destiny you, like us, have been buried in the tombs of Spielberg.

'Silvio Pellico,
'Piero Maroncelli.'

"'Tis from Pellico!' I exclaimed to the colonel; 'hear what he says.' He heard it through, but was far from expressing the emotion and joy which I felt at this generous appeal from a man of whom Confalonieri had spoken with great esteem and warmth. This unforeseen, unhoped-for correspondence, thus established between us, was a happy event, from which I promised myself the most effectual consolation. When I took up my pen to answer him, I felt as if I were writing to an old friend whom Heaven had restored to me after I had long mourned his loss.

"I carefully folded up my letter, and held it in readiness at the time the convict came to bring us fresh water, when I intended, despite my disgust at the rascal, to slip it into his hand, but the jailors were too vigilant, and I hesitated—I was on thorns. After having in vain attempted to give the secret despatch into my messenger's hand, I adopted the plan of concealing it under the jug which he regularly filled every morning. What a weight was taken from my mind when I saw him expertly snatch up my letter, and convey it into his pocket with all the dexterity of an experienced juggler! He then turned round upon me with a significant look of triumph, opening his mouth from one ear to the other, and half closing his eyes, the whole forming a smile some-

thing between that of a satyr and a demon, and fully justifying the name of Caliban which we afterwards gave him."

Confalonieri at last arrived at Spielberg, and Andryane had the satisfaction of being placed along with him in the same cell. The Count had been taken to Vienna, and was visited by Metternich: the Emperor was willing to see him, in the hope that important disclosures might be obtained from him. But Confalonieri told Metternich that it was useless, and his stay at Vienna was therefore short.

Amongst the expedients resorted to, to enliven their imprisonment, was the manufacture of writing materials. "With a few pinches of soot, brought by Caliban, we made a sort of ink—thick and muddy, it is true, but such as enabled us to scrawl a few lines on the wretched paper we contrived to manufacture; and for pens we took straws or little bits of wood. These resources—the fruits of our own ingenuity and invention—made us feel proud of being indebted only to ourselves for a relief from the monotony of our existence, in which we experienced an indescribable comfort."

All the details of the management of these state-prisoners were under the special and particular direction of the Emperor of Austria, without whose express sanction the most trifling change could not be made. The Emperor sent a coarse-minded, vulgar, but sneaking priest to Spielberg, who, under the pretence of administering the consolations of religion to the prisoners, was to worm himself into their confidence, and to effect that by sapping, which Salvotti had not been able to do by bullying. For a time Andryane was in great favour with this man: but when he found that the "secrets" supposed to be hidden in the prisoner's bosom were not to be extracted, he grew harsh, watched the keepers lest they might be quietly giving indulgences to the prisoners (which two of them did, much at their own peril), and sent unfavourable reports to the Emperor; causing the changing of their guards, the stinting of anything that bore the most distant resemblance to comfort, until the poor unhappy men were made as miserable as it was possible for calculating cruelty to effect. For these services the priest was at last made a bishop!

Andryane's affectionate sister made many a weary journey, and suffered much, in repeated exertions for her brother. In 1825, the Emperor visited Milan, and she obtained an interview with him, which she thus describes:—

"After having made the three obeisances required, I advanced with my head respectfully inclined, and said without embarrassment, 'In obtaining the honour of seeing your Majesty, my first duty is to offer you thanks in the name of a grateful family, who owe all to you. But for your infinite clemency, sire, my brother would have ceased to exist, and we should have been miserable for ever.'

"A faint voice replied, 'I am delighted—I am delighted!'

"Raising my eyes, I beheld before me a little old man, of about my own height, without any dignity or appearance of grace, and with a long countenance—so long! He was dressed in a travelling suit, without any decorations. I told him how, in consequence of the illness of my father-in-law, I had been sent thither myself; then expressing my apprehension that my poor brother might never see his aged parent again, I fell on my knees before him.

"The Emperor started back, apparently frightened, and answered sharply, raising his voice, 'Arise, get up, get up! If I had known you came to ask his pardon, I would not have received you. I cannot grant it—my duty forbids me. Unless I make a striking example of this case, I shall soon have more of these rascals come and create disturbances here. If any more Frenchmen come, they shall certainly be hanged. Your brother ought to have been hanged.'

"I was so overwhelmed with astonishment at such language, that I burst out weeping bitterly, and reiterated my prayers for pardon; for it was necessary not to abandon submission when it was so needful. I said in vain to the Emperor everything my heart or mind could suggest: he was not accessible on any side; his only reply was—'Be at ease; I have taken care of his soul; but it is contrary to my duty to grant his liberty. You must wait till the scoundrels who sent your brother into Lombardy have ceased to exist—they are old.'

"'Sire, I supplicate you, grant us permission to write to him sometimes.'

"'Impossible, impossible!—it is contrary to the regulations.'

"'But the letters need not be put into his hands. Your Majesty might deign to order that they should be read to him.'

"'Impossible, impossible!' he replied.

"'Sire, in the name of a dying father, in the name of Heaven's mercy, do not refuse to a family in despair the one satisfaction of once a year seeing his signature—only his signature, sire, to convince us that he is alive.'

"'Impossible, impossible!'

"My sobs, which I could not control for some instants, prevented utterance; at last I said, 'If he could but undergo his captivity in France, he would be permitted to see us sometimes.'

"'I cannot put sufficient trust in France to grant that,' answered the Emperor, touching me on the shoulder and smiling. 'No, no! I cannot put that trust in France—you are still too feverish there.'

"'Then shall I have no consolation to carry to his father, whom grief is hurrying to the tomb?'

"'You may tell him that his son will be a very honest man when again restored to society; that we take as much care of the soul as of the body of the prisoner; and that he goes on well in every respect. I have given him as a companion to Confalonieri: they love each other, and are always together, except when they are punished—then we separate them for three weeks or a month. I have just received a letter from the priest whom I send to Spielberg four times a year. He writes to me that I should do nothing for either of them yet, as they are not sufficiently corrected.'

"My tears redoubled, and I cried out, in accents of despair, 'Alas! we shall never see him again.'

"'Yes, yes, you will see him again—I promise it—I give you my word for it. When I return to Vienna, I will consider what I can do to alleviate their fate. If they are good, I will be merciful, —for, understand me, it depends upon that.'

"My audience had lasted forty minutes without any result, yet the Emperor did not dismiss me; but he said, 'After you, I shall receive the governor of Lombardy, Strassoldo, and I will give him orders to transmit to you every six months a bulletin of your brother's health.'

"I then took leave. My eyes were so dimmed with tears, that I traversed the saloons without seeing anything around, though an immense crowd blocked up the passage."

This was in 1825; and *seven* long and dreary years had still to elapse before this affectionate woman obtained a favourable answer to her continual prayers and entreaties. Meantime, the Countess Confalonieri and Andryane's father both died—severe calamities, one of them especially to Confalonieri; while many other griefs were spread over the years of captivity. In 1832, Andryane's sister went to Vienna, and once more had an interview with the Emperor; having, to aid her purpose, procured pressing letters from the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, widow of Eugene Beauharnois and sister of the Empress, as well as from other influential individuals. This is her account of her second interview with the paternal Emperor of Austria:—

"Ten o'clock was striking at the moment the door opened, and the signal was given for me to advance. The apartment was so small, that on entering I found myself close to the Emperor, who was standing, dressed in the uniform of an Austrian general, and his breast covered with orders. I bowed low, and began my petition, when he interrupted me at the first word, saying, 'I have

acted foolishly, very foolishly!' and his Majesty, seeing that I looked surprised, hastened to add, 'If I consent some day to set your brother at liberty, I ought not to have let him been placed with Confalonieri—he knows all his secrets, and may divulge them.'

"'Ah, sire, he has suffered so much and so long! In the name of the Divine mercy, listen to the impulse of your heart; recollect those words uttered by your Majesty seven years ago—'I will restore him to you some day, I promise you.' They have been the consolation of a family much to be commiserated. Sire, do not reject my supplication—pardon, pardon him!' And I threw myself on my knees, shedding tears.

"'Rise, rise, madam!' he said kindly, and extending his hand to assist me. 'And what will my Italian subjects say with respect to the other state-prisoners, who deserve pardon more than your brother? He has a great veneration for Confalonieri, to whom, I know, he is devotedly attached.'

"'Sire, how could it be otherwise with men who have suffered so much together?'

"'Without doubt, without doubt—I do not consider it a crime; and it is very certain that if one of the two deserved to be hanged, it was not your brother. I have much ameliorated their condition; I have acceded to the supplication of the Countess Confalonieri that her husband should have coffee, which was necessary for his health. If I release your brother—'

"'Ah, sire,' cried I, clasping my hands, 'will you really then restore him to us?'

"'Then,' replied the Emperor, smiling, 'will you promise me to observe the strictest silence—to say that I have not granted your prayer? Answer me;—that you will not even write to France?'

"'Sire, the orders of your Majesty shall be strictly obeyed. I promise to refrain from expressing my gratitude and joy. But your Majesty will permit me to write to my family, enjoining at the same time the most profound secrecy.'

"'Yes, I consent to it, but to your family only; for, do you see, I do not wish to be tormented by my Italian subjects. Well, madam, I yield to your entreaties.'

"'May Heaven bless your Majesty, and—'

"The words died away on my lips; I could not utter another word.

"'Calm yourself, calm yourself,' said the Emperor. 'You will wait for him on the frontier—is it not so? I shall give orders to Metternich; he will inform you what you will have to do; but it will take some days, because we must provide him with warm clothes.'

"After having showered a thousand blessings on the Emperor, I took leave of him; he nodded his head kindly, and added, 'If you desire, madam, to see me once more previous to your departure, I will receive you with pleasure.'

"'Your Majesty confers an honour on me which I did not dare to hope.'

"And, light as a bird which has regained its liberty, I hastened to Prince Metternich. I waited not an instant, but on entering his closet, I cried, 'Ah! sir, how happy I am!'

"He pressed my hand affectionately, and said, 'I had no doubt of the result, although the Emperor did not confide his intention to me; but when he heard of your arrival from me, he answered, I am glad that the good woman has come, for I only wish to yield to an application from the family, and shall be glad at the same time to please Queen Amelia.—But,' added the Prince, 'let us now arrange what had better be done. Seat yourself there,' and he handed me to a place at the little table. 'Tell me first what you said to his Majesty.'

"I began the recital, and when I came to the permission to write to France, to my family, the Prince interrupted me, saying, 'I am going to send a courier this evening to Count d'Appony; send me your letters, and I will forward them.'

"'May I also, sir, give you one for the prisoner? Could you not send it to Spielberg?'

"'Yes, I promise it to you.'

"When I had finished my story, Prince Metternich was enthusiastic in praise of the Emperor's goodness. He then added, 'In order punctually to execute the commands of his Majesty, you must not depart under your own name, for it has been spread by all the newspapers in the south of Germany, where the liberty of the press is tolerated. You know that the established custom compels you to sign a register wherever you change horses, and at the entrance of all towns: thus in an instant your arrival will be known; the people would interest themselves for your brother as a so-called victim of despotism—you would be serenaded—you would receive a deputation to invite you to a public entertainment, which you could not refuse; and there they would make you drink a toast to the death of the Emperor.'

"I could not refrain from a movement of indignation, and I said forcibly, 'Good God! sir, do you think me capable of such—'

"'Certainly not,' answered the Prince; 'it is precisely because I know the horror you would feel, that I wish you to avoid it. So give me the name of the relation who accompanies you.' And he wrote it with a pencil. 'It is well; he shall be your husband, and your passports shall be in the name of Monsieur and Madame Berthelin; M. Andryane shall be M. Berthelin's brother. I will get your passports *viséd* under these names at the different legations, and will send them to you when ready to leave. I am going to receive his Majesty's commands. If you will call again the day after to-morrow, I shall doubtless be able to give you some information. Come also whenever you wish—my door will always be open to you.'

"I longed to quit the Prince, to hasten to my excellent friend, whose anguish I knew. An hour had elapsed since I left him;—the noise of my carriage had informed him of my return. I expected to find him on the staircase, but his anxiety nailed him to his room; he could not move a step to know our fate the sooner. I rushed towards him, and falling into his arms, I cried, 'We have him! he is restored to us!'

"His tears and sobs were his only answer; the excess of our joy manifested itself in exclamations and broken sentences. My good cousin, moved to the bottom of his soul, wished to write to his wife and son, but his emotion would not permit him to hold a pen—he could only trace a few scarcely legible words. Was I then less transported with joy since I wrote to all my relations at Paris, and a letter of four pages to the poor prisoner? I went afterwards to take these despatches to Prince Metternich, who sent them away in my presence. The rest of the day was spent in happiness: it was enjoyment so much above our strength, that communion with God was necessary to calm ourselves.

"Oh, may the 29th of February, 1832, be for ever blessed!—may it be a day of eternal acts of grace and of unmingled happiness!"

We have thus come to the end of the story, for we need not add to our lengthened extracts the account of Andryane's release, and his meeting with his friends. One extract, however, remains, worth a thousand comments on the effects of his imprisonment. Andryane was released, on the condition of never again entering Austria; and a commissary of police, named Prohasko, was appointed to convey him to the frontiers. At an inn, during his absence, Andryane "approached a mirror, placed at the end of the room.

"I cannot express the sad impression which my ghastly aspect and sallow face produced upon me. I had last seen it young and fresh, and now I found it old and careworn. Alas! I was so struck with the change which had rendered me almost unrecognisable even to myself, that I burst into tears, exclaiming, 'Ah, what will be my sister's sorrow on seeing me thus aged and broken!'

"Prohasko found me on his return seated near the table, my head supported by one of my hands, weeping. He hastily inquired what was the matter with me? I did not answer at first;

but he insisted with so much kindness, that I did not hesitate to reply—' Ten years have passed since I saw my features—since I looked in a glass; and I have just witnessed in this the traces of captivity which will never be effaced.'

"'You must not think of that,' he answered; 'you are still young, and a few years of liberty will be sufficient to repair the evil. Believe me, your days will be happy for the future.'

"I listened to him. I endeavoured even to believe his consoling words, but gloom again took possession of my heart, with the conviction that I was no longer fitted for the world. To divert my attention, Prohasko spoke to me on the road of the events which had happened in France since 1830,—the three days of July, the embarkation of Charles the Tenth at Cherbourg, and his stay in Scotland; of King Louis-Philippe, the Poles, and the Greeks.

"With what enthusiasm should I have heard this news some years before!—with what eagerness I should have questioned the commissary, and have read the newspapers that I found in all the inns! Alas! I remained cold and unmoved; and I felt then more bitterly than ever to what a degree of indifference and intellectual dejection the tortures of Spielberg had reduced me."

The release of prisoners is effected as suddenly and silently in Austria as arrests; so that Andryane and Confalonieri had only time to embrace each other, the truly noble-minded nobleman exclaiming, "Son felice—son felice!" ("I am happy—I am happy!") Confalonieri at last regained his own liberty; and on the occasion of the coronation of the present Emperor of Austria, Ferdinand, as King of Lombardy, at Milan, in 1838, an act of grace was published for political offences. Of this, however, Fortunato Prandi says—

"It soon became evident, however, that the much-boasted act of clemency was in fact nothing more than a fraud, in order to obtain a good reception for the Emperor, and allay the indignation that Pellico's book had roused against Austria throughout the world. In its application, the imperial pardon was only extended to a few young men of family, who, alarmed by the arbitrary proceedings of the inquisitorial commission, had sought refuge in other countries: but all those against whom a *sentence* had been pronounced for having done or said anything, however trifling, against the sovereign or his government, are still left lingering by hundreds in Hungarian fortresses or in exile."

ELEPHANT-HUNTING AT THE CAPE.

LIEUTENANT MOODIE, in his amusing "Ten Years in South Africa," gives the following account of his elephant-hunting:—

Some months after forming my new settlement, I engaged a Hottentot to shoot elephants and buffaloes for me, on condition of receiving half of the profits. This man, who was called Jan Wildeman, was a most expert hunter, rarely failing to kill on the spot whatever he fired at. He was a complete wild man of the woods, and had as many wiles as a fox in escaping the dangers to which he was daily exposed. His activity was most extraordinary; and I was often surprised with his nimbleness in climbing the highest trees to get at the wild vines growing over their tops. While I was considering how I could get up, he would take hold of one of the "baboon's ropes," as they are called, which hang in festoons from the branches, and in a few seconds he would be perched like a crow on the top, enjoying my surprise, and flinging down whole bunches of the fruit.

Though naturally timid, he had acquired by long practice such entire confidence in the correctness of his aim, that he would go right up to an elephant in the woods and bring him down with the first shot. Sometimes, however, his gun would miss fire, when he had to betake himself to his heels, and, by his agility and address, never failed to effect his escape. His adventures of this kind would fill a volume.

Wildeman came to inform me one evening that he had shot three elephants and a buffalo; and that there was a young elephant still remaining with the body of its dead mother, which he thought might be caught, and brought home alive. There happened to be two friends with me from the district of Albany, who had never seen an elephant, and whom, therefore, I persuaded to accompany me. One of these gentlemen has already given an account of this little adventure in an interesting little work, entitled, "Scenes in Albany;" but, as my readers may not have seen it, they will excuse me for telling the story in my own way.

As soon as we had finished our breakfast, we set off, accompanied by Jan Wildeman, my Hottentot Speulman, and their wives, to assist in cutting up the buffalo and carrying the flesh home.

Entering the forest, Jan first brought us to the carcass of the buffalo; but the fellow was so lazy that he had not taken out the entrails, and, the weather being warm, the flesh was unfit for use. He next led us to one of the elephants he had killed, and showed us the spot whence he had fired. The ball had entered the shoulder in a slanting direction, and passed through the heart. This was an exceedingly difficult shot, as he required to be very near to hit the right place, and for the ball to penetrate through such a mass of skin and flesh.

In shooting elephants, it is necessary to be provided with balls made of an equal mixture of tin and lead, as lead-balls generally flatten on the skin or bones. Our ignorance of this circumstance at Fredericksburg accounts for the trouble we experienced in killing the elephants there.

After following several of the paths made by these animals, and struggling through the tangled mazes of the forest, we ascended a steep sandy ridge covered with low bushes near the shore; and on reaching the top, we came in sight of the carcass of another of the elephants, and the young one standing by it. At a few paces' distance, we saw a large elephant browsing among the low bushes. He smelt us as soon as we appeared on the top of the hill, and, throwing up his trunk and spreading out his huge ears, uttered a most discordant cry. "Gownatsi!" ejaculated Jan Wildeman, "that's the rascal that gave me so much trouble yesterday; he's as cunning as the devil."

The dogs instantly assailed the animal, and, after several ineffectual attempts to seize them with his trunk, he made off. The dogs now attacked the young elephant, and chased him up the steep sandy hill where we were standing. My visiters, who were unaccustomed to large game, were exceedingly agitated. They had brought a gun with them for form's sake, but had neglected to load it. One of them, who was a Scotchman, seized me by the coat, and cried out in great agony, "Eh! man, whaar 'ill we rin?—whaar 'ill we rin?" It was no use telling him that there was not any danger, for he still kept fast hold of me, saying, "What, nae danger, man, and the beest comin' right up amang us! I say, man, what 'ill we do?—whaar 'ill we rin?" The women instinctively ran and squatted themselves down behind the bushes.

As soon as I could break loose from the grasp of my countryman, I ran to endeavour to seize the young elephant by the trunk, and Speulman took his stand on the opposite side for the same purpose. I was astonished at the nimbleness with which the animal ascended the steep hill. As he approached the spot where we stood, we found he was much older than we expected, being nearly as large as an ox; and, after making an ineffectual attempt to get hold of his trunk, we were obliged to give him a free passage between us. I now picked up my gun and gave chase to him, but he ran so fast that I could not overtake him.

I was well pleased we had not succeeded in seizing him, as in all probability he would have done us some serious injury with his tusks, which were just appearing at the root of the trunk. When they are only a few days old, there is no difficulty in catching them, and they become docile almost immediately. Several attempts have been made to rear them with cows' milk, but without success.

It is remarkable that the young of the elephant, when a few days old, are not much higher than a young calf; but their bodies are rounder and more bulky. It is also a curious circumstance, that the carcasses of elephants which have died a natural death are never found by the natives in the woods where they are most abundant.

CULTIVATION OF THE VINE.

Every country is distinguished by some peculiar modes, a comparison of which with those of a corresponding nature in other countries, especially in matters apparently admitting of but little variety, often affords amusement and instruction. In illustration of this remark may be cited the characteristic salutations of different nations, the various modes of dressing the hair, and the dissimilar pronounciation of the same letter. The cultivation of the vine affords another example. In our own country it is suffered to expand itself to any size, and nailed in regular lines to the wall

or frame of a greenhouse; thus a single tree will produce several hundred weight of grapes. On the banks of the Rhine the growth is limited to four feet in height, and each tree is supported in an upright position. In France it is formed into arches and ornamental alcoves. In Sardinia it assumes the aspect of a parasitical plant, luxuriating among the branches of the largest forest trees, and clasping with its tendrils the extreme twigs. In Asia Minor, its wild festoons hang their green and purple pendants from rural bowers of trellis-work. On the heights of Lebanon it lies in a state of humiliation, covering the ground like the cucumber; and subsequently we saw it in the valley of Eshcol, in a position different from all that have been named. There, three vines planted close together, and cut off at a height of five feet, meet in the apex of a cone formed by their stems; where, being tied, each is supported by two others, and thus enabled to sustain the prodigious clusters for which that region has always been famous—clusters so large that, to carry one, the spies of Moses were compelled to place it on a stick borne by two men. Each mode is, doubtless, the best that could be adopted in the quarter where it prevails, considering the nature of the soil and climate, the value of the land, and the object of the cultivator.—*Elliott's Travels.*

MAY.

Rich fragrance fills the dewy air;—
Come, dearest, let's away,
And drink now life from field and flower,
So gladdening in May.
The merry month! the merry month!
The joyous month of May!
When laughing flowers are strew'd in showers
By happy-hearted May.

Glad music flows from hill and tree;
Birds, carolling in the air,
Pour forth a stream of melody,
To charm us everywhere.
Oh! the month, the merry month,
The sweet, sweet month of May!
Hills, woods, and streams—all nature—seems
Most beautiful in May.

The blithesome lambs around their dams
Are bounding in their play:
Shall we be sad, nor seem as glad,
Dear Margaret, as they?
In this sweet month, this dearest month,
This cheering month of May,
Shall we alone, 'neath heaven's clear zone,
Be sorrowful in May?

But fairest things at last must fade,
And mouldering fast decay,
And so must we—still love shall be
To us an endless May!
Oh! the month! the merry month!
The charming month of May!
True love shall be to thee and me
A long, unchanging May.

OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

From time to time letters have reached us, relating directly and indirectly to the great question of Temperance. We have been blamed for what the writers considered inadvertent expressions, or extracts carelessly given, tending to encourage *intemperance;* and we have been repeatedly asked for an opinion on the *abstinence* question. We are reluctant, however, to give an opinion, the mind being undecided, while the practice is *not yet* conformed to the entire abstinence from the *use* of intoxicating liquors; but a few remarks we are willing to make.

First: nobody can dispute that the unnatural excitement of the nerves and circulation, and the consequent depression, which are the never-failing effects of taking alcohol into the stomach, are productive of physical or vital injury. The impaired faculties of the mind, as evinced by weakened judgment and loss of memory in the habitual consumer of alcoholic stimulants, unequivocally point out their baneful influence on the intellect; while the statistics of crime but too clearly show that the use of alcohol is the fertile source of immorality. We think nobody can, or ought, to dispute the truth of these general admissions.

Second: taking for granted that the moderate use of alcoholic stimulants is beneficial, it can hardly be disputed that, even with all the increased sobriety and improved manners of the age, more wine, brandy, whiskey and gin, more ale and porter, are consumed, than can possibly be necessary for the general good; and if even the moderate use of these stimulants is unnecessary, if not pernicious, what an enormous waste of national resources is daily committed by individuals!—what a fertile spring of misery and vice lies in the very heart of our social habits!

"Then, why are you not a tee-totaller?" some of our readers may ask; "and why do you not advocate the cause of abstinence from intoxicating liquors?" Individually, we are disposed to do so; and judging from personal experience, we should say that the moderate use of stimulants is oftener pernicious than otherwise. But to advocate the entire abstinence from all stimulants, on the ground of their positive injury, is what we are not prepared to do. To overlook all the modifying circumstances which mitigate the injurious influences—to forget the adaptability of the human constitution and stomach—to pass over the strength of habit, the mental excitement, and hurry, worry, and wear of life, the force of our social relations, with a thousand other matters which we cannot at present advert to—is what should not be done, but is too often done, in the advocacy of abstinence from all intoxicating liquors: and, notwithstanding all the evils which arise from the abuse of intoxicating liquors, there are objections, and no slight ones either, which can be urged, drawn from reason and religion, against the ascetism of abstinence.

We rejoice in the great temperance movement in Ireland, and hope it will be a permanent one. But while perfectly disposed to give full credit to Father Matthew for the honesty and enthusiasm of his character, it is impossible to conceal that the temperance movement in Ireland is carried on by a species of fanatical excitement. The people in large numbers take the temperance pledge, not so much because it is good or beneficial to abstain from whiskey, but that the taking of the temperance-pledge from Father Matthew is a holy or a blessed thing—in fact, a religious, or (if you will) a superstitious action. If this enthusiastic or superstitious feeling sustains the people until a *habit* is formed, and temperance, or abstinence, is felt to be good for its own sake, then a vast and permanent benefit will have been conferred on Ireland. But if not—if the people break down in large numbers, and return to drinking whiskey in doses, while those who still abstain see that no *sudden* and visible judgment falls on the violators of their pledges, enormous mischief will be done, and the "last state will be worse than the first." We hope, however, better things for Ireland, though perfectly aware that it requires a deeply-inlaid and sustaining moral power in order to achieve a sudden and startling change in the inveterate habits of a nation.

Meantime, we entreat such of our zealous correspondents as are inclined to draw us into controversy on the matter, to abstain from doing so for the present, as we may very possibly have occasion to return to the question more at large: and should we do so, we will not be found "halting between two opinions."

M. J. F., Galway, requests "a philosophical explanation of musical time and of its application to the art itself," complaining that the subject is left in obscurity in the treatises of musical professors. "We are told," says our correspondent, "that the breve or semibreve is the standard by which the length of other notes in a bar should be computed; but meanwhile we are not informed what time the breve or semibreve itself should occupy. Is it *ad libitum*, and the others in proportion; or if not, by what is the length of the breve or semibreve regulated?"

We cannot, at least at present, insert an article on Musical Science, as, in another paragraph of his (or qy. *her*) letter, M. J. F. seems to desire; but we will endeavour to clear up the difficulty, and the more readily as we are afraid there is too much truth in the complaint of obscurity in ordinary musical treatises.

Two sorts of time are made use of in music—Common or double time, and Triple time; both admitting of various modifications. Double time is divided into two kinds—the one in which each bar contains a semibreve, or its equivalent in notes of less value; the other in which a minim is the measure of the bar. The duration of a semibreve in ordinary time is the standard by which all other notes is regulated; its duration is estimated as the sixtieth part of a minute, and is marked by musicians by the raising and falling of the hand in unison with the pulsation of the heart, whence the term *double* time, marked by two motions.

When the first kind of common time is used—i. e. when each bar is equal to a semibreve, it is thus distinguished—C; or, if the movement is intended

to be a little *faster*, thus— When the movement is still more rapid is sometimes used; but this mark is out of fashion, and any increase or diminution of the standard time is generally expressed in words, either English or Italian, wherever they may be necessary.

When the minim is the measure of the bar, the marks used are $\frac{2}{4}$, showing that the semibreve is divided into four notes (crotchets), whereof two (equivalent to a minim) are reckoned in a bar; or $\frac{4}{8}$, signifying that the semibreve is divided into eight notes (quavers), whereof there are four (equivalent to a minim) in a bar.

Triple time takes its name from the whole or half of each bar being divisible into three parts, which are beat accordingly—the first down, the second with the return of the hand, and the last quite up. It is always marked by figures, as in the second kind of common time; the lower showing into how many parts the semibreve is divided, and the upper how many of these parts are contained in each bar. Thus, $\frac{3}{2}$ signifies three minims in a bar; $\frac{3}{4}$ three crotchets in a bar; $\frac{6}{4}$, six crotchets in a bar; $\frac{6}{8}$ six quavers, &c.

These explanations must be received solely in relation to ordinary modern music. In ancient, and occasionally in church music, other distinctions are made use of; but as far as the duration of notes is concerned, all are reducible to the standard of the semibreve.

The following letter has reached us from Exeter:—

"I hope you will excuse the liberty I now take in writing to you on a subject of some importance to myself. I shall be very much obliged by receiving your opinion, through the medium of your Letter-Box. My case is this:—Having lost my parents—who are now, I trust, in a better world—I shall very soon be obliged to struggle for my existence. I have had a tolerable education; I am now eighteen years of age; and I have been brought up to no trade. I have read with pleasure the whole of your articles in 'The London Saturday Journal' on the British Navy. I have made up my mind to enter the Navy with an acquaintance of mine: can you inform me if there will be any difficulty, after we get to Portsmouth, in entering the navy as boys of the first class; or if it will be necessary for me to write to any person at Portsmouth first, to know if we could get employment; also, who would be the best person to write to? I should not have attempted to trespass on your valuable pages, but I think that other readers of your Journal may be glad to be informed on the same subject. With hope for a satisfactory answer, I remain your most obedient servant,

"ALFRED."

Young men who have *never* been at sea will not be received in the Royal Navy, under present regulations, even as first-class boys; but it is probable that if the writer transmits a respectful letter to the Secretary of the Admiralty, requesting he will be pleased to move their lordships to make an order for him to be received, they will comply with his request, provided he has no physical incapacity. Many boys get into the service by this means; but captains will not take them without an order, because they have plenty of choice amongst candidates who *have* been to sea for a short period.

The only difficulty experienced in manning the Queen's ships is in getting *seamen*, because of the great disparity of wages; the merchant-seamen's wages being now from 45*s.* to 60*s*, and even above that, per month; the Queen's men, 36*s.*: but the latter has thirteen months in the year, his month being calculated by the lunar calendar, and constant pay, under all circumstances of sickness, leave, &c.; the other, the calendar months (12) only, and drawbacks when unemployed, harder work, and in general worse fare and usage, without any claim for pension after twenty-one years' service, or after fourteen years, if worn out, and the Lords of the Admiralty think fit to allow it; and Greenwich, if wounded or disabled. These things induce many to prefer the Navy; and if the seaman could be induced to reflect, we have no doubt many more would prefer it, because, all things considered, we believe that in the long-run they earn as much in that as in trading vessels, and can save more, if so inclined.

A WOULD-BE ANGLO-INDIAN writes, from Blackburn, "I am an only son, have been brought up in a bookseller's shop, and have received a good education. I am just entering my twenty-first year, and am desirous of going out to India. What part of India, and what employment, would you recommend to me as most suitable, and most likely to be advantageous? as, having but little fortune, I shall be dependent upon my own endeavours to make my way in the world."

It is only since the last renewal of the East India Company's charter that individuals have been permitted to settle within the territories of the Company without the special consent of the Court of Directors; and this period has been so short, that it would be hazardous to give an opinion as to which of the Presidencies or what employment would be most advisable. Amongst our own connexions, the persons who have chosen India for the field of their exertions and ambition have either proceeded thither in the civil, military, or marine departments of the East India Company; and these appointments can only be obtained by the individual patronage of a director.

We should not recommend any young person to go to India without some appointment of this nature, unless he had connexions there, or could obtain such strong recommendations to mercantile establishments as would secure him a certainty of obtaining employment immediately on his arrival.

A SUBSCRIBER says, "It is, I believe, the popular opinion, that tea which is designated green possesses pernicious properties; and that these qualities are derived from the leaf of the plant being dried upon copper.' He, therefore, inquires the difference between black and green tea.

Tea is the leaf of a shrub, the *Thea bohea*, which, in the eye of an ordinary observer, is not unlike a myrtle. It is produced in greater or smaller quantity in almost every province of China, except the most northerly. Until of late years, the whole of the black tea was brought from the province of Fo-kien, and the whole of the green from Kiang-nan; but the cultivation of both kinds is now extended into other provinces. The differences in quality are occasioned by soil, climate, modes of culture or preparation, and the several periods at which the harvest is reaped. The finest teas are the young and delicate buds; the coarsest, the produce of the old and full-grown leaf.

"Nothing can be more ill-founded," says Mr. Davis, "than the vulgar notion, once prevalent in this country, that the colour of green tea was derived from its being dried on plates of copper. Admitting that copper were the metal on which they were placed, it does not at all follow that they should assume such an appearance from the operation; but the pans really used on these occasions are of cast-iron." But, owing to an excessive demand for green tea, especially by the American captains, who were not very scrupulous about the means of obtaining cargoes, the crafty Chinese set about manufacturing damaged, coarse black-tea leaves into fine, delicate green tea! Mr. Davis found means of witnessing the process, and saw the industrious knaves busily employed in cutting up the large damaged leaves, sifting and drying them, making them yellow with turmeric, and then turning them into *green* by the aid of prussiate of iron and sulphate of lime! The turmeric and gypsum, or sulphate of lime, are innocuous; but the prussiate of iron, or prussian blue, being a combination of prussic acid with iron, is a poison. It is supposed that in the preparation of even the genuine green teas exported, the Chinese use a colouring matter; they do not use them themselves; while teas in China, prepared from the green-tea plant, have a more natural colour than the bluish-green teas imported by us. "If," adds Mr. Davis, "deleterious substances are really used, our best safeguard consists in the minute proportions in which they must be combined with the leaves."

Our best thanks are due to many correspondents, who have favoured us with several matters, including the not-to-be-despised matter of advice. Several of them will find in early Numbers that what they have taken the trouble to send will not be thrown away. One of these correspondents we must single out, to let him know that we have received his letter, and appreciate it. We therefore express our thanks to "A Cultivator of Granite," near Aberdeen. The subject suggested by "Adolescens, Nottingham," will also be attentively considered.

All Letters intended to be answered in the LITERARY LETTER-BOX are to be addressed to "THE EDITOR of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL," and delivered FREE, at 113, Fleet-street.

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THE FRENCH ROLL.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

"I DON'T understand, Mary," said a respectable baker, in one of the most crowded thoroughfares in London, to his daughter, a beautiful girl of seventeen, "what makes that young Scotchman, who passes our shop every morning, look so earnestly in every time he passes. Do you know anything of him?"

"Nothing more than you do, father," replied the blushing girl.

The baker looked anxiously in her face. "I don't think you would deceive me, Mary," said he; "you know your poor old father doats upon you, and has no object in view but your happiness. Since your mother's death, you are all I have left worth living for, and it would almost break my heart to part with you; but still I know you must marry some time or other: and if you should take a fancy to this young man—"

"My dear father!" cried Mary, "I have never even spoken to him or he to me."

She had scarcely uttered these words, when the young man of whom they had been speaking, and who had already passed once that morning, hastily entered the shop, and asked for a French roll. There was nothing very extraordinary in this, and certainly nothing apparently likely to excite confusion; but it must be confessed that Mary trembled while she gave him the roll, and that, in fact, she had not regarded him with quite so much indifference as her answers to her father had seemed to imply. Yet Mary loved her father affectionately, and was naturally candid; but what girl of seventeen ever owned, at the first question, that she had fancied herself an object of admiration? The stranger, however, appeared quite unconscious of the emotion he had excited, for he said no more than was absolutely necessary; and the moment he had received the roll, he threw down the money and departed.

From that time the stranger called regularly every morning for a roll, and, though no conversation ever took place between them, Mary could not help regarding him with more than ordinary interest. His countenance was, indeed, one which few persons would be disposed to pass by unheeded; and though he was too pale and thin to be called handsome, his large eyes sparkled with the fire of genius, and occasionally with admiration of the lovely Mary.

"Is it not strange," said the baker, one day, to his daughter, "that a young man, whose dress and general appearance so evidently display extreme poverty, should be so extravagant as to eat nothing but French rolls? A loaf of good wholesome bread would be far cheaper and more nourishing."

Mary said nothing, for, though her reason told her that the baker was right, the bright eyes of the stranger, and the evident admiration that they expressed whenever they were fixed on her, had created an interest for him in her heart that made her unwilling to confess him to be in the wrong.

One morning, about three weeks after the first conversation between the baker and his daughter respecting the stranger, the young Scotchman abruptly entered the shop, and laying a large flat paper parcel on the counter before them, he untied it without speaking, and showed them an exquisitely beautiful likeness of Mary. It was in crayons, softly and delicately tinted; and the baker and his daughter knew not whether to admire most the fidelity of the likeness, or the admirable execution of the work. The young man watched their countenances eagerly. "You like it?" said he.

"Who could do otherwise?" returned the baker. "It is perfection! I do not think it is possible that anything can be more beautiful."

"Would you buy it?" asked the young artist, in a faint and hurried voice, while his usually pale face was flushed to his very temples with the deepest crimson.

"I should like it exceedingly," said the baker, "if the price be not above my means."

"Would you think five shillings too much?" murmured the young artist, averting his head.

"Five shillings for such a master-piece?" cried the baker. "I'll give you a guinea with all my heart; and I only wish I could afford ten, for I think the picture honestly worth it."

The worthy baker held out the guinea as he spoke; the young artist eagerly caught it, and, exclaiming "Thank God!" rushed out of the shop.

"There is something very odd about that young man," said the baker, "but whatever it may be, he has made a beautiful likeness of thee, my Mary;" and, so saying he took the drawing carefully in his hands, and carried it into the back shop, where, in due time, after having been properly framed and glazed, it was hung up.

The following morning, and for many successive days, the young man called for his French rolls, but nothing more was said of the picture; and, in the mean time, the unfortunate artist seemed to get thinner every day; and he would sometimes look at Mary with an expression of such unutterable woe, mingled with intense admiration, that the honest heart of the worthy baker was quite touched. Mary, too, was getting thin and pale, and had quite lost her usual gaiety, till, at last, the poor baker could bear it no longer. "I'll tell you what, Mary," said he, one evening, when he and his daughter were sipping their tea in the little back parlour behind the shop, "that young man loves you, and you love him. Come, no nonsense!" continued he, stopping his daughter, when she attempted to speak. "Don't pretend to deny it. I see it all as plain as my hat. I've looked at you often enough; and I've looked at him too, and I'm sure he loves you; and I like him all the better for saying nothing about it to you, as no doubt he thought it could not possibly be agreeable to me. But I've turned the matter over in my mind, and I can really see no ill in the young man, except his fondness for French rolls; and we would soon manage to cure him of that, I warrant you. Besides, he might make something handsome of his turn for painting, if he had somebody to show him how to set about it. And, even if the worst came to the worst, I believe I could manage to keep you both without his doing anything; for, to tell you a secret, Mary, though we have always lived quite snug, and I have brought you up in a plain way, I am a great deal richer than anybody dreams of.—But,

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hark! what was that? Surely nobody is listening;—do, Mary, step and see."

Mary looked, but nobody was to be seen; and yet there had been a listener, and one who was deeply interested in the subject-matter of the conference. This was James, the baker's man, who, without suspecting his master to be richer than he appeared to be, had long secretly looked forward to marrying Mary, and succeeding to the business, and whose sensations at overhearing the confidential communication alluded to may be easily conceived.

The following morning the young Scotchman had not called for his roll, though it was much later than his usual hour; and poor Mary, to whom her father had confided his resolution of having an explanation with the young man the very next time he saw him, found, with a heart throbbing with love and fear, the hours move on, scarcely knowing whether to mourn over her disappointed hopes, or to rejoice at the respite his absence afforded her. At length, the baker, who had an engagement in the city, declared he could wait no longer; and Mary, with an aching breast, saw him depart. Half-an-hour, or perhaps more, had elapsed after the baker left, when Mary, who was serving a customer, was startled by observing the young Scotchman in the street, standing near the window, and earnestly looking into the shop, but without attempting to enter it. Mary's heart beat violently at the thought that in another moment he would probably stand before her, and she should hear his voice. Why did he pause? Had similar thoughts crossed his mind to those which had occupied herself and father? She looked at him; but his care-worn face, and hollow eyes, spoke of deeper distress than the hopes and fears of an expecting lover; and the moment their eyes met, instead of entering the shop, he turned away, and hurried down the street. At this moment, James, swinging his basket of bread over his shoulder, left the shop, and turned down the same street as the Scotchman; and Mary, though quite unconscious that this was not purely accidental, felt an undefined and inexplicable terror creep over her as she watched them both proceed down the narrow street at the corner of which the shop stood.

It was a wearisome time to Mary till her father returned home; and though she went through the business of the shop mechanically, she would have found it difficult to recollect a single thing that passed during the whole interval. The weather, too, changed, and, instead of the bright sunshine which had gilded the early morning, dark clouds spread over the whole atmosphere, and a drizzling rain began to fall. Poor Mary's spirits sank so low that she could scarcely refrain from setting out to seek for her father to console her; and when she recollected that she could not leave the shop, unbidden tears rolled down her cheeks. At length her father returned; and she was just helping him to take off his dripping hat and great-coat, when James rushed into the shop, exclaiming—"I thought how it was! that young Scotchman keeps a lady!" Poor Mary could bear no more; she turned pale, and fainted.

It is scarcely possible to describe the worthy baker's consternation at this astounding piece of news; or how he blamed himself; or how bitterly he reproached the unconscious Scotchman. "A young villain!" cried he; "to come here and bring misery into such a happy family as ours; when I had treated him so liberally, too, and intended to do so much for him." After a little calm reflection, however, the baker could not help confessing to himself that he had been more to blame than the young man. The youth had certainly never spoken to Mary of love; and even his looks might be merely expressive of his artist-like admiration of her beauty. At any rate, it was hardly fair to condemn a man for his looks. "And yet," thought the baker, "I never saw anything so like love in all my life. I don't think I could have been deceived. Perhaps, after all, James may have made some mistake; he was always a surly, stupid fellow;—I'll question him, and investigate the matter myself."

With this determination, the baker left his daughter; but, taught wisdom by experience, he said nothing to her of his plans, and only begged her to confine herself to her room during his absence, and to leave the care of the shop entirely to James. Poor Mary willingly consented, for she could not bear the thought of facing any stranger; in fact, she fancied that every one might read in her countenance the vain, foolish hopes that had filled her heart, and for which she now felt the bitterest shame.

In the mean time her father, having learned from his man that he had followed the young Scotchman to a mean lodging-house in a retired street, pursued the same direction; and entering a public-house close by, he inquired what lodgers were in the house indicated. The publican, whose principal amusement consisted in watching his neighbours, gladly told the baker all he knew; and after mentioning several names, with a little scandal about each, he ended with saying, "There's a Scotchman lodging in the garret, and a lady with him, whom everybody thinks is no better than she should be, though nobody has ever seen her. When she came, it was in a hackney-coach; and she was so muffled up in shawls, and cloaks, and veils, that nobody could make it out whether she was handsome or ugly, old or young. She always has coffee and a French roll for breakfast, which the young man gets himself; and while she is taking it, she sits in the front room, while the maid does up her bed-room. Many's the time I've said to the maid, I wonder she does not manage to get a peep; but the young man watches the door of the room where the lady is, and if Susan does contrive some message to try to get in, she has hardly tapped before he unlocks the door, bolts out, and shuts it behind him. And when he goes out he always locks the poor lady up, and takes the key in his pocket! There must be something wrong in it. So much mystery can't belong to anything good."

The baker paid for his pot of beer, which he had not the heart to drink, and slowly bent his steps homewards, repeating to himself the publican's words—"There must be something wrong in it; so much mystery can't belong to anything good." And, however much his feelings were in favour of the young Scotchman, he could not help allowing that appearances were strangely against him. Thus pondering, he walked along, scarcely heeding where he went, till he reached his own door, when he beheld a scene that almost made him doubt whether he was indeed arrived at home. His once quiet abode appeared a scene of astonishing bustle and confusion. A crowd had gathered round the door, and were elbowing and jostling each other in their attempts to gain admittance into his shop; and the murmurs of a hundred voices, all talking at once, mingled strangely with screams, and oaths, and entreaties for a constable. At length, the constable, a stout, burly fellow, appeared; and as he pushed his way through the throng the baker managed to follow in his wake.

The scene in the shop required no explanation. The young Scotchman sat in the only chair it contained, hiding his face on the counter, while James triumphantly exhibited a roll, which he declared he had detected the stranger in the act of stealing. The baker's presence, however, soon changed the face of everything. By his desire, the constable dispersed the crowd; and being presented by the baker with a handsome gratuity for his trouble, and assured that it was all a mistake, he departed, while the baker invited the almost heart-broken young man to walk into the back-parlour, leaving the shop to the sole occupation of the mortified and disappointed James. The young man mechanically followed

his benefactor, and soothed and melted by his kindness, confided to him his whole story.

The mother of the youth was the daughter of a Scotch earl, who had married a poor laird for love. The husband, anxious to maintain his proud and noble lady in the state to which she had been accustomed, wasted his small fortune in the attempt; and at last had died, leaving her with an only son, almost pennyless. The pride of Lady Margaret was, if possible, only increased by her depressed circumstances. She would not hear of her son entering into any kind of trade; and as his pride, which was of a very different kind to that of his mother, would not suffer him to remain a burden to his relations, he had endeavoured to obtain a place under government, the only one which his mother would suffer him to accept. It was on this errand that they had come to London, furnished with letters from one of their noble kinsmen to Sir Robert Walpole; and, fed with hopes, and tortured by disappointments, they had lingered on ever since. Many times the youth had tried to prevail on his mother to return to her own relations, but the same foolish fondness which had made her accompany him to town kept her with him; and to his real troubles was added the partly imaginary one of preventing any plebeian from gazing on the fallen scion of the aristocracy in her degraded state.

The remainder of the story the baker did not ask, as he easily comprehended that extreme poverty, and the dread of appearing empty-handed before his mother, had driven the young man to an act his soul abhorred; and the only difficulty that presented itself to his imagination was how to reconcile the proud Lady Margaret to her son's union with a baker's daughter. It was, however, at length accomplished. The baker, who had long had serious thoughts of retiring from business, resigned his shop to James; and Lady Margaret, being first introduced to Mary as the mistress of an elegant villa in the neighbourhood of London, found little difficulty in giving her consent to the marriage of her son with a beautiful heiress. Mary made as excellent a wife as she had done a daughter; and during the whole of her long and happy life she had never occasion to lament the singular *penchant* which her mother-in-law had so long displayed for—A FRENCH ROLL.

ANCIENT GREEK ARTS, DIET, AND MEDICINE.

THE smiths of the early days of Greece worked like ours in forges; but for tools they seem to have been confined to the bellows, anvil, hammer, and pincers. They were acquainted with the art of casting metals, for thus they formed tripods and caldrons of brass. The ears or handles of the tripods were riveted on, and were wrought in various decorative shapes. They also cast gold and silver cups, and were acquainted with the art of mounting the edges of the latter with gold, and of gilding them both internally and externally. Some of these cups are described as very large, massive, and beautifully chased. Nestor is said to have had a cup of silver studded with gold. The spaces between its four handles are represented as having been occupied by four golden doves feeding on vine plants—a happy emblematic picture of love nourished by wine. To these smiths the sacrificers were indebted for the gold leaves which were usually folded round the tips of the victims' horns. The more ingenious of their class dedicated their time to the formation of ladies' trinkets, such as bracelets, armlets, necklaces, chains, rings, pendants for the ears ornamented with precious stones, collars of amber beads connected by golden links, girdles, ornaments for the hair, and golden clasps for the bosom. They executed also golden clasps for the chieftains' mantles, some of which were wrought in a curious and appropriate style.

Nor were these artisans unacquainted with methods for casting statues in metal, as appears from the descriptions of Vulcan's golden handmaids, and the golden youths which stood in the hall of Alcinous, for the purpose of holding the torches that at night illumined the chamber. There was a statue of Minerva in her temple at Troy, before its destruction, of the same material. The mantle-clasp which Penelope presented to Ulysses on his first setting out for the war was chased with the figure of a dog holding a fawn between his feet: he gaped with eagerness over his prey, while the fawn, overcome with fatigue and fear, seemed to pant on the metal. This specimen of workmanship is said to have been universally admired for the life which was thrown into the figures of the animals. Besides the golden doves of Nestor's cup, and the various figures on the shield of Achilles, mention is made of golden dogs which "watched" in the hall of Alcinous. All these examples prove that the art of imitating the human figure and the figures of birds and quadrupeds in metal, had already arrived at a considerable, indeed a surprising, degree of perfection.

The story which Achilles relates to Priam, of Niobe who wept in marble, seeming to waste her heart away in brooding over the sudden destruction of her twelve children, is perhaps a solitary recognition of the sculptor's power in those early ages, over that difficult and beautiful material. But the affecting manner in which it is mentioned affords a striking testimony as to the productions of the sculptor's chisel, and those too of a high order.

The ship-builders seem to have used only brass and iron hatchets, adzes, and augers. Besides these, the house-carpenters must have had other and finer tools, though we do not find them specified. The latter used glue in forming panels for doors and wainscots. They possessed also the art of inlaying with gold, silver, and ivory, which they displayed on wainscots, couches, and precious cabinet chests. They had, however, no means for securing these chests by small locks. Portable property was, as yet, guarded only by cords, which were tied around the box that contained it; a practice that seems to have given rise to much ingenuity in the art of knot-making. There were turners, who exhibited their skill on bed-posts, wooden drinking-cups, and other domestic utensils. There were potters, who made earthen dishes, platters, jars, bowls, and pitchers, which were baked in the sun. The Phœnicians manufactured toys for exportation, and various articles in gold, silver, brass, and ivory. Besides their skill in dyed cloths and linens, they displayed unrivalled ingenuity in most of the arts which have been enumerated particularly entitled to the epithet "elegant."

The art of erecting wooden bridges was well known, though it does not appear to have been carried to any considerable degree of improvement. They must have been of a rude and frail description, as it was no uncommon thing to see even the best of them swept away when the rivers were flooded.

We do not recollect any description in the early literature of Greece, of meals entirely or even partially composed of fish or poultry; yet it is certain that fish diet was extensively known. We read of regular divers who went out in boats, and plunged into the sea for oysters. Other fish they caught with nets, spears, and hooks. The angler sunk his line as we do, by adding to it a small weight of lead, and he cased it above the hook with horn. There are not many domestic fowls mentioned. The eagle, the hawk, the crow, the owl, the sea-mew, and the dove, were well known. Nor were the delicious notes of the nightingale unheard during the soft summer evenings. Bees were domesticated, not less for their honey than their wax, which was used for several purposes.

It would be difficult to believe that all the commercial transactions of those times, from the sale of a ship-load of corn to that of a pound of wool, were carried on without the use of money. How could the wages of those who were called hireling servants, as distinguished from slaves, have been paid without some convenient medium? Talents and half talents of gold are often mentioned, though not in such a manner as would enable us to estimate their specific weight in metal. Frequent allusions are made to "beeves," and under circumstances which strongly favour the authority of Plutarch, who expressly says that these were coins in common use among the Athenians. They were first designed by Theseus, who, as his biographer observes, "gave his money the impression of an ox, in commemoration either of the Marathonian bull, or the Cretan general, Taurus, or for the purpose of continually remind-

ing the people of the utility of agriculture. Hence came the expression of a thing being worth ten or a hundred "beeves," a phrase frequently to be met with in Homer. It is worthy of remark that he values a large tripod at twelve of these coins, and in the same passage estimates a female captive, expert in domestic arts, at no more than four. A new cauldron embossed with flowers is said to be worth an ox. There is reason to suppose that a fat ox was priced at a golden talent. If, therefore, we assume such a cauldron to be equal in value to a large tripod, it follows that one talent of gold was equivalent to twelve beeves. Such an assumption seems justifiable, at least sufficiently so to enable us to form some general idea of the relative value of money. The proportion is, at all events, clear enough to convince us that "beeves" are not oxen, and that, whether they consisted of metal or of leather, they were such convenient representatives of property as passed easily from hand to hand.

Arithmetic was probably not practised among the early Greeks upon the refined and complicated scale which we possess. They seem, however, to have counted with facility from a unit to thousands, and to have been perfectly acquainted with the common rules of multiplying and dividing numbers. They measured distances by the foot and cubit, and knew enough of the principles of geometry to draw squares, triangles, and circles, and to strike perpendiculars. They divided the year, as we do, into four seasons. The year was denominated from the usual apparent return of the sun to the same point of the horizon, after making a complete circle round the earth, and was divided into months, which were measured by the revolutions of the moon. A sort of weekly division of the month appears to have been marked by the new appearance, the increase, the fulness, and the decline of that orb; although the more accurate division of it seems to have been into thirty days. The time of the day was estimated from the progress of the sun as it rose, approached, and attained its midway course, passed downward, and hastened to disappear from the horizon, to sleep during the night, as the poets imagined, in the bosom of the ocean.

The cloudless skies of Greece afforded its inhabitants the most favourable opportunities for observing the stars. They seem to have been particularly sensible to the heart-cheering influence of a fine night, when the moon and stars shone in all their radiance, the winds were stilled, the forests, the mountain tops, and headland heights stood revealed, and not a vapour streaked the blue and boundless firmament. The knowledge, however, of the laws by which the greater and the lesser lights were regulated, does not appear to have been as yet cultivated by the Greeks upon any settled principles. They observed, indeed, the more remarkable of those stars which are classed amongst our constellations, but they attended to nothing more than their positions in the heavens, and their periodical rising and setting. Their astronomy was never separated from the business of agriculture and navigation; it was cultivated as an object of actual experience, not of science, and, being entirely in the hands of the husbandman and mariner, it was limited to the ordinary circle of their ideas.

A few simple herbs constituted their whole store of medicine. These were often administered to the poor by some intelligent princess, whose leisure and superior sources of information enabled her to accompany them with words of consolation and advice. Plague, consumption, fever, apoplexy, and other diseases, seem to have been well known, though the temperate habits of the age, aided by attention to cleanliness, appear to have guarded the Greeks from frequent or extraordinary visitations of sickness. Their surgical skill was very limited. It was usual in treating arrow wounds to suck out the blood, immediately after the barbed weapon was cut out with a knife, lest the arrow point should have been poisoned. They then washed the wound with warm water, and inserted in it a bitter root, which is said to have had the effect of stopping the flow of blood, assuaging the pain, and drying up the part lacerated. A healing ointment was then spread over it. There were several men famous for their experience in this art, though there were none who devoted themselves to it exclusively as a profession. Great faith was reposed in the efficacy of charms for the cure of wounds. These were administered through the usual medium of incantation, which, if it had the power to divert the mind of the patient from a sense of his sufferings, might, doubtless, in some cases have contributed to relieve them. It is very remarkable that there is scarcely any country or age in which we do not meet with impostures of this description.

APPLE-DUMPLINGS.

BOTH for travellers and voyagers it was a haven that every one liked to put into, being stored with the best beds, viands, and wine; but above all, celebrated for its apple-dumplings. These palatable things acquired a delightful consistency from the method of making them, and the length of time they were kept before they were boiled. Each dumpling was composed of one large apple, of a pine-apple flavour, brought from America. The core being scooped out, the hollow was filled up with sugar, and when enveloped in paste, and closely tied up in a cloth, they were hung up by dozens on a rack in an airy place, like so many cannon-balls, to dry. Here they remained for a month or more, before they were put into the pot. The notoriety of these dumplings extended as far as the West Indies, to which place vast numbers were exported.—*Music and Friends.*

INTELLECTUALITY OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

THE Rev. Cæsar Otway, of Dublin, is certainly one of the most remarkable and *peculiar* men of the Irish metropolis. We introduced him on a former occasion (No. 26) to the readers of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL, briefly stating what he had done for Ireland, as a sketcher and describer of his native country; and we now propose to exhibit him in another character—that of a *scientific* lecturer. Thoroughly to understand this, our readers must have seen the man; and certainly once seen, the outline of the Irish *giant* will linger long in the memory. Those of our readers who may feel any anxiety on the subject, may refer to the number for October last of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, which contains his "veritable effigy;" and we can only add, that having had the honour and the pleasure of being intimately acquainted with him, we are glad to learn that the C. O. of former years is still hale and hearty, and still willing to gratify, instruct, and amuse, by the out-pourings of his thoughtful, witty, benevolent, and observant mind.

What we are going to give is extracted from the last number (the number for May) of the "DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE," which, though it is a party periodical—that is, one which takes strong views of certain political matters—is, at the same time, able and amusing, and justly merits the title given to it by the *Spectator* newspaper, of being the *Blackwood* of Ireland.

From an introductory editorial notice, we learn that the lecture was delivered on the 27th of February last, before the Dublin Zoological Society. It thus commences:—

"I am about to say what I am able on the habits and intellectuality of animals. I allude to two qualities—habits, or in other words, instinct—intellectuality, or in other words, understanding. I confine myself, in order to keep within bounds, to domestic animals. We all must allow that animals have instincts that distinguish one species from another—those of a sheep, for instance, as differing from those of a dog. Well, supposing I identify habits with instinct, should I not define what instinct is? Perhaps I am not able—I stand not here as a philosopher—but this I know, that one who has given the subject more consideration than I can, has said that no one can define properly what instinct is, until he has spent some time in the head of a brute, *without being a brute himself.* But the same author ventures to give what may *stand for a definition*, and it is this—'those faculties that God has implanted in animals, whereby, independent of instruction, observation, or experience, and without knowing the end in view, they are impelled to the performance of certain actions conducive to their own well-being, and the preservation of

their species.' But will those at all acquainted with animals be content with ascribing to them *such a limited quality as this?* Do not we find an adaptation of plans to circumstances, and an exercise of individual judgment, reflection, induction, and memory? I *must* insist, then, that the creature has personal and independent mental powers; and if you will not call it reason, confess that it is akin to it, and call it intellectuality.

"It is *this* opinion of individual capability, *beyond that of mere instinct*, that induces us to educate in the limited way we do our domestic animals; this induces us to caress them when they do well, and punish if disobedient; as, for instance, is there any lady here who has a pet dog? Now you fondle him, and by and by you scold him; don't you find the animal reflecting and reasoning upon your conduct? and supposing Pompey has a few minutes before done wrong, and you call him to you, and you have the leg of a chicken, which you hold out to him with your *left* hand, and you have your riding-whip in your *right*, which you hold behind your back, see how Pompey hesitates between instinct and intellectuality! Instinct tells him that a chicken's leg is a savoury bit, but intellectuality says, I have done wrong; my mistress is angry; why is the hand that used to feed me held back and hid;—and reflection infers, I am certainly deserving of correction. I won't, then, decides the dog, go near the chicken's leg, because at the same time I will come within the range of the armed hand.

"Here the dog is certainly a better reasoner than many a puppy on two legs, who gratifies every appetite, follows every tempting evil, without memory, reflection, or foresight; and rushes upon disease, ruin, and damnation.

"Animals, then, have instinctive habits belonging to their species; they also have faculties of a higher order, in which families and individuals may excel others of the same order. I think I may show you an instance of instinct in the case of a dog, who, in spite of education and his own intellectuality, yet follows the habit of his race, by attempting in your parlour, and on a boarded floor (which it is impossible to penetrate), to hide a portion of his food that he has not appetite to finish; and you may observe him in this case using all the acts of secreting, as if he were penetrating soft ground, and could therein hide what he intended should be kept in future for his own use. An instance of that adaptation to circumstances, the work of reflection and judgment, which I would call intellectuality, came lately within my knowlege, in Erris. A considerable landed proprietor has a large tract of sandhills within the Mullet, which tract (open as it is to all the Atlantic storms) has been greatly injured by the introduction of rabbits, who, by burrowing and disturbing the bent grass, gave facilities to the wind to operate: and so the sandhills were year after year changing their position and encroaching on the cultivated ground. To remedy this he determined to destroy the rabbits, and, in their place, introduce hares, that he knew, or thought he knew, would not burrow; but *here* he was mistaken, for the animal soon found that it must either leave the district, or change its habits, for if in a winter's night it attempted to sit in its accustomed open FORM, it would find itself buried perhaps twenty feet in the morning under the blowing sand, as under a snow-wreath. Accordingly the hares have here burrowed; they chose out a thin and high sandhill, which stands something like a solidified wave of the sea; through this puss perforates an horizontal hole from east to west, with a double opening, and seating herself at the mouth of the windward orifice, she there awaits the storm, and as fast as her hill wastes away, she draws back, ready at all times to make a start, in case the storm rages so as to carry off her hill altogether. My friend, Mr. Clibborn of the Royal Irish Academy, has furnished me with the following anecdote illustrative of a sagacity in swallows that also, in my opinion, goes beyond instinct. When resident in the city of Cincinnati, on the River Ohio, a small species of swallow, very numerous in that state, set about, in the proper season, to build their nests against the wall of a barrack near the town. Their mud edifices not proving very sightly additions to the building, the officer in command, being of course inimical to what was not bright and tight, ordered the poor swallows to be ejected, and so all their work was promptly demolished. They then, after much chattering, fixed on a wooden barn as the new site for their nests; and against the upright planks of this building they began to plaster their mud. But here their science was at fault; for when their nests were finished, and began to dry in the sun, there was not sufficient cohesion between the mud and the timber, and so, one hot day, their whole structure came down with a crash; and now, what was to be done?—we shall see. It chanced that Mrs. Bullock, the wife of the famous museum collector, was then resident in an adjacent villa, that had, as is common in that warm climate, a long verandah in front, supported by wooden pillars; hither the swallows, after holding another sub-committee of building, all came in a body, for they had no time to lose, and they set about the nidification; and here, having one would think the fear of the *martinet* officer before their eyes, they actually contrived to make their nests *ornamental*, by forming circular capitals to the pillar, like the volutes of the Ionic order; and Mrs. Bullock was not a little proud of her little colony. But, alas! selfishness is not confined to the human race, and combination can be got up and brought to bear against interlopers in the feathered race, as well as amongst the most determined Billy Welters in the city of Dublin. A tribe of martins, seeing that the new colony of swallows would be likely to diminish their supply of flies, determined to *slate** the swallows, and drive away the intruders that interfered with their monopoly. Now, the American martin is five times as large as a swallow, and is almost as big as a thrush. So they not only hunted the poor swallows, but also, with all their force of flight, would make a dash at their nests, and so knock them down, while yet unfinished. But here Mrs. Bullock proved a friend in need; and taking the side of the weaker, she stationed men during the day, who, with long poles, struck at the martins whenever they made a charge at the nests; and the swallows soon observing what the meaning of the friendly interference was, without at all minding the men or their poles, went on with the construction of their nests, and soon had them finished, and so hard-built, that the martins found it useless any more to batter at them. And now they begin to incubate, and the eggs are laid; but their troubles are not over, for the cruel martins, then come and, taking a dirty advantage of the poor little swallows, fasten themselves on the sides of the nests, *they* drive the swallows off, and then put in their beaks and break the eggs. Poor things! what was now to be done?—we shall see. For a day or so, nothing could equal the chattering and *collogueing*, as an Irishman would say, in the air; and then they fell to work, and constructed long necks to their respective nests, which, under Mrs. Bullock's protection, they were allowed to do in peace. By this means they effectually avoided the intrusion of the martins; and without further molestation, brought out their young. I would ask, are not wondrously displayed here the resources of intellect, rather than fixed and unvarying characteristics of instinct?

"Dr. Arnaud d'Antilli, one day talking with the Duke de Liancourt upon the new philosophy of M. Descartes, maintained that beasts were mere machines; that they had no sort of reason to direct them; and that when they cried or made a noise, it was only one of the wheels of the clock or machine that made it. The duke, who was of a different opinion, replied, 'I have now in my kitchen two turnspits, which take their turn regularly every other day to get into the wheel; one of them not liking his appointment, hid himself on the day he should have wrought, so that his companion was forced to mount the wheel in his stead; when released, by crying and wagging his tail, he made a sign for those in attendance to follow him. He immediately conducted them to a garret, where he dislodged the idle dog, and bit him severely.'

"I assume, then, that animals, as well as men, have both intellectuality and instinct; for who will deny that man has instinct—or what makes the child at once seek for sustenance from his

* Billy Welter and *to slate* are cant phrases in Dublin, used amongst workmen who have combined to effect certain purposes, and who use violence. A Billy Welter is a ruffian, and *slating* is the term for assault; derived, perhaps, from knocking the hat, or *tile*, over the eyes of the sufferer.

mother's bosom? The difference to a certain extent here is, that man has more intellect than instinct, and it is the reverse with brutes. But it may be said, why then deny that they have souls? and, if souls, why deny immortality? This truly is a puzzling subject, and a great deal of discussion has taken place about it. Some, seeing the difficulties, determined to oppose it at the threshold, by asserting that animals were mere machines. I believe Descartes, the French philosopher, was of that opinion.

"He might maintain such a paradox for argument sake, but the man could not look in his dog's face and believe it. But besides this refutation, I think the Frenchman would be drawn into the vortex of an absurdity by his dogma, and in that case should make *machines* of the men who hunted the dogs and rode after them; they discovering not half so much intellect, or so much honesty, as the horse they rode on, or the hound they kept in view. I think the opinion of the French Jesuit, Father Beaugeant, *if not more satisfactory*, is at least more amusing, who maintained that the habits and faculties of brutes were entirely owing to the operation of evil spirits. This astounding truth was enough to alarm half the world. Only think of a French Seigneur, who most orthodoxically went to mass every Sunday, and every other day followed the hounds; and he now, under the authority of a clergyman, must believe that the pack of beagles he has heretofore hunted, are a pack of devils! or of Mademoiselle Julia, who has been lavishing caresses on her lap-dog, and how she finds she has been wantonly dallying with a demon! The Jesuit's argument is this:—'experience and reason convince us that brutes have a thinking faculty—if so, then a soul; for if not a soul, you must allow that matter can think; and if you allow a soul, the beasts only differ from man by degrees of *plus* and *minus*.' Oh but, concludes the Jesuit, 'this position would demolish the very foundation of religion.' Well, how does he save the rationality of his brutes, and keep himself from the censures of his church? Why, by asserting that the souls of animals are devils, who, though for their first sin are doomed to hell, yet God, in order not to suffer so many legions of reprobates to be of no use, has, until the day of doom, distributed them over our lower world, there as animals to serve his designs and make his omnipotence appear; some, it is true, continue in their original state, and busy themselves in tempting man, as is shown in the book of Job; others are made, however unwillingly, to serve the uses of man, and fill the visible universe. Thus, as the Jesuit states, 'he can conceive how devils still tempt, and brutes think; and this without at all offending the doctrines of the Catholic faith.' And certainly this tenet of the reverend father places the devils in a very unpleasant predicament; for it must be a great humiliation to them, to see themselves reduced to such a low condition. This degradation is the first effect of divine vengeance—it is their anticipated hell.

"But I am disposed to think that the witty Jesuit did not reflect upon the consequence of his theory, and he ought to have paused before he gave it to the public, even supposing he were convinced of the truth himself; it were better he had coincided with him who said, that had he his handful of truths, he would hold his fist tight, rather than scatter his unappreciated commodities. For though there may be some plausibility in the theory, as accounting for the Almighty's giving a privilege to man to treat as he does the inferior creatures, and so torture, abuse, and destroy millions of animals; yet see the consequences of making man, as he would be, the scourger of demons. How would it aggravate existing cruelty? How would it load the lash already held in the hands of the hard-hearted, and make him strike home with the malignity of an enemy and avenger? Suppose a Donnybrook jaunting carman—the fellow is on fire with whiskey—see his poor horse's breast and back all lacerated, see him driven beyond his breath and speed, bleeding from both nostrils, see his knees torn bare to the bone, as he falls under the merciless blows of the avaricious and cruel man—why, give the fellow the Jesuit's conviction, that he is only a meritorious instrument of punishment, commissioned by his God, and he improves on the abominable complacency of the cook when skinning her eels alive, for he holds that such treatment is not only natural to the animal, but that it deserves it.

"An English parson goes upon a quite different theory from that of the French Jesuit, and he takes ground which he assumes to be consistent, reasonable, worthy of God, and agreeable to holy Scripture. He maintains that animals have reasoning powers, and if so, they have souls, and if souls, that they are immortal. He holds that they were all originally happy, and when Heaven had pronounced *all* to be very good, they were endowed with every perfection that their nature and rank in the scale of being required; but that when man fell, the link was broken that connected the lower animals with the Deity; that the divine light and life no longer flowed downwards through the free channel of unfallen human nature, and therefore the whole system of visible creation sympathises and suffers with their rebellious lord; and that, therefore, it 'now groans and travails in pain,' and 'the creature is made subject to vanity, not willingly (that is by no fault of its own) but by reason (on the account of—by the sin) of him who hath subjected the same in hope,'—that is Adam. As thus in human sovereignty, when an attainder is passed on a subject, the sentence not only affects the *individual*, but his *children* and *domestics*—so man, by his transgression, devoted his dependants to degradation, misery, and death. But no violent execution was permitted to be made on them, except in the way of sacrifice; none were to be put to death but by God's own appointment, as the types of the great propitiatory sacrifice of the Lamb of God, slain from the foundation of the world, for the salvation and redemption of a lost world. No power was given man to abuse, or even to kill and eat, until the world, still more deteriorated after the flood, left the vegetable products of the earth less capable of nourishing, and then the much abused liberty to hunt, to kill, and eat. 'The fear of you, and the dread of you, shall now be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all fishes of the sea: into your hand they are delivered: every moving thing that liveth, to you it shall be for meat; even as the green herb have I given you all things.' Such has been the state of the brute creation since the fall, very different, indeed, from its former condition; but still both reason and revelation represent them as guiltless sufferers for our transgressions, and, therefore, peculiar objects of our care and compassion; and it is not only a sin against mercy, but against justice, to abuse or oppress them. How strong on this point is holy Scripture. Thus the wise man, in the twelfth chapter of Proverbs, makes kindness to domestic animals an act of righteousness—the righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, 'but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.' Thus, in the fourth commandment, the rest of God's own day is declared to be for the care of *cattle*, as well as their owners; and not only does God's law protect animals as *part of his property*, and connected *with his selfishness*, but it enjoins mercy to the cattle of our enemies. 'If thou meet,' says the sacred lawgiver, in the fourth and fifth verses of the 23d chapter of Exodus, 'thine enemy's ox or ass going astray, thou shalt surely bring him back to him again; if thou see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his burden, and wouldst forbear to help him, thou shalt *surely help him*.' The blessed Saviour himself enjoins us to look after the wants of animals—to lead them to water—if they fall into a pit, to draw them out, even supposing it were on the Sabbath-day; and how tenderly does the Almighty declare his mercy to the brute creation, when he announces to the querulous prophet, that he withholds the execution of his sentence against a wicked city, because of its animals and irresponsible human beings—'Shall I not spare Nineveh, that great city, in which are more than sixty thousand people that cannot discern betwixt their right hand and their left, and also much cattle.'

"The author whose arguments I am using supposes that our domestic animals are less poisoned with the general malignity diffused over the whole system than others; and that, perhaps, they are not now very different from what they were in their original state; and he further expatiates in fields of fancy, and supposes that as each species of animal might before the fall represent some

specific virtue or power of humanity, and thus exhibit emblems and unisons in the universal harmony; so now, in their present degeneracy, they show forth, and that but faintly, some specific fault or corruption in ourselves, and are but shadows of what is silly and vicious or disgusting in mankind; as, for instance, you look at a monkey; it is a ridiculous, a mischievous creature; may he not be a type of some absurd and idle coxcomb, that struts and frets and chatters amongst fine people? And I am sure there is many a poor dog on four legs, acting agreeably to his nature, not half so despicable as the said dog, with all pretension to rationality, religion, and gentility, who is every day guilty of social crimes, that if his brother brute committed he would be driven out of town with a kettle to his tail. The swine wallows in the mire, it is an ugly thing; so is it also swilling its food in a trough; but is it half so contemptible an animal as the gourmand who over-eats himself, and whose life's happiness depends upon his palate, and 'whose god is his belly?' and lo, the ferocity of wolves, the cunning of foxes, the treachery of cats—but what are they to the cruelty, and unfaithfulness, and barbarity of mankind? And there are faults of which NO type can be found amongst the lower order of animals—ingratitude and insincerity are but of HUMAN growth. And, oh, how many stories could I tell you of the dog, the elephant, or even the tiger, that would put to shame the unfaithful servant, the false friend, the cruel slanderer. Need we, then, be surprised, if some, sick of their experience of human life, and smarting under wrongs committed, or fearful of treachery and evil to come, have fled from human to brute nature, and expended that love on the dog, or even the cat, they feared to lavish on one of their own species. 'Fie, madam,' says Captain O'Doherty to a lady caressing her lap-dog, and to whom he was paying his addresses, but whose wealth was greater than her beauty, 'fie, to lavish *all your* fondness upon a dumb brute, when you can find a man whose happiness depends upon the condescension of your smile.' 'Ah! sir,' says the fearful lady (and wealth enjoyed by the unmarried female often carries this forfeit), 'I am quite sure that Fido, my dog, loves me for myself, and therefore I can return *his* affection; but I have yet to find that you. or any other of your sex, love me rather than my money; and, therefore, with all the suspicion of the miller, while I fondle my dog—

'I care for no man, no, not I,
Since no man cares for me.'"

"The learned man whose arguments have just been using, having stated, as his premise, that animals think, reason, and will, draws the conclusion that they have souls, and, if souls, that these souls must be immortal; for God gave them the benediction of immortality when he pronounced them *all* very good; and though he allows that there are difficulties in the way of deciding on the immortality of their souls, he holds that there are greater connected with the utter extinction of their being after death. He allows, however, that in a future state each will retain its specific dignity and quality—the spirit of a man going upwards, and the spirit of a beast going downwards, each assuming their proper rank; but with this difference, that beasts will not be liable to punishment, because they transgressed not any command, *they* were not disobedient to the will of their Creator. The apostle Paul declares they were made subject to vanity, *not willingly*, not by any fault of their own, but by reason of (that is, on account of him, that is man) who had subjected them to it in hope.

"I am sorry that I cannot follow out further the arguments of this ingenious and very pious divine, who has been joined in his belief of the immortality of animals by many able and religious men. Oh! but some may reply to the theorist whose arguments I adduce, there is such a *monstrous* difference between a man and a brute! Yes, and so there is between a man and an angel; and who can determine the lowest degree of human intelligence, and the highest pitch of brutal knowledge? I have a story before me of John Clod, the farmer, who went every night to the ale-house, his dog attending him. Clod generally came home drunk; the dog was a teetotaller; Clod made himself worse than a beast, and would roll in the ditch, were it not for the dog, who showed his unimpaired rationality by holding his master by the coat, and dragging him home safe from the ditches, ponds, and pits he otherwise would have tumbled into.

"Understanding, then, according to my author, is but in degree; and, therefore, if slowness of apprehension, narrowness of understanding were an exclusion from the other world, what would become of a large portion of the human race? Why, our species should tremble for the consequence. So many honest fellows turned to grass, degraded to the measure of an ass, and left to browse on thistles. Take, for instance, out of Squire Brown's head, his dog, his horse, and his whiskey-punch, and what would remain but a vacuum, that his own pointer would be ashamed of? Take from Lord Very Soft the aids of his tailor, his hairdresser, and his perfumer—what would he be?—a butterfly would be his superior; and I have in my eye a group of solemn, sallow, lank-haired saturnine *half*-thinkers, and therefore they *call* themselves *free-thinkers*, and they decide they are free from all prejudices, because they are full of their own sufficiency, and they know as much about logic as a horse does about logarithms. I wish I had power to confine them to a room, with a sufficiency of pens, ink, and paper—still keeping from them Paine's Age of Reason, and Owen's Social Bible, and a certain string of stale jokes out of the Parson's Hornbook, about priestcraft and superstition,—and what would they be? Why, the elephant I have read of, who saw a piece of bread so far beyond the bars of his enclosure that he could not reach it with his proboscis, and therefore blew it against an opposite wall so as to cause it, by the force of his breath, to rebound and come within his reach, was a better arguer and a sounder philosopher than a whole band of such Socialists.

"It is now time, after perhaps too tediously laying down the opinion of others, to state my own; and it is, that I see nothing in the structure, or instincts, or intellectual capacities of *any* animal but *man*, that has a tendency to the renewal of life in another world; observing, as I do, various intellectual powers, capable of promoting their own well-being and of contributing to the welfare of man, still I find no power of accumulating knowledge. The elephant is now no wiser than he was in the days of Alexander; the dog has not learned anything from his forefathers—he has not taken advantage of their mistakes or attainments; the ant advances not in the polity of her republic; the bee was as good a mathematician a thousand years ago. There is no progression—no power of combination; and this is as it should be; it is the means of upholding God's original grant of dominion to man. Give animals but a sense of power, and a capability of combination, and the brute or the insect creation could and would drive man from the face of the earth. But what is of still more consequence, I find no development whatsoever of the religious principle—not a spark of the expectation of another life. With man we see in the lowest of his species an expansiveness in the intellectual and moral structure that produces longings for immortality; and within the most darkened of the human race you can light up the aspirations, the hopes and fears, connected with another world. Compare in this way the lowest of the human family—the Bushmen of South Africa, whom Captain Harris in a recent work describes as follows:—'They usually reside in holes and crannies in rocks; they possess neither flocks nor herds; they are unacquainted with agriculture; they live almost entirely on bulbous roots, locusts, reptiles, and the larvæ of ants; their only dress is a piece of leather round their waist; and their speech resembles rather the chattering of monkeys than the language of human beings.' Now there is little or nothing here better than what is found amongst many of the inferior animals. But let us take a young Bushman, and put his mind under a right educational process, and we shall soon excite in him what we must ever fail to do in the young monkey, or dog, or elephant. We can communicate to him the expansiveness that belongs to an heir of immortality; within him are the germs of faith, hope, and religious love, which do *not* exist in inferior animals.

"Still I hold to my thesis that there are intellectual qualities belonging to animals which call for our observation, demand our

aid in their development, and which, in proportion as observed and respected and developed, will be conducive to the animal's happiness, and to man's use and profit. Now, I beg to say that I do not think that even the best educated amongst us consider, as we *might* and *ought to do*, the character and claims of even our domestic animals—observing them but in the light of things created for our use. We look upon the horse but as the means of carrying us along; or on the cow as supplying us with meat and milk. To be sure the dog forces himself, almost whether we will or not, upon our attention, and even a bull-baiting butcher is constrained to fondle and make much of his dog. Now, what I want, is to excite in my readers a greater attention to, and therefore a greater respect for, the animals that are domesticated around them. I am quite sure that a study of their characters will add greatly to our amusement and convenience. I am quite sure that it will induce us more and more to use our influence in future to protect them from abuse, and that as it is very true that the master's eye makes the beast fat, so also the master and mistress's *respect* will make the beast happy. I remember an observation made to me by one of the most gifted of the human race—one of the stars of this generation—the poet of nature and of feeling—the good and the great Mr. Wordsworth—having the honour of a conversation with him, after he had made a tour through Ireland—I, in the course of it, asked what was the thing that most struck his observation here as making us differ from the English; and he, without hesitation, said it was the ill-treatment of our horses; that his soul was often, too often, sick within him at the way in which he saw these creatures of God abused. Now I am sure you will agree with me, that here is a great evil, and you will allow that it depends very much on the upper classes to discountenance and counteract especially the hard usage of horses.

"Would you believe it, that in Ireland, though there was an express act of parliament passed against it 300 years ago, the practice of harrowing by horses drawing from the tail, is still resorted to; the following is part of a letter I received yesterday:—

"'The good old custom of harrowing by the tail is still followed in Erris. In justice to those who continue the practice, it is said that it is not cruel, for the horses submit to it quietly. Indeed, some people here assert, that it is the most humane way of doing the work; in proof of which, I shall sketch the following anecdote. I was on my way to dine with a worthy old *gentleman*, who resided here on my first arrival, 19 years ago; and observing, as I went through the farm, this practice, it was natural for a foreigner to express strongly his feelings on the barbarity of the thing. 'I beg your pardon,' said my host, "you are quite mistaken; for I assert, and feel assured I will induce you to agree with me in opinion that it is the most humane way of working the beast, and for this reason, that he harrows with more ease to himself." "Impossible," said I. "I will prove it to a sailor as you are with ease," replied the old gentleman. "Pray, when you anchor your ships, why do you give them a long scope of cable when it blows hard?" "Because," said I, "the hold the anchor has of the ground is in an inverse ratio to the sine of the angle the cable makes with the ground." "Oh!" says my old friend, being neither an orangeman nor ribbonman, I know nothing about your *signs*, though I guess at what you mean. Now, if you give a long scope of cable to increase the resistance, don't it stand to reason that a short scope must have a contrary effect; and, therefore, must not harrowing by the tail be easier to the animal than from the collar, inasmuch as, in the latter case, the harrow-rope is shortened by the whole length of the horse?" My host, chuckling with delight, seemed to consider this argument a floorer. And my, "But, dear sir, there is a vast difference between securing a cable to the bolt and making it fast to the rudder pintles," neither diminished his glee, nor induced him to change his opinion. He continued this practice to his dying-day: and up to last year it was, and now, 1840, it will be, practised. It is hard to break a custom attended with no expense. "Of what use is a tail," says the Erris man, "if not to save all sorts of harness?"'

[To be concluded.]

MUSICAL ANECDOTE.

One morning a neat little gentleman came into the shop of Mr. Howell, a music-seller of Bristol, and asked to look at some piano-forte music, and he laid before him some sonatas of Haydn just published. He turned them over and said, "No, I don't like these." Howell replied, "Do you see they are by Haydn, Sir?" "Well, Sir, I do; but I wish for something better." "Better!" indignantly cried Howell; "a gentleman of your taste I am not anxious to serve;" and was turning away, when the customer made known that he was Haydn himself. Howell in astonishment embraced him; and the composer was so flattered by the interview, that a long and intimate friendship succeeded.—*Music and Friends.*

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

NO. VI.

VISIT TO THE FA TE GARDENS, AND RETURN TO MACAO BY THE INNER PASSAGE.

VISIT TO THE FA TE GARDENS.

As the *Fa Te* Gardens occupy a place upon the Map, No. 66, they deserve a passing notice. They have long been the favourite resort of strangers, who find their owner kind and obliging, with a superaddition of that courtesy and hospitality for which the Chinese are so remarkable. He had about a twelvemonth before my first visit been unjustly accused of having had some share in a robbery, and was thrown into prison, though a great many of his neighbours went to the magistrate and stated their readiness to lay down their own necks if he should be found guilty. In our own happy country a man is examined before a magistrate, committed for trial, and confined several weeks, who may after all be declared innocent by a verdict of his peers; but in this no more harshness is used than is necessary to confine his person. In China the prison is a most loathsome hell, as they call it themselves,—the keepers a demoniacal set of fellows, and the examination a series of the most excruciating tortures. To these innocence is as liable as guilt. Wealth to excite the longings of official avarice, and the mildewed breath of colourable suspicion, will at any time introduce the most virtuous man in China to all the horrors of such an ordeal. Of this the worthy fellow who entertained us with tea, and so forth, could give us a striking example in the recent history of himself. For though he was acquitted, his sufferings had been of no ordinary kind, and would have been still more fearful had he not paid liberally for his release.

The principal characteristic of a Chinese garden consists in low parapet walls, or fences of earthenware ballusters, which run in lines, or surround the several compartments into which the ground is divided. On the broad top or cornice of these are ranged pots of orange, lee che, and many other kinds of fruit trees in a dwarf condition. This practice is highly favourable to the development and flavour of the fruit, qualities that generally bear an inverse ratio to the magnitude of the tree. To increase the effect, the pots were ranged in tiers one above another in certain parts of the garden, like our greenhouses. These dwarf trees, so often loaded with their large and well-tasted fruitage, are obtained by what I may term the *Asiatic mode of propagation*, which is executed in the following way:—A quantity of soil prepared for the purpose is applied to the branch of a tree, and allowed to remain in form of a tumid knot, till a number of roots are shot into it, when it is cut off, and planted in one of the pots just referred to. By this simple method the Chinese gardener can obtain a young tree of any size he pleases, which, after having been thus taught to provide for itself, will scarcely feel the difference occasioned by its removal from the parent stock. He is aware that the branch derives its nourishment through the bark, and therefore pares it off before he applies the ball of earth. It is customary with him to get the young shoot in a position inclined at an angle of 45° to the horizon, to promote budding, and to place it below the general sweep of cold winds at the same time. The last time I visited the *Fa Te*, which was in Nov. 21, 1828, orange trees formed no inconsiderable part of the display, and were then in full leaf. A middling-sized

pot was sold for half a dollar, and one of large dimensions for three-fourths of the same. The chrysanthemums were all in their prime, and made a garish figure with the imperial yellow; some pretty sorts of bamboo occupied some of the pots, which, like all other plants subject to cultivation, runs into many varieties, differing from each other in size, texture of the leaf, colour of the stem, and so on. They are all great favourites with the natives, not less for their utility than for their beauty. A shrub with small leaves and white flowers, called by the gardener *yu su*, was seen in several pots. It has a very odd and fantastic stem which commends it much to the Chinese, who see in it the natural emblems of antiquated tastes and fashions. Neatness is one of the leading features of a Chinaman's garden, and I think I may add simplicity is another. The small assortment of plants and the frequent occurrence of parapet walls are apt to give his pleasure-ground a sameness, which he endeavours to relieve by the introduction of rock-work of the most grotesque and fanciful kind. Nature has provided him with a broken sort of limestone, full of caverns and rough with ridges, of which, when fragments are piled up by the best reference to symmetry, they compose a rock with all the rudest touches of chance about it.

Our visits to the *Fa Te* gardens are generally made in pleasure-boats belonging to foreign residents, as the boat-women are not allowed to carry strangers thither. Each one in his turn among the passengers addresses himself to the labour of the oar, which, as we have to steer our way among so many hundreds of craft, is often of the most perplexing sort. The hour of sunset is the time for the principal meal among the Chinese; and hence it is usually one of great tranquillity, for they are of all people I ever met with most impatient of interruption at the season of refreshment. As we glide upon the smooth surface of the river, the stork sweeps over our heads in an oblique direction, retiring from its day's work to rest at night. He knows the hour of the day from the impression which the elements of light, heat, and air make upon it, and moves in synchronous cadence with man in the grateful vicissitudes of labour and repose.

RETURN TO MACAO.

The first preliminary of a little voyage from Canton to Macao by the Inner passage, is an application to the Custom-house for a chop, or licence, as only native vessels are allowed to go by that route. A day or two after this is obtained, a party of Custom-house officers seat themselves in one of the long passages, on the two sides of which the dwellings and warehouses of each hong, or factory, are built, and our goods and chattels are brought and placed at their feet. The trunks are examined one by one, and after receiving a stamp, are surrendered again to the owner's care, who may change or modify their contents at his pleasure or convenience, so great a reliance is there placed upon the honour of the "*fan-kwei.*"

At the hour appointed, the porters belonging to the household where the stranger has lodged, place the trunks, boxes, and all the other items in slings, and bear them cheerfully down to the landing-place, with as little trouble to the owner as possible. Every variety of articles for ease and comfort accompany the train, and nothing remains for him to do but to walk in company with some of his friends to the spot, where a plank or a tanka-boat will convey him to the junk or passage-boat. He finds this with an ample room fitted up with broad benches whereon he may lie at night, or rest by day. This room is quadrangular, and occupies the middle of the vessel. Behind it is usually one of less dimensions, for the use of the attendants, where they smoke and talk in friendly chit-chat till a late hour, unless checked by the reproof of their masters, who find their slumbers impeded by such never-ending gossip. The roof of these twin apartments forms an elevated deck, which affords space for exercise, when cold or tedium renders it desirable. The fore part or forecastle of the vessel has its deck just raised above the surface of the water, to allow the rowers to reach it with a commanding sweep of their oars. The hind part or stern is surrounded by high bulwarks, and furnishes room for the circulation of the tiller, the cooking-stoves, and the several messes of the crew. It was always my fortune to start either in the night or at day-fall, so that fancy had full scope to make the best use she could of the outlines that were drawn upon the sombre skirts of night. Our course lies at first among islands, which, though low, and for that reason deficient in variety, are nevertheless clothed with a most lively verdure, and bear striking testimony to the skill, taste, and industry of the people. The channels running between the different islands and islets are often very shallow, and as the Chinese mariner never seems to have hit upon the method of ascertaining his position by any pre-established waymarks, or of settling the site of any shoal or flat by noting the coincidence of two or more well distinguished objects, he not unfrequently runs his vessel aground, where a few grains of skill or caution would have saved him from such a mortifying calamity. In one of my passages, we started at sun-down, and as the north wind was in our favour, we hoped to reached Macao in twenty-four hours; but while we were reckoning up our chances of wind and tide, the helmsman ran the bark ashore, which threw a most unwelcome discord into the midst of our harmonious calculations. It was a cold night, but the rowers instantly stripped off their clothes and plunged into the water to thrust off the head, and turn it into deep water. Their wit and their zeal were by no means well matched, and so their efforts availed nothing. Then, at the suggestion of a passenger, they carried out an anchor, but placed it so inconsiderately, that when they began to heave upon their miserable capstan, they drew her further upon the shore, so that, in seamen's language, we were nearly "high and dry." My friends, who understood what was to be done, interposed, but to no purpose; their counsel was thrown away, and their impatience unavailing, for the boatmen were confounded, and every one of their ill-judged and desultory efforts seemed to make matters worse than they were before. It is on such occasions that one gets a glance at the real character of the people: while they are suffered to take their own course, or have leisure to collect themselves, they succeed very well; but when surprise is not allowed to seek a cure from delay, a Chinaman is powerless. Aware of this feature in the character of the nation, I endeavoured to soothe my angry companions, who took the benefit of my advice, and retired to their couches, while the natives sat or lay down to compose their ruffled spirits. While we slept, they found means to get the boat off, by the help of the tide; and when some of us awoke a few hours after, we were surprised to see that we were gliding smoothly towards our destination. We stopped at *Sinnui* or *Isze ne*, a town upon the north-western corner of Heanghshan; but as this took place in the night, I cannot tell from observation what sort of place it is, but heard that it was only a group of houses, with little in the way of edifice to attract attention, or to impress the memory. Our business here is merely to present a certain paper to the custom-house officer upon duty, who, getting no fee for his pains, is not always very prompt in discharging the formal duty imposed upon him by our call. The following day we usually find ourselves in the midst of a wide expanse of water studded with islands, which would present a magnificent spectacle if viewed from the top of a pagoda. The several islands which correspond to the Bogue, are, like the islands there, well distinguished for their bluff or hump-backed form. One side is steep, and terminates abruptly; the other, convex and protuberant. The character I have termed couching, as the outline is like that of a beast reposing upon the ground with its head erect, as if watching for its prey. In some places, they were nearly bare of herbage; in others with only a slight sprinkling of green. Many extensive fields were covered in the month of September with crops of the late rice, and offered an agricultural picture of no ordinary interest. In many parts of the river the poor find immense beds of oyster-shells, which they take up and sell for making lime. Chalk is not found in China: this we learn from the fact, that all their flints which they use for striking a light are foreign; for where chalk is found, there also flints may be had. This reduces the Chinese to the necessity of looking to the sea for his lime; and there Providence

has laid him up a store sufficient for all his wants. In a medical work treating upon the remedies proper for various cutaneous disorders, the author, when he recommends lime, thinks it right to teach his reader how it may be obtained. Take, says he, a certain quantity of oyster-shells, and burn them in a hole of the ground till all the steam has escaped, and they will be reduced to a fine powder, which you may apply with or without water to the sores in question. Had I not been aware that this was the common mode, I should have imagined that the writer ascribed a part of the virtue to the particular way in which the lime was prepared. I have often heard it adverted to with surprise, that the assiduous Chinese should not have exhausted these beds, seeing that they are always drawing upon their resources. Some of the Chinese that live upon the river in boats, and maintain themselves by breeding ducks in the artificial way, have a very forlorn appearance, which is owing to the neglect of the hair, the skin, and the vestments. Whether they be more stricken with poverty than their more seemly looking countrymen, I know not, but suspect that it is their distance from town that makes them so careless, while it compels them to pay a higher price for what they buy, and to demand a lower one for what they sell. It is truly instructive to reflect upon the nice calculations we must enter into, before we can account for the comparative poverty or affluence of the labouring classes. The fishermen upon the river have a very ingenious method of taking the fish by means of a net suspended from one end of a long bamboo pole, which rests upon a fulcrum, like the beam of a balance. The fisher takes hold of the other end, and, availing himself of the property of the lever, raises or depresses his net at pleasure.

Near a village not far above the chief town of the district, called Hwang poo, the plantations of mulberry trees refreshed our eyes with their verdure, and the regularity of their lines of arrangement. They are not allowed to assume the form of trees, since the leaves are larger and more juicy when gathered from a shrub, than when plucked from a tree. The difference is something like that between youth and old age among us, and would excite sad reflections in us all, did we not perceive that the heart softens, the intellect mellows, by time, and there is a never-fading youth for the good in another and better world. Near this spot I sketched a cluster of hills variegated with knolls, protuberances, and winding valleys. The *Pinus sinensis* is scattered over many hills, sometimes in thin and distant clumps, at others in well-set groves. It braves the keen blasts of the north-east wind, and disregards the hungry soil in which it is planted, generally, I believe, by the hand of nature. Its stem is knotty, and seldom attains a considerable height; the leaves are in pairs, like those of the Scotch fir, but of a finer description;—the cone is not unlike that of Scotch fir;—circumstances which induced some to think it the same. It is in full flower during the coldest part of the year, and seems to rejoice in the chill blast, while the traveller is shivering under its shelter. It yields a fine banquet for botanical investigation, when the other parts of nature are stripped of all their essential honours.

As we draw near to the city of Heangshan, our landscape greatly improves, as the pine trees assume a goodlier size and form, cover the tops of the hills, and present a sylvan scene. The river is fringed with clusters of bamboo, which wave their high and plumy tops in the passing gale. Little variety, however, appears in the trees; one must be content with the pine and the bamboo, with here and there something of a different figure. The first object that excites your attention is a lofty pagoda upon the top of a hill, as if it were intended to get near heaven by it to offer prayers for propitious seasons, though I am not aware that this practice is ever resorted to. The town, or rather, as I said, the city, of Heangshan, is a *fac-simile* of all other Chinese towns in the south, a collection of buildings without anything in the way of architecture to keep the rest in good liking. Boats of various sizes crowd the river, and houses skirt its banks, where all is business, health, and good-humour. Where the dwelling does not abut upon the margin of the briny tide, there a wall is reared, and perforated by a gate, over which a sentence, conveying in brief and pithy terms the supreme good, or the primal wish, of the inmates, is written. We were obliged to stay an hour near the custom-house, till a couple of officials had done us the honour of a visit. They were dressed on one occasion in the blue gown and tasseled hat of the country, and had a sleek and comfortable bearing. They solicited a little writing-paper, which they adroitly thrust into their leggings or netherstocks, and drank off a glass of cherry-brandy with much satisfaction. They set great value upon our paper, a compliment which we might return them in reference to their own. On another occasion, we had to wait a long time before the officers could find leisure to come on board, and so were fain to put up with delay as well as we could, but not with an exceeding good grace, as we were anxious to reach Macao in time to see our friends ere bed-time. The cause of delay was not at first apparent; but we supposed that the chief magistrate was hearing a cause, as we saw him seated in a large semicircle of officers, with great dignity and composure. At length we learned that his honour was looking at a trial of strength and skill among a few candidates for the reputation of being the best swimmer. Each man in his turn displayed his talents and perseverance in effort, till all had tried their hand. They were required, I think, for some naval service; but my recollection is imperfect, or I did not ascertain the truth sufficiently to be positive about the matter.

The last time I returned by the Inner passage, the officers met with cold entertainment from the chief individual among us; and, though a modicum of paper was bestowed upon each, they rose from their seats to say farewell with a cloud upon their countenances. One of the twain was a man well stricken in years, and felt some difficulty in mounting the deck. In the midst of his perplexity, I seized his arm, and lifted him up with the most courteous action I was master of. This little act of civility had a magic effect upon his visage; the air and mien thereof were immediately changed, he smiled and bowed most politely. We are told in the best of books, that a cup of cold water, accompanied by the authentic feelings of kindness, shall not lose its reward, which is in some sort true in China; for the merest act of attention, a word, a smile, or a look, flowing from the same source, finds a spontaneous recompense among a grateful and admiring people. In the summer season, or when the weather is mild, our boat is usually surrounded by the skiffs or tanka-boats which are employed in conveying persons across the river. They are manned, if one may use the term, by women, whose husbands, fathers, sons, or brothers, find employment upon the land. These healthy, happy, and good-looking creatures take an appropriate share in the maintenance of the family to which they belong, not from accidental compulsion, but from early habit and discipline. A little girl seizes an oar as soon as she is able to wield it, which renders her familiar with laborious exertion. She takes a humble part in dressing a meal, cleans a fish, pares a vegetable, or washes the rice, and thus becomes acquainted with all the various methods of cookery, in which the Chinese poor excel the poor of all other nations. She commences early to receive money for her toil, and is sent to shop with the full understanding that she must make the best bargain she is able; in this way she is initiated into the mysteries of economy, and learns in her measure how to be frugal in small expenses, that she may be bounteous in great ones.

As I was reflecting upon the lively scenes of Heangshan, where labour seemed to constitute amusement, and the end of living its expected rewards,—and marking the health, happiness, and plenty around me,—I sketched the following brief outline of a system of political economy:—Here, thought I, is an overteeming population, which, with its characteristic industry, yields an enormous amount of "capital" in labour. This labour yields an abundance of useful articles, besides all the necessaries and comforts of life. A large supply in the market renders these comforts and necessaries *cheap*, and of easy purchase. This makes money valuable, as a little will go a great way; and this engenders frugality. "Each cash, or tenth part of a penny, will fetch me something worth having at the shop, therefore I must mind how I spend it," is the logic of a Chinaman. As all the requisites of life are of easy at-

tainment, a youth finds no hindrance in obeying the dictates of nature, and therefore soon lays by a little money to buy him a beautiful wife. And this brings us back to the point from whence we started, namely, a teeming population. Here is a theory kind and easy, that needs not to have recourse to banishment under the name of emigration, nor to the unfeeling love of celibacy —a theory that may lift up its head without blushing towards Him who said, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth."

After we leave the town of Heangshan, the passage becomes deep and narrow, and thus assumes more evidently the form of a river. The banks are skirted by lofty hills, and, in many places, adorned by copses of our old friend, the pine-tree, which here puts on its best looks, by obtaining a shelter from the easterly winds. The hills on the island of Heangshan increase in height towards the south end, where we behold a group of lofty summits, which present a barren appearance. These lofty summits, and the pinnacles that flank them, are seen very easily from Macao, which stands upon a peninsula, in which the island terminates in a southern direction. In our course through the inner passage, we view the western aspect of these mountains, which is by far the best; for here the grass is more copiously sown, and the shrub and the tree more frequent. At night some of the ridges presented a very sublime appearance, as the natives had set fire to the dried grass, by way of manure for the next year's crop; which in these parts is not used as fodder for cattle, but as fuel for man. These passages are not free from pirates; and so our Chinese crew were alarmed on one occasion by the suspicious outside of a junk, as it loomed through the misty shades of night. As means of self-defence, they fetched from below two long guns of rude workmanship, and mounted them upon their proper supporters. The passengers, too, began to inquire what sort of weapons they could best arm themselves withal, as they were very short and deficient in this respect. But the imaginary pirates turned out to be as harmless as ourselves, and so our preparations were unnecessary, though dictated by sound prudence, as many of these sea-robbers are cruel as well as thievish.

As we have to weather and steer round the island, called in the map No. 66, the *Lapa*, our course is necessarily slow, since the wind that was fair for winding round its western side is foul when we attempt to round the eastern. And here we have one of those little trials which by being borne ill becomes a great one. In full persuasion and hope that we should reach our anchorage by nine or ten this evening, we are buffeting with contrary winds, heavy showers, and a ruffled sea. Our mariners become indifferent, or manage with a slack, and not unfrequently with a very unskilful, hand; and we lose the best earthly companion we have—patience. The last time I came to Macao, we had a specimen of all these little mortifications, enlarged by our impatience into very great ones. My concern arose from a lacquered box, which contained the different items of a Chinese lady's dress. This the whimsical Tartar magistrate has made a contraband article, and so I could obtain no chop, or permit, by the payment of a regular duty. It was easy at Canton to put it into one of the trunks which had the custom-house stamp upon it; but at Macao these trunks are examined, and a fresh duty levied upon them; and I had reason to fear that my favourite items of female splendour would be seized, and my servants punished for conniving at the transaction. This made me very anxious to land at night; but herein I was disappointed, and obliged to content myself with the dawn of the following day. "But what shall I do with the objects of my solicitude? Take them out of the box, and wrap them up in my cloak, and then, with my umbrella wielded spear-fashion, I think I shall be able to dispute the matter with any Chinese tide-waiter who may think proper to interfere with me." I landed in a little bark, trudged with firm but rapid step over the slippery rocks, and at length reached my dwelling in safety. A few grains of thought, and a little promptitude, will seldom fail to rescue us from difficulty whenever we allow wisdom to take the reins out of the hands of impatience.

THE DEATH OF ROBIN HOOD.

His pulse was faint, his eye was dim
And pale his brow of pride;
He heeded not the monkish hymn
They chaunted by his side.

He knew his parting hour was come;
And fancy wander'd now
To freedom's rude and lawless home,
Beneath the forest bough.

A faithful follower, standing by,
Ask'd where he would be laid;
Then round the chieftain's languid eye
A lingering lustre play'd.

"Now raise me on my dying bed,
Bring here my trusty bow,
And, ere I join the silent dead,
My arm that spot shall show."

They raised him on his couch, and set
The casement open wide:
Once more with vain and fond regret
Fair Nature's face he eyed.

With kindling glance and throbbing heart,
One parting look he cast—
Sped on its way the feather'd dart,
Sank back, and breath'd his last!

And where it fell they dug his grave,
Beneath the greenwood tree;—
Meet resting-place for one so brave,
So lawless, frank, and free.

BERNARD BARTON.

DESCRIPTION OF A ZEENAHNAH.

MRS. MEER HASSAN ALI, from whose work on the Mussulmauns of India the following description of the zeenahnah, or apartments set apart for the use of the female part of the family, is transcribed, is an English lady married to a Mahommedan; a singular connexion, which we do not know enough of the lady's history to account for, but which gave her, during a long residence in India, peculiar facilities for obtaining an intimate and familiar knowledge of the domestic relations of the followers of Mohammed, or, as she spells the name of the prophet, Mahumud. The book is, accordingly, full of interesting details, so that in turning over the leaves, we were at a loss which passage to select as a sample of the whole; but, considering that the description of a European lady's boudoir would undoubtedly interest an Asiatic dame, we fixed upon the zeenahnah, for the gratification of our fair English friends.

"Before," says Mrs. Meer Ali Hassan, "I introduce the ladies of a zeenahnah to your notice, I propose giving you a description of their apartments.

"Imagine to yourself a tolerably sized quadrangle, three sides of which is occupied by habitable buildings, and the fourth by kitchens, offices, lumber rooms, &c.; leaving in the centre an open court-yard. The habitable buildings are raised a few steps from the court; a line of pillars forms the front of the building, which has no upper rooms; the roof is flat, and the sides and back without windows, or any aperture through which air can be received. The sides and back are merely high walls forming an enclosure, and the only air is admitted from the fronts of the dwelling-place facing the court yard. The apartments are divided into long halls, the extreme corners having small rooms or dark closets, purposely built for the repository of valuables or stores; doors are fixed to these closets, which are the only places I have seen with them in a zeenahnah or mahul (house or palace occupied by females): the floor is either of beaten earth, bricks, or stones; boarded floors are not yet introduced.

"As they have neither doors nor windows to the halls, warmth or privacy is secured by means of thick wadded curtains, made to fit each opening between the pillars. Some zeenahnahs have two rows of pillars in the halls, with wadded curtains to each; thus

forming two distinct halls, as occasion may serve, or greater warmth be required: this is a convenient arrangement where the establishment of servants, slaves, &c., is extensive.

"The wadded curtains are called purdahs; these are sometimes made of woollen cloth, but more generally of coarse calico, of two colours, in patchwork style, striped, vandyked, or in some other ingeniously contrived and ornamented way, according to their individual taste.

"Besides the purdahs, the openings between the pillars have blinds neatly made of bamboo strips, wove together with coloured cords: these are called jhillmuns, or cheeks. Many of them are painted green; others are more gaudy, both in colour and variety of pattern. These blinds constitute a real comfort to every one in India, as they admit air when let down, and at the same time shut out flies and other annoying insects; besides which the extreme glare is shaded by them,—a desirable object to foreigners in particular.

"The floors of the halls are first matted with the coarse date-leaf matting of the country, over which is spread shutteringhies (thick cotton carpets, peculiarly the manufacture of the Upper Provinces of India, wove in stripes of blue and white, or shades of blue); a white calico carpet covers the shutteringhie, on which the females take their seat.

"The bedsteads of the family are placed, during the day, in lines at the back of the halls, to be moved at pleasure to any chosen spot for the night's repose; often into the open court-yard, for the benefit of the pure air. They are all formed on one principle, differing only in size and quality; they stand about half-a-yard from the floor, the legs round and broad at bottom, narrowing as they rise towards the frame, which is laced over with a thick cotton tape, made for the purpose, and plaited in chequers, and thus rendered soft, or rather elastic, and very pleasant to recline upon. The legs of these bedsteads are in some instances gold, silver gilt, or pure silver; others have enamel paintings on fine wood; the inferior grades have them merely of wood painted plain and varnished: the servants' bedsteads are of the common mango wood without ornament, the lacing of these for the sacking being of elastic string manufactured from the fibre of the cocoa-nut.

"Such are the bedsteads of every class of people. They seldom have mattresses; a soojinee (white quilt) is spread on the lacing, over which a calico sheet, is tied at each corner of the bedstead with cords and tassels; several thin flat pillows of beaten cotton for the head,—a muslin sheet for warm weather, and a well-wadded ruzzie (coverlid) for winter, is all these children of Nature deem essential to their comfort in the way of sleeping. They have no idea of night-dresses; the same suit that adorns a lady is retained both night and day, until a change be needed. The single article exchanged at night is the deputtah, and that only when it happens to be of silver tissue or embroidery, for which a muslin or calico sheet is substituted.

"The very highest circles have the same habits in common with the meanest; but those who can afford shawls of Cashmere prefer them for sleeping in, when the cold weather renders them bearable. Blankets are never used, except by the poorest peasantry, who wear them in lieu of better garments night and day in the winter season: they are always black, the natural colour of the wool. The ruzzie of the higher orders are generally made of silk of the brightest hues, well wadded, and lined with dyed muslin of assimilating colour; they are usually bound with broad silver ribands, and sometimes bordered with gold brocaded trimmings. The middling classes have fine chintz ruzzies, and the servants and slaves coarse ones of the same material; but all are on the same plan, whether for a queen or the meanest of her slaves, differing only in the quality of the material.

"The mistress of the house is easily distinguished by her seat of honour in the hall of a zeenahnah; a musnud not being allowed to any other person but the lady of the mansion.

"The musnud carpet is spread on the floor, if possible near to a pillar about the centre of the hall, and is made of many varieties of fabric,—gold cloth, quilted silk, brocaded silk, velvet, fine chintz, or whatever may suit the lady's taste, circumstances, or convenience. It is about two yards square, and generally bordered or fringed, on which is placed the all-important musnud. This article may be understood by those who have seen a lace-maker's pillow in England, excepting only that the musnud is about twenty times the size of that useful little article in the hands of our industrious villagers. The musnud is covered with gold cloth, silk, velvet, or calico, with square pillows to correspond, for the elbows, the knees, &c. This is the seat of honour, to be invited to share which with the lady owner is a mark of favour to an equal or inferior; when a superior pays a visit of honour, the prided seat is usually surrendered to her, and the lady of the house takes her place most humbly on the very edge of her own carpet.

"Looking-glasses or ornamental furniture are very rarely to be seen in the zeenahnahs, even of the very richest females. Chairs and sofas are produced when English visitors are expected; but the ladies of Hindoostaun prefer the usual mode of sitting and lounging on the carpet: and as for tables, I suppose not one gentlewoman of the whole country has ever been seated at one; and very few, perhaps, have any idea of their useful purposes, all their meals being served on the floor, where dustikhawns (table-cloths we should call them) are spread, but neither knives, forks, spoons, glasses, or napkins, so essential to the comfortable enjoyment of a meal amongst Europeans. But those who never knew such comforts have no desire for the indulgence, nor taste to appreciate them.

"On the several occasions, amongst native society, of assembling in large parties, as at births and marriages, the halls, although extensive, would be inadequate to accommodate the whole party. They then have awnings of white calico, neatly flounced with muslin, supported on poles fixed in the court-yard, and connecting the open space with the great hall, by wooden platforms which are brought to a line with the building, and covered with shutteringhie and white carpets, to correspond with the floor-furniture of the hall; and here the ladies sit by day and sleep by night very comfortably, without feeling any great inconvenience from the absence of their bedsteads, which could never be arranged for the accommodation of so large an assemblage—nor is it ever expected.

"The usually barren look of these almost unfurnished halls is on such occasions quite changed, when the ladies are assembled in their various dresses; the brilliant display of jewels, the glittering drapery of their dress, the various expressions of countenance, and different figures, the multitude of female attendants and slaves, the children of all ages and sizes in their variously ornamented dresses, are subjects to attract both the eye and the mind of an observing visitor! and the hall, which when empty appeared desolate and comfortless, thus filled, leaves nothing wanting to render the scene attractive.

"The buzz of human voices, the happy playfulness of the children, the chaste singing of the domenies, fill up the animated picture. I have sometimes passed an hour or two in witnessing their innocent amusements, without any feeling of regret for the brief sacrifice of time I had made. I am free to confess, however, that I have returned to my tranquil home with increased delight after having witnessed the bustle of a zeenahnah assembly. At first I pitied the apparent monotony of their lives; but this feeling has worn away by intimacy with the people who are thus precluded from mixing generally with the world. They are happy in their confinement; and, never having felt the sweets of liberty, would not know how to use the boon if it were to be granted them. As the bird from the nest immured in a cage is both cheerful and contented, so are these females. They have not, it is true, many intellectual resources; but they have naturally good understandings, and, having learned their duty, they strive to fulfil it. So far as I have had any opportunity of making personal observations on their general character, they appear to me obedient wives, dutiful daughters, affectionate mothers, kind mistresses, sincere friends, and liberal benefactors to the distressed poor. These are their moral qualifications; and in their religious duties they are zealous in performing the several ordinances which they have been instructed by their parents or husbands to observe. If there be any merit in obeying the injunctions of their lawgiver, those whom I have known most intimately deserve praise, since 'they are faithful in that they profess.'

"To ladies accustomed from infancy to confinement, this is by no means irksome; they have their employments and their amusements, and though these are not exactly to our taste, nor suited to our mode of education, they are not the less relished by those for whom they were invented. They perhaps wonder equally at some of our modes of dissipating time, and fancy we might spend it more profitably. Be that as it may, the Mussulmaun ladies, with whom I have been long intimate, appear to me always happy, contented, and satisfied with the seclusion to which they were born; they desire no other, and I have ceased to regret they cannot be made partakers of that freedom of intercourse with the world we deem so essential to our happiness, since their health suffers nothing from that confinement, by which they are preserved from a variety of snares and temptations; besides which, they would deem it disgraceful in the highest degree to mix indiscriminately with men who are not relations. They are educated

from infancy for retirement, and they can have no wish that the custom should be changed, which keeps them apart from the society of men who are not very nearly related to them. Female society is unlimited, and that they enjoy without restraint.

"A lady, whose friendship I have enjoyed from my first arrival in India, heard me very often speak of the different places I had visited, and she fancied her happiness very much depended on seeing a river and a bridge. I undertook to gain permission from her husband and father that the treat might be permitted; they, however, did not approve of the lady being gratified, and I was vexed to be obliged to convey the disappointment to my friend. She very mildly answered me, 'I was much to blame to request what I knew was improper for me to be indulged in; I hope my husband and family will not be displeased with me for my childish wish: pray make them understand how much I repent of my folly. I shall be ashamed to speak on the subject when we meet.'

"I was anxious to find out the origin of secluding females in the Mussulmaun societies of Hindoostaun, as I could find no example in the Mosaic law, which appears to have been the pattern Mahumud followed generally in domestic habits. I am told by the best possible authority, that the first step towards the seclusion of females occurred in the life of Mahumud, by whose command the face and figure of women were veiled on their going from home, in consequence of some departure from strict propriety in one of his wives (Ayashur, the daughter of Omir); she is represented to have been a very beautiful woman, and was travelling with Mahumud on a journey in Arabia.

"The beautiful Ayashur, on her camel, was separated from the party; she arrived at the serai (inn, or halting-place) several hours after they had encamped, and declared that her delay was occasioned by the loss of a silver bangle from her ancle, which after some trouble she had discovered, and which she produced in a bruised state in testimony of her assertion. Mahumud was displeased, and her father enraged beyond measure at his daughter's exposing herself to the censure of the public, by allowing anything to detach her from the party. Mahumud assuaged Omir's anger by a command then first issued, 'That all females, belonging to the faithful, should be compelled to wear a close veil over their face and figure whenever they went abroad.'

"In Arabia and Persia the females are allowed to walk or ride out with a sort of hooded cloak, which falls over the face, and has two eye-holes for the purpose of seeing their way. They are to be met with in the streets of those countries without a suspicion of impropriety when thus habited.

"The habit of strict seclusion, however, originated in Hindoostaun with Tamerlane the conqueror of India.

"When Tamerlane with his powerful army entered India, he issued a proclamation to all his followers to the following purport, 'As they were now in the land of idolatry, and amongst a strange people, the females of their families should be strictly concealed from the view of strangers;' and Tamerlane himself invented the several covered conveyances which are to the present period of the Mussulmaun history in use, suited to each grade of female rank in society. And the better to secure them from all possibility of contamination by their new neighbours, he commanded that they should be confined to their own apartments and behind the purdah, disallowing any intercourse with males of their own persuasion even, who were not related by the nearest ties, and making it a crime in any female who should willingly suffer her person to be seen by men of the prescribed limits of consanguinity."

ANECDOTE OF THE ELDER SHERIDAN.

At a trial in the Court of Exchequer in that city (Dublin), of a cause wherein Mr. Sheridan had a friend principally concerned, Mr. Sheridan's evidence was of the utmost consequence to his friend. He accordingly appeared in court. The leading counsel for his friend most ably supported his cause, and, to corroborate his arguments the more forcibly, he frequently urged the evidence of so very respectable a gentleman as Mr. Sheridan, who came there to support his client's cause. There was not a single doubt entertained in the whole court of the integrity of Mr. Sheridan;—even from the chief baron to the attorney's clerk, all were convinced he was not prejudiced dishonourably in behalf of his friend. But the barrister who was employed upon the other side, laying hold of his learned brother's repeatedly terming Mr. Sheridan a *gentleman*, commenced his harangue with one of those illiberal, because general reflections, which his learning, and in every other respect gentlemanly manners, should have taught him to avoid, and more particularly so pointedly to apply to Mr. Sheridan.

"My lord," said he, "I am afraid we shall be shortly at a loss to know who to distinguish by the respectable appellation of gentleman. Why, gentleman, instead of being reputed honourable among us, will be meant by those who choose to reproach and insult us but as a cant phrase, to procure to us the scorn of the vulgar, to bring us real gentlemen to a level with the lawless mob. My learned brother calls a stage-player, an actor in tragedies and comedies, a *gentleman!* Tell it not in Gath, let it not be heard in the streets of Ascalon, that a common player should, in a high court of justice, be termed a gentleman! I have heard, indeed, of gentlemen soldiers, gentlemen sailors, and of gentlemen tailors! but I must confess I never before now heard of, or saw, a *gentleman player!*"

On this occasion Mr. Sheridan never acted a part better in his life; for, as Lord Mansfield observed to Mr. Macklin, when he had prudently compromised matters with some gentleman who had injured him highly, "that he never saw him so much in character before," or words to that effect,—so Sheridan repressed his indignation, and instantaneously turned to the calumniator of his profession, with a placid smile on his countenance, and his hand laid gracefully on his bosom, "I hope, sir, you see one now."—This was accompanied with a very low bow.

The learned gentleman, on hearing the general plaudit given to the discreet Sheridan, shrunk abashed, and sat down upon the seat which he had that day disgraced by an insult on the feelings of a man, justly esteemed as accomplished a gentleman as Ireland, the land of gentlemen, could boast.—*Memoirs of Lee Lewis.*

SHUFFLERS.

It is a great pity that the shuffler *will* shuffle—that he will not pay what he owes; for he is a very pleasant and agreeable sort of person to converse with. He has a smiling, laughing, chatty way with him that is very taking. Beware of him, though; he is a cunning shaver for all this, and will give you a world of trouble before you have done with him. Many a weary, many a hopeless, fruitless call will you have to make on him before you get your money out of him. Indeed, so perfectly hopeless do these calls in time become, that you make them at last rather as a matter of course, or from habit, than from any idea of receiving payment of your account; this being a thing so utterly unlikely, that you cannot, even in imagination, conceive it. You cannot for a moment—however active, however creative your fancy may be—figure to yourself your shuffler handing you over the money he owes you; you cannot, for the life of you, give anything like form or substance to such an unnatural, extravagant idea.

It may seem somewhat strange that the shuffler should be so long borne with as he is by those whom he plays in this way, as an angler does a trout; but this is accounted for by the circumstance that the shuffler is known, or believed, to be a man of substance at bottom; and it is, in fact, because he *can* pay, that nobody will compel him to do. If he could not, they would have him in jail in a week. This being one of the world's general rules, to harass to the death the man who can *not* pay, and to treat with every lenity and indulgence the man who *can*, but *won't*.

The shuffler, then, has always some mysterious, indefinable sort of funds somewhere. Nobody can say precisely what these funds are, or where they are; but there is a general though vague notion in the trading community that he *has* means; and it is this belief that procures him credit in the first place, and saves him from persecution in the second. It is this, too, that enables him to go shuffling on until he has "shuffled off *this* mortal coil;" when, and not till when, his shuffling ends.

We have already hinted that the shuffler is a sly-boots, a cunning shaver; he is, as witness the winning smile and affable manner with which he quits you when you come to dun him—a smile and manner which (and well does he know it) at once disarms you of

all that makes a dun formidable. Without being aware of it yourself, he softens you down with his smirking affability until you become as plastic as wax, and then he tells you some capital little stories, or some amusing little anecdotes. In these he excels; his selection is choice, and he tells them in an exceedingly pleasant and agreeable way. In truth, this knack of relating little stories is one of the main stays of his system, and is one to which he always has recourse when in the presence of the enemy—that is, a craver. In such case, he gives story after story, anecdote after anecdote, in rapid continuity. In this there is a purpose—a deep purpose; it is to prevent you broaching the one great and important subject—your demand. You can't get near it—not within fifty miles of it, although it is one which, of course, you called for the express purpose of discussing; for this, however, he takes care you shall have neither time nor opportunity.

If the shuffler can only get you to laugh, or to join him in a little conversation, or even to take an interest in what he is telling you, he considers himself safe for the time—and so he is; for you cannot press very hard, or say anything very harsh to a man to whom you have just been listening with pleasure, or with whom you have just been in friendly and familiar conversation. You will, doubtless, in the long-run, force the object of your call on his notice, but your urgency is by this time reduced to mere inanity. Your demand, in place of being the bold and peremptory thing you at first intended, and which it certainly would have been, had you been allowed to come thump out with it at first, degenerates into a feeble, civil, half-muttered allusion to a certain "small account—hem." A request so gently made the shuffler has little difficulty in parrying. He turns it aside with a humorous remark on the scarcity of cash; and you finally walk off, without having got an inch beyond the point at which you have been sticking for the last twelve months.

You have not been long gone, however, before you get excessively angry with yourself, for having been so easily done over by the shuffler. You remember that this is at least the hundred and fiftieth time that he has so cozened you; and looking fierce as you think of it, you clutch your umbrella—if you happen to be carrying one at the moment—by the middle, with a determined grasp; or if it be a stick, you strike it emphatically on the flag-stones, and swear that you will not be trifled with in this way again—that you will no longer submit to take smirks and smiles for good hard cash.

Need we say that this bold resolution is not worth the price of this Journal? for on the very next occasion on which you call on the shuffler, the same scene precisely is acted over again;—the shuffler smirks and smiles as before, and, as before, you walk off without having obtained a glimpse of his coin.

The shuffler always receives you with a gracious smile and an excessive affability; and so far as this goes, he is, as already hinted, a most pleasant person to meet with. But he will, after all, much rather avoid than encounter you; he will get out of your way, if he can by any means accomplish it; for this is a much simpler process than cajoling, which is always less or more troublesome. If, then, he only has timeous notice of your approach, and his premises present such facilities, he will plunge down a stair, or he will dart up one; or he will glide into a dark recess, or pop into an unoccupied room; or even, if no better shift offer itself, he will ensconce himself behind some bulky commodity, and be thus, probably, within a yard of where you are standing, while his little ragged errand-boy is answering, according to instruction, your inquiry for him with a "Just gone out, sir."

It is a curious enough sight to catch the shuffler, as may sometimes be done, in the act of retreating into his hiding-place to avoid you. He is in a tremendous hurry, as may readily be believed; for he is acting under the powerful stimulus of an enemy at his heels, and is therefore extremely alert in all his movements. You can, in fact, rarely get sight of more than the skirts of his coat, just as they are disappearing.

If the shuffler cannot avoid you, why, then he makes the best of a bad business, and greets you with his wonted smiling affability; exhibiting nothing in his manner that could lead you for a moment to believe that he would have got out of your way if he could: on the contrary, he receives you as if there were no other man on earth whom he could be happier to see. The shuffler is thus, of necessity, a hypocrite. He is, it must be confessed, a low, mean hypocrite. Of his meanness and hypocrisy we had lately, in the case of an individual of the species, a very remarkable example.

We were standing one night in the shop of this gentleman, who is a bookseller, and who, we may as well add, is one of the most inveterate and expert shufflers we know, when two genteel-looking, but very poorly dressed girls entered. It was a cold and wet night, and the poor young women, having no umbrella or other protection, were drenched with rain; a circumstance which had the effect of giving to their thin and shabby apparel a still more shabby and wretched appearance.

The shop of our shuffler, which was a very handsome one, was blazing with light, and much did the poor girls seem to suffer from the painful consciousness that this light but served to render their miserable plight the more conspicuous—that it brought into but too distinct view their decayed and shapeless bonnets, their worn-out shoes, faded frocks, and scrimp and colourless shawls.

All this they felt, and it appeared to have sunk their hearts within them—to have left them scarcely strength enough to go through with the business they had come upon.

On their entrance, our shuffler eyed them for a moment, enquiringly, then, running up to them with extended hands, and a winning smile on his countenance—

"Bless me, my dears!" he exclaimed—"how do you do?" taking a hand of each; "and how is your father?"

The elder of the girls glanced at us, raised a handkerchief to her eyes, and in a voice choking with emotion, said—

"He's dead, sir. He died last night."

"Dead! dear me!" exclaimed our friend, with a countenance expressive more of amazement than sympathy, although he evidently intended that the latter should predominate.

"Dead!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir," replied the poor girl; then added something, but in a tone so low that we did not hear it. We heard, however, the reply, which was audible and prompt enough.

"Certainly, ma'am, certainly," said our shuffler; and he flew behind his counter, pulled out a drawer with hurried alacrity, glanced into it, looked at the sisters with an air of grievous disappointment, and exclaimed—

"Most unlucky! not a single sheet! But I'll send round to the warehouse to see if there be any there."

Having said this, he went up to his clerk, or book-keeper, who was at the moment engaged in the back part of the shop, and whispered something in his ear. The lad put on his hat, ran out of the shop, and returning in a few seconds, said, addressing his employer, "There's not a sheet in the warehouse, sir."

"Dear me, how unfortunate!" exclaimed the latter, with a distressed countenance. Then turning to the girls—

"My dears," he said, "I am sorry, extremely sorry, to find that I have not a single sheet of the description of paper you want."

The eldest girl muttered a soft word or two in reply, blushed, curtsied, and wished him good night.

Our shuffler escorted the sisters to the door with great tenderness of manner, and bowed and sympathised them out. On having done so, he came up to us, rubbing his hands, with something very like an air of glee, and said,

"Distressing case—most distressing case. These two poor girls are the daughters of a very old friend of mine, who has long been in very distressed circumstances. He died, it appears, last night, and they wanted some funeral letter-paper, of which, most unluckily, I happen just now to be quite out. Really, I haven't been so sorry for anything for a long time."

Now, knowing our man, we suspected there was some manœuvering in all this—something wrong; and we were not mistaken. We subsequently ascertained—it does not matter how, but we *did* ascertain it—that our shuffler *had* the description of paper wanted by the poor girls, the daughters of his "very old friend." Ay, ream upon ream of it, and that, too, in the very next drawer to that which he pulled out with such ready alacrity, *knowing* it to be empty!

But can the reader guess what it was he whispered to his clerk? We will tell him, and he may rely on its truth. He whispered to him to make a show of going to the warehouse for the paper, and on his return to say there was none!

Yet this man calls himself a respectable man, and he is so esteemed by the world. *We* exhibit him as a specimen of the shuffler.

THE YANKEE PASS.

Colonel Heinrich Staring was one of those German settlers in the Mohawk valley who played a conspicuous part in the border conflicts of the American Revolution. Like many of the leaders in those eventful times, he was wholly uneducated, and owed his elevation to the decision of his character and the soundness of his common-sense. So highly were his natural talents appreciated, that at the conclusion of the war he was appointed the first judge in the Court of Common Pleas for Herkimer county; one of those happy districts where no lawyer had hitherto penetrated to perplex the course of justice with technicalities, and where the court decided upon the plain principles of common-sense, and their own views of right and wrong, without much regard to artificial rules.

Many amusing anecdotes are related of Judge Staring. Among others, Mr. Stone, in the appendix to his valuable work "The Life of Brant," to which we have before had occasion to allude, tells the following ludicrous story:—

"While in the commission of the peace, the judge was old-fashioned enough to think that the laws ought not to remain a dead letter upon the Statute-book; and being a good Christian, he was zealous in preventing a violation of the Sabbath. It happened that of a Sunday morning the judge saw a man, in the garb of a traveller, wending his way from the direction of the Genesee country towards 'the land of steady habits.' The wayfarer was indeed a member of the universal Yankee nation, and one of the shrewdest of his caste, as will be seen in the sequel. The judge promptly called him to an account for breaking the Sabbath, and summarily imposed the penalty of the law—seventy-five cents. The Yankee pleaded the urgency of his business, and suggested that, as he had paid the penalty, he had an unquestionable right to travel during the remainder of the day. The magistrate saw nothing unreasonable in the request, and assented to the compromise. Jonathan then suggested, that, to avoid any farther difficulty in the premises, the judge ought to supply him with a receipt for the money and a passport as the consideration. This request likewise appeared to be no more than reasonable, and was granted by the worthy magistrate, who, not being able to write himself, requested the stranger to prepare the document for his signature, by the honest sign of the X. Nothing loath, Jonathan took the pen in hand, and might have written a veritable pass perhaps, had it not been for the sudden influence of an invisible agency. Under this influence, he wrote an order upon Messrs. James and Archibald Kane, the principal frontier merchants at Conajoharie, for goods and money to the amount of twenty pounds. The credit of the Judge was of the best, and the draft was honoured at sight. Some months afterward the Judge took his wheat to the Messrs. Kanes for sale, as usual, when, to his surprise, a claim was preferred to the aforesaid amount of twenty pounds. The Judge protested that he owed them not, having paid every dollar at their last annual settlement. The merchants persisted, and as evidence that could not be gainsayed, produced the order. The moment the eyes of the Judge rested upon the document, his countenance fell, as he exclaimed, 'Dunder and blixum, itsh be dat plaguey Yankee pass.' This anecdote is believed to be true."

THE TEETH.

Attention to the cleansing of the teeth cannot be inculcated in the young at too early an age. The neglect of brushing and washing the teeth is invariably attended with both disease and decay, which by timely and daily ablutions might have been avoided altogether. Those who have grown up in the omission of this salubrious habit should lose not an instant in availing themselves of a practice so essential to general health and cleanliness.

The extremes of heat and cold are injurious to the teeth—therefore, the water with which the teeth are cleansed should be what is termed lukewarm. They should be well but gently brushed, both night and morning: the brush should be neither extremely hard nor extremely soft, but should possess a medium quality. Should the gums bleed slightly during the operation, it will produce a salutary effect. The most effectual, and indeed the only, means of keeping the teeth and gums in a firm and healthy state, is by using the brush daily.

Those who possess good teeth should be careful to preserve them. When they are in good order, and free from tartar, the use of a soft brush once a day, with a little simple dentifrice occasionally, will be quite sufficient to keep them so; and with this the owner should rest satisfied. With respect to tooth-powder, which has afforded to quackery and imposture a spacious field for their operations, whereon the credulity of mankind has enabled them for years to reap a golden harvest, it is obvious to all who give themselves the trouble to think, that the simpler the ingredients of its composition the more beneficial it is likely to prove. I know of none better or more wholesome, either for cleansing the teeth or strengthening the gums, than cuttle-fish, prepared chalk, and orris-root, commingled together in equal quantities, which any one may procure separately from any respectable chymist, and mix himself.—*Hunter.*

HINTS TO DANCERS.

We go to a ball. Mercy upon us! is this what you call dancing. A man of thirty years of age, and with legs as thick as a gate-post, stands up in the middle of the room, and gapes, and fumbles with his gloves, looking all the time as if he were burying his grandmother. At a given signal, the unwieldy animal puts himself into motion; he throws out his arms, crouches up his shoulders, and, without moving a muscle of his face, kicks out his legs, to the manifest risk of the bystanders, and goes back to his place puffing and blowing like an otter, after a half-hour's burst. Is this dancing? Shades of the filial and paternal Vestris! can this be a specimen of the art which gives elasticity to the most inert conformation, which sets the blood glowing with a warm and genial flow, and makes beauty float before our ravished senses, stealing our admiration by the gracefulness of each new motion, till at last our soul thrills to each warning movement, and dissolve into ecstasy and love? Maiden, with the roses lying among the twinings of thy long red hair! think not that the art of dancing consists merely in activity and strength. Thy limbs, which are none of the weakest, were not intended to be rivals with a pavior's hammer: the artificer, who trimmed thy locks, had no idea that his labours were to be lifted three feet higher than thy natural height from the ground; spare thyself such dreadful exertion, we beseech thee, and consider that thine ankle, though strong and thick as St. George's pillars, may still be broken or sprained with such saltations.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

SELF-CONSIDERATION.

A secret assurance of worthiness, though it be never so well clothed in modesty, yet always lives in the worthiest minds.

RELIGION.

Religion (to speak properly) is nothing else but the school wherein we learn man's duty towards God, and the way to be linked most straitly unto him.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS! that ope your eyes, with man, to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation:

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tesselate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes sabbaths in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes, where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand;
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or stretch'd upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers—
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendour
"Weep without love, and blush without a crime,"
Oh! may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your love sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure;
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructions hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope!

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb, interred in earth,
To me ye are a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Were I, oh God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines!

HORACE SMITH.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.

WE have now tried the experiment of the "LETTER-BOX" for five months, and we fear that, on the whole, it has been a failure. Good, unquestionably, has resulted from it: we have been brought into communication with many readers whose expressed attachment to the Journal has proved encouraging; it has put us in the way of receiving valuable hints and advice; and it has elicited information. Still, the generality of the communications received are not of the character which we contemplated, and we do not know how far the majority of our readers are satisfied with the "Letter-Box."

We are now approaching the conclusion of another half-yearly volume of the "LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL;" and as we are preparing for the new volume, and intend to introduce some modifications in our plan, which we trust will be found to be improvements calculated not only to secure our present readers, but considerably to extend their number, we wish to make something like a *canvass* before we decide upon continuing or shutting the "Letter-Box." Will, therefore, our readers—*all* of them, if it be possible to interest *all* of them in the matter—take the trouble to write to us, giving us their opinions on the subject? We shall be very much obliged, indeed, by their compliance with our request, as we have an object in view which we consider important, both to us and to them.

In order to enable our readers to give us their opinions on this matter fairly, let us take up a few out of a batch of the communications now before us, and state the wishes of the writers; and then put it to them whether it is worth *their* while and *ours* to continue the "Letter-Box." Like an obsequious manager reverentially listening to the wishes of his "patrons," we "knock heads," and "bow a hundred times:" if the "Letter-Box" is acceptable to the majority of our readers, we will remain their "obedient humble servant," and do what we can to please them.

First, here comes one correspondent—a very worthy, decent fellow, we should say, judging by the tone of his note—who asks if we think it would be of any service to him to learn Hebrew? Why, my good sir, how should *we* know? Are you not a better judge of your own capacity, situation in life, &c., &c., than we can possibly be? At the back of this correspondent come three others, two wishing information about the expenses, &c., of a university education; and one wishing to know how he may get admission into one of the dissenting academies for the education of young men who seek the ministry as a profession. Now, if it would interest the majority of our readers to have these questions answered, we would willingly endeavour to do so; they are more interesting than many we *have* answered; but the point we now aim at is—are questions of such a character as these of sufficient interest to the bulk of *our* readers as to induce us to keep the "Letter-Box" open for them?

Next, here is "A Subscriber from the commencement," who wishes to know the surname of Prince Albert; a London "Caledonian," who is very unhappy about an advertisement which he lately saw in the *Scotsman* respecting a "Bludgeon and Bucket Club," and who is jealous of the peaceable reputation of his countrymen; a friend who takes us to task about an advertisement in one of our monthly parts; another young friend who wants the etymology of "philosopher" and "philosophy;" another who, in reply to "Humanitas," in No. 71, gives us information about a cripple who is enabled to move about by the aid of an ingenious machine, but who sends us no information as to its construction; and others asking matters wholly personal to themselves, which we would prefer to answer privately, instead of inserting the answers in the Journal. We might go on with our specimens; but there is no necessity, as what we have given will explain our meaning.

We would be very ungrateful if we were to characterise all our communications as of the nature described; but the majority of them are becoming so, and we must repeat our opinion, that the "Letter-Box" has proved, on the whole, *a failure.*

Once more, then, we ask our readers, are we to keep the "Letter-Box" open during the ensuing volume?

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THE PUBLIC-SPIRITED MAN.

It is not easy to define this gentleman with perfect precision—we mean with reference to the particular line of conduct which procures him the flattering distinction pointed at in the title of our paper. Generally, however, a public-spirited man is one who neglects his own affairs to attend to those of the community; who does not care a farthing how his own particular business goes, provided he can only keep that of the public in proper order. To accomplish this desirable object, he runs about from morning to night, going through an immense amount of labour and fatigue. The public-spirited man, in short, is one who is seized with a fancy for looking after the public interests, and who, without being asked, devotes himself, soul and body, to the management of its affairs. As a reward for all this trouble and zeal in its behalf, the public, well pleased to have found somebody to take the burden of looking after its affairs from its shoulders, calls him a public-spirited man. When he works on a great scale, and his labours are principally in the political line, it calls him a patriot: but with this species of the genus we do not intend to meddle on the present occasion.

It is said that what is everybody's business is nobody's; and this may be true where there is no public-spirited man—but where there is, it is his. He appropriates the neglected common of the public weal, and is made extremely welcome to do so; for nobody else will be at the trouble of looking after it. Here, with his coat off and his neck bare, he toils throughout the livelong day, encouraged by the applauding smiles of those for whose benefit he is labouring, and that too without fee or reward; and who, the while, stand around him with folded arms, looking complacently on the dreadful drudgery the poor simpleton is undergoing for their sakes, and hugging themselves in the comfortable idea that they are getting their work done for nothing.

The advantage to a community of having a public-spirited man, or fag (as he may be called), is very great. As he takes all the drudgery of the common interest on his own shoulders, it allows of every man looking after his own affairs, without troubling himself about those of the public. Kept perfectly easy by, and relying on, the vigilance of their public-spirited man, every one remains comfortably behind his own counter, turning the penny for his own particular benefit.

In the country, the character of a public-spirited man is pretty easily earned. Patching up an old bridge with a few stones or two, or three pieces of timber, or mending a bit of old road, will secure it. But it is a different sort of thing in a town. There, the labours of the public-spirited man are tremendous; the field of operations being infinitely more various, and, if not taken in a strictly literal sense, more extensive. There are, in short, a thousand things expected of the public-spirited man of the town, of which his rural brother knows nothing.

The former has the common good of a dense and varied community to superintend and protect, throughout all its endless details and ramifications. He has the streets and common sewers to keep clean, the gas-lights to look after, the supply of water to attend to, markets to regulate, soup-kitchens to establish in times of scarcity, police and fiscal regulations to look after, iniquitous local taxes to abolish; old, unjust, or absurd local laws and customs to abrogate or amend; improvements to suggest and to see executed, with a thousand other things of equal importance and interest.

One would think that the public-spirited man might find all this rather oppressive and irksome, seeing that he gets nothing for it, and that his own particular business is the while, in all probability, going rapidly astern; but such is far from being the case. Having a soul above all selfish consideration, he delights in it. It is his element, and he is never so happy as when over head and ears in the business of the community, no matter of what nature. All is alike to him; but the more complicated and unintelligible, the better.

We would not wantonly depreciate the character of the public-spirited man; but we cannot help thinking that this public spirit of his as often arises from a restless nature as from any sincere regard for the common weal that it is, in short, but another development of that perversity of disposition which induces a man to take an interest in all matters excepting his own.

The public-spirited man would, it is very probable, like much to interfere in the affairs of his neighbours: but not being permitted to do this, he dabbles in those of the community. However, be this as it may, the public-spirited man, notwithstanding his popularity, by no means lies on a bed of roses. Very far from it; for although most of those things which he has a principal hand in bringing about are satisfactory to the community in general, yet there is hardly one of them that does not offend, or probably injure, the interests of somebody or other. He cannot please every one; and the consequence is, that he has always a host of enemies, who take every opportunity of worrying and abusing him. It might be imagined that the public—that is, the majority who approve of his doings—would support him against his foes; but they much prefer leaving him to fight his own battles.

The character of a public-spirited man being voluntarily assumed, and its duties gratuitously discharged, he generally has, at the outset of his career, the privilege of picking and choosing the objects on which to exercise his public spirit; and while this state of matters continues, it is all very well with the public-spirited man. But mark the end of it; and mark it, too, all ye who feel within ye the stirrings of ambition to shine as public-spirited men. The community, seeing how able and willing he is to labour in its behalf, gets gradually into a habit of expecting him to do everything. Besides the duties already enumerated—namely, looking after the common sewers and gas-lights, &c. &c.—it expects him to remove all nuisances, and generally to remedy all local grievances, of whatever kind they may be. It expects, nay calls on him, to head all sorts of deputations on all sorts of subjects; to take the lead in all sorts of public movements for all sorts of purposes; and though last, not least, expects him to head all sorts of subscription-lists for all sorts of public objects, and thus contrives to mulct him handsomely, besides getting his labour for nothing; for, as he is at the top of the list, he cannot but come down with

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something respectable. The community, in fact, in the height of its satisfaction with the disinterested activity of its public-spirited man, ends by working him to death, and, in nine cases out of ten, by ruining him into the bargain—as he generally dies a beggar.

It is curious to mark how cunningly the good folks of the community urge on their public-spirited man to his work, when he either flags or gets restive on their hands. As they do not give him anything for his trouble, they, of course, cannot command him, but they hint him on in the most delicate and ingenious way imaginable; and if this will not do, they come over him with a little respectful solicitation.

Suppose there is a particular job to be done which would greatly benefit the community, but which no one will take the trouble of looking after, all eyes, in such case, are immediately directed towards the public-spirited man. His personal friends and acquaintances meet him with smiling faces, and shaking him by the hand with more than usual cordiality, throw out some delicate hints, or it may be jocular remarks, regarding the grievance desired to be remedied; concluding, generally, with some expressions of wonder that he does not take the matter up.

Possibly, deputations from some corporate bodies also wait on him, and after soft-soaping him a little about his public spirit, hope that he will lend them the aid of his well-known activity and influence in managing the affair. It is needless to add, that having once got him fairly in for the job, they invariably cut and run themselves, and leave him to get out of the scrape as he best can.

The newspapers, too, of the place very cordially join in keeping the public-spirited man to his duty; they usually manage it by paragraphs running thus:—

"MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—As some labourers were returning from their work late last night by the Quarry-road, one of them, of the name of Michael M'Grady, fell over the precipitous bank at the turn near Mr. Dickson's house, and is seriously injured by the fall. We have often called attention to the disgraceful state of the road at this particular point, but without effect. But it is an old saying, 'What is everybody's business,' &c. &c.

"*We wonder our public-spirited townsman, Mr. Kilderkin, does not take up this matter.* It would add another laurel to the civic crown which already decorates his brow.

"*We hope he will take the hint.*"

Thus goaded on, poor simple Kilderkin *does* take the hint, and is in a twinkling over head and ears in a furious war with the Quarry-road trustees, as we learn by another paragraph which appears shortly after in the same paper from which we have just quoted, and which runs thus:—

"We are sorry to learn that the Quarry-road trustees have raised an action of damages against our public-spirited townsman, Mr. Kilderkin, for certain proceedings adopted by that gentleman with a view to compel them to repair the road near Mr. Dickson's house, and which proceedings the trustees hold to be illegal. For ourselves, feeling satisfied that whatever steps Mr. Kilderkin may have taken in this matter, he could have had only the public interest in view—that public-spirited gentleman's motto ever being "Pro bono publico"—we shall extremely regret if he be cast in the present case."

So long, however, as there is only one public-spirited man in a given locality, both the man and the locality get on very well; but, as often happens, when *two* public-spirited men appear upon the same stage at the same time, the result is anything but advantageous to the community; for when public-spirited man meets public-spirited man, then comes the tug of war, as on no single point can they ever agree,—no two of a trade can, it is said; and it holds good of public-spirited men as well as others.

Instead, therefore, of attending to the public interest, they study only how they can thwart each other. To this amiable purpose they devote their whole energies, and the consequence is that nothing is done. Nor is this all. They divide the community between them and keep it in a state of civil war. At the head of each party stands that party's public-spirited man, looking and breathing defiance of the public-spirited man of the opposite party.

By-and-by, one of the public-spirited men proposes a great public measure; probably it is a suggestion to remove the depôt for the city manure, of which all the city complains, to another locality which he points out.

The public-spirited man of the other party agrees, because he cannot deny it, in the propriety of removing the said depôt, but scouts the idea of its being taken to the site suggested by his great rival, declaring the said site to be incomparably worse in every respect than that which it at present occupies. The several parties of the public-spirited champions take up the quarrel of their respective leaders; a general war is the consequence, and the depôt for the public manure, which is suffocating half the town, remains where it is.

THE PAINTER AND THE OLD CHEST.

A TRUE STORY.

A GREAT sensation had been created in Siena, by a series of pictures illustrative of the life of Pius the Second, with which the public library had been recently enriched: the cognoscenti talked learnedly of their merits; the small wits found them a convenient mark against which to direct their light but destructive artillery; and the Sienese, in general, regarded them with pride, admiration, and delight. In these latter sentiments, and in no small degree, did the artist himself share. The consciousness of power is said to be half the strength of genius; if this be so, Pinturiccio's was gigantic. But two other passions shared the rule of pride, and sometimes injured its interests; these were, avarice and anger. On this occasion, however, the first had been largely gratified, and the fear of exciting the latter had kept from his ear many of the criticisms and reports which might have aroused it. It had indeed been insinuated to him, as a general opinion, that he had been much indebted for success to the assistance of a young artist just rising into eminence; but then his friends consoled him with the belief that posterity would never mistake Pinturiccio for Raphael. It was, perhaps, the happiest period of the painter's life; congratulations met him on all hands; he was courted by the great, and reverenced by the little;—yet even in this cup might be found the drop of bitterness that none are without. In this case, it was a secret misgiving as to the "fate" of his reputation, induced by an additional anxiety to support it. It was his fear on this head that, in the moment of success, prostrated the pride of genius before the power of Heaven.

It was late in the evening, and the chapel of the monastery of St. Francis was deserted by all but Pinturiccio, who had obtained leave of the superior to pass a night there—a night of vigil and penance,—in order to propitiate the saint to prosper his next effort; promising to offer at the shrine of St. Francis whatever he most valued, if the saint would hear him. Midnight came and passed, and still Pinturiccio was zealously engaged in his devotions; but even these will weary imperfect human nature, when continued over long, and, with the self-excuse that he was occupied in devout contemplation, he rested his brow on his folded hands, and supporting both on a convenient ledge, remained immovable. He had not long lain thus, when a fresh and fragrant wind lifted the hair on his uncovered head, and gently fanned his cheek. He raised his eyes, and saw standing beside him a venerable old man

in the habit of the monastery. The picture he had just been contemplating would have enabled him to recognise St. Francis, even without the halo that shone round his head; and the moment he saw him, he bowed his forehead to the earth, in reverence and fear, to the holy visitant, whose appearance thus honoured the devotions of his votary.

"My son," said the venerable and gracious apparition, "I have heard and accepted your prayers and promises. Your next effort shall be to adorn these sacred walls. Sacrifice on my shrine, as you have promised, what you most value, and fame and riches shall crown the work. I have cared for your payment; but beware how you spurn my gift by withholding the sacrifice."

He ceased; and before the painter could find voice or words to answer, the venerable form was absorbed in a light whose dazzling brightness the eye of the mortal could not endure.

When Pinturiccio again raised his head, a faint light filled the chapel, and the brothers of St. Francis were assembling for the matin service. As soon as this was concluded, he was informed that the superior wished to see him before he went. The painter, respectfully assenting, was conducted to a large apartment well stored with books, into the presence of a fine comely-looking man, somewhere about the middle age, whose aquiline nose and bright intelligent eye would, to a physiognomist, have told of powers of mind and strength of will. He was seated in a very easy chair; the symbols of devotion were scattered over the table near him, on which lay a large volume, whose pencilled pages witnessed the thoughtful study with which they had been perused. There was a strong contrast between the monk and the painter: the latter was very thin and pale; his eye, though bright, was very small; and his knees bending inwards, gave an ungraceful air to his walk and movements. He was young, but his forehead, naturally high, and already heightened by baldness, lost much of its beauty from its perpetual contractions and frowns. Elevated with the consciousness of his vision, his manner was even more haughty than common, though rather checked by the reverence with which the superior of St. Francis was generally regarded.

"My son," said the reverend father, after bestowing the usual benediction, "you do well to ask the blessing of the Saint upon your labours. Surely, the immortal mind is not less the creature of Providence than its habitation. My son, in this thou dost well; but one thing thou lackest: out of the powers He has given, devote a part as an offering to His glory, and those powers shall be strengthened—their efforts blessed!"

There was something in this address, which, though gratifying to the pride of genius and religion, seemed to the painter to convey a requisition that wounded his avarice. He bowed without reply; but the contraction of his brow and the gleam in his eye plainly signified his feelings to the superior.

"I do not mean," he resumed, with a slight smile, "to demand for the service of God a sacrifice solely at your expense, in urging upon you the duty of a free-will offering from the abundance He has given? I do not forget that I owe it to my own conscience not to sacrifice to Him what costs me nought." He then proceeded to propose that Pinturiccio should paint "the Nativity" for the decoration of the chapel of the monastery, and receive for his labour a remuneration which, though handsome, yet fell far short of the painter's grasping wishes; but he remembered his vision, and trusted that the saint would be responsible for his farther payment; the high estimation in which he held his own talent inducing him to believe that its mere exercise was the costliest offering he could make to his shrine.

All this passed rapidly through his mind, and the superior had scarcely done speaking, when, with proud humility, the offer was accepted; and the painter, requesting that a chamber might be prepared for his use, declared his intention of commencing the holy work the following day. The superior promised it should be ready; and again desiring, with some little show of importance, that the room destined for his easel might be cleared of all unnecessary furniture, he departed with profound demonstrations of reverence, which self-consequence forbade him really to feel, and which the monk returned with his benediction.

A smile in which was something of contempt passed over the features of the latter, when, once more alone, he thought over the past interview; but other and better thoughts replaced this slight ebullition of pride: he crossed himself, and bowed his head. "God forgive me," he said, "that I should look with contempt, instead of sorrow, on the shadows with which man has marred His handwriting." Reparation must quickly follow repentance in a generous and well-regulated mind: the superior's next thought was to atone for this injurious one by assiduous attention to the wishes of its object; and two brothers were quickly summoned to his presence, and entrusted with a commission to prepare a chamber for the painter.

The order was received with silent submission, and immediately acted upon, but by the two monks in a very different spirit. Brother Julian, all reverence for genius, especially for that which inspired the perpetuation of the objects of his adoration, was zealously anxious that everything should be ordered with the utmost convenience and comfort. Brother John regarded all the professors of what he called the world's vanities with a contempt that implied on his part a still greater vanity; he did not attempt to dissemble his aversion to the task imposed on him, to which he was only reconciled by regarding his painful obedience to his superior as a species of penance. But before the evening of that day all preparations deemed necessary had been made. Brother John breathed an ejaculation of thanksgiving as he left the room when all was ready; and Brother Julian lingered to look round, regretting, as he did so, the obstinacy of his associate; for his eye fell on a very old chest, whose removal Brother John had determinately opposed, which determination had been somewhat aided by his own secret misgiving that it could not, in fact, be moved without coming to pieces. This fate his reverence for the ancient piece of furniture led him to deprecate, and he had accordingly agreed to leave it; but now he could not help thinking that the old chest spoiled the looks of the newly-arranged apartment, and he shut the door with a sigh and a shake of the head.

The following day, punctual to his appointment, Pinturiccio appeared at the monastery, and, by the previous orders of the superior, was immediately ushered into the chamber prepared for him by the two brothers who had assisted in its arrangement. As he had passed along the street in his way thither, a good-natured friend had stopped him to repeat, with due expressions of wrath, some ridicule he had heard applied to his works: there was neither taste nor judgment in the opinion, but there was wit enough to point and envenom it. With gnashing teeth, which he strove to hide, with a proud smile, the painter had parted with his informant —the fury of wounded pride raging in his heart. The spirit already chafed, he was prepared to make the most of a grievance, or, with his irritable temper, to create one, if need were. With a sullen and dissatisfied air he looked round the room: on the first view he saw nothing of which he could complain, and the anxious glance of Brother Julian was somewhat assured. He looked again, and unhappily at the moment the sun, bursting from a cloud, shone out brightly upon the old chest, displaying with the most unfavourable clearness its rude manufacture and dilapidated condition. A frown contracted his mobile brow as his eye fell on the ancient offender.

"What means this wretched lumber left in a room intended for an artist and a Christian?" he said sharply; "do you think I take my models from the churchyard, and want an old coffin to keep them in? Let it be moved instantly."

"That cannot be, signor," replied Brother John doggedly; "it could not be moved without falling to pieces."

"And what signifies the fate of the lumber?" returned the painter, kicking it as he spoke; "are you afraid of being overstocked with firewood?"

Brother John's cheeks could not become paler, but his lips did as he replied hoarsely, "It belonged to one who is now a saint in

heaven, and *must* not be destroyed.'" And he advanced a few paces, and laid his hand on it.

Pinturiccio only grew more obstinate from being opposed, and stamping with his foot, he said passionately, "Destroyed or not, removed it shall be; see that it be done instantly."

Brother John did not answer, but he planted his foot more firmly beside the chest, and his compressed lips and scowling eyes spoke defiance.

Brother Julian, with pacific intentions, now thought it time to interfere. "If the signor will permit," he said, "I will cover the chest with a rich piece of carpet, and it will no longer offend his eye."

"Talk not to me of your hypocritical pretences," said the enraged painter; "the presence of a thing like that, cover it how you will, would desecrate my painting-room."

Brother Julian shook his head as he answered mildly, "He was a holy man, signor, to whom it belonged." Brother John muttered something of pearls and swine; but Pinturiccio paid little regard to either. "If you do not immediately remove the lumber," he said furiously, "I shall learn from your superior if it is by his orders I am thus insulted.

But Brother Julian, as the apostle of peace, was not to be daunted or offended. He advanced nearer to the painter, and spoke in a low voice. "Signor," he said, "the holy man to whom that chest belonged was the early, almost the only, friend of the man who now stands beside it: if this the only relic left of him were destroyed, it would wring his heart. Will you not, signor, sacrifice something to save a fellow-being pain?—let it remain."

Pinturiccio did not close his ears to this pleading; but a Bramah lock could not have fastened up his heart more surely than did Brother John's look of sullen determination. He drew aside from the pleader, and with a glance at his companion, in a stern voice repeated his command that the subject of discussion should be instantly removed; adding, that if it were not, he should immediately appeal to the superior, who, if they refused, could doubtless employ others.

Brother Julian sighed and retreated; and his companion, though his eye blazed with wrath, yet finding the painter obstinate, perceived that his command might be no longer safely resisted; for he well knew the superior would not suffer an old relic of an almost forgotten brother to weigh in the balance against the wish of one from whose art he expected ornament and honour to the monastery; but there were curses in his heart and eye, as, with a cold, harsh voice, he called his companion to aid him in moving it as required. An appealing glance of the would-be peace-maker showed him the painter standing, the very incarnation of obstinacy,—his eyes sternly fixed on the denounced chest, or occasionally glancing determinately at the wrathful countenance of its partisan; and with a slow step he advanced to assist in the unwilling service.

The two monks, holding the chest with the utmost care, attempted to lift it from the ground; but the effort was almost vain: with the greatest exertion of strength, they raised it about an inch from the floor, when its immense weight compelled them again to drop it with some violence. The sudden shock loosened the already warped panels of the old chest, and shaking one quite out, a rich stream of yellow metal rushed through the opening, and the floor around was covered thickly with large gold pieces. The painter started forward with an exclamation of astonishment and delight, which, as the monks began eagerly to gather up the scattered riches, was changed into a pang of mortification and disappointment. At one glance came upon his mind what might have been, with a recollection of the peevish obstinacy that had thrust from him advantages so precious; for with this came the thought of his vision, and the belief that it was the recompense the saint had intended for him. He had indeed spurned it; but he saw not yet that he had also refused to fulfil the terms on which it had been promised. His vexation and remorse were for the time almost insanity; he muttered curses on his own folly; then striking his mouth with such force that the blood flowed, and clenching his hands in his hair, with gnashing teeth he threw himself on a seat, and remained gazing wildly on the lost treasure.

The two monks, meantime, were eagerly occupied in their pleasant and profitable employment. Brother Julian's humanity and love of peace were for the moment absorbed in the presence of the great king of this world; and his companion's reverence for the relic of a dead friend was for the time forgotten in the bright consequences of its destruction. With sparkling eyes and excited gestures, they continued to gather up and to collect from the chest the hidden treasure; and, at least, the mortification of the painter was not deepened by the triumph of the fortunate finders—they never thought of or looked at him. The gold was carried away, the remains of the old chest removed, and the painter was left alone to the agony of mortification, disappointment, and self-reproach. Nor were these feelings transient; they preyed upon his mind and wasted his frame from day to day.

He proceeded with his labours in the chapel, but the spirit that had inspired his previous efforts now soared with flagging wing; the very place in which he had to work served to perpetuate these feelings, by presenting more vividly to his mind the memories that tortured him; and those tortures are not always commensurate with the cause—there are almost ever some thrills in the first pang that arise from other sources than the ostensible one, but which memory re-acts or re-echoes when those collateral causes are forgotten; and the looker-on—nay, the very sufferer himself—is surprised that such deep emotions should be excited by memories that seem so insufficient to produce them. Perhaps it was thus with Pinturiccio; but, as I have said before, his strength, his very life, was wasting away in the gnawing agony of his recollections; and the man so highly gifted with the wealth that belongs to immortality was sickening unto death for the loss of that which the grave wrests away.

Day after day he persevered in his labours, but it was silently, sullenly—a perseverance without energy. The superior had asked the reason for the sad and strange alteration he marked in him, but he had gloomily denied that he was in any way changed, and laughed a hollow laugh of derision when told of his wasted strength. Brother Julian, who had relapsed into his wonted respect for him, would often watch him sadly and anxiously, and many a delicacy did the kind brother place on his table, to tempt a sick appetite; many an effort did he make to arouse or amuse a depression whose cause he could not penetrate. One day, as, perceiving the utter failure of these efforts, he was entreating him to say if any bodily ailment was thus depressing him, Brother John was standing by, whose more kindred mind could better distinguish what was passing in that of Pinturiccio; he smiled a harsh and contemptuous smile; the painter's eye met his, and at a glance read in that smile the monk's knowledge of his feelings. This was the crowning mortification—that that man, whose obstinacy had excited his so unhappily, should know and triumph in the effects of his disappointment, stung him almost to madness, and added to his previous tortures the perpetual gnawing of a hidden hatred.

If this story were not a truth too well authenticated, it might and would be looked on as an exaggerated picture of an impossible consequence; it is another evidence and illustration of the assertion, that "truth is strange, stranger than fiction."

To return to Pinturiccio. This war of the life and the spirit could not long continue. The vulture passions that he had nourished, now, in the day of their power, wasted away his bodily strength, and sapped those powers they had once seemed to subserve.

It was but a few months after the event that had so deeply affected the painter's health of mind and body, and he was again alone at night in the chapel of St. Francis. He knelt now on the very spot where the vision had promised what his waking folly had thrust from him; the picture, for which he believed the treasure the intended payment, was now nearly finished, and again had he proposed to pass a night of prayer and vigil, to woo back to his

grasp the gift he had thrust from him: but midnight was come, and no prayer had passed his lips. Still he knelt in silent exhaustion and remorseful thought. In what words could he pray for that which his own hands had cast from him? But in the depths of his heart arose a bitter questioning of the justice of his fate. "Have I not," he said, "fulfilled my part? I have devoted to the saint's shrine that which I value most highly. I have exerted for the glory of God his highest gift; and if I have thrust from me the reward appointed, was it not in ignorance? Does this merit its forfeiture? Surely, I am unjustly punished!" He ceased to speak; but his spirit chafed with a sense of injustice, and his heart was filled with repinings.

While thus he lay, he became conscious of a bright light that seemed to fill the chapel, which had been before but dimly illuminated by a few wax tapers; he raised his head, and again saw the reverend form—the object of his former vision. Impetuously he threw himself at the feet of the saint, but vainly did he strive to express by words anything of his feelings or his hopes; he folded his hands, and with gasping breath fixed his eager and glazing eyes upon the holy visitant, whose radiant brow was bent upon him in frowning reproof.

"Child of the dust," he said, "impeach no longer the justice of thy doom; thou hast said, 'I have fulfilled my part, I have sacrificed to God of my choicest treasure.' Thou hast offered of the treasures of the mind, and in this thou hast done well, but the offering most acceptable to the Almighty thou hast withheld—the cherished pride and passion; these are the sacrifices in which He delights—it was this only that was demanded of thee, and this thou hast refused; murmur then no longer at the fate thou hast thyself woven."

The words of the saint prostrated the painter's heart; he felt at once all their meaning; and, humble and self-convicted, he bowed his forehead to the earth, and his tears wet the pavement; a strain of music soothing and spirit-like passed over him, his tears flowed more freely, and no other sight or sound that night interrupted the communion of the penitent with his Maker. On the following morning, when Brother Julian entered the chapel before the usual hour of service, impelled thereto by anxiety respecting the painter, he found him still lying where the vision had left him; he hastened to raise him, and to his terror and dismay saw the approach of death fearfully manifest in his countenance; a few words he gasped of confession and repentance, to which the monk replied with the consolations of religion;—there was a minute's struggle—a transient brightening of the glazing eye—a slight cry as of pain, and Pinturiccio, the proud and gifted painter, and the slave and victim of his own evil passions, ceased to breathe.

A CHILD

Is a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple; and he is happy whose small practice in the world can only write his character. He is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith at length, it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all; and, when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet, like a young prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. All the language he speaks yet is tears, and they serve him well enough to express his necessity. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loath to use so deceitful an organ; and he is best company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses, but the emblems and mocking of man's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life that he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he hath outlived. The elder he grows, he is a stair lower from God; and, like his first father, much worse in his breeches. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse; the one imitates his pureness, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burden, and exchanged but one heaven for another, and then returns again to his regiment.—*Bishop Earle.*

SAVINGS BANKS AND ANNUITY SOCIETIES.

We presume all our readers are acquainted with the nature and character of Savings Banks, and that, therefore, there is no occasion to tell them what they already know. We may merely remind them, then, that these admirable institutions are spread over the country; that they are established for the safe custody and increase of small savings; and that deposits as low as a shilling (but not lower) are received by them. We should be very sorry to encourage a narrow, mean, calculating spirit in the young; we should turn away, with a feeling of pain, from the schoolboy, out to *enjoy* his holiday, and debating whether he will save his penny, or spend it on a cake: but there is an essential, if not a wide, difference between meanness and prudence; and the person who can deny himself a present pleasure to avoid a future pain may be far more generous, on proper occasions, than the thoughtless waster, who can hardly look, as the saying is, "beyond his nose." Let all our young friends, who have not already done so, begin to accumulate, by putting a shilling or a half-crown in a Savings Bank.

The rules of Savings Banks are generally much the same, though slight variations may be made according to local circumstances. The rules of each Bank are printed, and each depositor receives a copy, along with his deposit-book, so that none of them need be ignorant of what it concerns them to know. For the benefit of such of our readers who may be, or intend to be, interested in Savings Banks, we here present them with an Interest Table, which is calculated at the rate of 3*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.* per cent. per annum, being the usual and the highest rate allowed:—

SAVINGS-BANK INTEREST TABLE.

PRINCIPAL.	1 MONTH.		3 MONTHS.			6 MONTHS			12 MONTHS.		
£	*s.*	*d.*	*l.*	*s.*	*d.*	*l.*	*s.*	*d.*	*l.*	*s.*	*d.*
1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	4	0	0	8
2	0	1	0	0	4	0	0	8	0	1	4
3	0	2	0	0	6	0	1	0	0	2	0
4	0	2	0	0	8	0	1	4	0	2	8
5	0	3	0	0	10	0	1	8	0	3	5
6	0	4	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	4	1
7	0	4	0	1	2	0	2	4	0	4	9
8	0	5	0	1	4	0	2	8	0	5	5
9	0	6	0	1	6	0	3	0	0	6	1
10	0	6	0	1	8	0	3	5	0	6	10
20	1	1	0	3	5	0	6	10	0	13	8
30	1	8	0	5	1	0	10	3	1	0	6
40	2	3	0	6	10	0	13	8	1	7	4
50	2	10	0	8	6	0	17	1	1	14	2
60	3	5	0	10	3	1	0	6	2	1	0
70	3	11	0	11	11	1	3	11	2	7	10
80	4	6	0	13	8	1	7	4	2	14	8
90	5	1	0	15	4	1	10	9	3	1	6
100	5	8	0	17	1	1	14	2	3	8	5
150	8	6	1	5	7	2	11	3	5	2	7
200	11	4	1	14	2	3	8	5	6	16	10

The fractional parts of a penny are not allowed in calculating the interest; nor is any interest paid upon sums of less than 1*l.*

Connected with many Savings Banks are Annuity Societies, enrolled under the 3 Will. IV. c. 14. The purpose of this act is to "enable depositors in Savings Banks, and others, to purchase Government annuities through the medium of Savings Banks." These annuities may be either immediate or deferred, for life or for a certain term of years, according to the tables provided for that purpose, and sanctioned by the lords of the Treasury, pursuant to the act.

The lowest and the highest annuities which can be purchased

under the act are 4*l.* and 20*l.* No person under fifteen years of age can purchase an annuity. If any person should commence to make an annual payment for an annuity, and should be unable to continue his payments, he can get his money back again, with interest, on giving proper notification; and the same will be paid to his executor or heir, in case of death. This is a very important provision.

If you are sixteen years of age and under seventeen, and think you have a chance of living till you are forty-three, you may secure yourself a yearly annuity of 20*l.*, by an annual payment of 6*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* A young man of sixteen may say, "Oh, who is ever likely to continue to pay 6*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* per annum for twenty-seven years!" But, recollect, you *may* live, if you are temperate, to sixty; and a comparatively small weekly saving would enable you to have the prospect of an annuity of 20*l.* for—say seventeen of the years of a declining life. A deferred annuity can be purchased, to become payable within ten years, or twenty years, or thirty years, reckoning from the time of purchase.

Example in deferred Life Annuities.—On the 15th December, 1833, a person (whether male or female), aged twenty-five, and under twenty-six, contracts, by annual payments, for an annuity of 20*l.* a year, to be enjoyed by him or her, during the rest of his or her life, after the expiration of a period of thirty-five years, reckoning such period from the time of purchase. Under that contract the party would receive the first half-yearly payment of the said annuity on the 5th April, 1869, that being the *second* quarterly day of payment next following the expiration of the term for which the annuity was agreed to be deferred.

In this case, the party would be required, first, to pay down 2*l.* 15*s.* on entering into the contract on the 15th December, 1833; and, secondly, to continue to make the same payment of 2*l.* 15*s.* annually on the 10th October, in each of the succeeding thirty-five years; the last, or thirty-fifth annual payment, being to be made on the 10th October, 1868.

Such of our readers as may be anxious to know more about these annuities should get a small pamphlet, entitled "Tables of the Rates of Government Annuities," published by Shaw and Sons, Fetter-lane; where also they may procure all the forms under the act, with every other information they may require on the matter.

THE GULF STREAM.

BY JOHN NEAL.

THE first thing that would strike us, were we detached from the earth and able to study it like an artificial globe, would be this—the great disproportion between the land and sea. In the southern hemisphere, the land is as one hundred and twenty-nine to one thousand—but a trifle more than one-eighth part of the whole; in the northern, it is as four hundred and nineteen to one thousand—less than forty-two per cent.; and taking both together nearly three quarters of the whole earth is found covered by the sea—and, though called by different names, by one and the same sea. Here is the foundation of a system to be followed out. With the rivers, the lakes, and other fresh-water reservoirs, which take up another goodly portion of the land that is left for the dominion of man, let us have nothing to do; let us give our whole attention to THE SEA—that prodigious element of power and transformation, which, enduring no empire over itself, holds unquestioned and absolute dominion over nearly three quarters of the whole earth; overshadowing all other empires, and maintaining two mighty systems of encroachment and compensation, which, however they may appear to contradict and thwart each other, are but "parts of one stupendous whole," sections of the same great circle, like the venous and arterial systems of animal life: one, the equatorial or equinoctial current, flowing steadily and for ever, from east to west, at the average rate of nine or ten miles every twenty-four hours—or from fifty-nine to sixty-five one hundredths of a foot every second of time; the other, which we are all somewhat acquainted with, as the Gulf Stream, flowing in a contrary direction, that is, from west to east, at the rate of three and a half miles an hour, upon the average, though sometimes reaching to five miles an hour, or seven feet and a half every second—such being the measured velocity thereof, at the end of the Gulf of Florida, in the parallel of Cape Cannaveral—hurrying onward for ever and ever, without rest or pause, with the certainty of fate, and the steadiness of irresistible power—as if the Bahama Channel, where it runs five feet every second, or the Gulf of Florida, where it thunders along like a torrent, were, in sober earnest, the world's aorta—and losing itself, at last, in its original source, between the tropics; thereby completing a circulation which occupies a period of two years and a half, and establishing what Humboldt calls, with startling propriety, "a whirlpool of fifteen thousand miles in extent!"

Others hold that the entire revolution is performed in somewhat less than three years; and that, while a drop of water falling into the sea, (if it were neither evaporated on the passage, nor swallowed by an oyster, and converted into pearl,) would come back to the point of departure in two years and ten months; that a boat left on the sea, without sail or oar, would drift from the Canaries to the coast of Caraccas in thirteen months; round the Gulf of Mexico, where the Gulf Stream reaches its highest elevation, in about ten months; and that in forty or fifty days it would find its way, as if impelled by its own volition, from Florida to the Banks of Newfoundland. By name, at least, we are all acquainted with the Gulf Stream. To us, indeed, it is a matter of no common interest; for to the Gulf Stream we are indebted—perhaps—to the discovery of the Western world. It was owing to the remains of tropical plants, fragments of overgrown bamboo, and the bodies of two men of a strange aspect, deposited by this very Gulf Stream on the shores of certain islands (the Azores) lying half-way between the Old world and the New, latitude 36 dgs. 39′, that Christopher Columbus himself was persuaded hither. Such accidents are continually happening now. Near Mont Flammand, in latitude 45 or 50 dgs. a branch of this very Gulf Stream flows from the S. W. to the N. E., toward the shores of Northern Europe, and heaves along the coast of Ireland and Norway the fruits and trees of the torrid zone; and it is not long since the wreck of a vessel burnt at Jamaica was found on the coast of Scotland, having drifted thither on the outer edge of the whirlpool.

Vessels from Europe to the West Indies find their sail much quickened before they reach the torrid zone. The equatorial, or, as others prefer to call it, the equinoctial current, which is separated from the Gulf Stream by a belt of seven hundred miles in width, flows in a westerly direction, while the Gulf Stream flows to the east. Near the Bahama Isles, the width of the latter is only seventy miles; in latitude 28 dgs. 30′ N., it is eighty-five miles: in the parallel of Charlestown, it spreads out from two hundred to two hundred and fifty miles, according to the nature of the coast. After it reaches our seabord, it enlarges gradually and steadily, until it becomes two hundred and forty miles, or eighty marine leagues in breadth, under the meridian of Halifax—after which, it sweeps away to the eastward, all at once, and touches along the southern extremity of the Banks of Newfoundland—our great northern refrigerator and fog-generator.

The Gulf Stream is readily distinguished from the surrounding waters. The temperature is higher by five degrees; it is evidently salter, and the colour is deeper—of the deepest and richest indigo blue. It is always covered with sea-weed, and sometimes in prodigious quantities; and there is a perceptible heat in the surrounding atmosphere, especially in the dead of winter. The waters of the Grand Bank are from 16 to 18 dgs., Fahrenheit; while the waters of the torrid zone, hurrying to the north at the rate we have mentioned, are from 38 to 40 dgs. Fahr.; and the waters of the ocean are about 38 dgs.—or more accurately, while the waters of the Bank are 16 dgs. 9′ colder than those of the surrounding ocean, these of the surrounding ocean are 5 dgs. 4′ colder than

those of the Gulf Stream, so as to make a difference between the waters of the Gulf and the waters of the Bank of 21 dgs. 13′ Fahr.: and these differences are all owing to permanent causes, forbidding that equalization which might otherwise be hoped for, if not expected. The attention of the scientific was first called to the high temperature of this current and the coldness of the shallows, where the lower strata unite with the upper, along the borders or edges of the Bank, by Blagden, Jonathan Williams, and Benjamin Franklin.

Let us now direct our attention to the equatorial current; after which there will be no difficulty in tracing out the whole system of circulation established for THE SEA. On referring to the maps, we find the extreme breadth of the Pacific, north of the equator, to be four thousand five hundred and fifty marine leagues, or thirteen thousand six hundred and fifty miles—between South America and New Holland, in latitude 30 dgs. S., it is only two thousand nine hundred and seventy leagues, or eight thousand nine hundred and ten miles; the Atlantic, which is about one thousand miles in width at the narrowest part, between Europe and Greenland, outstretches itself to sixty degrees of longitude, under the Northern tropic, where it is four thousand one hundred and seventy miles in width, without including the Gulf of Mexico.

"Between the tropics, and especially from the coast of Senegal to the Caribbean Sea, the general current, and that which was earliest known to mariners, flows from east to west," and is called the equatorial or equinoctial current. Its average rapidity is about the same in the Atlantic and Southern Ocean, and "may be estimated there," says the Baron Von Humboldt, "at nine or ten miles in twenty-four hours—or from fifty-nine to sixty-five one-hundredths of a foot every second of time; while between the tropics, it varies from five to eighteen miles in twenty-four hours, or from one third of a foot to one and two tenths per second." Upon this fact, it may be well to fix our attention—it may help us hereafter, while hunting for the cause, to know that between the tropics the current runs faster than elsewhere, and that, although the western equinoctial current is felt as high up as 28 dgs. N. latitude, and about as far South, it "is felt but feebly," to use the language of Humboldt himself.

Let us now endeavour to trace this equatorial current. "The eastern point of South America being in upwards of 6 dgs. S. latitude, the great mass of ocean-flood is unequally divided. South from Cape St. Roque, the current is turned down the coast of South America, and between 30 dgs. and 40 dgs. S. latitude re-acts toward Africa. North, from Cape St. Roque, it bends to a general course N. 62 dgs. W., and with the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, maintains that direction to the mouth of Rio Grande del Norte, two thousand five hundred and sixty miles. Along this coast, the equinoctial current is inflected northward, and augmented by constant accumulations from the east; the whole body, pouring through the various inlets between the Windward Islands of the West Indies into the Caribbean Sea, and thence between Cuba and Yucatan into the Gulf of Mexico. In the latter reservoir it has reached its utmost elevation, and again rushes out into the Atlantic, through the Cuba and Bahama, or Florida Channels, and sweeping along the coast of the United States and Novia Scotia to about 50 dgs. N. latitude, meets the Arctic current from Davis' Straits, and from the Northern Atlantic Ocean—two leading facts relied upon by the celebrated St. Pierre, who undertook to supply the acknowledged inefficiency of Sir Isaac Newton's theory of the tides, by showing that they proceeded from the daily fusion of the polar ices—"a capital theory, no doubt," said a member of the Academy, "but contradicted by the facts." "After meeting the Arctic currents from Davis' Straits, and from the Northern Atlantic Ocean, this prodigious mass of water is turned towards Europe and the north-west of Africa, and is finally merged in its original source within the tropics." Here is the end of the Gulf Stream, and the beginning of the equatorial.

And now let us look after the causes and the consequences of this extraordinary system of circulation. Apart from the tides—owing no allegiance to that law, whereby two mighty waves are always lifting themselves up on opposite sides of the earth, and rushing together in worship of her—"Night's shadowy Queen!"

> ——'Whose pearly chariot driven
> Across the starry wilderness of Heaven,'

"sets all the tides and goblets flowing," undisturbed alike by the daily revolution of the earth upon her own axis, and by her yearly revolution about the sun—what is it that originated, and what is it that upholds the extraordinary system of circulation, we have been considering? Are we to say it is a miracle, and stop there? Are we to acknowledge it a mystery, and go no further? Is it for this that we are gifted as we are, and called together by the stars themselves—the interpreters of God—to judge of him by his works?

Holding, that where one cause will explain a given effect, it were a waste of time to look for another, we are disposed to believe that this great "whirlpool of fifteen thousand miles in extent" originated with and is maintained by the heat of the sun, and by nothing else. To say that it is effected by the pressure of the trade-winds is to mistake one of the effects, at least, for the cause. To say that it is owing to a higher temperature of the waters themselves under the equator—to their greater degree of saltness—or to unequal evaporation, though true enough as a part of the process, and representing successive and beautifully-adjusted stages of the operation, would bring us not one step nearer the truth, if treated as the efficient or proximate cause Nor should we help the matter one jot or tittle, by referring the whole to the joint or separate attractions of the sun and moon, or to the daily and yearly revolutions of the earth. All these have their influences—but they are not, neither separately nor together, the real cause of that astonishing system of circulation which we are labouring to get acquainted with.

Let us now try to find out the cause for ourselves. We will suppose the earth stationary—the whole ocean at rest—the atmosphere itself stagnant and motionless—the sun riding high in heaven—the whole pretty much as we find the sea described by Coleridge in his great picture calm:

> "Day after day—day after day,
> We felt nor breath nor motion;
> As idle as a painted ship,
> Upon a painted ocean."

Under these conditions, what would be the natural and immediate consequences to the sea from the laws already established?

The sun up—the stagnant atmosphere would be stagnant no longer. The whole mass would begin to stir with new life—to burn with bright commotion. Flushing and trembling through all its depths, and filled with penetrating warmth, how could it continue motionless for a single hour?

In the language of science, the atmosphere would be rarified—made thinner and lighter by the warmth of the sun. It would lift itself up and spread itself out on every side. That uniformity of pressure which, as with the hand of God himself, keeps the Sea in her place, would be partially withdrawn. It would begin to stir with new life, and thither to that particular spot the waters of the great deep would hurry from all parts of the earth, and pile themselves up; and if the Earth herself were to continue motionless, while the sun was blazing steadily upon the sea, through an illuminated atmosphere, trembling and shivering with vitality, it would be contrary to all that we are acquainted with in the laws of motion. There would be such hurricanes and whirlpools, for ever and ever, multiplying and spreading themselves on every side, that the Earth herself would begin to revolve—or to stagger, if she did not revolve, along her appointed path.

But leaving this part of our inquiry, let us now suppose the Earth set in motion, exactly as we find her; the sun and the moon working together just as they are now, and what would be the inevitable consequences to the sea?

Within the tropics, we find all the waters of a region spreading itself out on each side of the equator to the extent of twenty-three and one half degrees of latitude, constituting a belt of forty-seven degrees in width, encompassing the whole earth, continually

operated upon by the heat of the sun, just as we have supposed. The atmosphere in that region, therefore, must be continually rarified, and always lighter than elsewhere. The atmospheric pressure upon the sea being, therefore, always less in that region than beyond it, on either side of the equator, the waters there must always be somewhat higher.

And now the waters are piled up, and the earth in motion from west to east—of course, they—the waters—would begin to flow in a contrary direction, that is, from east to west, if they were not acted upon by other causes, or prevented by certain peculiarities of structure in the earth; and we have but to take a map, or an artificial globe, and trace the circulation of the sea, from its beginning, as the equatorial current within the tropics, until, as the Gulf Stream, it finds its way back there, and is "merged in its original source," to find these very phenomena happening—and happening, too, in the very order mentioned!

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

NO. VII.

WALKS ABOUT MACAO.

As my residence was very near to the aviary of Mr. Beale, the lighter slumbers of day-dawn were often dissipated by the loud and dolorous call of the gibbon (*Hylobates agilis*), as it swung from branch to branch; the heart-cheering note of the Chinese blackbird; or the stentorian halloo of the Paradise bird. I used to rise at the summons, and after the ordinary rites of purification, and an offering of confessions and thanks to my Maker, set forth for a stroll upon the Penha, a line of hills on the western side of Macao. On my way I seldom missed the native pie, which though a solitary bird has a laughing note, as if its heart were full of glee. It is only solitary in reference to its own kind, as it delights in the society and neighbourhood of man. If my walk preceded sunrise, I was indulged with a song from the shrike, which, though it utters a loud, harsh, and ear-grating cry all the rest of the day, has a very pretty wee bit of a song for the early passenger. As we climb the unequal height of these hills, we never fail to see a bevy or two of dogs, who seem to meet for consultation, and also, it may be as, a court of requests to try delinquent curs for their misdemeanours; for now and then the whole bevy, by common consent, chase away one of their number, and heap every kind of indignity upon him in his disastrous flight. A path cut along the slope of the hill nearest the town has on one side a nest of gardens, where the tree aloe forms a conspicuous figure, near a fence of the fair and sweet-scented alpinia, and various groups of fig and other trees of constant verdure. On the other side of the path, as we pass along, we find a small inclosure, with a summer house, and a profusion of different kinds of *amavnush*. If our excursion is very early, the Chinese washerman passes us as he hies towards a scanty stream of water, where he finds an element prepared to his hand, turns a grip into a keeler, and mounts a copper upon a mass of earth hollowed out for a furnace. In this way he obtains all the essentials of the wash-house, and cheerfully plies his task from morn to eve, and teaches us that to be happy, in the qualified sense of the word, one has only to be occupied. At the termination of this walk is the basin, into which a fountain distils in a small crystal stream. It is an enchanting spot in miniature, where, shut up by the shrubs that fringe the platform on which he is standing, the visitor may well lose himself in studious musings. If he happens to visit it in spring-tide, his reverie would be interrupted ever and anon by a strange sound, like the striking together of two metallic bodies, which seems to proceed from some of the eminences above him. He looks round with expectation, and as he can hear nothing like the rustle or footfall of a living creature, he gazes on every object with wonder and surprise. At length, perchance, after half-a-score visits to the same spot, he discovers, by accident, that these strange sounds proceed from the frogs near the margin of the basin, just by the spot whereon he is standing. He thus sees an example of a truth in acoustics, that in order to give a guess as to the spot from whence any sound proceeds, it is necessary to be familiar with that sound itself.

In the early part of the day, except in the hotter seasons of the year, it was my custom to walk through a street that runs nearly parallel with the Praya grande, or frontage occupied by European dwellings. This street is chiefly occupied by Chinese, who sell to foreigners the productions of the country, and inversely to natives the goods that come from abroad. These men speak Portuguese, in a corrupted form, with fluency, and not unfrequently a little English, mutilated and mixed up with foreign words, after a very odd fashion. Many of these fellows are very impudent, and seem, while they get their bread by strangers, to despise them the more heartily on that account. If the customer puts the question in Chinese, he was not considered worthy of having it returned in the same language. Of this I saw many examples, till by our perseverance they were fairly made ashamed of themselves. There were others who formed exceptions to this, and became the first to compliment us with some terms of honourable addition. By means of the latter many copies of the New Testament were circulated, and some read apparently with great interest. The first-fruits of success among them seemed to promise that they would, if my stay had been prolonged, have been very useful instruments, not only in diffusing the sacred volume, but also in creating a taste for reading it. Wearing apparel for both sexes, not excepting the lady's bonnet, is prepared by men, who sit on each side of a long table, and work in the most harmonious and cheerful assiduity. As labour is cheap in China, their charges are very reasonable. In these shops the strolling musician, the minstrels of the country, often find entertainment; their songs are listened to with attention, and their services rewarded by a small donation. When a foreigner draws near, and plants himself in the midst of the auditory, they profess to despise the music, and make him the subject of jest and ridicule. My anxiety to become acquainted with everything Chinese, readily induced me to bear with equanimity any smiles or jeers that they could use, till I had learned the name of the instrument, noted the manner of performance, and formed a judgment of the effect. This changed the aspect of things, for the wildest among the Chinese grows interested the moment he sees a foreigner marking with attention anything that the country affords. He accepts it as an indirect and tacit compliment, and forthwith begins to entertain a respect for that *fan kwei* who thus shows himself a man of observation. It would not be very entertaining to describe any instruments I may at any time have seen in the hands of these bards, and to communicate an idea of their effects would be impossible. But I may mention one musician, who, for simplicity of apparatus, could not be surpassed. He ate his rice, with a modicum of meat, fish, &c., when he could get them, out of a blue and white saucer, by the help of two chop-sticks, which were two pieces of wood squared and coloured. These, as the reader knows, are but a wooden knife and fork in their original simplicity; and on this occasion served the purpose of a musical instrument or dining utensils at pleasure. He held the saucer in his left hand, and placing one stick between the ring and middle finger, was enabled to move and strike it upon the bottom of the vessel as the rhythm required. With the right hand he held the other stick, and rolled it upon the edge of the saucer, or beat it with a springing stroke, in a fantastic and playful manner. This formed the accompaniment to a song with a quavering and plaintive air, which seemed to afford the auditors great pleasure, who listened with that help from association which the poor foreigner lacked, and which, after all, is one of the main ingredients of all our pleasurable feelings.

The termination of the street, in which we are supposed to be wending our way, introduces us to a square, where the Senate-house and the Foundling make their appearance. This open space affords room for the fortune-tellers, druggists, and all kinds of dealers in "inconsiderate trifles." In the front of the senate-house, on my left hand, sat a youth, who advertised his pretensions by a pair of showy placards, with several other items of announcement. I once presented him with a gospel, which he received

without forgetting the supercilious leer that pertains to a scholar fully satisfied with his own attainments. On another occasion I advanced towards his table, as he was surrounded with a circle of admirers, with a book in my pocket, which was intended for teaching the Chinese to Manchoo Tartars. It was after the Hamiltonian system, and had the words of the two languages in corresponding columns; for the Manchoo Tartars, like the Chinese, Japanese, and Coreans, write from top to bottom. As the little volume was just peering above the edge of its lodging place, it caught the eye of the scholar, who held out his hand and demanded a sight of it. This demand was immediately complied with, and the book was handed for his learned inspection. It is a book with "foreign characters," he remarked, as his eye travelled up and down the columns. "They are Manchoo characters," said the stranger, interposing. "They are foreign characters," rejoined the scholar, who, from some defect in the accent, did not catch the sense of the words. The stranger then took a pencil, and wrote upon the white metallic plate used by all these fortune-tellers, "they are the characters of *Taon kwang*," the present emperor of China. As it is customary for natives to applaud a foreigner whenever he gets the better of a Chinese in a matter of scholarship, the stranger looked round for a contribution of smiles and acclaims; but instead thereof, he saw an agonizing frown upon every face, in the midst of an ominous silence. He wondered at first, but upon reflection he recollected that he had thus innocently struck upon a string that vibrated very harshly in the ear of a Chinese. He feels that his prince is the fountain of honour, and is taught to regard him as the pattern of all perfection. Merged in good feelings and sentiments, he forgets, may be, that the archetype of perfection is a foreigner, a Tartar, and has been so ever since 1644, when the northern bands overran the country, and added a foreign yoke to that of despotism. It is such incidents as these that teach us that the least sensitive of the people may easily be made to feel the humiliation of stooping to an alien sway. I had given no offence, for one of the bystanders came up as I was asking a Chinaman some questions the next day, and said a great deal more about my acquaintance with Manchoo, Mandarin, and so forth, than I deserved. A short distance from this table some of the travelling dealers in simples usually spread forth their wares. A cloth is extended upon the ground, some bottles of earthenware, a variety of paper parcels, and a large assortment of pitch plasters are placed in order upon it. Placards are laid upon the ground, or set up by the help of a bottle or something of the sort, which gives the spectator an outline of what he has to expect from the vender's skill and stock. One of these happened to be a man from one of the middle provinces of China, Keenignan, if I understood him rightly, who, of course, used a different dialect from that of Macao and Canton, but who contrived, by accommodation, to make himself understood by the crowd. I found him, at our first interview, occupied in a case of surgery, though, as will presently appear, of a very humble description as to the result. A poor sightless man, charmed with the elocution and fluency of the quack, consented to place himself upon a stool that he might undergo an operation for the recovery of his sight. The man of adroitness then cut a seam behind the ear, and squeezed and rubbed the conch to elicit a maximum quantity of blood. As soon as this was over, he, with much apparent eagerness, asked if the patient could see the light, who, raising his eyes, replied in the negative. The operator, no ways abashed, forthwith began to say what he would do for restoring his sight, if certain conditions were first fulfilled, to which the poor fellow replied at every cadence, by saying, "I have no money." At the further corner of this square we enter a narrow street filled with shops for the sale of all kinds of vegetables, fresh and dried fish, with a variety of articles for the use of the Portuguese, as well as the Chinaman. It is here we often see the former chaffering for a root or a miserable fish, for many of them are very poor, and disdain every kind of manual labour. They are, once for all, a wretched set, if we except a few of the better families, inflated on one hand by pride, and trodden down into the mire of ignorance by the domination of a swarm of priests on the other, who are the worst mannered and least instructed that are to be found within the pale of the papal hierarchy. At the end of this street we obliquely enter another, with large shops on each side, furnished with ladies' shoes, books, draperies, dressing-cases, tobacco, ropes, earthenware, rice, cakes, &c., where the industrious native may purchase, at an easy price, whatever his means will afford. Some of the shops are limited to one sort of goods, as dried fish, ropes, baskets, and shoes, for example; others contain an assortment of almost everything that is pretty or useful. I often rested in one where they sold musical instruments, glass bottles, in imitation of the European fashion, copper boxes for opium, and almost a countless variety of articles beside. The buyers as they pass, stop, gaze awhile, demand the shopman's price, offer their own, and march off to the next. Ere they have got many paces the shopman calls them back, and makes an abatement in the original demand, which, being deemed insufficient, is rejected; and the buyer starts off afresh, but is immediately summoned back with an announcement of another reduction, and after hearing some of the shopman's eulogies, the latter advances a trifle upon his first offer, and thus the parties gradually approach each other, till the bargain, after much debate, is either given up or completed. There is a great deal of apparent warmth in all this, but nothing that leaves the bitterness of anger behind, it being fully understood that it is the tradesman's duty to get the highest price possible for his goods, and the buyer's to obtain them at the least cost he is able. It is amusing to see how little girls who come to spend a few cash for some trifle enter into the spirit of this practice. As I was one day sitting in the same shop, one of these little maidens, with a child slung at her back, asked the price of some scarlet cord, which exceeding her expectations, she threw it down in a great passion, and remained stationary for some time in a sullen muse. I spoke kindly to her, but was answered with a frown. At length a playmate came by, and was instantly pursued by the angry girl, who was too pleased with the notice of a foreigner to resist the temptation of telling her joy to another. I have more than once intimated in these papers, that whatever affectation may assume in China, young and old, rich and poor, male or female, are alike infallibly moved with a sort of enchantment, the moment they find themselves the objects of the stranger's notice or complacency. Another of these experienced buyers came for three cash worth, about one-third of a penny, of blue dye; the shopman gave her three spoonfuls for her money, when, after standing a moment in breathless astonishment, she demanded, with a shout, whether that was all he meant to give her? To appease her he added another spoonful, and off she went to congratulate herself upon the bargain she had made. "It is naught, naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way he boasteth."

This street terminates in the market-place, where all kinds of vegetable, fish, fowl, and meat are sold in abundance. In the winter we have a profusion of oranges, which are sold, when stripped of their peel, to the native for one cash, or the tenth part of a penny. In the early part of the summer we see large quantities of unripe peaches, plums, and so on, which the people, old and young, devour very eagerly, for they love a sour taste, and slight the unwholesome tendency of such questionable fare. These are succeeded by the leichees, a fruit, when fresh, with a transparent pulp of very keen acidity, and one that is relished by the same acid-loving folks while it lacks both its proper size and flavour. In close connexion with this fondness for sour fruit, is the Chinaman's taste for pickles. All kinds of drupaceous fruit, plums, peaches, &c., and every sort of edible root, ginger, radish, &c., are preserved in vinegar, and eaten for the sake of the relish they give to rice and meat. The vinegar employed for this purpose has nothing to recommend it, either in scent or appearance; and as no kind of spice is put into it to flavour and preserve the fruit or root, foreigners feel no temptation to share with the native in the use of this delicacy. Beside, they are not kept in jars or bottles, but are set forth in tubs well piled, and in prodigious quantities, to attract the olfactories of the passengers. At the large shop for the

sale of these things, hard by the residence of the chief magistrate, I have sometimes inquired the name of some particular fruit, and received a very obliging answer, for which I presented the master with a copy of the New Testament. The house of the chief magistrate presents a wretched exterior, and might be likened, not unfitly, to one of our country workhouses, before such edifices began to be replaced by the splendid structures which we now see starting up in various parts of the country. The interior is perhaps of a different complexion, for the ladies that live within its walls are remarkable for their gorgeous apparel; and after I had the pleasure of seeing some fourteen of them in their visit to Beale's residence, I have often asked myself in substance, as I passed, where can so much comeliness and gaiety find a proper lodging in this miserable house of correction? The beadles and police-officers that used to throng the door at times were a very sorry set; and it strikes me, that only the worst of men, who are unable or unwilling to work for a reputable livelihood, will condescend to accept such appointments. I have now and then seen an enormous cangue upon the neck of some naughty fellow, who was condemned to stand certain hours for public scorn. In fact, this cangue, or wooden collar, is nothing but a sort of moveable pillory, and the counterpart of that disgraceful punishment among our forefathers, happily laid aside in these days of Christian benevolence. The cangue is sometimes worn by a Chinese culprit for a month at a time; and as the hand cannot be put to the mouth, the wearer must be fed by others.

I once saw some of these sorry rogues of officers leading away a poor fellow by a chain round his neck, from whose mouth the blood was streaming. I looked on the crowd to see what pity such a spectacle might raise in the bosoms of those who looked on, but could observe few traces of genuine passion. Some said, "He is a bad man, and has been dealing in opium," a crime of which, perhaps, only a few shopmen in Macao could plead guiltless, and yet no one seemed to feel for the criminal. He had been beaten upon the mouth with a flat piece of bamboo, perhaps to the number of sixty blows, that he might have something in the shape of pain and anguish to digest in the loathsome den of a Chinese prison. How happy would China be were Christian legislation to cast only a ray or two of its benign influences upon the judicial proceedings and the prison-discipline in that country! At another time I witnessed a sight of a less revolting character—nay, one in which sympathy was fain to take a pleasurable part. A native was bent upon going into the gootang's (a magistrate's) hall, to state his own view of a certain case, which a large crowd of officers were determined to prevent. The man struggled to get forward, but the officers thrust him back, tore his clothes, and ploughed deep furrows in his flesh with their long nails—those emblems of idleness. This usage daunted not his courage a whit; and what was a great deal better, did not ruffle his temper. The conscientious feeling that he was right seemed to animate him with a spontaneous cheerfulness, and lighted up a smile in his face that was a great contrast to the angry scowl of his opponents. Before we take leave of the magistrate's dwelling, let us say a word about the Chinaman's tail, which seems to have a closer relation to the bench and the prison-house than anticipation might have led us to conjecture, unaided by experience. When an injured or an offended person has a mind to bring the object of his displeasure to justice *per compendium*, by a short cut, he seizes him by the queue and hales him, amidst uproar and noise, directly to the magistrate's house. When a police-runner would secure the flying culprit, he grasps the unlucky tail, and escape is next to impossible, for the prisoner can neither fight nor run. It has been my lot to witness this in several instances, and I have taken occasion to tell the bystanders that this *peen*, or tail, was a very bad thing, and that a man had better cut it off than live in danger of such humiliating usage. The tail, I have somewhere said, is the badge of slavery; but here we see it is not only the badge, but a very convenient instrument of the same.

After passing the magistrate's office a few paces, we find ourselves upon one of the quays of the inner harbour, and from thence get a view of Green Island, situate in the middle of it, the island called the Lapa, and the hills upon the island of Heang Shan. The hospital of the Medical Missionary Society, a capacious and well-built edifice, capable of accommodating two hundred patients of the in-door class, with a large inclosure and outbuildings for the temporary lodgment of such as come from a distance, and yet have no need of the watchful care of an hospital. In our walks we sometimes took our path through the narrow and long-drawn streets of a Chinese village, where the everlasting barking of the curs made a troublesome discord in our attempts to cultivate a friendly acquaintance with the inhabitants. Some of the houses are neat, with only one aperture in front for light and entrance; others are less respectable; and not a few wear a miserable aspect, not so much, perhaps, from the wants of the inhabitants, as from a disregard of cleanliness. But we do not see worse sights in Macao than we may find any day we choose in London and all large cities, where the opulence of one class seems to draw from the resources of the other. Yet I allow that the personal uncleanliness of a Chinese is greater than I remember to have witnessed in any other country where it has been my lot to travel. The natural result of this is a brood of cutaneous disorders, which in frequency and assortment are not to be matched in any other part of the world, if we except Arabia, which seems to have been the cradle of many of those disorders which infest Europeans. After crossing a bridge composed of single slabs of granite twenty feet long, we make our way by the head of the inner harbour towards the village of Mongha, and pass a small guard-house on our way. We have occasionally stopped here to talk with the inmates, who were always a merry set of fellows. The wife of the principal was, like many of her countrywomen, clear-headed, sober, and quick of apprehension. When the strangers expressed themselves imperfectly, or with a wrong accent, she easily caught their meaning, and kindly set them right. The weapons consisted of various kinds of pikes, which made a formidable appearance; but the more terrible an instrument is in figure, the less effective is it in use. Leaving the guard-house on our right, we pursue our way by a paved road towards the Barrier, and pass under the shelter of a hill well covered with trees and shrubs, in the midst of which stands a neglected temple that affords a lodging to the forlorn and houseless beggar. And now I speak of beggars, I am reminded that not far from this spot I threw some copper pieces to one, who seeing that I had mingled a piece of silver with them by mistake, spontaneously brought it back again. Before we reach the peninsula on which the barrier stands, we cross the area of a Buddhist temple, where, save at day-fall, when the drum beats for vespers, all is stillness and tranquillity. It is a line of buildings in front, which are sacred, with many domiciles behind, and is delightfully shaded by Indian fig-trees. A charming spot for the operations of some two or three zealous missionaries who, instead of living in listless apathy and dreaming unconcern like the priests of Buddh, would give themselves to the work of instructing the poor people around them, who would soon rejoice at the change. For the least instructed among the natives have sense enough to observe the difference between those who live for themselves, and those who live and act mainly for the good of others. If once the arm of despotic power be broken, there will be no field for missionary efforts like that of China. I long to see that preliminary effected. The isthmus whereon the barrier stands is soft and sandy, save where the tread of frequent passengers has reduced a certain line to a comparative hardness. It is on this narrow neck of land that the foreign inhabitants of Macao, both male and female, display their horsemanship. In this exercise they are never joined by Chinese, for the native horses seen in the south are an ill-groomed and badly-conditioned race of animals, and would therefore make a sorry figure by the side of the graceful and high-mettled steeds used by foreigners. The governor's stud at Canton may have something more sightly, since he has a veterinary surgeon to look after their health, and who sent me a book on the treatment of disorders incident to this noble animal, written by his own hand, and

altogether the result of his own experience. This neck of land is crossed by a wall, with something like a tower in the middle, perforated by a wide door, which is guarded by two large pieces of ordnance. The garrison is composed of about sixty men, who live in dwellings behind the wall, and are in their outward bearing, whatever their prowess may be, but a poor apology for soldiers. Such a group of ugly fellows it was not my chance to see in any other spot in the south of China. The natives entertain a strong opinion as to the correspondence between the lineaments of the outward and inward man, for on their stage they never allow a person with an ill-favoured visage to do a well-beseeming act. A part of this wall was once broken down, which tempted a companion of mine to take a look behind it. This aroused the attention of the watchmen, who from the top of another part of the wall upbraided the strangers for their temerity; and to impress them with proper sentiments of respect, sent one of their champions to display his activities before them. This personage threw himself into a variety of menacing attitudes, looked fiercely, and accompanied each remarkable evolution of body by something between a bark and a shout. At this his admirers laughed aloud, as if noise had been a proper substitute for blows. I observed his movements long enough to satisfy myself that nothing but show was intended, and then turned and left him in the full enjoyment of all the honours he had won. In our way back we pass again, on the other side, the village of Mongha, which is fairly seated in a grove, though the tenements and the aspect of the tenants ill accord with such a rural scene. Here, again, we see a temple within a large area, well shaded by trees, and finely situated for contemplation and retirement. A few priests, with their clean shaven heads, may always be seen, who spend their hours in thoughtless silence or in unmeaning chit-chat. After quitting the village, we usually cross a pleasant expanse of rice-fields, studded with here and there a cottage. At one of these lived a dropsical patient of mine, who, after he was cured of the complaint, never forgot the debt he owed to his benefactor. A friend said to him many months after his recovery, "You are well now;" "Ah," said he, "thanks to the gentleman." If we prefer another route, we pass through a lane walled high by nature's own materials, encounter the glancing butterfly, and listen to the harsh notes of the evening shrike, as he summons his companions to seek a shelter for the night among the recesses of a grove that clusters upon the slope of a distant hill. At this hour we meet not a few specimens of British fair, some mounted upon horses, some wafted in the capacious and elegant sedan of China, and many who have a taste for exercise, afoot; among them many of the generous sons of our favoured isle, in whom the poor native rarely misses a benefactor.

A troop of Macao Portuguese presents a scope for the physiognomist of no ordinary interest; for, from the fashion of intermarrying with natives of all countries, the Macao people have blended all the varieties of the human race, so that a lecturer might select such a troop for the theme of his discourse, and point out one by one all the chief characteristics of the different families of mankind. He would not lack matter for entertainment, for a man must be very sad indeed who could look on such a motley sisterhood without feeling a strong propensity to laugh. Now and then we see a bevy or group of Chinese gentlemen from the north of China; these are distinguished by their love of recreation, and by the shrike or butcher-bird, which they carry upon a cross in their hands. The bird is like ours, remarkable for its spirit; and, as we see in China, not less so for its docility. It is this that has rendered it a great pet, though it is commonly accused of eating its own father and mother; which is a fable, I take it, as it feeds on lizards, worms, and other vermin, in a wild state, so far as I have had an opportunity of observing.

On our return, we wind along through shady alleys, over a green lawn, and so on till we reach the front street of Macao, where a moon-shaped range of buildings makes a very goodly figure, and shows what an immense advantage the architecture of the West has over that of China, wherever either effect or accommodation is concerned. But here we pause; and we may also intimate here, that two or three papers more will bring this series on "China and the Chinese" to a close.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.

When Robert Burns was a very young lad, he had happened at an ale-house to fall into a company consisting of several sectarians and members of the Episcopal and Presbyterian Church. When warm with potations, they entered upon a keen debate about their respective persuasions, and were upon the point of using arguments more forcible than words, when Burns said, "Gentlemen, it has now been twice my hap to see the doctrines of peace made the cause of contention; I must tell you how the matter was settled among half-a-dozen of honest women, over a cup of caudle, after a baptism. They were as different in opinion, and each as tough in disputation, as you are, till a wife, that had said not a word, spoke up—'Kimmers, ye are a' for letting folk hae but ae road to heeven. Its a puir place that has but ae gate til't. There's mair than four gaits to ilka bothy in Highlands or Lowlands, and it's no canny to say ther's but ae gait to the mansions of the blessed.'" The disputants of the ale-house were silenced, and Burns led the conversation to the merriments of carlings over their cups of caudle.

THE HARP.

A GHOST STORY.

The secretary and his young wife were yet in the gay and glittering spring of life. Neither interest nor a mere passing inclination had united them. No; love, ardent, long-tried love had been the seal of their union. They had early become acquainted with each other's sentiments; but the delay of Sellner's preferment had constrained him to put off the completion of his wishes. At length he received his appointment, and the next Sunday he led his true love, as his wife, to his new dwelling. After the long and constrained days of congratulation and of family festivals, they could at length enjoy the fair evening in cordial solitude, undisturbed by any third person. Plans for their future life, Sellner's flute, and Josepha's harp, filled up those hours, which only appeared too short for the lovers; and the sweet harmony of their tones was to them a fair prelude of their future days. One evening, they had enjoyed themselves so long with their music, that Josepha began to complain of the headache. She had concealed an indisposition which she had experienced in the morning from her anxious consort, and an, at first, unimportant attack of fever was, by the excitement of the music and the exertion of the mind, the more increased, as she had from her youth suffered much from weak nerves. She now concealed it no longer from her husband, but anxiously sent Sellner after a physician. He came, treated the matter as a trifle, and promised that she would be much better in the morning. But, after an extremely restless night, during which she was constantly delirious, the physician found poor Josepha in a state which had all the symptoms of strong nervous fever. He employed all the proper means, but Josepha's illness got daily worse.

On the ninth day, Josepha herself felt that her weak nerves would no longer sustain this malady; indeed, the physician had already mentioned it to Sellner before. She knew, herself, that her last hour was come, and with tranquil resignation she awaited her fate.

"Dear Edward," said she to her husband, as she drew him for the last time to her breast, "with deep regret do I leave this fair earth, in which I have found thee, and found true happiness in thy love; but now I may no longer remain happy in thine arms, yet shall Josepha's love still hover o'er thee, as thy good angel, until we meet again on high!"

Having said this, she sank back, and fell asleep for ever! It was nine o'clock in the evening. What Sellner suffered was inexpressible; he struggled long for life; the shock had destroyed his health; and when, after many weeks' illness he recovered, there

was no more the strength of youth in his limbs; he sank into a hollow melancholy, and evidently faded away. A deep sadness took place of his despair, and a silent sorrow hallowed the memory of his beloved! He had Josepha's chamber left in the same state in which it was before her death. On a work-table lay her needle-work, and in the corner was her harp, silent and untouched. Every evening did Sellner go on a pilgrimage to this sanctuary of his love, took his flute, leaned, as in the times past of his happiness, on the window, and breathed, in mournful tones, his regret for the beloved shade!

Once he stood thus, lost in fancy, in Josepha's chamber. A clear moonlight night wafted to him its gentle breezes through the open window, and from a neighbouring castle tower the watchman called the hour of nine—the harp woke its tones again, as if swept by the breath of a spirit. Strangely surprised, he let his flute be still, and with it ceased the echo of the harp. He sang now with deep emotion Josepha's favourite air; and louder and stronger did the strings resound the melody, while their tones accorded in perfect unison! He sank in joyous emotion on the earth, and spread his arms to embrace the beloved shade. Suddenly he felt himself breathed on, as if by the warm breath of spring, and a pale and glimmering light flew over him! Strongly inspired, he called out,

"I know thee, beloved shade of my sainted Josepha! Thou didst promise to hover o'er me with thy love, and that promise thou hast fulfilled. I feel thy breath—thy kisses on my lip; I feel myself embraced by thy glory!"

With deeper bliss he seized anew the flute; and the harp sounded again, but yet lower and lower, until its whispers dissolved in distant and indistinct sounds!

Sellner's whole faculties were powerfully excited by the apparition of this evening; he threw himself, restless, on his bed, and in his feverish dreams the whispers of the harp yet called on him again. He awoke late; and harassed with the phantasies of the night, he felt his whole being wondrously affected; and a voice was alive in him, which was the anticipation of a speedy dissolution, and which indicated the victory of the soul over the body. With infinite desire he awaited the evening, and passed it in Josepha's chamber.

He had already lulled himself into a sweet dream by means of his flute, when it struck nine—and scarcely had the last stroke of the clock echoed, when the harp began to sound softly, until at length it vibrated in full accord. As his flute ceased, the spirit tones ceased with it; the pale and glimmering light flew over him again, and in his bliss he could only utter the words,

"Josepha! Josepha! take me to thy faithful breast!"

For the present, the harp took leave with the light and trembling tones, till its whispers again were lost in low and trembling sounds!

Strangely affected by the occurrences of the evening, Sellner, as before, tottered back to his chamber. His faithful servant was alarmed with the appearance of his master, and hastened, notwithstanding his orders to the contrary, to the physician, who was, at the same time, an old friend of Sellner's. He found him with an attack of fever of the same symptoms as Josepha had, but of far stronger kind. The fever increased considerably throughout the night, during which he continually raved of Josepha and of the harp. In the morning he was more composed; for the great struggle was over, and he felt, clearly, that his dissolution was at hand, though the physician did not perceive it.

The patient disclosed to his friend what had taken place on both evenings; and no opposition of the cool-minded man could bring him from his opinion. As the evening came on, he grew yet weaker, and begged, with trembling voice, to be carried to Josepha's chamber. This was done. With infinite serenity he gazed around, hailed its fair recollections with silent tears, and spoke calmly, but firmly, of the hour of nine, as the time of his death. The decisive moment approached, and he desired all to quit his chamber, after he had bid them farewell, except the physician, who persisted in remaining. The ninth hour at length sounded hollow from the castle tower; Sellner's face was transformed, and a strong impulse glowed on his pallid countenance!

"Josepha," he cried, as if impelled by Heaven, "Josepha, hail me yet once more on my departure, that I may feel thee near, and may overcome death by thy love!"

Then rang the strings of the harp in tones loud and brilliant as the songs of victory, and over the departing one waved a glimmering light.

"I come! I come!" he said, and sank back, struggling for life.

Yet lower and lower rang the tones of the harp; his last strength was now exhausted by convulsion, and as he departed, the harp-strings broke at once, as if torn by a spirit's hand!

The physician, trembling, closed the eyes of the deceased (who, notwithstanding his contest with death, lay as in a gentle slumber,) and left the house in deep emotion. For a long time, he was unable to dismiss from his mind the impression of this scene; and he observed a strict silence as to the last moments of his friend; until at length, in an hour of social confidence, he imparted to some friends the occurrence of this evening, and at the same time showed them the harp, which he had received as a last legacy from the deceased.—*From the German of Korner.*

INTELLECTUALITY OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

NO. II.

"But it is not only horses that are ill treated. There is that poor little inferior beast, the ass, that appears to be consigned, by general consent, to all the wrongs that the lowest of the human race may inflict; the urchin's sport, the tinker's drudge. sup-pose, besides the cross marked on his withers, the reason why it has been considered a religious animal is its patient endurance of contumely and injury; and is he a fool for that? No; I think he deserves credit for it; and if the truth were known, [illegible] often more wit than his master. I have read of a man [illegible]took to teach an ass Greek. There are two-legged fellows, every one knows, crammed with Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, and yet they are downright donkeys. John Wesley tells of an ass that, while he was preaching, walked gravely up to the door of the chapel, stood stock-still, put forward his long ears, and remained in a posture of pious attention all the time of the sermon. I myself once saw something like that.

"I was at a country church in Munster: there was a large congregation, the day was sultry, and all the windows were open to let in the air; and the minister was in the middle of his sermon, which was muddy in doctrine, prosy in its composition, and altogether mighty soporific; when, lo! an ass that was grazing in the churchyard, put in his head and ears through the window, just opposite the pulpit, and set up a long and loud bray. The effect of the double discourse was irresistible. Laughter could not be controlled, until all were brought back to seriousness by seeing the minister's wife carried out in a fainting fit.

"I assert, that were you to make yourselves acquainted with asses you would find them clever enough. I once purchased an ass for the amusement of my children. I did not allow him to be cudgelled, and he got something better to graze on than thistles. Why, I found him more knave than fool; his very cleverness was my plague. My ass, like the king's fool, proved the ablest animal about the place; and, like others, having more wit than good manners, he was for ever not only going, but leading other cattle, into mischief. There was not a gate about the place but he would open—there was not a fence but he would climb. Too often he awoke me of a summer's morning, braying for sheer wantonness, in the middle of my field of wheat. I was obliged to part with him and get a pony, merely because he was too cunning to be kept.

"I could relate some curious instances of their memory for persons and places, and their attachment to individuals—I shall

allude but to two; one, the well-known story of Captain Dundas's ass, that he had shipped from Gibraltar to Malta; and when a storm came on, when far on their voyage, and the vessel was in such danger that all the live-stock was thrown overboard, the ass swam to shore at Cape de Gat, and in an incredibly short space of time made his way over the rivers and mountains of the Ronda for two hundred miles, until he found himself standing at the door of his master's stable at Gibraltar. But this is a book-story, and the thing happened far away. I shall tell you what I know of an ass. There is a lady resident in a parish where I was for some years minister. She is the most tender-hearted of the human race; her tenderness, though a general feeling, is principally confined to the lower animals: I am disposed to think, that if in Turkey or India, she would leave all her worldly goods to endow an hospital for deserted, disowned, and abused animals. Well, this lady was walking along the road, and she met a train of tinkers proceeding towards Connaught, and one tall, tan-skinned, black-haired, curly-polled fellow, in all the excited cruelty of drunkenness, was belabouring his ass's sides with a blackthorn cudgel. This was too much for my friend. She first rated the man for his barbarity; she might as well have scolded Beelzebub. She then coaxed the ruffian, and asked him would he sell the creature, which he consented at once to do, asking of course three times the common price. You may judge of the joy of this amiable woman, when the beast, now her own ass, was relieved from its panniers, allowed to roll about in the dust, and graze at liberty. For a long time she kept him perfectly idle, until he recovered his spirits; then he became troublesome, and would break his bonds, and used to go a braying and curvetting, and seeking for asinine society, all over the country. Idleness is, certainly, after all, a bad thing for asses as well as men; and so this capricious fellow found it; for shortly a tinker (perhaps the very one who sold it) stole it; and for three or four years there were no tidings of the ass, until one day, as his kind mistress was taking her usual walk along the road, she saw a man urging along an ass, straining and bending under a heavy-laden cart.

"Now the moment my friend came near, there was an evident alteration in the deportment of the ass; immediately the ears that were but just now hanging listlessly over its eyes were cocked, and its head elevated in the air, and raising its voice more like a laugh than a bray, it urged itself under its heavy load into a trot, and came and laid its snout on the shoulders of the lady, who at once, and not until *now*, recognised her long-lost property, which she had again to purchase at a high price. It is many years since that occurred; the beast is alive, and so is the lady. I hope it won't be her lot to see in it that rare spectacle—a dead ass.

"There is another domestic animal, that, I think, has not got fair play from man, and that is a goose. If we want to write down a mark of *positive* contempt against the intellect of a man, we say he is an Ass; if we would proceed in our lowering designation, we assert he is a Goose. Now, wild or tame, I hold that geese are not to be sneered at. The wild are the most wary of all that take wing—see how aloft the flock soars—observe with what beautiful mathematical precision the order of flight is kept—listen to the voice of direction or of warning that the sentinel keeping in advance every now and then gives out—look how each bird in turn takes the leadership, and how the one relieved assumes his regular position in the rear; let no one venture to tell me that there is not considerable intelligence in these animals: every one knows how watchful geese are even in their domesticated state; every school-boy has learned how they saved the Roman Capitol. I must tell you, amongst many anecdotes I know of geese, one that came under my own observation: when a curate in the county of Kildare, my next neighbour was a worthy man who carried on the cotton-printing business, and who, though once in very prosperous circumstances, was now, in consequence of a change in the times, very poor; in his mill-yard was a gander who had been there 40 years; he was the finest, the largest bird of his kind I ever saw, his watchfulness was excessive; no dog could equal him in vigilance, neither could any dog be more fierce in attacking strangers and beggars; he followed his old master wherever he went, and at his command would fly at any man or beast; and with his bill, wings, and feet he could and would hurt severely. Whenever my neighbour paid me a visit, the gander always accompanied him, and as I was liberal of oats, and had besides one or two geese in my yard, he would, before his master rose in the morning, come up and give me a call; but neither the oats nor the blandishments of the feathered fair could keep him long away, and he soon solemnly stalked back to his proper station at the mill. Well, year after year I was perfecting my friendship with Toby the gander, and certainly had a share in his esteem, when one winter, after having been confined to the house with a severe cold, I, in passing through the mill-yard, inquired for my friend, whom I could nowhere see. 'Oh, sir,' says the man, and he was about the place as long as Toby himself, 'Toby's gone.'—'Gone where?' 'Oh, he is dead.'—'How dead?' 'Why we eat him for our Christmas dinner.' 'Eat him!!!' I think I have been seldom in the course of my life more astonished and shocked; positively I would have given them a fat cow to eat, could I have saved poor Toby; but so it was. Upon inquiry, I found out that the poor gentleman had not means to buy his Christmas dinner; that he was too proud to go in debt; and, determined as he was to give his people a meat dinner, poor Toby fell a sacrifice to proud poverty. While honouring the man for his independence, I confess I never could look on him afterwards without a sense of dislike; I did not either expect or desire that he should suffer as he *who slew the albatross*, (who has not read Coleridge's Ancient Mariner?) but I was sure he would not be the better in this world or the next for killing the gand

"I have been favoured with the following anecdote of a goose, by Mr. Thomas Grubb:—

"At the flour-mills of Tubberakeena, near Clonmel, while in the possession of the late Mr. Newbold, there was a goose, which by some accident was left solitary, without mate or offspring, gander or goslings. Now it happened, as is common, that the miller's wife had set a number of duck eggs under a hen, which, in course of due time, were incubated; and of course the ducklings, as soon as they came forth, ran with natural instinct to the water, and the hen was in a sad pucker; her maternity urging her to follow the brood, and her selfishness disposing her to keep on dry land. In the meanwhile, up sailed the goose, and with a noisy gabble, which certainly (being interpreted) meant, Leave them to *my* care, she swam up and down with the ducklings; and when they were tired of their aquatic excursion, she consigned them to the care of the hen. The next morning down came again the ducklings to the pond, and there was the goose waiting for them, and there stood the hen in her great flustration. On this occasion we are not at all sure that the goose *invited* the hen, observing her maternal trouble; but it *is* a fact, that she, being near the shore, the hen jumped on her back, and there sat, the ducklings swimming, and the goose and hen after them, up and down the pond. And this was not a solitary event; day after day the hen was seen on board the goose, attending the ducklings up and down in perfect contentedness and good-humour—numbers of people coming to witness the circumstance, which continued until the ducklings, coming to days of discretion, required no longer the joint guardianship of the goose and hen.

"While this paper was passing through the press, a lady supplied me with the following anecdote of a goose, which, she assures me, can be depended on. I have every confidence in her credibility. A goose—not a gander—in the farm-yard of a gentleman, was observed to take a particular liking to her owner. This attachment was so uncommon, and so marked, that all about the house and in the neighbourhood took notice of it; and consequently the people, with the propensity they have to give nick-names, and with the sinister motive, perhaps of expressing their sense of the weak understanding of the man, called him GOOSEY. Alas! for his admirer—the goose's true love did not yet run smooth; for her master, hearing of the ridicule cast upon him, to

abate her fondness, insisted on her being locked up in the poultry-yard. Well, shortly after, he goes to the adjoining town to attend petty sessions, and in the middle of his business what does he feel but something wonderfully warm and soft rubbing against his leg, and on looking down he saw his goose, with neck protruded, while quivering her wings in the fulness of enjoyment, looking up to him with *unutterable* fondness. This was too much for his patience or the bystanders' good manners; for while it set them wild with laughter, it urged him to do a deed he should ever be ashamed of; for, twisting his thong-whip about the goose's neck, he swung her round and round until he supposed her dead, and then he cast her on the adjoining dunghill. Not very long after, Mr. Goosey was seized with a severe illness, which brought him to the verge of the grave; and one day, when slowly recovering, and allowed to recline in the window, the first thing he saw was *his* goose, sitting on the grass, and looking with intense anxiety at him. The effect on him was most alarming. 'What!' says he, is this cursed bird come back to life, and am I, for my sins, to be haunted in this way?' 'Oh! father!' says his daughter, 'don't speak so hardly of the poor bird. Ever since your illness it has sat there opposite your window—it scarcely takes any food.' Passion, prejudice, the fear of ridicule, all gave way before a sense of gratitude for this unalterable attachment. The poor bird was immediately taken notice of—treated, from henceforth, with great kindness; and, for all I know, goose and goosey are still bound in as close ties as man and bird can be.

"Pigs, also, are in my opinion ill-used and slandered animals: if men are dirty, debased, and ignorant, they are called a swinish multitude. But I hold there is no animal cleaner in its habits than a pig; they are debased, it is true, but man has done it by bad breeding; and as to ignorance, I utterly deny the charge: no, quite the reverse, they are most intelligent; no inferior animal, neither dog, horse, nor cow, makes his own nest as does the pig; their senses are so acute that they foresee better than any other animal the changes of the weather: and I am sure you all must have observed how they carry straw in their mouths to make themselves comfortable when they see the storm approaching.

"To be sure such intellectual qualities are only observable in those of the race that are allowed to come to years of discretion, as in sows; for by our modern breeding we fatten and kill off pigs before they come of age. The Dublin Societies and other agricultural bodies have much to answer for in this way, encouraging a precocity, in fattening up childish pigs before their intellectuals are expanded. in this way we are condemned to eat bad pork and worse bacon. Why, when I observe at one of our cattle-shows a huge unwieldy bag of blubber, a poor apoplectic young thing, that can scarcely walk or breathe for very plethora—sirs, it is no more like an old bristly, high-backed, long-legged, sharp-snouted grunter, such as erewhile I used to see in Munster, and such as I have lately observed in Germany, than an Irish spalpeen is to a London alderman. Now suppose that all of you ladies were cut off in your teens, what would become of the educated intellect, the judgment, the wisdom, the wit, the learning, you have exhibited in your more mature life? So it is with pigs. By the intentional degradation of man, and by the greedy knife, they are not allowed the development of intellectuality. Still, after all, they are cunning creatures, and they know both friends and foes. Have you ever seen, for if you have not I have, when a certain functionary, whose business it is to put rings in pigs' snouts, and perform *other offices*, rather disagreeable to the creature—when he comes sounding his horn, every pig in the place goes off to hide. There is no animal which knows its home and loves it more: you will see them going forth in the morning to look for food, and coming home in the evening. Have you not seen at a cabin-door how imploringly poor Muck asks to get in; what different notes of entreaty it uses? and sometimes it stands scolding for admission, as much as to say 'Judy, agra, why won't you let ME in to my supper, seeing that I'm the boy that pays the rint.' I know no animal that shows such sympathy in the sufferings of its fellows, and it is very capable of attachment; it is also often beloved. Peter Pindar tells of the passionate sorrow of an English lord for the loss of a favourite pig, and he consoles him in the following pathetic strain:

> O! wipe those tears so round and big,
> Nor waste in sighs your precious wind;
> You've only lost a single pig,
> Your wife and son are left behind.

"I have also heard a pitiful poem of a poor Galway weaver on the death of his pig. Now you must know that in Galway pigs are kept in the top floors of the houses, and that many are littered, reared, fattened, killed, salted, and made into bacon without ever touching the ground—living this way they help to pay the rent of the garret;—it's well for you I don't recollect more than the following stanza:—

> Paddy Blake the weaver had a little pig,
> The pig was little because it was not big;
> This pig was sick and like to die,
> Which made poor Paddy and his wife to cry.

"Now this, if not so elegant, is not so tedious as the poem of the two thousand lines which some one wrote on pigs, the beauty of which consisted in this, that it was all written in Latin hexameters, and every word began with a P. (This poem is entitled 'Pugna Porcorum.') An Italian abbot has also written a poem in praise of pigs, and he calls upon Apollo and all the muses to assist him in celebrating their virtues. Now this production is in great estimation with the people who love their swine, and let them live on to an age of discretion, and the pig returns the love lavished on it. An English traveller in South Italy describes the pigs running out on the roads to meet their respective owners as they come from their work in the fields, and declares himself much amused by the mutual caresses that passed between man and pig on the occasion: in that country they are employed to hunt for and set truffles, which grow under ground; they have been known also to set partridges. The late learned and good Dr. Brinkley. Bishop of Cloyne, used to tell an interesting anecdote of one of his pigs. In the farm-yard, a person appointed for that purpose used to give corn to the turkeys at a certain place, and the pig observing this, took care diligently to attend; and though his snout did not seem well adapted for picking up grains of oats, yet Muck beat the turkeys all to nothing, and contrived to get the largest share. This the henwife seeing, took a dirty advantage, and had, on the following day, the pig locked up, while the turkeys were being fed. On his enlargement he hastened off to the feeding-ground, but there were neither oats nor turkeys. So off he set, found out where the flock of turkeys was, and drove them before him as a shepherd would his sheep, until he had them at the usual spot, and there he kept them the whole day, not one would he allow to budge, expecting that old Molly would come with her sieve of oats.

"I shall trouble you with but one story about cows; it came within my knowledge this summer; the circumstance occurred to one of my own. I am in the habit every year of buying two or three Kerrys; they are the kindest little creatures in the world, they pay very well, and though wild at first, they become under proper treatment exceedingly gentle and familiar: when I buy them, I always choose from the head and horn; I pick out those I consider to have good countenances. Last year I was very lucky in the three I bought; they became in a short time great pets; I generally go out in the morning before breakfast, and they always meet me at the gate of the pasture, expecting to have their heads scratched and be spoken to; one in particular, a quaint crumpledy-horned little lassie, used to put her snout into my pocket, like a dog, to look for bread and potatoes, which I generally brought with me; her breath was so sweet, and large eyes so placid, that I was almost tempted to be of the humour of the man who loved to kiss his cow. Well, there was a swing-swong in this field, and my Kerry lass, who was inordinately curious, seeing my young ladies swinging, thought, I suppose, she might take a swing herself. Be this as it may, one day about noon, a constant

and loud lowing of cows was heard at the gate nearest the house, and my brother, who was within, hearing the unusual and continued noise, went out to see what was the matter; as soon as he came to the gate he saw two of the Kerry cows very uneasy, but not the third, so he proceeded into the grounds, and as he went the cows followed him, still lowing, until he arrived at the farthest end of the land, when he saw my pet, the third Kerry, entangled in the rope of the swing, and caught by her head and horns, where she must have been soon strangled if not relieved; the moment my brother extricated her, the lowing of the others ceased. I could not learn that my Kerry fair one ever after attempted the humours of a swing-swong.

"Of cats, time does not allow me to say much; but this I must affirm, that they are misrepresented, and often the victims of prejudice. It is strictly maintained that they have little or no affection for *persons*, and that their partialities are confined to *places*. I have known many instances of the reverse. When leaving, about fifteen years ago, a glebe-house, to remove into Dublin, the cat, that was a favourite with me and with my children, was in our hurry left behind. On seeing strange faces come into the house, she instantly left it, and took up her abode in the top of a large cabbage-stalk, whose head had been cut off, but which retained a sufficient number of leaves to protect poor puss from the weather; in this position she remained, and nothing could induce her to leave it, until I sent a special messenger to bring her to my house in town. At present I have a cat that follows my housekeeper up and down like a dog; every morning she comes up at daybreak in winter to the door of the room in which the maid-servants sleep, and there she mews until they get up; I don't expect that she will be long-lived.

[To be concluded.]

SUMMER STANZAS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

ONCE more to visit Northern climes the fervid summer hies—
To shed, at morn, a crimson flush along unclouded skies;
To clothe the fields with golden grain, the garden-dells with flowers,
And crown with garlands, fresh and new, the gaily-dancing hours.

The early dawn is welcomed in by songs of happy birds,
Familiar to the ear and heart as childhood's warbled words;
And Day to his repose declines, with music low and deep,
To lull the lovely things of light to their delicious sleep.

The air with softer pinion stirs the leaves that make the shade
Within the wild and lone recess of some sequester'd glade,
And tosses showers of blossoms down from every fragile bough,
To fall with cool and dewy touch upon the fever'd brow.

Oh! from the city's throng'd resorts that it were mine to go,
To some sweet spot where I could list a fountain's gladsome flow;
And not a sound save Nature's own could o'er the silence swell,
To jar the chords of quiet thought, or break Seclusion's spell!

QUEEN ANNE.

QUEEN ANNE, although sufficiently lauded by contemporary bards, and whose encouragement to Stephen Duck, the poetical thrasher, ought not to be forgotten, appears not to have been eminent as a patroness of the Muses; and it is a remarkable coincidence, that three of the most illustrious wits who flourished in her reign, have each celebrated her name in couplets ending with defective rhymes: Pope, whose versification is music itself, thus apostrophises her in the "Rape of the Lock:"—

"And thou, great Anna, whom three realms *obey*,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes *tea*."

Addison, who has perhaps more false rhymes than any other poet of equal celebrity, observes in his famous "Campaign:"—

"Such are the effects of Anna's royal *cares*;
By her Britannia, great in foreign *wars*,
Ranges through nations," &c.

The most striking instance, however, is from Young—a name illustrious from its alliance with *unrhymed* poetry. In "The Last Day," the author states what old empires shall fall, and new empires have birth:—

"While other Bourbons rule in other *lands*,
And (if man's sin forbid not) other *Annes*."

Of the three celebrated poems from which the above couplets are taken, it may be here observed, that the first is Pope's most exquisitely elaborate efforts on a subject not worthy his celebration; the second is Addison's highly eulogised performance on a subject that ought never to have been celebrated at all by any good man; and the third exhibits Young's immeasurable short-coming on a theme to which no celebration can do justice, because it is not only too solemnly interesting to allow of fictitious embellishment, but likewise too awfully magnificent to admit of poetical aggrandisement.

WOMAN'S WIT.

THE following passage in the life of Gustavus Vasa, when that distinguished monarch took refuge from the Danish usurper in Dalecarlia, to mature his noble plan for the deliverance of his country, is truly dramatic:—

"On a little hill stood a very ancient habitation, of so simple an architecture, that you would have taken it for a hind's cottage, instead of a place that, in times of old, had been the abode of nobility. It consisted of a long farm-like structure, formed of fir, covered in a strange fashion with scales, and odd ornamental twistings in the carved wood. But the spot was hallowed by the virtues of its heroic mistress, who saved, by her presence of mind, the life of the future deliverer of her country.

"Gustavus having, by an evil accident, been discovered in the mines, bent his course towards this house, then inhabited by a gentleman of the name of Pearson, whom he had known in the armies of the late administrator. Here, he hoped, from the obligations he had formerly laid on the officer, that he should at least find a safe retreat. Pearson received him with every mark of friendship — nay, treated him with that respect and submission which noble minds are proud to pay to the truly great, when robbed of their external honours. He exclaimed with such vehemence against the Danes, that, instead of awaiting a proposal to take up arms, he offered, unasked, to try the spirit of the mountaineers; and declared that himself and his vassals would be the first to set an example, and turn out under the command of his beloved general. Gustavus relied on his word, and promising not to name himself to any while he was absent, some days afterwards saw Pearson leave the house to put his design in execution. It was indeed a design, and a black one. Under the specious cloak of a zealous affection for Gustavus, the traitor was contriving his ruin. The hope of making his court to the Danish tyrant, and the expectation of a large reward, induced him to sacrifice his honour to his ambition, and, for the sake of a few ducats, violate the most sacred laws of hospitality, by betraying his guest. In pursuance of that base resolution, he proceeded to one of Christiern's officers commanding in the province, and informed him that Gustavus was his prisoner. Having committed this treachery, he had not the courage to face his victim, but telling the Dane how to surprise the Prince, who, he said, believed himself under the protection of a friend, he proposed taking a wider circuit home, while they, apparently unknown to him, rifled it of its treasure. 'It will be an easy matter,' said he, 'for not even my wife knows that it is Gustavus.'

"The officer, at the head of a party of well-armed soldiers, marched directly to the lake. The men invested the house, while the leader, abruptly entering, found Pearson's wife, according to the fashion of those days, employed in culinary preparations. At some distance from her sat a young man in a rustic garb, lopping off the knots from the broken branch of a tree. The officer told her he came in King Christiern's name to demand the rebel Gustavus, who he knew was concealed under her roof. The dauntless woman never changed colour; she immediately guessed the man whom her husband had introduced as a miner's son to be the Swedish hero. The door was blocked up by soldiers. In an in-

stant she replied, without once glancing at Gustavus, who sat motionless with surprise, 'If you mean the melancholy gentleman my husband has had here these two days, he has just walked out into the wood, on the other side of the hill. Some of these soldiers may readily seize him, as he has no arms with him.'

"The officer, not suspecting the easy simplicity of her manner, ordered part of his men to go in quest of him. At this moment, suddenly turning her eyes on Gustavus, she flew up to him, and catching the stick out of his hand, exclaimed, in an angry voice, 'Unmannerly wretch! What, sit before your betters? Don't you see the king's officers in the room? Get out of my sight, or some of them shall give you a drubbing!' As she spoke, she struck him a blow on the back with all her strength; and, opening a side door, 'There, get into the scullery, cried she, 'it is the fittest place for such company!' and giving him another knock, she flung the stick after him and shut the door. 'Sure,' added she in a great heat, 'never woman was plagued with such a lout of a slave!'

"The officer begged she would not disturb herself on his account; but she, affecting great reverence for the king, and respect for his representative, prayed him to enter her parlour while she brought some refreshments. The Dane civilly complied, perhaps glad enough to get from the side of a shrew; and she immediately flew to Gustavus, whom she had bolted in, and by means of a back passage conducted him in a moment to the bank of the lake, where the fishers' boats lay, and giving him a direction to an honest curate across the lake, committed him to Providence."

THE FRENCH AND PLUM-PUDDING.

No prejudice can be stronger than that of the French against plum-pudding. A Frenchman will dress like an Englishman, swear like an Englishman, and get drunk like an Englishman; but if you would offend him for ever, compel him to eat plum-pudding. A few of the leading restaurateurs, wishing to appear extraordinary, have *plomb-pooding* upon their *cartes*, but in no instance is it ever ordered by a Frenchman. Everybody has heard the story of St. Louis—Henri Quatre, or whoever else it might be,—who, wishing to regale the English ambassador on Christmas-day with a plum-pudding, procured an excellent recipe for making one, which he gave to his cook, with strict injunctions that it should be prepared with due attention to all the particulars. The weight of the ingredients, the size of the copper, the quantity of water, the duration of time, everything was attended to except one trifle—the king *forgot the cloth!* and the pudding was served up like so much soup, in immense tureens, to the surprise of the ambassador, who was, however, too well-bred to express his astonishment.—*Every-day Book.*

GARRICK'S EPIGRAM.

In 1759, Dr. Hill wrote a pamphlet, entitled, "To David Garrick, Esq., the petition of I, in behalf of herself and her Sister." The purport of it was to charge Mr. Garrick with mispronouncing some words, including the letter I—as *furm* for firm, *vurtue* for virtue, and others. The pamphlet is now sunk in oblivion; but the following epigram, which Mr. Garrick wrote on the occasion, deserves to be preserved, as one of the best in the English language.

To Dr. Hill, upon his Petition of the Letter I to David Garrick, Esq.

If 'tis true, as you say, that I've injured a letter,
I'll change my notes soon, and I hope for the better;
May the just right of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fix'd by the tongue and the pen!
Most devoutly I wish that they both have their due—
That *I* may be never mistaken for *U*.

LACONICS.

I used in early life to long to be a martyr—to have some grand opportunity of honouring God, of renouncing all for him. I would hope there was some piety in the feeling, but there was certainly more pride and ignorance. Well, this opportunity occurs every moment: to subdue the lusts of the heart requires more true heroism than to die at the stake.

There are three requisites to our proper enjoyment of every earthly blessing which God bestows upon us—viz., a thankful reflection on the goodness of the Giver; a deep sense of the unworthiness of the receiver; and a sober recollection of the precarious tenure by which we hold it. The first will make us *grateful*, the second *humble*, and the last *moderate*.

As the sun breaking forth in winter, so is joy in the season of affliction: as a shower in the midst of summer, so are the solitary drops of sorrow mingled in our cup of pleasure.—*Miss Smith.*

We must be wise ourselves before we can understand or duly estimate the sayings of wise men.

THOMAS COMMENDEN MIASTER'S WOLDEST DARTER.

(IN THE DORSET DIALECT.)

No. No. I ben't arinnen down
The pirty maidens o' the town,
Nar wishen o'm noo harm;
But she that I o'd marry vust
To share my good luck ar my crust,
'S abred up at a farm.
In town a maid da zee muore life,
An' I dont underriate her;
But ten to oone, the sprackest wife
'S a farmer's woldest daeter.

Vur she da veed wi' tender kiare
The little oones, an' plart the'r hiair,
An' kip 'em neat an' pirty;
An' kip the sassy little chaps
O' buoys in trim, wi' dreats an' slaps,
When tha be wild an' dirty.
Zoo if ya'd have a bus'len wife,
An' childern well look'd a'ter,
The maid to help ye al drough life
'S a farmer's woldest daeter.

An' she can irin up an' vuold
A book o' clothes wi' young ar wold,
An' zalt an' roll the butter;
An' miake brown bread and elder wine,
An' zalt down meat in pans o' brine,
An' do what ya can put her.
Zoo if ya've wherewi', an' 'od vind
A wife wo'th looken a'ter,
Goo an' git a farmer in the mind
To g'ye his woldest daeter.

Her heart's so innocent an' kind;
She idden thoughtless, but da mind
Her mother an' her duty.
The liven blushes that da spread
Upon her healthy fiace o' red
Da heighten al her beauty.
So quick's a bird, so neat's a cat,
So cheerful in her niater,
The best o' maidens to come at
'S a farmer's woldest daeter.

Dorset Chronicle.

THE FEAST OF CHERRIES.

At Hamburgh there is an annual festival, in which troops of children parade the streets, carrying green garlands, ornamented with cherries, to commemorate a remarkable event which occurred in 1432. When the Hussites menaced the city with immediate destruction, one of the citizens proposed that all the children, from seven to fourteen years of age, should be clad in mourning, and sent as supplicants to the enemy. Procopius Nasus, the Hussite chief, was so touched with this spectacle, that he received the young supplicants, regaled them with cherries and other fruit, and promised to spare the city. The children returned, crowned with leaves, holding cherries, and shouting "Victory!"

PITT AND THURLOW.

About the year 1790, when the Lord-Chancellor Thurlow was supposed to be on no very friendly terms with the minister, Mr. Pitt, a friend asked the latter how Thurlow drew with them? "I don't know," says the premier, "how he draws, but he has not refused his oats yet."

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SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE.

NO. III.

ITS MODERN CREATION AND PROGRESS.

THE three sciences, Astronomy, Chemistry, and Geology, may be said to involve nearly all the intellectual art of man—to be interwoven with the minutest of his daily occupations, and associated with the sublimest of his ideas. Astronomy, at first sight, appears a grand but a speculative science—dealing with the remote and unapproachable, and but little connected with the daily work and wants of the human race; yet, when we come to look at it, we find it daily applying mathematics and mechanics to the pursuits and purposes by which individuals earn their bread, and nations attain their power; building our ships, guiding them in safety across the trackless ocean, aiding the pen of history, by accurately setting down the "times and the seasons," and stimulating the most ingenious of the arts, by requiring instruments, whose construction involves the profoundest thought and the most delicate skill; and thus theoretically and practically doing more for the civilisation and positive benefit of society than poetry, painting, and sculpture combined. Chemistry does not excite the mind, like astronomy; its field of investigation lies somewhat nearer to us, and its objects are apparently more familiar and confined: yet nearly all the comfort of our social life, almost all our manufacturing skill and power, and much of our intellectual progress, have resulted from its discoveries. Geology, the youngest of the three, and still in its infancy, is doubtless destined to approach astronomy in the practical nature of its results, as it already does in the vastness of its associations. Our discoveries in the crust of the earth are acting on the human intellect with a power rivalling the effect of Galileo's, when he first pointed the telescope to the sky; they have already enlarged the boundaries of *our* universe, and after the wonder has subsided, and we become familiarised with the subject, the investigation will be pursued with a more direct view to practical objects, as in fact it is already; and out of our more familiar knowledge may grow a great increase to the power and comfort of society.

But between three and four hundred years ago, neither Astronomy nor Chemistry—far less Geology—could be said to exist.

The *facts* both of Astronomy and Chemistry had, indeed, been eagerly searched after, and many had been accumulated: but while the common mind reposed implicit faith in the manifold and monstrous productions of superstition, the more learned believed in Astrology and Alchemy; studied the stars in the vain idea that a knowledge of them gave a prophetic power over the destinies of individuals; and searched into the nature of substances, in the exciting hope that they might discover the means of transmuting baser into precious metals, or discover some wonderful liquid by which mortal man might be made immortal. Few, indeed, were the truly practical philosophers, the men who studied nature, in the hope of discovering truth; and even these, when they did get glimpses of truth, had to proceed cautiously in its promulgation, or else brave the dangers of offending dogmatism and power.

Amongst the cautious philosophers, we may undoubtedly rank Nicolaus Copernicus, commonly considered, and, on the whole, truly, as the parent of modern Astronomy. He was born at Thorn, in Prussia, about 1473; was educated for the church, and became an ecclesiastic; but being an excellent mathematician, and a profound thinker, he spent a large portion of his time in the study of natural science. He had been long struck by the complexity of the Ptolemaic system, which placed the earth at rest, and sent all the heavenly bodies spinning in various directions round about it; and searching among ancient authors for something more simple and natural, he found that an opinion had been entertained that the earth moved. Proceeding on this, he gradually worked out for himself the doctrine of the annual and diurnal motion of the earth, and thus, a century before the invention of telescopes, caught the leading idea of the true system of the universe. His astronomy was interwoven with much error, which modern research has rectified: still he laid the foundation of the noblest of the sciences; his successors carried on the work; and Newton supplied the keystone.

Though Copernicus experienced opposition and ridicule, he passed, on the whole, through life very quietly; for he promulgated his opinions with caution, and only committed them to the press a very short time before his death. But though the book was in Latin, and by its very nature addressed only to the few who could understand its reasonings, it could not remain unfruitful, when committed to the keeping of the press. Quietly as his own life had been spent, it was passed (1473—1543) during a period of wonderful activity and excitement.

"It was," says Guizot, speaking of the 15th century, "a period of voyages, travels, enterprises, discoveries, and inventions of every kind. It was the time of the Portuguese expeditions along the coasts of Africa; of the discovery of the new passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, by Vasco de Gama; of the discovery of America, by Christopher Columbus; of the wonderful extension of European commerce. A thousand new inventions started up; others already known, but confined within a narrow sphere, became popular and in general use. Gunpowder changed the system of war; the compass changed the system of navigation. Painting in oil was invented, and filled Europe with masterpieces of art. Engraving on copper, invented in 1406, multiplied and diffused them. Paper made of linen became common. Finally, between 1436 and 1452 was invented printing—printing, the theme of so many declamations and common-places, but to whose merits and effects no common-places or declamations will ever be able to do justice."

Three years after the death of Copernicus, Tycho Brahé was born—an astronomer, who, while he opposed the system of Copernicus, did much to pave the way for its reception. With him was associated, as assistant, companion, and friend, John Kepler, whose discoveries place him as the connecting link between Copernicus and Newton; and he, again, was the contemporary of Bacon and Galileo—the two men who headed the revolution of science.

Galileo Galilei, known to us by his Christian name, was born a few years earlier than Kepler, at Pisa, in Tuscany, in 1564. Very

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early in life he gave indications of what he would become; and as he advanced in years, became not only celebrated but notorious, as one of the most active and daring of those philosophers who were imbibing the new doctrines, and promulgating them by their eloquence. It would require a large space barely to state what Galileo did for science; we shall therefore, at present, merely point to his application of the telescope to the uses of astronomy, by which he may be almost said, along with his other invention of the microscope, to have given a new sense to the human race.

"The year 1609, the same in which Kepler's Commentary on Mars appeared, is also for ever memorable from Galileo's invention of the telescope. This, indeed, is, in the minds of many, the sole important discovery associated with his name; whilst, again, other writers have contended that it adds but little to his reputation. Without disparaging his other exalted merits, we, however, regard this as constituting one of his fairest claims to that immortality of fame with which he has been so justly invested." . . . . . "The principle of the telescope and the microscope are, to a mathematical optician, one and the same. The telescope is merely made to collect parallel rays from distant objects; the microscope, diverging rays from near objects. The latter invention, therefore, could hardly fail to follow immediately upon the former. Galileo constructed microscopes in 1612; but he did not dwell upon the invention, his thoughts being now wholly absorbed on the perfection of the telescope, and the glorious field of astronomical discovery which was open to him.

"Being at Venice, his house was thronged with visitors, who came to satisfy themselves of the truth of the wonderful stories they had heard of his invention. The doge suggested that a telescope would be an acceptable present to the state. Galileo took the hint, and was in turn confirmed for life in his professorship at Padua, and his stipend doubled. The public curiosity on the subject was excited to the highest pitch. Sirturi, who had made one of these instruments, attempting to try its powers from the top of the tower of St. Mark's, in Venice, was soon observed by the crowd, who detained him for hours to satisfy their curiosity in looking through his telescope. Instruments of an inferior sort were now made everywhere, and spread rapidly over Europe; but the manufacture of the superior kind was confined almost solely to Galileo, and those whom he instructed.

"Now that the telescopic appearance of the heavens is so familiarly known, it is hardly possible for us to conceive the intense interest with which the first glimpse of it must have been obtained. The multiplicity of the brilliant objects calling for examination, the undefined expectation of what might be revealed in them by the powers of an instrument yet untried, and the probability of numerous additions to the list of those bodies which had as yet come under the cognizance of man—these, and the host of kindred emotions which must have been excited on such an occasion, are more readily imagined than described; and they must have united to give an overwhelming impulse to the progress of discovery.

"Galileo, having sufficiently improved upon his instrument, now began assiduously to direct it to the heavens. The moon naturally formed the first object of his attention; and we cannot fail to recognise the original of our great poet's picture, since we know he had the opportunity of painting it from the life:—

'——the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.'

Par. Lost, i. 558.

"Jupiter formed the next object of examination; and no sooner was the telescope pointed to that planet than the existence of the satellites was detected, and their nature soon ascertained (February 1610). These and other observations were described by Galileo in a tract, which excited an extraordinary sensation the moment it appeared. Many positively denied the possibility of such discoveries; others hesitated; all were struck with astonishment. Kepler describes, in a letter to Galileo, the impression made on him by the announcement. He considered it totally incredible; nevertheless, his respect for the authority of Galileo was so great, that it set his brain afloat on an ocean of conjectures to discover how such a result could coincide with the then supposed order of the celestial orbits. Sizzi argued seriously with Galileo that the appearance must be fallacious, since it would invalidate the perfection of the number 7, which applies to the planets, as well as throughout all things natural and divine. Moreover, these satellites are invisible to the naked eye; therefore they can exercise no influence on the earth; therefore they are useless; *therefore they do not exist*. Others took a more decided, but not less rational, mode of meeting the difficulty. The principal professor of philosophy at Padua pertinaciously refused to look through the telescope. Another pointedly observed, that we are not to suppose that Jupiter has four satellites given him for the purpose of immortalising the Medici (Galileo having called them the Medicean stars). A German named Horky, suggested that the telescope, though accurate for terrestrial objects, was not true for the sky. He published a treatise, discussing the four new planets (as they were called), what they are? why they are? and what they are like? concluding with attributing their alleged existence to Galileo's thirst for gold *."

But artillery far more formidable than stupidity, obstinacy, or ridicule, began to be pointed towards the new philosophy. After the death of Copernicus, his opinions began slowly to make way; and as we draw near to the time of Galileo, facts were found to be accumulating in favour of the doctrine of the motion of the earth. Various arguments, drawn from natural appearances, were used against it; and then, as the force of these failed, the Bible was resorted to. Every text which either directly or impliedly spoke of the movements of the sun and moon, and of the fixedness of the earth, was dragged into discussion; and those who ventured to adopt the new philosophy, had also to face the terrible stigma of heresy. The controversy raged with great violence in the time of Galileo; for his discoveries and his eloquence were the means of diffusing the new doctrines over Europe. The bigots were furious, and the timid were afraid; it seemed as if the existing framework of religion were about to be violently overthrown. At last, at the age of seventy, the old man, Galileo, had to go to Rome, and professedly abjure the philosophy which his brilliant lifetime had been spent in establishing and illustrating. It is supposed that he was put to the torture, to compel his assent. The chief portions of his abjuration were:—"1st. The proposition that the sun is the centre of the world, and immovable from its place, is absurd—philosophically false—and formally heretical; because it is expressly contrary to Holy Scripture. 2nd. The proposition that the earth is not the centre of the world, nor immovable, but that it moves, and also with a diurnal motion, is absurd—philosophically false—and, theologically considered, at least erroneous in faith." "With a sincere heart and unfeigned faith, I abjure, curse, and detest the said errors and heresies;" and yet he is commonly said, on rising from his knees, after the solemnity, to have whispered to a friend, "It moves, for all that!" Now-a-days, it is believed that not merely the sun has a rotary motion, and that the planets revolve round it, but that the entire solar system—sun, planets, and all—is moving onwards through space; and anybody may entertain this idea without any imputation of infidelity. And yet many people who may be quite willing to entertain this most stupendous notion, shrink from entertaining the fact of the existence of the earth before the

* Historical View of the Progress of the Physical and Mathematical Sciences, from the earliest ages to the present time, by Baden Powell, Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.

days of Adam, because they are afraid it may be "contrary to faith."

It was just as easy to stop the motion of the earth, as to stop the progress of science by a forced abjuration from one of its great expounders. Galileo became blind six years before his death (he died in 1642); but his contemporaries, friends, and pupils, were too numerous, too active, and too powerful, not to carry on his great work. From the time of Bacon and Galileo to that of Newton and his contemporaries, extraordinary activity prevailed, and a race of giants sprang up, who seemed determined to scale the heavens.

"An immense impulse," says Sir John Herschel, "was now given to science, and it seemed as if the genius of mankind, long pent up, had at length rushed eagerly upon Nature, and commenced, with one accord, the great work of turning up her hitherto unbroken soil, and exposing the treasures so long concealed. A general sense now prevailed of the poverty and insufficiency of existing knowledge in *matters of fact;* and, as information flowed fast in, an era of excitement and wonder commenced, to which the annals of mankind had furnished nothing similar. It seemed, too, as if Nature herself seconded the impulse; and, while she supplied new and extraordinary aids to those senses which were henceforth to be exercised in her investigation—while the telescope and the microscope laid open the *infinite* in both directions—as if to call attention to her wonders, and signalise the epoch, she displayed the rarest, the most splendid, and mysterious, of all astronomical phenomena, the appearance and subsequent total extinction of a new and brilliant star twice within the lifetime of Galileo himself.

"The immediate followers of Bacon and Galileo ransacked all Nature for new and surprising facts, with something of that craving for the marvellous which might be regarded as a remnant of the age of alchemy and natural magic, but which, under proper regulation, is a most powerful and useful stimulus to experimental inquiry. Boyle, in particular, seemed animated by an enthusiasm of ardour, which hurried him from subject to subject, and from experiment to experiment, without a moment's intermission, and with a sort of undistinguishing appetite; while Hooke (the great contemporary, and almost the worthy rival, of Newton) carried a keener eye of scrutinising reason into a range of research even yet more extensive. As facts multiplied, leading phenomena became prominent, laws began to emerge, and generalization to commence; and so rapid was the career of discovery, so signal the triumph of the inductive philosophy, that a single generation and the efforts of a single mind sufficed for the establishment of the system of the universe, on a basis never after to be shaken."

This "single mind," we need hardly add, was that of Newton's—

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night,
God said, Let Newton be,—and all was light."

These felicitous lines of Pope's may, however, be apt to lead the young reader astray, by making him think that nothing was known of the true system of the universe before the time of Newton, and that nothing has been added since. But we shall have other opportunities for recurring to this subject.

BONAPARTE'S WOUNDS.

Napoleon showed me the marks of two wounds—one a very deep cicatrice above the left knee, which he said he had received in his first campaign of Italy, and it was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be ultimately necessary to amputate. He observed, that when he was wounded, it was always kept a secret, in order not to discourage the soldiers. The other was on the toe, and had been received at Eckmuhl. "At the siege of Acre," continued he, "a shell thrown by Sidney Smith fell at my feet. Two soldiers, who were close by, seized, and closely embraced me, one in front and the other on one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me against the effect of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelmed us with sand. We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers. One has since lost a leg at Moscow, and commanded at Vincennes when I left Paris. When he was summoned by the Russians, he replied, that as soon as they sent him back the leg he had lost at Moscow, he would surrender the fortress. Many times in my life," continued he, "have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before me when I was in the most imminent danger. At Arcola, when I was advancing, Colonel Meuron, my aid-de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes, never has the soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed 'Vive l'Empereur!'"—*From "A Voice from St. Helena."*

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

NO. II.

CHARACTER, ORIGIN, SUPERSTITIONS, AND ANTIQUITIES.

The character of the North American Indian has been alternately the theme of undeserved censure and panegyric. On the one hand, he has been described as cruel, blood-thirsty, and treacherous; on the other, he is painted as adorned by all the virtues of the ancient heroes—patient of suffering, despising all luxuries, of indomitable courage, and possessing the most exalted magnanimity. The "noble savage" has been held up by poets and orators as the very *beau ideal* of man in what is strangely called his "natural state;" and all the adornments, comforts, and elegances of civilisation represented as so many gaudy trappings disfiguring the beautiful simplicity of savage liberty. A more intimate acquaintance with the realities of life in a wigwam, shows that both the estimates we have mentioned are very wide of the truth.

There is,—or we should perhaps now say, was—in fact, much difference in the characteristics of the various tribes, principally occasioned by the difference in their modes of life. The inhabitant of Nootka Sound, whose chief sustenance is fish uncertainly obtained, and whose limbs are cramped in his canoe, differs so much from the young Mohawk, whose figure is so graceful and well proportioned, that the great painter West compared the matchless statue of the Apollo Belvidere to a young warrior of that tribe, as almost to enforce the belief that he is of a distinct race, until a closer examination dissipates the error. The main distinction of character, however, seems to be that between the Indian of the Forest, now almost extinct, and the Indian of the Prairies. The comparatively solitary life of the former; the silent majesty of the vast and gloomy woods through which the hunter tracked his way, with no company but his own thoughts; produced that dignified gravity of demeanour, and that taciturnity in society, which have been regarded as the peculiar attributes of the Indian; while the more cheerful aspect of the wide-spread prairie, and (since the introduction of the horse) the joyous excitement always produced in the mind when bounding over the plain, upborne by that noble animal, renders the Prairie Indian less reserved in his manners, and give him a more joyous, and perhaps less reflective, temperament, than that of his brother, the dweller in the dark pine-forest.

Although the Indian character may not deserve all the high-flown praise that has sometimes been lavished upon it by enthusiastic writers, who would fain elevate the untutored man into the discriminating philosopher, there are yet many points in it of very great excellence. It has been so well described by Dr. Godman,

(whose name must be familiar to our readers,) that we prefer using his words to attempting a delineation ourselves.

"To estimate the moral character of the Indians correctly, our inferences must be drawn from tribes undebased by their proximity to the whites, or from periods which preceded the introduction of European vices and corruptions amongst them. Born and nurtured in the most uncontrolled liberty, the restraints of civilised life have as yet only served to bring the Indian still lower than the quadruped tenants of the forest that have been subdued by the white man. Instead of displaying the energies of nature improved by cultivation, the civilised aboriginal has sunk into a state of hopeless apathy, incapable of anything better than an imitation of the worst vices of the worst of men.

"But when free, in his native wilds, the American displayed a form worthy of admiration, and a conduct which secured him respect. Brave, hospitable, honest, and confiding, to him danger had no terrors; and his house was ever open to the stranger. Taught to regard glory as the highest reward of his actions, he became a stoic under suffering, and so far subjugated his feelings as to stifle the emotions of his soul, allowing no outward sign of their workings to be perceived. His friendships were steadfast, and his promises securely kept; his anger was dreadful; his revenge, though often long cherished, was as horrible as it was sure; necessity and pride taught him patience, habitual exercise made him vigilant and skilful; his youth was principally spent in listening to the recital of his father's and ancestors' renown, and his manhood was passed in endeavouring to leave for his children an inducement to follow his example.

"Grave, dignified, and taciturn, under ordinary circumstances, in the assembly of his nation the Indian frequently became fluent, impassioned, eloquent, sublime. With few words, and no artificial aid, drawing his images exclusively from surrounding objects, and yielding to the influence of his own ardent impulses, he roused his friends to enthusiasm, or inspired his enemies with dread, as he depicted with few and rapid touches the terrors of his vengeance, or the horrible carnage of his battles.

"An Indian suffering with hunger complained not, nor, when long absent from home, expressed emotion on his return. 'I am come,' would be his simple salutation; 'It is well,' the only reply. When refreshed by eating and smoking, he related the story of his enterprise to his assembled friends, who listened in respectful silence, or only testified their interest in his narrative by a single ejaculation.

"The Indians almost universally revere the aged, and are exceedingly indulgent to their offspring, whom they rarely chastise, unless by casting cold water on them. They are not so kind to their women, who, as a general rule, are treated rather as domestic animals than as companions, and are seldom exempted from severe toils, even when about to give birth to their children. Notwithstanding this, the women appear contented with their situation, and not unfrequently exhibit excellent traits of character. At times their jealousy, or other depressing passions, lead them to the commission of suicide, which is particularly frequent among some of the tribes. Indian habits of thinking, varying with their modes of education, differ very much in different nations. The want of chastity before marriage is not universally considered as a loss of character*; neither is incontinence in the female after marriage regarded as a crime, provided the husband gives his consent*; yet the same people will treat as infamous, and even put to an ignominious death, a woman who receives the addresses of another man without the permission of the husband. The number of wives taken by the men is most commonly limited only by their ability to maintain them, as almost all Indians are polygamous*. Their wandering modes of living and precarious subsistence render increase of population far inferior among them to what it is among the whites.

"The most universal and enduring passion among the Indians is that for warlike glory. The earliest language he hears is the warrior's praise—the first actions he is taught to perform have for object the eventual attainment of this distinction; and every thought is bent towards the achievement of heroic deeds. Hence death is despised, suffering endured, and danger courted; the song of war is more musical in his ear than the voice of love; and the yells of the returning warrior thrill his bosom with pleasing anticipations of the time when *he* shall leave blood and ashes where the dwelling of his enemy stood, and hear the triumphant shouts of his kinsmen, responsive to his own returning war-cry."

This is a fair and unprejudiced view of Indian character, giving promise of all good where rightly directed, *led* in the narrow path,—but if driven, most sure to turn astray.

The government which regulates the affairs of an Indian tribe (for although several tribes occasionally join together for mutual defence, they never hold themselves bound by the determination of the ostensible chief of the confederation,) is vested entirely, in time of peace, in the Sachems, who are hereditary chiefs or leading men. They do not, however, possess any power beyond that influence attached to their station, which is entirely voluntary on the part of the tribe; and when a war is on the tapis, they possess still less power, as then the war-chiefs—men who have distinguished themselves by exploits in war or hunting, and are in consequence chosen as leaders on the war-path,—are more regarded. A very singular law of succession is in use among the Mohawks, who acknowledge the hereditary authority of one superior Sachem, whose office approaches very nearly to that of a limited monarch; for his actions are controlled by the decision of the general council of the other chiefs. The inheritance descends through the female line exclusively. Consequently, the superior chieftainship does not descend to the eldest male; but the eldest female in what may be called the royal line nominates one of her sons, or other chief descendants, and he thereby becomes the chief. If her choice does not fall upon her own son, the grandson whom she invests with the office must be the child of her daughter †.

It is remarkable that the same peculiar rule of succession is observed in one of the Malay tribes, the Menang Kabowes; a people who in other respects have many points of resemblance with the American Indians and the Polynesian tribes. The requisite allowances being made for the influence of climate, and the mode in which the necessaries of life are acquired, there is no difficulty in acceding to the theory now generally received, that all these nations derive their origin from the same source, and that the plains of Asia cradled the progenitors of the appointed inhabitants of the uttermost ends of the earth. Confining ourselves for the present to the North Americans, we shall transcribe from Pennant's Introduction to the Arctic Zoology some of the more remarkable resemblances between the inhabitants of Eastern Asia and the American Indian, sufficient, in our view, to support the belief that they are *immediately* derived from that quarter of the more early-peopled portion of the globe.

"The custom of scalping," says he, "was a barbarism in use with the Scythians, who carried about them at all times this savage mark of triumph: they cut a circle round the neck, and stripped

* Unnatural as a state of society permitting such a custom appears, it yet prevailed at Rome, even when far advanced in civilisation. We may here notice that the Indian women, notwithstanding the severity of their labours, enjoy a much greater degree of consideration than even Dr. Godman appears to have been aware of. They not unfrequently interfere in the affairs of the tribe. Mr. Stone says, "It may be doubted whether the females of the white people, even among nations of the most refinement, exercise a higher or more salutary degree of influence than do the Indian women. Nor, when dead, are they treated with less respect than the warriors."

* *One of the finest traits of Indian character—one never yet violated even among those most corrupted by communication with unprincipled whites—is, that the honour of their female prisoners has been invariably held sacred.*

† Stone's Life of Brant.

off the skin as they would that of an ox *. A little image found among the Kalmucks, of a Tartarian deity, mounted on a horse, and sitting on a human skin, with scalps pendant from the breast, fully illustrates the custom of the Scythian progenitors as described by the Greek historian. This usage, as the Europeans know by horrid experience, is continued to this day in America. The ferocity of the Scythians to their prisoners extended to the remotest part of Asia. The Kamtschadales, even at the time of their discovery by the Russians, put their prisoners to death by the most lingering and excruciating inventions; a practice in full force to this very day among the aboriginal Americans. The Scythians were styled Anthropophagi, from their feeding on human flesh. The people of Nootka Sound still make a repast of their fellow-creatures; but what is more wonderful, the savage allies of the British army have been known to throw the mangled limbs of the French prisoners into the horrible cauldron, and devour them with the same relish as those of a quadruped †.

"The Scythians were said for a certain time annually to transform themselves into wolves, and again to resume the human shape. Many of the American nations disguise themselves in dresses made of the skins of wolves and other wild beasts, and wear even the heads fitted to their own. These habits they use to circumvent the animals of the field; but would not ignorance or superstition ascribe to a supernatural metamorphosis these temporary expedients to deceive the brute creation? In their march, the Kamtschadales never went abreast, but followed one another in the same track. The same custom is exactly followed by the Americans."

Mr. Pennant further remarks, that tattooing, although not practised by all the American tribes, is yet found among some of them, and is customary with the Tungusi, the most numerous nation resident in Siberia. That enterprising traveller Ledyard ‡, who was well acquainted with the Indians from personal observation, expressed a decided opinion that they were identical with the Tartar tribes; among whom he particularly traced the use of the Indian ornament of wampum, or strings of shells, applied to the adornment of the dress, and also, in certain forms, as a token or memento of the subject of a speech, or a treaty, when matters of importance have been discussed.

"In respect to the features and form of the human body," says Mr. Pennant, "almost every tribe found along the western coast has some similitude to the Tartar nations, and still retain the little eyes, small noses, high cheeks, and broad faces. They vary in size from the lusty Calmucks to the little Nogaians. The internal Americans, such as the Five Indian Nations, who are tall of body, robust of make, and of oblong faces, are derived from a variety among the Tartars themselves. The fine tribe of Tschutski seem to be the stock from which those Americans are derived. The Tschutski, again, from that fine race of Tartars the Kabardinski, or inhabitants of Kabarda."

If, as there can be little doubt, the population of America was effected, not by one sudden irruption of the Tartars, but by successive arrivals—at first, probably, the result of accident and subsequently of design,—the difference observable in the personal appearance of various tribes is at once accounted for, without referring to those variations which inevitably result from the continual intermarriage of the members of the same tribe, perpetuating and strengthening any remarkable family peculiarity. The superior size of the Patagonians, which, although exaggerated by the elder voyagers, yet was not altogether a tale of Munchausen, is doubtless to be traced to the latter cause; and Mr. Catlin *, whose authority is unquestionable, mentions several of such instances,—such as the stature of the Osages, who are most of them over six feet in height, and many of them seven; the Crows, many of whom (we speak of the men) have hair reaching to the ground when standing upright, a peculiarity rare even among the women of other countries; and the Mandans, a tribe extinct within these three years, among whom "about one in twelve, of both sexes, and of all ages, had the hair of a bright silvery grey, and exceedingly coarse and harsh, somewhat like a horse's mane." This singular circumstance does not appear to have had any affinity to the causes producing the Albino varieties among the human race or the lower animals, in whom a remarkable susceptibility to light is universal; while among the Mandans neither the eyes nor the colour of the skin were affected. Among the portraits in Mr. Catlin's Gallery is one of a really pretty girl of twelve years old, with grey hair, producing a most strange effect; literally, a grey head upon green shoulders.

A remarkable link in the chain which appears to connect the Indians with the Tartars, is the existence of barrows precisely similar to those found in our own country, and scattered over various parts of Tartary. These barrows are found through the whole extent of the plain land of both North and South America; and the same mode of burial is still in use among some of the tribes. Mr. Catlin gives a view of the grave of a chief called Blackbird, who was buried on his favourite war-horse, which was alive; and the Scythians were in like manner accustomed to inhume the steed with his dead master. The South American Indians are accustomed to bury the dead, but, when the flesh is consumed, they disinter the bones, and remove them to the general burying-place of the tribe. The Scythians carried the bodies of their kings to the remotest part of the country, Gherri, where they buried them in the royal sepulchres with many barbarous ceremonies, of which the reader will find an account in No. 34 of the London Saturday Journal, under the title of "Funeral Mounds." The various modes of burial in use among the Indians are also noticed in No. 63 (in the Letter-Box), which renders it less necessary for us to enter into detail upon that subject here.

Besides these barrows, there exist in many parts of the United States and in Mexico earthen mounds, which are regarded as fortifications, and have given rise to some very interesting speculations on early visits from Europe; on which our limits forbid us to enter at present.

The religious ideas of the Indians are very vague, and in fact they may perhaps be more properly described as superstitious than as religious. They acknowledge a supreme Deity, or Great Spirit, and believe in a future state of rewards and punishments; the latter being almost exclusively dreaded as the consequence of cowardice, other misdemeanours being comparatively venial in their eyes. They firmly believe in the existence of good and evil spirits, and particularly dread the anger of the latter, whom they seek to appease through the medium of their Mystery or Medicine-Men, who are supposed to possess power over them.

These mystery-men exercise considerable authority in their double capacity of priests and physicians; but they derive it, like "wizards" and "wise women," from the voluntary submission of those on whom they impose the belief of their supernatural power.

* Herodotus, lib. iv.

† Colonel Schuyler told Dr. Morse, who was employed in 1820 by the American government to make a tour of inquiry of the actual state of Indian affairs in the States, that, during the war with the French, he was invited on one occasion to eat broth, which was ready cooked, with a party of Indians. He did so; until as they were striking the ladle into the kettle to give him some more, they lifted up a Frenchman's hand, which, as may easily be conceived, put an end to his appetite. It does not, however, appear that cannibalism has been a usual practice with the North Americans, although it has been common, and is still occasionally practised by the inhabitants of many of the Polynesian and Asiatic islands, particularly the New Zealanders and the Battas of Sumatra.

‡ See an account of his Life in Nos. 17 and 18 of the London Saturday Journal.

* See an account of his "Indian Gallery," in No. 59 of the London Saturday Journal.

This is sometimes attained, as among the Hindoos, by the infliction of self-torture, which is supposed to confer a mysterious authority over the invisible world.' Thus, in one of Mr. Catlin's pictures, a Sioux is represented suspended to a pole by splints run through his body, with his medicine-bag in his hand, looking at the sun from its rising to its setting; an achievement which seems almost impossible without producing blindness, but, when performed, entitling the votary to great respect for the remainder of his life as a mystery or medicine-man.

As may be imagined, these men work chiefly by spells and charms, on which the greatest reliance is placed; and as confidence in the physician is in many cases half a cure, and they are doubtless acquainted with many simple remedies, they are often successful; and when a mishap *will* occur, they find no difficulty in shifting the blame of ill success to the patient's shoulders, by accusing him of having neglected their prescriptions, or in some other way interfered with the operation of their charms. Such men have, in all ages and countries, possessed themselves of extraordinary influence over the minds of the ignorant.

The Indians do not agree among themselves in the traditions they preserve of their own origin. A few believe that they are descendants of people born across "the great salt lake," but most suppose that their race was originally created on their own continent. Some conceive that the Great Spirit made them out of the celebrated red stone, from which, out of a single quarry, from time immemorial, they have made their pipes. Others say they were all created from the dust of the earth; but those who have become acquainted with the white people modestly add, "The Great Spirit must have made you out of the fine dust, for you know more than we."

It is a very singular fact, that of all the tribes visited by Mr. Catlin (48 in number) there was no one that did not, by some means or other, connect their origin with a big canoe, which was supposed to have rested on the summit of some hill or mountain in their neighbourhood. This was especially remarkable among the Mandans, in the centre of whose village stood a curb made of planks, which they called their "Big Canoe," and regarded as an object of religious veneration. He also beheld among them the performance of an annual religious ceremony held in remembrance of the "settling of the waters," commencing on the day on which the willow-trees of their country came into blossom. On asking why that tree, out of all others, was selected, Mr. Catlin was informed that it was because from it that the bird flew to them with a branch in its mouth; and when it was inquired *what* bird it was, the Indians pointed to the dove, which it appears was held so sacred among them, that neither man, woman, nor child would injure it: indeed, the Mandans declared that even their dogs instinctively respected this bird.

Similar traditions are found among the South American Indians. Captain Fitzroy relates that the aborigines near Valdivia point out a mountain called Theghin, or Theg-theghin, (which means to crackle or sparkle like fire,) on which they say that their early progenitors escaped from the deluge. Some writers have imagined that the Indians are descended from the Jews, and have taken much pains to support their theory; and at first sight these traditions would appear to favour their views: but when it is considered that the knowledge of the occurrence of a deluge is by no means confined to nations who can be presumed to have derived it from the Jews; that it is spread over Asia, and familiar to the Hindoos and Chinese; it loses all weight as an argument in support of the Jewish origin of the Indians. The absence of circumcision, the paucity of beard, and the custom of eradicating the few hairs that make their appearance, are strong evidences against such a supposition.

The Indians practise many sports, the principal being dances of triumph, to celebrate success in war, hunting, or other joyful occasions. The most animated of all is the ball-play; and with a spirited account of such a scene, witnessed by Mr. Woodruff, when on a visit to Brant in 1797, and transcribed from his notes by Mr. Stone, in his Life of the great chief, we shall wind up our article.

"The place selected for the trial of strength, agility, and skill, was a broad and beautiful green, of perhaps one hundred acres, perfectly level, and smooth as a carpet, without tree, or shrub, or stone to encumber it. On one side of the green the Senecas had collected in a sort of irregular encampment—men, women, and children—to the number of more than a thousand. On the other side the Mohawks were actively assembling in yet greater numbers. The stakes deposited by each party were laid upon the ground in heaps, consisting of rifles, hatchets, swords, belts, knives, blankets, wampum, watches, beads, brooches, furs, and a variety of other articles of Indian utility and taste—amounting, in the whole, according to the estimate of Captain Brant, to upwards of a thousand dollars a side. By the side of the stakes were seated a group of the aged chiefs—'grave and reverend seignors,' whose beards had been silvered by the frosts of many winters, and whose visages gave evidence of the toils of war and the chase.

"The combatants numbered about six hundred upon a side, young and middle-aged men—nimble of foot, athletic, and muscular. Their countenances beamed with animation and high hope. In order to the free and unfettered use of their sinewy limbs, their persons were naked, with the exception of a single garment like an apron, or kilt, fastened around the waist, and descending nearly to the knee. The area of the play-ground was designated by two pair of 'byes,' placed at about thirty rods distant from each other, and the goals of each pair about thirty feet apart. The combatants ranged themselves in parallel lines on each side of the area, facing inward, and leaving a space between them of about ten rods in breadth. Their bats were three feet six inches in length, curved at the lower end somewhat in the form of a ladle; the broad part for striking the ball being formed of net-work, woven of thongs of untanned deer-skin, strained to the tension of tight elasticity. The ball, large as a middling-sized apple, was also composed of elastic materials.

"On one side of the area, near the centre of the line, and in a conspicuous place, were seated a body of elderly sachems of each nation, with knives and tally-sticks, to score the game. The rules governing the game were somewhat intricate. None of the players were allowed to touch the ball with hand or foot, until driven beyond the 'byes' or land-marks. It was then thrown back by hand toward or into the centre of the area, when the game proceeded as before. Their mode of counting the game was peculiar, the tallies-men not being in all cases bound by arbitrary rules, but left to the exercise of a certain degree of discretionary power. Each passage of the ball between the goals, at the end of the play-ground, counted one, so long as the contest was nearly equal; but, for the purpose of protracting the game, whenever one party became considerably in advance of the other, the tally-chiefs were allowed to check or curtail their count in proportion to the excess. For instance, if the leading party had run up a regular count to thirty, while their opponents had numbered but fifteen, the tallies-men, at their discretion, and by consent of each other, though unknown to the players, would credit the winning party with only two notches for three passages of the ball—varying from time to time, according to the state of the game. The object of this course was to protract the game, and to increase the amusement, while despondency upon either side was prevented, and the chance of ultimate victory increased. Frequently, by this discretionary mode of counting, the game was continued three or four days.

"The game on this occasion was commenced by about sixty

players on a side, who advanced from their respective lines with bats in their hands, into the centre of the play-ground. Of this number about twenty were stationed at the end land-marks, to guard the passage of the ball. The players who were to begin were apparently mingled promiscuously together. All things being thus ready, a beautiful maiden, richly dressed in the native costume of her people, wearing a red tiara plumed with eagle's feathers, and glittering with bracelets and other ornaments of silver, came bounding like a gazelle into the area, with the ball, which she placed upon the ground in the centre. Instantly the welkin rang with the shouts of the whole multitude of spectators, and the play began; while the bright-eyed maiden danced back, and joined her own circle among the surrounding throng. The match was begun by two of the opposing players, who advanced to the ball, and with their united bats raised it from the ground to such an elevation as gave a chance for a fair stroke; when, quick as lightning, it was sped through the air almost with the swiftness of a bullet. Much depends upon the first stroke, and great skill is exerted to obtain it.

"The match was played with great spirit, and the display of agility and muscular strength was surprising. Every nerve was strung; and so great were the exertions of the players, that each set was relieved by fresh hands every fifteen or twenty minutes; thus alternating, and allowing every player of the whole number to perform his part, until the game was finished. The scene was full of excitement and animation. The principal chief entered fully into the enjoyment, and by his explanations to his guest heightened its interest, which, of itself, the latter declared to have afforded him a greater degree of satisfaction than any game or pastime that he had ever beheld. The contest was continued three days, at the end of which, after a severe struggle, the Senecas were proclaimed the victors, sweeping the stakes, to the great mortification of the proud-spirited Mohawks, the head of the confederacy."

THE MAGICIAN'S VISITER.

It was at the close of a fine autumnal day, and the shades of evening were beginning to gather over the city of Florence, when a low quick rap was heard at the door of Cornelius Agrippa, and shortly afterwards a stranger was introduced into the apartment in which the philosopher was sitting at his studies. The stranger, though finely formed and of courteous demeanour, had a certain indefinable air of mystery about him, which excited awe, if, indeed, it had not a repellent effect. His years it was difficult to guess, for the marks of youth and age were blended in his features in a most extraordinary manner. There was not a furrow in his cheek or a wrinkle on his brow; and his large black eye beamed with all the brilliancy and vivacity of youth; but his stately figure was bent, apparently beneath the weight of years; his hair, although thick and clustering, was grey; and his voice was feeble and tremulous, yet its tones were of the most ravishing and soul-searching melody. His costume was that of a Florentine gentleman; but he had a staff like that of a palmer in his hand; and a silken sash—inscribed with Oriental characters—was bound around his waist. His face was deadly pale; but every feature of it was singularly beautiful, and its expression was that of profound wisdom, mingled with poignant sorrow.

"Pardon me, learned sir," said he, addressing the philosopher, "but your fame has travelled into all lands, and has reached all ears; and I could not leave the fair city of Florence without seeking an interview with one who is its greatest boast and ornament."

"You are right welcome, sir," returned Agrippa; "but I fear that your trouble and curiosity will be but ill repaid. I am simply one, who, instead of devoting my days, as do the wise, to the acquirement of wealth and honour, have passed long years in painful and unprofitable study, in endeavouring to unravel the secrets of nature, and initiating myself in the mysteries of the occult sciences."

"Talkest thou of *long* years!" echoed the stranger, and a melancholy smile played over his features: "thou, who hast scarcely seen fourscore since thou left'st thy cradle, and for whom the quiet grave is now waiting, eager to clasp thee in her sheltering arms! I was among the tombs to-day,—the still and solemn tombs: I saw them smiling in the last beams of the setting sun. When I was a boy, I used to wish to be like that sun; his career was so long, so bright, so glorious. But to-night I thought it was better to slumber amongst those tombs than to be like him. To-night he sank behind the hill, apparently to repose; but to-morrow he must renew his course, and run the same dull and unvaried, but toilsome and unquiet race. There is no grave for him, and the night and morning dews are the tears that he sheds over his tyrannous destiny."

Agrippa was a deep observer and admirer of external nature, and of all her phenomena, and had often gazed upon the scene which the stranger described; but the feelings and ideas which it awakened in the mind of the latter were so different from anything which he had himself experienced that he could not help, for a season, gazing upon him in speechless wonder. His guest, however, speedily resumed the discourse.

"But I trouble you, I trouble you;—to my purpose in making you this visit. I have heard strange tales of a wondrous mirror, which your potent art has enabled you to construct, in which whosoever looks may see the distant or the dead on whom he is desirous again to fix his gaze. My eyes see nothing in this outward visible world which can be pleasing to their sight. The grave has closed over all I loved. Time has carried down its stream everything that once contributed to my enjoyment. The world is a vale of tears; but among all the tears which water that sad valley, not one is shed for me:—the fountain in my own heart, too, is dried up. I would once more again look upon the face which I loved. I would see that eye more bright, and that step more stately, than the antelope's; that brow, the broad smooth page on which God had inscribed his fairest characters. I would gaze on all I loved and all I lost. Such a gaze would be dearer to my heart than all the world has to offer to me, except the grave—except the grave."

The passionate pleading of the stranger had such an effect upon Agrippa (who was not used to exhibit his miracle of art to the eyes of all who desired to look in it, although he was often tempted by exorbitant presents and high honours to do so), that he readily consented to grant the request of his extraordinary visiter.

"Whom wouldst thou see?" he inquired.

"My child, my own sweet Miriam," answered the stranger.

Cornelius immediately caused every ray of the light of heaven to be excluded from the chamber, placed the stranger on his right hand, and commenced chanting in a low soft tone, and in a strange language, some lyrical verses, to which the stranger thought he heard occasionally a response; but it was a sound so faint and indistinct, that he hardly knew whether it existed anywhere but in his own fancy. As Cornelius continued his chant, the room gradually became illuminated; but whence the light proceeded it was impossible to discover. At length the stranger plainly perceived a large mirror which covered the whole of the extreme end of the apartment, and over the surface of which a dense haze or cloud seemed to be rapidly passing.

"Died she in wedlock's holy bands?" inquired Cornelius.

"She was a virgin spotless as the snow."

"How many years have passed away since the grave closed over her?"

A cloud gathered on the stranger's brow, and he answered somewhat impatiently, "Many, many; more than I now have time to number."

"Nay," said Agrippa, "but I must know. For every ten years that have elapsed since her death once must I wave this wand; and when I have waved it for the last time, you will see her figure in yon mirror."

"Wave on, then," said the stranger, and groaned bitterly: "wave on, and take heed that thou be not weary."

Cornelius Agrippa gazed on his strange guest with something of anger, but he excused his want of courtesy on the ground of the probable extent of his calamities. He then waved his magic wand many times, but, to his consternation, it seemed to have lost its virtue. Turning again to the stranger, he exclaimed,—

"Who and what art thou, man? Thy presence troubles me. According to all the rules of my art, this wand has already described twice two hundred years,—still has the surface of the mirror experienced no alteration. Say, dost thou mock me, and did no such person ever exist as thou hast described to me?"

"Wave on, wave on!" was the stern and only reply which this interrogatory extracted from the stranger.

The curiosity of Agrippa, although he was himself a dealer in wonders, began now to be excited; and a mysterious feeling of awe forbade him to desist from waving his wand, much as he doubted the sincerity of his visiter. As his arm grew slack, he heard the deep solemn tones of the stranger exclaiming, "Wave on, wave on!" and at length, after his wand, according to the calculations of his art, had described a period of above twelve hundred years, the cloud cleared away from the surface of the mirror, and the stranger, with an exclamation of delight, arose and gazed rapturously upon the scene which was there represented. An exquisitely rich and romantic prospect was before him. In the distance rose lofty mountains, crowned with cedars; a rapid stream rolled in the middle; and in the fore-ground were seen camels grazing, a rill trickling by, in which some sheep were quenching their thirst, and a lofty palm-tree, beneath whose shade a young female, of exquisite beauty, and richly habited in the costume of the East, was sheltering herself from the rays of the noontide sun.

"'Tis she! 'tis she!" shouted the stranger; and he was rushing towards the mirror, but was prevented by Cornelius, who said,

"Forbear, rash man, to quit this spot! with each step that thou advancest towards the mirror, the image will become fainter; and shouldst thou approach too near, it will vanish away entirely."

Thus warned, he resumed his station, but his agitation was so excessive that he was obliged to lean on the arm of the philosopher for support, while, from time to time, he uttered incoherent expressions of wonder, delight, and lamentation.

"'Tis she! 'tis she! even as she looked while living! How beautiful she is! Miriam, my child, canst thou not speak to me? By Heaven she moves! she smiles! Oh speak to me a single word! or only breathe, or sigh! Alas! all's silent—dull and desolate as this heart! Again that smile! that smile, the remembrance of which a thousand winters have not been able to freeze up in my heart! Old man, it is in vain to hold me! I must, will clasp her."

As he uttered the last words he rushed franticly towards the mirror; the scene represented within it faded away, the cloud gathered again over its surface, and the stranger sunk senseless to the earth.

When he recovered his consciousness, he found himself in the arms of Agrippa, who was chafing his temples, and gazing on him with looks of wonder and fear. He immediately rose on his feet with restored strength, and, pressing the hand of his host, he said,

"Thanks, thanks, for thy courtesy and thy kindness, and for the sweet, but painful sight which thou hast presented to my eyes."

As he spake these words, he put a purse into the hand of Cornelius; but the latter returned it, saying,

"Nay, nay, keep thy gold, friend. I know not, indeed, that a Christian man dare take it; but be that as it may, I shall esteem myself sufficiently repaid if thou wilt tell me who thou art."

"Behold!" said the stranger, pointing to a large historical picture which hung on the left-hand of the room.

"I see," said the philosopher, "an exquisite work of art, the production of one of our best and earliest artists, representing our Saviour carrying his cross."

"But look again!" said the stranger, fixing his keen dark eyes intently on him, and pointing to a figure on the left hand of the picture.

Cornelius gazed, and saw with wonder what he had not observed before—the extraordinary resemblance which this figure bore to the stranger, of whom, indeed, it might be said to be a portrait.

"That," said Cornelius, with an emotion of horror, "is intended to represent the unhappy infidel who smote the divine sufferer for not walking faster, and was, therefore, condemned to walk the earth himself until the period of that sufferer's second coming."

"'Tis I! 'tis I!" exclaimed the stranger; and, rushing out of the house, rapidly disappeared.

Then did Cornelius Agrippa know that he had been conversing with the Wandering Jew.—*Ackermann's "Forget Me Not," for* 1828.

OSMYN AND CALED.

OSMYN, who fill'd the Persian throne
With high tyrannic sway,
All night in fancied chains would groan,
But woke a king at day.

Caled, his slave, in bondage held,
From friends and country torn,
In dreams the regal staff would wield,
But woke a slave at morn.

Morn to the king restored the crown,
And made poor Caled sigh;
Returning night threw Osmyn down,
And raised the slave on high.

Ye casuists,—'tis a doubtful thing,—
An answer then I crave:
Pray tell me, was the slave a king?
Or was the king a slave?"

JAMES SMITH.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

NO. VIII.

WALKS UPON THE LAPA, NEAR MACAO.

MANY of my earlier excursions in the neighbourhood of this place, Macao, were made upon a hilly island which flanks the further side of the inner harbour; and as I love to converse with every department of nature, I bend my eye not only upon the animal and vegetable objects that lie beside my path, but also to the structure of that earth which God hath given to the children of men. I observe, therefore, that the rock on which the soil rests is granite, which at some remote period was upheaved from its bed and broken into ten thousand fragments: many of these fragments are strewed over the sides of the hills, and called, in the language of geologists, boulders. At first sight, we ask, perhaps, by what mighty torrent they had been swept along and left in their present position; and the fancy, taking the hint, provides us with a deluge adequate for that purpose. But a closer attention will soon teach us, however, that whatever effect the flood described by Moses, or any other vast inundation, may have had in transporting such boulders to distant places elsewhere, those that are scattered over the island of which we are speaking, are nearly, if not exactly, in their native beds: for they are of the same nature as the rock upon which they are resting, and we see them in many spots piled upon each other, as if the hand of some gigantic builder had been employed in their adjustment. We can easily understand how the breaking forth of waters might have lodged the huge masses of stone which we see around us in a valley or upon the side of a hill, but we are at a loss to conceive how it could rear a pyramid of several stories resting upon a simple or compound base. We are hence compelled to resort to another hypothesis, and assume that these are the remains of some stu-

pendous piles which Nature reared up when the rocks were torn from their bases, rent asunder and parted into fragments of every kind of form and size. The decomposing effect of the atmosphere has reduced the smaller ones to sand and soil, which the water has carried towards the sea, and spread them out into plains for the cultivation of rice, herbs, and various kinds of grain. The larger pieces have been able to lose much by the corroding effects of time, without losing all. We readily perceive the reason of that process which reduced the rock to shivers, that they might by further reduction afford a pabulum for the growth of vegetables; but we do not see at once why these huge boulders should still be left to encumber the ground which they cannot fertilise. But if our pursuit should happen to be after plants and flowers, we should not be long in finding out how greatly we were indebted to the protecting shade of these dishevelled masses; for wherever they lie in any abundance, there we find something to requite the toil of the botanist. They are not unfrequently heaped together so as to form a labyrinth, into which I have sometimes forced my way, and picked up something that was lost to all, save to the "prying eye" of the botanist. What was said of the miner, applies in some sort to him: "He setteth an end to darkness, and searcheth out all perfection." (Job, xxviii. 3.) These stones, which seemed to have been thrown about at random, without any regard to utility, are thus found to be the benefactors and patrons of the "weeds" and shrubs that flourish under their protection. They shelter them effectually from the north-east wind, one of the most "sweeping breezes" that I ever encountered. The pines or mountain fir of Southern China (*Pinus sinensis*), and a few grasses, alone seem able to endure its biting edge. The eye of the Creator in gracious forecast was directed to this fact, and he has made an arrangement for counteracting its effects in the wild strewment of boulders upon which we have been commenting.

Among these rocky fragments, and the herbs that grow between, the buffalo often browses. At the sight of a foreigner he starts, rears his head, and stands in a steadfast and most suspicious gaze. It is obvious that this is the effect of fear; but whether this fear will prompt the animal to flee from the supposed danger, or to forestall it by an assault, is what perplexes the mind of the stranger. He stands in doubt, unwilling to retreat, afraid to go forward. The buffalo is in the same predicament, and cannot decide whether he ought to turn his face or his back towards the unwelcome visitor. He seems to have taken a hint from the rulers of his country, who are afraid of that from which they have nothing to apprehend, and put on the air and attitude of menace and defiance, while their hearts quail within them. I am half serious when I say he seems to have taken a hint from the rulers of his country; for in other places the buffalo grazes amidst the long and stiff-culmed grass, unmindful of the stranger, with all the tranquillity of the cow or the ox among ourselves, and seldom puts on a threatening aspect unless he is disturbed when luxuriating in a slough or mud plash: for this creature resembles the swine or wild-boar in its fondness for water; and this instinctive love of moisture is so great, that it matters not at all whether the pool be sweet or fetid, clear or foul. The Chinese, whose systems of zoology are somewhat eccentric, often select the most characteristic feature in the shape or habit of an animal, and give it a prominent place in their descriptions. In this, the lover of Nature will allow, consists the true genius of the zoologist; for his art lies not in the enumeration of a multitude of particulars, but in the choice of such as are essential. The Chinese, for example, call the buffalo the *water-kine*, in allusion to the propensity just mentioned, and say, by way of defining its chief characteristic, that it *walks stooping*, on account of the comparative shortness of the fore-feet. Owing to this circumstance it runs with a peculiar leaping motion, and with great speed, though the constrained manner in which it progresses when advancing slowly might not prepare us to look for it. A friend who saw a buffalo and a tiger encounter in some public spectacle at Java told me, that when the tiger was in the act of bounding upon the buffalo, the latter tossed him to a great height into the air, and then ere the discomfited creature could reach the ground he received a second rebuff from the head of his nimble antagonist. I need not remind the reader that the swiftness of the hare is not a little aided by the comparative shortness of the fore-legs, which allows the hind ones to strike the ground with an elastic spring like the recoil of a bow.

A little boy is often set to watch a herd of buffaloes, and to prevent their straying to a distance. Sometimes we see him tending a single animal, holding it by a cord which is attached to a ring that passes through the partition between the nostrils, the *septum narium* of the anatomist. At the sight of the *fan kwei*, or foreigner, the buffalo rears his head, and his little keeper begins to cry out as if the knife of the assassin were held at his throat. He is afraid that the creature, in a wild fit of terror, should hurry away regardless of the "hook in his nose," or "the crying of the driver." At this the good-natured traveller retires behind a fence, or the jutting shade of some boulder; and so the boy and his buffalo are at once released from their fears, and fall into the same repose of thought in which they were when the ill-boding phenomenon made its appearance.

Upon this island of which I am speaking, many a time has the foreigner smarted from the sturdy strokes of the well-plied bamboo; but not a few times have I strayed alone and never met with anything in the shape of ill-usage. Chinese who met in these rambles would sometimes caution me against going too far, and tell me that bad men would assault and beat me. My answer to these monitory hints was uniformly, "The Chinese are not bad men, they are not strangers to what propriety requires," and then pursued my way to let them see that I felt no fear, because I meant no harm. Arm yourself with gentleness and good will, and let men see that your courage and confidence are founded upon the feelings which belong to these qualities, and in China, and many other places where it has been my lot to travel, you will have a panoply that will repel in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred any attack upon your person.

In one of my early visits to the island, I encountered a person of great courtesy and polish on his return from a little hamlet in the neighbourhood. Seeing that I was in quest of plants, his curiosity was awakened to ask for what purpose I gathered them. Instead of directly answering his question, I asked him the names of several in my bag; but not being much skilled in such matters, he called some peasants to settle the points for him. By way of letting him see what I wanted in the way of information, I took a flying sketch of a tree hard by, and then asked its native name, which he most obligingly wrote down among my memoranda. In return for this kindness I gave him two or three volumes that lay at the bottom of the bag. With these he seemed extremely pleased, and explained to the bystanders, who now began to flock around us, in what way he had obtained them. "I," said he, "gave the stranger a few hints respecting the names and uses of herbs, and in requital he gave me these books." And then, as if determined not to be outdone in kindness, he conducted me to the cottage of some acquaintance, and asked them to give me tea and such hospitality as their means could afford. They brought me some tea and a cigar: the latter I declined, and the former I sipped at my leisure; for although I easily conform to the China-

man's usage of drinking tea without milk or sugar when presented at the house of the more wealthy, fuming with a most grateful aroma, I do not feel the same relish when it has long been "brewing" upon the well-soddened leaves. But a thorough-paced traveller always accepts the will for the deed, and thanks the kind hostess with all his heart who offers him a dish of tea which she has just warmed over a smoking fire of dried grass. And I may just remind the reader that in southern parts of China, where wood is scarce, and consequently very dear, the poor people fetch the long grass from the sides and brows of the mountains, bind it up in bundles, and stack it for a store of winter fuel. As the houses are not provided with a chimney, the smoke, which rises from the smouldering grass in prodigious quantities, curls and rolls wherever it lists, to the great discomfort of the industrious housewife. The writer was once telling a circle of country friends, that in the different countries upon the west side of the American continent, the houses had no such provision as a tube, flue, or chimney to let out the smoke. "Where does the smoke go, then?" they all asked at once with the most eager curiosity. "Why, into your eyes, to be sure," was the reply. There was a good deal of banter but some truth in this reply, for the moisture distributed over the eyeballs attracts the smoke and condenses it upon the surface of that organ, and hence the reason of that apparent eagerness to insinuate itself into a place where it can least be endured. But, in adverting to the inconvenience of the smoke, I had nearly forgotten the bestowment of the fuel. The hills, from exposure to winds and the hungry nature of the soil, produce nothing in the shape of a tree save a few stunted pines, which are never meddled with by the poor, but by a kind arrangement they are made to yield a plenteous crop of tall and sturdy grasses (chiefly of the Andropogon family), which the needy find an excellent substitute for wood. How hard would it be to find a spot where some lively marks of the Creator's goodness are not to be seen! The earth is indeed "full of his goodness."

We have just referred to a kind arrangement; let us allude to an instance of adaptation. Rice, as the reader in all probability knows, is cultivated in a soil covered with water, or, in different words, in mud, well prepared by stirring and manure for its reception. In the early part of the year a fertile spot of ground is chosen, into which the seed is poured with an unsparing hand. After it has germinated and the sprouts have attained a length of about six inches, it is dug up and parted into tufts for transplanting. These plants are set in lines, at proper intervals from each other, by the hands of workmen, who execute their business with great despatch and adroitness. The bed into which these are thrust consist, as we have intimated, of soil well mixed and covered with water. In the labour of bringing the ground to this state, the buffalo performs no unimportant part, as he draws a plough of rude and original mechanism, in many a tedious bout, from one side of the field to the other. The plough stirs up and parts the sluggish glebe, while the feet of the animal assist not a little in its subacting, and its incorporation with the water. The wading in mud from morn to noon, and from noon to dewy eve, is not a work for which either our horse or our ox is calculated, as those know who are familiar with the history and habits of these invaluable animals. The horse often lets the most casual observer see that he has no predilection for moisture; for if a raised terrace happens to cross the field where he pastures, and the night be wet, he stations himself upon the path where it is driest, though the shelter of tree or fence might seem to invite him to a different situation. But the buffalo, the *water-kine* of the Chinese, is "in his element" while at this work, and therefore takes pleasure in what the horse or the beeve would feel pain and inconvenience. How nicely then has God adapted the disposition of the animal for the nature of the work for which it is required! Foreknowledge, acting upon a system, is seen from the beginning to the end. The streams of water tumbling down the deep ravines and dells, sweep large quantities of earth with them, which is deposited at the bottom of some withdrawing nook, and through the accumulating force of time produces a wide-spread alluvium for the fields of rice. The ground is appropriated by the perseverance of man, laid out in numerous plots by means of banks and terraces, and then, as the water still continues to descend, a stone is always at hand for a copious irrigation. To help him in the work, the buffalo comes to his aid, with a strength of body and a peculiarity of instinct or habitude that exactly fit him for it.

One of the greatest nuisances a traveller meets with in many parts of China, as well as upon the island which is supposed now to be the sphere of our imaginary excursion, is met in the everlasting "yelping" of the cowardly curs that haunt almost every dwelling. Fierce without courage, and fearful without the sagacity of kindness, they keep up an incessant barking from the time of your appearance till long after you are out of sight. Neither the threats of the master, nor the proffered friendship of the stranger, can pacify them for a moment. Amidst the noise thus made, the guest and the host can scarcely hear each other speak; and sometimes this is so intolerable, that I have cut short my visit and departed very abruptly. Some who have visited similar situations have dealt blows among, or hurled stones at these peace-breakers, which affronts the Chinaman without taming his dog;—a practice I seldom adopted, for fear of undoing all that gentleness and good humour might have done for me. Now and then I would pursue the terror-stricken brutes with my hat or my bag, as if I meant to carry them off, which generally excited a good deal of mirth among the bystanders, and alleviated the nuisance of these unwelcome salutations. As these dogs are not trained for any purpose, nor caressed or educated as pets, one is ready to ask, what are they good for? To this the Chinaman replies, by telling you, that when young and delicately fed they compose a dish more savoury and tender than a young pig. Besides this, they are excellent alarums, and never omit to give notice of danger: thus they warn their owners by their fear, though they cannot protect them by their courage.

In the island of which we are speaking there is a romantic valley, remarkable for the rugged steepness of the slopes, and the crystal stream that rolls at the bottom. A Chinaman of an enterprising turn of mind contrived to direct a part of this stream, and so to guide it, by the application of conduits, as to obtain a fall of water to work his water-mill. The workmanship was rudely finished, but the ingenuity of invention was fully adequate to the purpose. The water-wheel wa what is called an overshot wheel, or the floats or buckets so contrived as to receive the water that fell from above. Upon the same shaft was a vertical wheel, with pegs instead of teeth; these teeth acted upon a horizontal wheel, which was mortised to the upper end of the axis on which the millstone turned. By this mechanical arrangement the water communicated its motion to the upper millstone, and was the first in the chain of instrumental causation in the business of grinding the corn. The hopper or vessel for dispensing the corn to the mill was very simple; it was a square chest with a hole in the centre, and, resting upon the top of the axle, revolved round with the millstone. The reader is aware that if a vessel be filled with grain it will not part freely with it, though there be many holes in the bottom, while it remains without shaking. To make the wheat run freely through the hole at the bottom of the Chinaman's hopper, was a matter that required a little contrivance; a requirement which he has fulfilled

in a very compendious way, for a stick is stuck into the centre of the corn, passing through the aperture at the bottom, and bent or inclined to one side by means of a piece of string attached to an immovable object. While the hopper revolves, the stick remains stationary, and describes an inverted cone or hollow in the middle of the corn; down the inner surface the grain trickles in an exact and most elegant manner. As the miller is so familiar with the description of a cone, I should feel surprised at finding no trace of this figure in the books of Chinese philosophers, did I not see every reason to believe that this ancient nation never had a conception of any geometrical truth whatsoever. The device by which the sieve was made to librate in alternate motion was of kindred simplicity. A wheel, with long pegs for teeth, was placed so as to act upon one end of a beam, which played upon a fulcrum like the beam of a balance. Each stroke of these teeth depressed the end of the beam on which they acted, and, as a matter of course, elevated the other. This latter was connected by a cord to the sieve, and thus when elevated drew the sieve after it. It described, in mathematical language, the arc of a circle, and extended the string in a tangent to that arc. In this way the sieve was pulled *hither*, while the elasticity of another cord pulled it *thither*. An alternate motion was given in a way, however, simple in principle and practice, which shows, I think, some subtlety of thought. It is often said that the Chinese are ingenious people, and with great truth; and yet there is nothing in art or science that I deprecate more than general assertions. A writer may seem a wise man in wielding them, but the reader will never learn wisdom by giving heed to them. One instance of Chinese ingenuity in detail, is worth a thousand general affirmations about their cunning and sagacity. Everything about this mill bespoke ingenuity of contrivance; nothing bore marks of neatness in the finish save the beam of the steel-yard. This was very large, made of the hardest wood, and graduated with lines of bright and elegant studs. A Chinese is a thorough tradesman, and knows full well that unless the "ephah," or standard of weight or measure, be exact and uniform, there can be no faith or certainty in the transactions of business. This beam, which is upon the same principle as what we call the Roman steel-yard, formed an instructive emblem of the native character in reference to that all-enlivening subject, trade. As I surveyed the various items upon the premises of this active and enterprising man, and took a glance now and then at his round and full-fed face, I said within myself, "This fellow would not care a fig for my books, and, perhaps, thinks me a very great fool for exposing my head to the scorching sun, for the sake of scattering a few among such of his poorer neighbours as can read them." I left his mill, therefore, determined not to say a word about my errand, but at the same time wishing with all my heart that the mandarins might not get scent of his prosperity, and so devise some pretext for putting their paws upon some of its results. The next time I passed that way, I offered him a part of the New Testament without ceremony, which he accepted with the marks of the liveliest gratitude, though at his dinner, a true Chinaman can least brook interruption. Well, thought I, surmise after all is a bad companion—I shall have to pay him off very shortly.

TRUE POLITENESS.

Politeness is a just medium between formality and rudeness; it is, in fact, good-nature regulated by quick discernment, which proportions itself to every situation and every character; it is a restraint laid by reason and benevolence on every irregularity of temper, of appetite, and passion. It accommodates itself to the fantastic laws of custom and fashion, as long as they are not inconsistent with the higher obligations of virtue and religion.

To give efficacy and grace to politeness, it must be accompanied with some degree of taste as well as delicacy; and although its foundation must be rooted in the heart, it is not perfect without a knowledge of the world.

In society, it is the happy medium which blends the most discordant natures; it imposes silence on the loquacious, and inclines the most reserved to furnish their share of conversation; it represses the despicable but common ambition of being the most prominent character in the scene; it increases the general desire of being mutually agreeable; takes off the offensive edge of raillery, and gives delicacy to wit; it preserves subordination, and reconciles ease with propriety; like other valuable qualities, it is best estimated when it is absent.

No greatness can awe it into servility, no intimacy sink it into coarse familiarity; to superiors, it is respectful freedom—to inferiors, it is unassuming good-nature—to equals, everything that is charming; studying, anticipating, and attending to all things, yet at the same time apparently disengaged and careless.

Such is true politeness, by people of wrong heads and unworthy hearts disgraced in its two extremes, and by the generality of mankind confined within the narrow bounds of mere good breeding, which is only one branch of it.—*Lounger's Common-place Book.*

INTELLECTUALITY OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

CONCLUDED.

Of dogs I need not say much. Large books are to be got, descriptive of their fidelity, intelligence, and usefulness; and each of you, no doubt, has some fact that has come under your own knowledge, and which convinces you that dogs have almost reasoning powers. Many of you, no doubt, have read of the Newfoundland dog in Cork who, when vexed, barked at, and bitten at by a cur, took it up in his mouth, went quietly to the quay, and dropped it into the river; and when, after a time, he saw it carried down by a strong tide, and unable to swim to shore, he plunged in, took the culprit by the neck, brought it to land, and giving it a good shake, departed; the shake being as much as a *hint* to go and sin no more. Here was justice tempered with mercy—here was an acquaintance with the nature and uses of secondary punishments that would have done credit to a political economist. But I cannot leave the subject of dogs without recounting what I heard, within these few days, respecting a dog I have the pleasure of knowing; and I am assured that the *facts* can be attested by fifty persons or more,—in truth, by the inhabitants of a whole village.

The rector of a parish in the county of Sligo, at whose house I spent some days last September, has an English spaniel, now rather advanced in years. He has been of great value as a sporting dog; and besides being remarkable for general sagacity, has acted as a playfellow, a guide, and a guardian to seven sons. Now the eldest had just gone out into life with every promise of being a credit to his parents, and a blessing to them and others. He had been ordained and appointed to a curacy, where he was loved, honoured, and followed. But in the midst of his sacred labours, and in attendance on a sick-bed, he got a fever; during the progress of the disease, his parents were apprised of his illness, but not so as to communicate much apprehension; but still, being a distance of 140 miles, they were anxiously looking out for another letter. In this interval the spaniel was observed to have left the hall-door, where he usually basked during the day, and betake himself to a high ditch that overlooked the road towards Dublin. There he continued to howl at intervals, and though sometimes coaxed away, and sometimes driven by his master with blows, he returned, and for two days continued; when, without any apparent reason, he left the spot, and came back to his usual haunts. In the regular course of post, a letter brought the sad tidings that on the day on which the dog ceased howling the young man had breathed his last.

Of all the sights under the sun, perhaps the most [illegible]ingly grievous is the spectacle of parents mourning over the death of

children that have arrived at maturity, and who just give the goodly promise of being the sure stay of their declining years. The parents I now allude to have been sorely tried in this way; for the year following, the next son, a youth of twenty, a fine manly fellow, with every quality of head and heart that a fond father could desire—*he*, also, was seized with fever. It is not for me to detail the alternations of hope and fear that possessed the minds of this much-tried family;—but what I must relate is, that the spaniel was found to have returned to his former station on the ditch, and there was uttering his melancholy howl. I can never forget the deep feeling with which the father told me how an aged female follower of the family, and who had nursed the boy—taught him to lisp Irish on her lap, came up and told him in an *agony of tears*, that it was all of no use—he might as well send away the doctor—for that yonder was the dog, and there he was howling, and it was all over with Master Edward, for God had called him away. And so it was. The youth died, and from *that moment* the dog ceased to howl; neither was he any more seen resorting to the place he had so ominously occupied. I have heard of many similar instances of dogs being acquainted with the coming death of those they love, but not with one so well attested as this. I tell what I believe to be true, and without drawing any superstitious or supernatural inferences from it. I can only conclude that there may be communicated to the acute senses of dogs and other animals (as, for instance, ravens and magpies), evidences of approaching dissolution which, to us, are altogether unexplainable; and that there may be in heaven and earth things not dreamed of in our philosophy.

In corroboration of the above statement, I give the following extract of a letter I received from a lady with whom I had subsequently conversed, and who, I am assured, would not knowingly assert what she thought was untrue:—

"I hope you will accept the following statement, in return for the gratification I received from your lecture on the sagacity of animals.

"When I was a child on my dear mother's knee, she often amused me with stories of the affection and sagacity of 'Dick,' her father's favourite dog. One incident remained deeply impressed on my mind. My grandfather, Mr. H——m, of the county of Cavan, came to Dublin, on business; and shortly after, Dick repaired to an old lime-kiln, which he refused to leave, and then set up a dismal and incessant howl. The next post brought the news that Mr. H——m was seized with gout in his stomach; and before his son could reach Dublin he was no more.' The dog ceased to howl exactly at the period of his master's death; and, having refused the food brought to him, was found dead before the funeral arrived at the family burial-place."

My valued friend, Robert Ball, the devoted and able naturalist, to whom Dublin owes the establishment of the Zoological Society, on the 8th ultimo, concluded the lectures by a well-digested *resumé* of what had been delivered by those who had gone before him during the season. When he came to my *effort*, he thought it necessary to cull me out from the rest, as deserving of censure, for my story of the Sligo dog; thinking it proper, no doubt, to warn off the minds of the audience from the superstitious feelings which he assumed my narrative was calculated to engender. Now on this occasion I must, with great respect, say that I am neither convicted by his inference, nor converted by his explanation. And first, with respect to his inference that my story was superstitious, I don't consider that it was. I allow, it is to *me* (if true) unexplainable; but what of that—are we, at this day, to withhold circumstances that are well attested, because we cannot explain them? If thus afraid of FACTS, what would become of geology? No;—fearlessness of investigation is the character of sound philosophy; and as Sir Philip Crampton rightly said in his lecture on the same evening, that it was the proper work of the scientific world not to deny a statement, however startling, because improbable, but to investigate dispassionately whether it were a *fact*. Well, but Mr. Ball is determined to take the sting of superstition out of the tail of my story—and he is right if he could—by explaining, in a very common-place way, what I would make believe to be unaccountable, as follows. I don't say these are the words of Mr. Ball—I merely quote from memory. People *superstitiously* believe dogs know and announce the coming death of those to whom they are attached, by howling. But this is a vulgar error, and arises from the common practice of dogs howling by night, and persons, when any in a family are sick and dying, being then more watchful, or more liable to hear when dogs howl. I myself, says he, on one occasion, was witness to this superstition, and instrumental in removing both the cause and the feeling. I was in a house when an important member of the family was so sick as to cause serious apprehension for his life. One night, when thus dangerously ill, the dogs began to howl. Oh! all concluded, the man *must* die—don't we hear the dogs? But this was not Mr. B.'s conviction; for he went out to the kennel where the dogs were, and then found that a cat had interloped, and ventured to abstract some of the dog's food—that they hunted her, and she escaped through a hole, where they could not follow, and therefore they howled with vexation. Mr. B. put an instant stop to the howling, by stopping the hole through which the cat escaped; and so debarred the cat from future access to the kennel, and the dogs from their provocation. Moreover—what was better than all—his friend recovered. With this explanation, and this narrative, the secretary considered he had made my story "reading made easy" for all the young ones attending the lecture. But, begging his pardon, I think that he leaves *my* narrative as unexplained as ever; and I might as well say that I overthrew the credit of every circumstance handed down to us by strong and creditable testimony as having the *appearance* of being supernatural, because, the other night, I detected my servant-boy in the act of terrifying a chamber-maid into hysterics, by passing before her in a white sheet and a chalked face. Who denies that it is common for dogs to howl by night in town or country?—who denies that the watchful are vexed and pained when such noises alarm and disturb the sick? I wanted no explanation on this point; but what I told as extraordinary, and which (if true) I demand a philosophical explanation of, is the fact, that a dog, not accustomed to howl, went on two occasions to a certain spot, whither he was unaccustomed to resort; that he there continued howling for two days, and could not, by force or entreaty, be driven away, up to a certain period,—and that that period was found to coincide with the death of the individuals to whom he was attached: and, what was still more extraordinary, that the first death took place at a distance of 140 miles. Now, I hope Mr. B. will hit off, before the commencement of another series of lectures, a more satisfactory solution; and to keep his hand in, I beg he will unriddle the following, as *two instances* amongst *many* of the same kind I could adduce, of dogs having a power of knowing circumstances through the medium of some sense not cognizable by us. A poodle dog, belonging to two ladies of the name of P——re, in the county of Mayo, was equally attached to both; his sagacity was remarkable, and his actions denoted sense common and uncommon. Now, the ladies, his owners, used to take in turn the pleasurable relaxation of visiting amongst their friends; and in this way they ranged through a wide circle of acquaintances. The day either was to come home—no matter whether the time was fixed previously or not, or was known to those at home,—Poodle was seen to start forward to meet his coming mistress: and even suppose there were more roads than one by which she *might* return, the dog, with unerring certainty, was found to go forth on the very road the lady had taken.

The lady who has supplied me with the story of the *tender goose* gives the following narrative of a dog, which can be vouched for:—A gentleman of property had a mastiff of great size, very watchful, and altogether a fine, *intelligent* animal. Though often let out to range about, he was in general chained up during the day in a wooden house, constructed for his comfort and shelter. On a certain day, when let out, he was observed to attach himself particularly to his master; and when the servant, as usual, came to tie him up, he clung so to his master's feet, showed such anger when they attempted to force him away, and altogether was so

particular in his manner, that the gentleman desired him to be left as he was, and with him he continued the whole day; and when night came on, still he staid by him, and, on going towards his bed-room, the dog resolutely, and for the first time in his life, went up along with him, and rushing into the room, took refuge under the bed; from whence, neither blows nor caresses could draw him. In the middle of the night a man burst into the room, and, dagger in hand, attempted to stab the sleeping gentleman; but the dog darted at the robber's neck, fastened his fangs in him, and so kept him down that his master had time to call for assistance and secure the ruffian, who turned out to be the coachman, and who afterwards confessed, that seeing his master receive a large sum of money, he and the groom conspired together to rob and murder him; and that they plotted their whole scheme leaning over the ROOF OF THE DOG'S HOUSE!!!

It is now time for me to have done—done, I say, for I have not finished; for though I have satisfactorily proved, at least to myself, that inferior animals have intellectuality, I have not shown how the more intimate observation and study of their capabilities can make them more happy in themselves, or more useful to us. But I think that it may be *inferred*, without any extended process of reasoning, that the more we study the character of animals, the more we shall respect and cherish them. It is want of consideration, rather than absolute cruelty, that makes us inflict the wrongs we do. To this also tends the bad education which young persons receive—the vulgar errors they imbibe. I remember, when a boy of seven years old, squeezing a cat to death under a gate, in order to put to the test the philosophical theory of my father's stable-boy, who assured me that a cat had nine lives. What, I say, has perpetuated the tyranny of man over the inferior animals but bad education? The vicious trainings of the nursery, in the first instance—then the kitchen—then the stable-yard; and when Master Tom is grown in obstinacy, cruelty, and mischief—*too* bad to be borne *at home*,—then comes a public school to case-harden the youth in all his tyrannical propensities: and so in due course he becomes a reckless man, hunting, shooting, fishing, cock-fighting, and in all his sports abusing the creatures of God.

Ladies who now hear me—mothers as you are, or may be, look to your nurseries; there are planted the first germs of cruelty. My mammy nurse set *me* the example of catching flies on the window, and tearing off their legs and wings; or, as it is better described as follows:—

"Who gave me a huge corking-pin,
That I might the cock-chafer spin,
And laugh'd to see my childish grin?—
My Granny.

"Who put me on a donkey's back,
And gave me whip to lash and smack,
Till its poor bones did almost crack?—
My Granny."

But I shall say no more on this subject, except to recommend to your notice—and if this my lecture does no other good, it will do well in recommending to your perusal, and as it is not dear, to your purchase, a Treatise on the Rights of Animals, and Man's Obligation to treat them with Humanity, by our amiable townsman, Dr. Drummond, whose book on this subject, I can venture to say, is learnedly, feelingly, and persuasively written.

That the study of the habits of animals may enable us not only to domesticate many that are now wild, but also to improve the powers of those now in use, I think also may be shown. I am sure it will be found better to train a horse than to break him. In this respect I assume that the Bedouin Arab manages better than the Irish horse-breaker: the one makes his fleet courser his friend; the other, with the spur of whiskey in his head, and the iron rowel of another in his heel, extinguishes the spirit while he forms the gaits of the trembling creature he has subdued. I remember the first horse I ever had broken in. I was obliged to contract with the old ruffian (for want of better) I had to employ, to give him half a pint of raw whiskey as his *morning* before he would condescend to mount the colt. But, ladies and gentlemen, I must cease;—allow me to do so with the observation, that man has not yet fulfilled his duties even towards the animals he has contrived to domesticate; that, in all his improvements, he has advanced but little in the *morale* of treating inferior animals; and I cannot but express the opinion that much has to be learned, and much practised, that may be conducive to *our* use and *their* happiness.

Surely I, who have seen bull-baiting and cock-fighting, and many other cruel and ferocious games discountenanced, and in a great measure disused, may anticipate a brighter day, when education, based upon the religion of our merciful Redeemer, will teach us to use, and not to abuse; when knowledge, true knowledge—knowledge founded upon the Gospel,—may teach us to treat kindly, considerately, inferior animals. I really do consider that there is much yet to be done for our benefit and their happiness; and benevolence, guided by experience, induction, and judgment, may achieve great things; and so, knowledge and humanity going hand in hand, and the love of God in Jesus Christ presiding over all our views, that happy millennial period will come when the inferior animals may stand in the same relation to man as they did to Adam before the fall, when the Sovereign of heaven pronounced *all* to be very good; and the figurative language of the prophet be almost realised, when he foretold that the most ferocious animals would be so tame and domesticated, that "a little child shall lead them;" and "they shall not hurt nor destroy any more in my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

VICISSITUDES.*

"This life is all chequered with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another like waves of the deep—
Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
Reflecting our eyes as they sparkle or weep."—MOORE.

DURING my residence in ——, a few years since, I had frequent occasion to cross the river which separates it from New York; and I seldom entered the cabin of one of the little steam-boats, without finding some subjects for speculation among the passengers. I was particularly struck with the appearance of a lady, whom I often met at an early hour in the morning. Her dress, which generally attracts a lady's notice first, was slightly outré in its character; she looked as if she might be an English-woman; and yet the shade of difference between her costume and that of others was so slight, as to be undefinable, though quite perceptible. But my eyes did not linger long on her dress, when it had once fallen on her exquisite face. It was not the beauty of which painters and poets dream, but a living and breathing loveliness, such as seldom greets the sight in this dreary world. Apparently about twenty-five years of age, her figure was small and symmetrical, her complexion of the purest white, her cheek coloured with the most delicate rose-tint, her mouth exquisitely chiselled, and her eyes of the deepest blue. Contrary to the prevailing fashion of the time, her dark hair was drawn back from her broad, white forehead, falling on her cheeks in long ringlets; and her small hat formed, as it were, the frame of this sweet picture. She was always alone, and appeared to be quite unacquainted with the people among whom she lived, for she never exchanged the slightest salutation with any one. My curiosity became so much excited, that I found myself noticing every trifling peculiarity in her appearance and manners. I soon found that she was by no means the child of wealth, for her dress, though always neat, was evidently indebted to her own hand for its attempt at fashion. Her dresses were not made by a *modiste*, nor were her bonnets imported from Paris. Her capes and handkerchiefs lacked that superabundance of French embroidery and Mechlin lace which ladies then affected; and, upon the whole, to the eye of one of the initiated, she had the appearance of a woman

* From the "Ladies' Companion;" a New-York Monthly Magazine.

who had more taste than fashion, more beauty than fortune, and more intellect than either. I would have given anything to discover who she could be. It was most tantalising to my curiosity to see her so often take a seat beside me, and sit in perfect silence, with her quiet, sweet face unlightened by a smile of recognition.

One morning I observed that she carried with her a small, faded-looking portfolio. This was a new subject of speculation. What did that portfolio inclose?—not music, for it was too small—perhaps prints—perhaps drawings. But my conjectures afforded no insight into the truth, and I was forced to see her turn one way, while I proceeded another, without learning what her portfolio had to do with her history. From this time, I never met her without it; and one cold morning in December, my curiosity seemed in a fair way of being gratified. She was wrapped in a large shawl, and as she was stepping out of the cabin door, her foot struck the sill, while, in striving to regain her balance, she dropped her portfolio. It had been imperfectly closed, and fell open on the floor. I stooped to pick it up, and saw it contained paintings in water-colours, of fruit, flowers, and small landscapes. She thanked me with a quiet smile as I replaced the pictures and handed her the book, and we again parted. From that time I saw her no more in the steam-boat.

I had long ceased to meet with her, and—but that her surpassing beauty had formed one of the loveliest pictures in the chambers of my imagery—I should probably have forgotten her. One day, as I was entering Stewart's, a lady glided out of the door, and stepped into a splendid carriage, while a clerk handed in a small parcel, which, from the extreme politeness of his parting bow, I took to be of considerable value. A rich velvet cloak concealed the lady's figure, and a blond veil shaded her face; but the transient glimpse which I obtained convinced me that I had seen her before. Not long afterwards, I was visiting a collection of paintings, and, seated before a remarkably fine Magdalen, I scarcely noticed that some person had taken a seat beside me. At length I turned, and saw again the purple velvet cloak and veil, but the face was no longer concealed, and, to my surprise, I beheld the lady of the portfolio. There was no mistaking that countenance, but when I remembered the little straw bonnet and coarse shawl, I could scarcely believe I beheld the same individual. There was a half smile on her beautiful lips as she caught my eye; she probably guessed my thoughts, and turned toward me, as if half inclined to speak, but my companions coming up, she rose and proceeded to another part of the room. While I was still thinking of her, my husband approached, and introduced me to his old friend, Charles Willeston, of whom I had often heard him speak as a college friend. They had not met for several years, and had entirely lost sight of each other, when they thus accidentally met in the picture-gallery. After a few minutes' conversation, Mr. Willeston said, "You do not know that I have been as lucky as yourself, and among my other successes, have obtained a wife; perhaps Mrs. ——— will allow me to make her acquainted with Mrs. Willeston." So saying, he crossed the room, and immediately returned with the lady of the portfolio. I was so much surprised that I scarcely know how I received her. My first feeling was pleasure, my second, a strong impulse of curiosity. After a very agreeable conversation, we parted, with an understanding that I should call upon Mrs. Willeston the following day. My visit was the beginning of an intimacy which still exists, though an ocean rolls between us. I found her a light-hearted, joyous, contented creature, and learned from her own lips the history which had so long baffled my conjectures.

"My mother," said she, "was the youngest daughter of the Dean of ———, and the only one of a large family who remained unmarried at the death of her father. My grandfather, who had taken a second wife quite late in life, left his daughter entirely dependent on the will of her step-mother, with the exception of a small sum which she inherited in right of her mother. The widow was a woman of harsh and ambitious temper, who sought to extend her influence by the marriage of the Dean's daughter, so as to command success for her only son. My mother, who possessed a gentle and quiet temper, together with good talents and extreme personal beauty, was by no means disposed to enter into her ambitious schemes. The dissimilarity of their views constantly gave rise to unpleasant scenes, until, at length, as a punishment, and in the hope that the monotony of her new home would give her a new zest for the gay world, my mother was sent to spend the summer with an old aunt, who resided in a remote village in the West of England. To my mother, the transition from the gaieties of London life to the quiet of a country village was indeed delightful. Wearied with a perpetual round of dissipation, disgusted with the frivolous pleasures of fashionable life, she had never been so happy since she left the nursery and school-room, as she was when occupying one corner of the little parlour in the old parsonage of Harefield. Her aunt, an old-fashioned body, who read her Bible, darned stockings, and made carpet-work, interfered but little in her pursuits; and her uncle, an old-world clergyman, who divided his time between sermon-writing and backgammon, troubled himself still less about her. Her uncle's library afforded many resources to a mind so contemplative as hers, and her skill in drawing enabled her to occupy many hours in sketching the picturesque beauties of the little village. Perhaps the visits of the young curate had some effect in making her contented with her seclusion; for it is very certain that the summons to return to the gay world was a most unwelcome one. She, however, obeyed it, and found her home rendered more uncomfortable than ever, by a project which her step-mother now entertained, of marrying her to a rich and gouty old lord. A series of persecutions followed her refusal to aid in this scheme; and she was finally sent back to Harefield, where she no longer hesitated to obey the dictates of her own heart. The poor curate, who had long loved her in secret, was soon her accepted lover, and in spite of the threats of outlawry from her family and friends, they were married.

"Totally ignorant of the value of money, because she had never known its want; unused to any kind of household occupations, my mother was little suited to the humble life she had chosen. But, with a willing heart and great energy of character, she set herself to the task she had undertaken, and, though several years elapsed before she had fully learned her duties, and though her health was broken down in the painful study, she persevered nobly to the end, and my father never had cause to repent his imprudent marriage. Her family, exasperated at what they deemed a low connexion, refused to hold any intercourse with her; they paid over to her her mother's legacy of five hundred pounds, and then cast her off for ever.

"During the first year of her married life, she was too happy to think of the future. Her uncle's house was a secure asylum from the evils of poverty, and notwithstanding her husband's paltry stipend of forty pounds a year, she felt no anxiety about pecuniary matters. But the death of her uncle soon deprived her of her chief reliance. The living passed into other hands; the new incumbent had his own friends to serve; a new curate was appointed, and my father was thrown upon the world penniless. It was under these circumstances that I was born. I have heard my mother narrate the story of their sufferings at that time, and the recital almost broke my heart. Imagine, if you can, the situation of two persons, brought up amid the refinements of taste and luxury, with talents cultivated to the highest degree, and feelings rendered doubly sensitive by habitual indulgence, now reduced to absolute want—destitute of the means to procure a morsel of bread. I cannot bear to dwell upon the particulars of their misery; suffice it to say, that my father was compelled to labour with his hands in the meanest of all occupations, in order to provide food for his perishing wife and child.

"In the midst of their distress, however, they were most unexpectedly relieved. An eccentric relative, who had quarrelled with all his immediate connexions, died, leaving a small but independent fortune to my father, whom he had not seen since he was a boy. Of course a new mode of life was immediately adopted. My parents, who never could learn the value of money, soon established themselves in a handsome house, richly furnished, and filled with

obsequious servants. Their equipage and plate were unexceptionable—their dinners exquisite—their balls splendid, and they consequently soon found themselves the centre of a circle of summer friends. This kind of life suited both my father and mother. Both were naturally indolent and luxurious in their habits; and the contrast between past privation and present abundance seemed to add new zest to their enjoyment. I was so young at the time of this change, that I retained no recollection of our poverty, and my life now seemed to pass like a fairy tale. Everything that affection could suggest, or wealth procure, ministered to my gratification. An education befitting a lady of the highest rank was bestowed on me. Teachers and governesses were multiplied to aid me in my progress, for my parents had resolved that I should outshine all the loftier scions of the old family stock. The only thing that saved me from being utterly spoiled, was the influence of my old nurse. She was a shrewd and kind-hearted Scotchwoman, who had been my earliest attendant. She had learned enough of our early circumstances to be aware of the total change in our present prospects; and she was too sensible, not to fear the future results of my parents' headlong career. I possessed, naturally, a most cheerful, happy temper, and this she endeavoured to strengthen by her judicious management, so as to fit me for any station I might hereafter be called to fill. I am indebted to nature for that happy mental vision which enables me always to look upon the bright side of life, but I think I owe to her the strength of mind which supported me in the midst of adversity and disappointment.

"I had reached my sixteenth year without ever having known a sorrow. My debut in the world of fashion was characterised by the most complete success; a crowd of admirers soon surrounded me; and I was becoming quite intoxicated with adulation, when I happily met with your husband's friend, Charles Willeston. He at first attracted my attention simply because he was an American; but there was a frankness of manner—a dignity of character, and a strength of principle in all he said and did, which quickly riveted my regard. He possessed a large estate in Virginia, and without instituting any inquiry as to my prospects, he offered me his hand, and was accepted. The time of our marriage was fixed, the bridesmaids selected, the preparations all in progress, when suddenly 'a change came o'er the spirit of our dream.' Willeston had inherited his estate from an old uncle, whose only son had left home many years before, and had never been heard of afterwards. The father vainly endeavoured to recover some tidings of the fugitive, but even to the last he retained a hope of his return, and when making his will, bequeathed his property to his nephew, to be delivered up to his son if ever he should be found. This seemed so improbable a thing, that Willeston regarded the property as his own, but in the midst of our bright anticipations he received news that the rightful claimant had returned. He was obliged immediately to leave England, and hasten home to investigate the affair. He found it to be too true. The prodigal son, broken down in health, and crushed in spirit, had wandered home. Whatever might have been his early vices, all now seemed merged in the absorbing one of avarice. Willeston unhesitatingly transferred the estate to his cousin, who was mean enough to demand the accounts of the income which had been consumed since his father's death. He was paid to the uttermost farthing, and Willeston wrote to me stating his poverty,—his determination to devote himself to his profession for a subsistence,—and relinquishing his claim upon my hand. The tone of his letter convinced me that, in giving me back the faith I had pledged, he had made a sacrifice of his happiness to his sense of duty; and I resolved, under all circumstances, to consider myself still plighted to him. This I wrote to him, and assured him that whenever he was ready to claim my hand, it should be his.

"My father was unwilling that I should do this, and strenuously urged upon my acceptance the proposals of another suitor. I heard him with surprise and indignation, but I did not then know all his motives. There had been some strange troubles between my father and mother, which I had not been allowed to share, and it was not until there was an execution in the house that I learned my father was a bankrupt. All our splendour vanished in an instant. My father fled to America to avoid an arrest, and with the money raised by the sale of our jewels, my mother and myself were, soon after, enabled to join him. When we arrived in this country, I learned that Willeston was in Virginia, engaged in the practise of his profession. I wrote to him of our misfortunes, reiterated my promise to him, and besought him not to attempt to rejoin us till he could do so without detriment to himself.

"My father obtained a situation as assistant in a school, and I sought to establish myself as governess in a private family. I could tell you some droll stories of my life as a governess. My youthful appearance was a very great disadvantage to me, for few persons were willing to entrust their daughters to such a mere girl as I then seemed. However, I lived several years in that capacity in various families. One house I left, because I would not consent to wash and dress the little children, and sleep with the chambermaid; another, because the lady's brother became too fond of sharing his nieces' studies in the school-room; another, because it was matter of grave offence that I was mistaken for one of the family. Oh, if ever I write a book, it shall be the Adventures of a Governess."

I took the opportunity afforded me by the merry laugh which interrupted my new friend's tale, to ask her whether she never gave way to depression and low spirits, when compelled to encounter such degradation and absurdity. "Never, never," was her reply. "Hope has always been my attendant spirit, and she did not desert me even at that moment. It is true, there was a season when my heart almost broke under the accumulation of sorrow, and that was, when I looked upon the death-bed of my father. He died after an illness of several months, and we were left alone in a strange land. To crown our misfortunes, my mother was taken ill with a rheumatic fever, and I was obliged to strain every nerve to preserve her from the horrors of want. For change of air, I procured apartments in the village of ——, and there we resided when I was accustomed to meet you on board of the steam-boat. My mother was then able to sit up, but she continued a helpless cripple, and my time was divided between the care of her and the labour that was required to keep us from starving. By my skill in drawing I was enabled to provide my mother with every comfort: it is true, my works were not of a very high order—fire-screens, card-racks, and such nicknacks, were all I was expected to adorn; but they sold well, and that was all I then sought.

"Now came another change, and I hope the last. Just when my health began to fail from constant exertion, I was rescued from all further care by the return of my lover. His cousin had sunk under the effects of early excesses, and Willeston was now heir-at-law to his princely fortune. On my twenty-fourth birth-day we were married. My infancy was wrapped in the garments of poverty, my childhood decked with the rich gauds of wealth, my youth folded in the coarse garb of humble industry, and my womanhood again displays the costly trappings of affluence. I am happier than I ever was before, but my contentment has never failed me. I have been satisfied with a simple meal in a poor cottage, and can say no more than that when I sit down to the richest viands in my own bright home. I love my husband most devotedly, and do most heartily enjoy the comforts and luxuries of his present station; but should another revolution of fortune's wheel place us again on the humble level of poverty, I think I should still find courage to endure and contentment to meet our lot."

Such was the story of my light-hearted friend, and as I listened, I felt that the wise man was right when he said, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

PRECEDENCE.

A periodical writer, whose entertaining papers appeared about the middle of the last century, tells us of a lord-mayor's ball, that was thrown into great confusion by a dispute for precedence between a *watch-spring maker's* lady and the wife of a *watchcase-joint finisher*.

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

LET Taylor preach, upon a morning breezy,
How well to rise while night and larks are flying;
For my part, getting up seems not as easy
By half as *lying*.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,
Soaring beyond the sight to find him out—
Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?—
I'm not a trout!

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums,
The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime;—
Only lie long enough, and bed becomes
A bed of *time*.

To me Dan Phœbus and his care are naught,
His steeds that paw impatiently about;—
Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,
The first turn-out!

Light, beautiful the dewy meads appear,
Besprinkled by the rosy-finger'd girl;
What then—if I prefer my pillow beer
To early *pearl?*

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,
And grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs,
Wherefore should master rise before the hens
Have laid the eggs?

Why from a comfortable pillow start,
To see faint flushes in the east awaken;
A fig, say I, for any streaky part,
Excepting bacon!

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
Who used to haste, the dewy grass among,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;—
Well—he died young!

With charwomen such early hours agree,
And sweeps that earn betimes their bite and sup;
But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be
All up—all up!

So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring,
Till something nearer to the stroke of noon;
A man that 's fond precociously of *stirring*
Must be a *spoon!*

T. HOOD.

SIR HENRY SAVILLE.

Sir Henry Saville, who was Greek preceptor to Queen Elizabeth, and afterwards warden of Merton College and provost of Eton, appears to have been the first Englishman who distinguished himself as the editor of a considerable Greek work from an English press. This press was set up by himself at Eton; and after the labour of several years, he gave from it, in 1613, an edition of all Chrysostom's works, in eight vols. folio, with annotations by him and other learned coadjutors.—*Aikin.*

COST OF STEELE'S PERIWIG.

Old Richard Nutt, one of the first printers of the Tatler, used to say that Steele paid 50*l.* per annum to his barber; and that he never rode out on airing (which he often did) but in a black full-bottomed periwig, the price of one of which, at that time, nearly amounted to this sum.—*Drake.*

LINES

Said to have been found in Lord Byron's Bible.

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
Oh! happiest they of human race,
To whom our God has given grace
To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way;
But better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

FIELDING AND STEELE.

"There was a great similitude," observes Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "between the character of Henry Fielding and Sir Richard Steele. They both agreed in wanting money in spite of all their friends—and would have wanted it if their hereditary lands had been as extensive as their imagination; yet each of them was so formed for happiness, it is a pity he was not immortal!"

COMPLIMENT.

Fortune comes to you in the only manner in which you would give her a hearty welcome; she is brought by Virtue, and attended by Honour.—*Lyttelton to Chatham.*

GIBBON'S OBLIGATIONS TO THE MILITIA.

"My principal obligation to the Militia," says Gibbon, at this time a captain in the Hampshire regiment, "was the making me an Englishman and a soldier. In this peaceful service, I imbibed the rudiments of the language and the science of tactics, which opened a new field of study and observation. The discipline and evolutions of a modern battalion gave me a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion; and the captain of the Hampshire grenadiers (the reader may smile) has not been useless to the historian of the Roman Empire."

A DESIGN ON THE POPEDOM.

The plan which the elder Scaliger devised for the recovery of his ancient honours and possessions was somewhat curious. His son was accustomed to relate, that the reason of his father's great proficiency in logic and scholastic divinity was the design which he had at one time conceived of obtaining the popedom, in order that he might recover from the Venetians by force of arms his principality of Verona.—*Museum Criticum.*

SPENSER.

Spenser was learned in Latin and Greek, as well as in Italian; but either the fashion of the times, or some deficiency in his own taste, inclined him to prefer the modern to the ancient models. His genius was comprehensive and sublime, his style copious, his sense of harmony delicate; nothing seems to have been wanting to make him a poet of the highest rank but a more intimate acquaintance with the classic authors.—*Beattie.*

A NOBLE LAUNDRESS.

The Countess of Richmond would often say, on condition the princes of Christendom would march against the Turks, she would willingly attend them, and be their laundress.—*Camden.*

TRANSLATORS OF THE BIBLE.

It is worthy of remark, that while the list of the translators of the authorised version of our Bible, of course, comprises all the English theologians of their time most eminent for learning, yet, although they were forty-seven in number, not a person occurs in the list (with the exception of Henry Saville, if the same with the provost of Eton,) whose name is recorded as a contributor to general literature.—*Aikin.*

DIRECT EVIDENCE.

There was an attempt formerly to restore the Strathallan title, when the following evidence was given of the death of the last Lord Strathallan.—An aged general, who was called to prove that Lord Strathallan had fallen at the battle of Culloden, in the year 1746, gave his evidence to that effect. A noble lord suggested to the Lord Chancellor (Thurlow) to ask the witness how he knew that Lord Strathallan fell at Culloden. The Lord Chancellor put the question, and the witness answered—"Because, at the battle of Culloden, I thrust my spontoon through the body of the Viscount Strathallan."

PIN-MONEY.

There is a very ancient tax in France for providing the queen with pins; whence the term of pin-money has been, undoubtedly, applied by us to that provision for married women with which the husband is not to interfere.

PRINTING.

When first the art of printing was discovered, one side only of a page was made use of; the expedient of impressing the other was not yet found out. Specimens of these early-printed books are in the library of the British Museum. Afterwards they thought of pasting the blank sides together, which made them appear like one leaf. It is singular that the Romans, who had stereotypes, or printing immovable types, with which they stamped their pottery, should have failed to apply the invention to their literary works.

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THE PLUM-TREE OF BRIGNOLLES.

"It is of no use talking, mother; I must go to the aid of the King of Navarre."

"Tush! tush, child! what will you do among all these great men?"

"What others have done before me, mother,—or make my fortune, perhaps,—or perhaps——"

"You may get knocked on the head."

"Not unlikely: at any rate, it will be better than vegetating here, without any remains of our former possessions but that large plum-tree, with the fruit of which you amuse yourself in making sweetmeats."

"Don't despise the plum-tree or my sweetmeats; there are many worse things in the world than they are. The very last time the Count Olivier des Serres came this way and tasted them, 'My good mother Madelon,' said he, 'I only wish I had you at my estate at Pradel.'"

"And I am sure I wish you were there with all my heart, or that you would stay quietly at Brignolles."

"I shall do no such thing. If you go to Paris, I go. Pooh! pooh! I have heard enough of the wars, and of warriors, not to know that good things are scarce enough among them; and my son shall not be famished if I can help it."

And so, in spite of all her son could urge to the contrary, the good Mère Madelon packed up her confitures, and proceeded with François to join the army of Henry IV., who was then besieging Paris.

There was no doubt in anybody's mind that Henry de Bourbon was the legitimate king of France; but the Council of the Sorbonne had decided, that as "a heretic and a maker of heretics, relapsed and excommunicated," he should never assume the crown; and they not only shut the gates of Paris against him, but promised the palm of martyrdom to whomsoever should die in defending the city against his claims. Henry was an excellent soldier, but he was too good a man to be a perfectly good general; and, as is well known, when the citizens of Paris were reduced to the point of yielding to him by famine, he permitted some peasants to enter the city with food, and thus furnished his enemies with arms against himself. "I would rather never become possessed of Paris," said the good monarch, "than see it destroyed by the ruin of so many of its citizens."

In the mean time, François and his mother had arrived at the camp; and, thanks to the care of Madelon, the tent of her son was better supplied with provisions than that of any other officer in the whole army. Time rolled on with a variety of fortune; sometimes Henry had the advantage, and sometimes his enemies. One evening, however, in June, 1590, Madelon saw her son enter the tent with a sad and care-worn countenance.

"Bad news, mother," said he; "the Duke of Parma is approaching with a large army, and he will raise the siege."

"Alas for our good King Henry!" cried the old woman; and she had scarcely uttered these words, when the curtain of the tent was gently turned on one side, and a tall handsome man, with a particularly frank and open countenance, walked in. "I am hungry and athirst, François," said he; "and I am come to ask you and your good mother if you will give me some supper?"

"With all my heart," returned Madelon, "as far as my power goes; and, if you were King Henry himself, you could have no better than what I shall set before you."

"Ventre Saint Gris!" exclaimed the stranger; "it is long since Henry de Bourbon has seen such dainties as these before *him*. You forget, good mother, that the Bernese is poor, and that he has scarcely a horse to ride, linen to change, or a coat to cover him. I do assure you, also, as I happen to know something of his private affairs, that it is a very long time since he has eaten a good dinner."

"Yet he is our good King Henry for all that," said the old woman, her eyes filling with tears; "and Huguenot as he is, he should never want a dinner while I had one to give him, if I did but know how to send it to him."

The stranger laughed. "Take care," said he, "that Henry does not take you at your word."

"It is the king himself, mother," said François.

From that day till Henry was compelled to raise the siege of Paris, he dined every day at the table of François; and he never left the tent without taking with him a small box of Madelon's delicious plums, of which he was exceedingly fond, and which were dried in a way invented by Madelon herself, which was then unknown to everybody else. These days were the most critical in Henry's life, and it is, perhaps, not too much to say, that the good monarch was, mainly indebted to the timely aid afforded him by François and his mother for his final success. In fact, he felt grateful, and far from forgetting in his prosperity the friends who had assisted him in his misfortunes, one of his first acts after he was firmly established on the throne of France, was to give François a situation under Lesdiguières, the brave governor of Provence, which enabled the young man to pass half his time with his mother at Brignolles, while during the remaining half she lived with him at Grenoble.

Years rolled on, and France, under the sway of Henry, had become great and powerful. Commerce, agriculture, and the fine arts, all flourished; and justice was administered impartially to all who wanted it. To facilitate the administration of justice to those in the distant provinces, Henry was accustomed to hold occasionally what were called "open days;" during which the king, attended by the chief officers of his court, sate in state to receive the petitions of all his subjects, whoever they might be, who thought themselves aggrieved by any member of the government.

The sitting at one of these open days of justice, as they were called, was just over, and the king and his attendants had arisen to retire, when an old woman, dressed in a showy chintz gown, and bright scarlet stiff calimanco petticoat, and with a basket on her arm, begged to see the king. "You are too late, mother," said the soldiers; and they attempted to force her back, while she, on the other hand, appeared determined to make good her entry. At last the noise of the scuffle attracted the attention of Henry himself, who instantly ordered the petitioner to be admitted; and the old woman, shaking her clothes, and vehemently scolding the soldiers who had deranged them, was suffered to advance.

"You must kneel before the king," said one of the officers, putting his hand on her shoulders, before she had gone many steps.

"Let me alone," returned the old woman, shaking him off pettishly. "I warrant ye, I know how to behave myself well enough; and let me tell you, the king will be glad enough to see me, and what I have got for him, rude as ye are."

"And what have you got for me, my good mother?" said Henry,

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holding out his hand, into which the old woman very gently put a small box of plums; and then spreading a handkerchief on the ground and tucking up her gown, she made preparations for kneeling.

"Ventre Saint Gris!" cried Henry, laughing, "it is the good Mère Madelon and her Brignolles plums. You see what a sweet tooth I am supposed to have," continued he, eating some of the plums, and holding the box out to his courtiers.

"An' it please your majesty," cried Madelon, who by this time was comfortably settled on her knees, "having a petition to present to your majesty, and knowing that your majesty was fond of plums —"

"You were quite right," said Henry, eating very fast.

"I took the liberty to bring your majesty a box full of them," continued the old woman.

"And very good they are," rejoined the king, still eating.

"At the same time," Madelon went on, "that I present my complaint against that servant of the devil, the Duke of Eperon."

"Hey! what! my good woman!" cried Henry, dropping the plum that was on its way to his mouth, and setting down the box. "This is too serious a matter to be treated lightly. The Duke of Eperon is a very powerful prince, and I must not listen to charges against him unless they are well supported. Come to me again at this hour to-morrow, Madelon, and let me hear what cause you have to complain."

The morrow came, but no Madelon; and that same day an event happened, which gave the monarch too much to occupy his thoughts, to allow him to notice the absence of his poor friend. On the day in question, Jean Chatel, a young fanatic, the son of a shopkeeper in Paris, mingling with the crowd in the antechamber of the king, attempted to stab him in the chest. Luckily Henry escaped the danger, from having stooped forward at that moment to embrace one of the great lords of the court, and the dagger only wounded his lip and broke one of his teeth. On being interrogated, the assassin, who was evidently half insane, declared, that feeling himself guilty of great crimes, he had determined to kill the king, whom he believed to be still a heretic in his heart, in the hope of thus winning a place in heaven; and he accused the Jesuits of putting this horrid and blasphemous thought into his head. The Jesuits had already many enemies, and this completed their disgrace. The Parliament met, and after a stormy debate, a decree was pronounced, banishing the Jesuits from France, and denouncing them as "corrupters of youth, disturbers of the public peace, and enemies of both the king and the state."

It may easily be imagined that at a time like this poor Madelon was entirely forgotten; but when the king was beginning to resume his usual occupations, one day, on his sitting down to table, some dried plums of a very inferior quality were placed before him.—"Very different these from the *prunes de Brignolles*," thought Henry, as he turned from them with disgust; and at that moment the recollection of poor Madelon and her extraordinary absence flashed upon his mind.

The Duc d'Eperon, who had succeeded the brave Lesdiguières, reigned like a sovereign in Provence. Naturally proud and tyrannical, he took advantage of the yet scarcely settled state of the kingdom, to rule despotically over the people committed to his charge. Every one hated him, but, at the same time, every one trembled at and obeyed him. Henry had not half the power over the rest of France that the Duc d'Eperon had over Provence. It was enough even for the nobles to resist him to ensure their destruction; and his cruelty to his inferiors knew no bounds. If any woman of a rank beneath his own was unfortunate enough to attract his attention, whether a maiden or a wife, she was dragged away to form part of his seraglio; and if her relations dared to resist, they were arrested on some pretended charge and thrown into prison.

On the 4th of June, 1595, the Duke d'Eperon was about to hold a court at Grenoble, at which it was announced that he would hear the trials of an old woman accused of witchcraft, and of a young man suspected of treasonable designs against the king. Every one knew that, in truth, the real crimes of these unhappy persons were probably only that they had offended the duke; but the duke was too powerful to be resisted, and the poor creatures were condemned to go through the mockery of a trial, which they, and all around them, knew beforehand would terminate in their conviction.

The court was assembled, and the huissiers were employed in driving back the people who had crowded somewhat too near the entrance, in the hope of hearing what was going on, when an old man of venerable appearance, with his long grey hairs hanging loosely over his shoulders, implored the soldiers to let him pass.

"It is the father of the fair Agnes," cried the people.

"A pretty thing," exclaimed the soldiers, "to admit you to the presence of the duke! Do we not know that he would as soon see the devil?"

"Or the king," shouted the people. "Oh! if our good King Henry were here, he would not suffer us to be trampled on!"

"But he is not here, and not likely to be," said a soldier insolently; "so back with you, fellow!" And as he spoke, he struck the poor old man a violent blow on the face. This was the signal to the soldiery for a general attack upon the unfortunate victim; the poor old man was knocked down, and one of the soldiers, taking him by the heels, dragged him away, with his grey hairs, stained and clotted as they were with blood, literally trailing in the dust. Groans and hisses followed this base and cowardly action; but no one was bold enough to risk his own safety by interfering to prevent it; and a few minutes longer suffering would probably have terminated the poor old man's earthly woes, when suddenly the sound of trumpets was heard at a distance. The soldiers stopped, and stood aghast; for they well knew that only Henry himself, or some one armed with authority from him, would dare to break the silence which the duke had this day commanded to be held throughout the city. Their suspense, however, was not of long duration; for in less time than it has taken to relate it, Henry, in full armour, and attended by his principal officers, armed in like manner, galloped at full speed into the grand square; while the people, who had instantly recognised their king, made the air ring with shouts of "Long live Henry IV.!"

The king stopped when he approached the group of soldiers, and looked earnestly at the old man, whose feet having been dropped by the soldier who held them, and who had been assisted to rise by some one among the crowd, remained stupified, and staggering, and unconscious of what had happened.

"Let him be attended to, and taken care of," said the king to some of his attendants; and the old man was led away, while the king rode on till he reached the entrance to the court. Here he dismounted; but his foot had scarcely touched the ground, before he was met by the duke, who had hastened out on being told of Henry's arrival, and who earnestly entreated him to repair to the palace and take some refreshment after his journey.

"No, no! brother," said Henry; "I find that you were holding a court of justice when I arrived; and God forbid that I should be a means of delaying justice to any one. My poor subjects have already suffered enough on my account; and my ambition now is to show them that I deserved fighting for. I aspire to the glorious title of Liberator and Restorer of France. Already, by the grace of God, the councils of my faithful servants, and the swords of my brave soldiers, I am firmly seated on my throne; and I now wish to relieve my people from the misery and slavery they have fallen into, and thus to restore my country to its ancient power and greatness. As, of course, your feelings are, or ought to be, the same as mine, I will sit beside you on your justice-seat, and lend my aid in enabling you to administer even-handed justice to all."

A very short time sufficed to place Henry in the seat of justice, while the late tyrant crouched humbly at his feet:—so true it is, that there is no real difference between the tyrant and the slave, save that produced by the circumstances with which both are surrounded. As soon as the proper officers had taken their places in the court, and order was restored, Henry commanded the prisoner to be brought before him; and the huissiers led forward a poor old woman, whose eye no sooner met that of the king, than she tried

to clasp her manacled hands together, while she cried fervently, "Thank God!"

"Why, Madelon!" exclaimed the king, inexpressibly shocked, "is it possible that I see you thus?"

Yes, it was Madelon; and the king might well be shocked at the change only a few days of mental and bodily suffering had wrought in her appearance. She was still dressed in the large-patterned chintz gown and thick calamanco petticoat in which she had gone to court; but the bright colours of her gown and petticoat were soiled, and not only was their stiffness gone, but they were rent in many places. Her hair, which had been so neatly coiffed, hung loosely on her shoulders; her cheeks were thin, and her eyes hollow; and, in short, her whole aspect bespoke the extremity of her sufferings.

"My poor Madelon," continued the king in a softened voice, "I have been partly to blame for this; I should never have permitted you to leave me."

It is astonishing the effect produced by these few words, and the tone in which they were uttered, on the officers of the court. They hastened to strike the manacles off Madelon's arms, and respectfully placed a chair for her to sit on. The poor old woman threw herself upon it, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Then I shall not be burned for a witch after all!"

"Heaven forbid!" cried the king. "But how is all this?"

There was now no want of persons to step forward, and accuse the Duke of Eperon of having forcibly seized on Agnes, the affianced wife of François; while, to quiet the complaints of the unfortunate young man, he had been thrown into prison on a charge of treason. A spy in the pay of the duke having heard the complaint of Madelon to the king, she had been privately removed from Paris and carried back to Provence; and the duke had hoped that the king would be too fully engaged with his own affairs to have time to look after those of his subjects.

It is hardly necessary to add, that the duke was thrown into prison on the charge of having abused his trust; and that as soon as he was deprived of his authority, innumerable tales of his cruelty and oppression came to light. In the end, indeed, proofs were obtained of his having been concerned in the ... conspiracy against the king, and he was executed for high treason, amid the shouts and execrations of the whole population of Grenoble. François was made governor in his place; and from him and the fair Agnes descended a long line of counts of Provence; while Madelon, having confided the secret of her mode of preserving plums to the worthy Count Olivier des Serres, that excellent man published it to the world, in the year 1600, in his well-known work entitled the *Théâtre d'Agriculture*. This mode is still practised at Brignolles; and the delicate Brignolles plums, still constantly sold in our grocers' shops, are prepared in exactly the same way as those so much relished by Henry IV., and which owed their origin to the ingenuity and skill of *La bonne Mère Madelon*.

OYSTERS.

The oysters of the British coasts have long been admitted to be the best procurable in Europe. The Romans paid great prices for them, although it is not likely that they would then be taken to Italy in a fresh state. Of the British coasts, the districts most famous for their oysters are the shores of Kent and Essex. Those found near Milton, in Kent, and usually called the "Native" oysters, are perhaps the very best; they are small, round, plump, and white, with thin shells, which are easily opened. The oysters found in the river Coln, on which stands the city of Colchester, in Essex, are also of excellent quality, and are renowned over the whole island. Massinger has made them classical, by causing *Justice Greedy*, in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," to say that he had nothing to speak of this morning before breakfast, except a barrel of Colchester oysters. The Coln, near that town, forms a great many arms and creeks exceedingly well suited for the formation of oyster-banks. The Dorsetshire oysters rank next in estimation to those of Essex. Those of Poole, especially, hold a high reputation; as do those of Faversham in Kent, of the Isle of Wight, and of Tenby on the coast of South Wales. Vast quantities are carried to the continent from Kent. Several hundred vessels were at one time employed annually in this trade alone. In London, during the proper season, the trade in oysters is very considerable, both for exportation into the country and native consumption. The dealers bestow great pains in preserving and feeding the oysters in tubs, containing an infusion of salt water and oatmeal.

Besides those on the English shores, oyster-banks are common on the northern coasts of Ireland. The Scottish capital has been, till a recent period, plentifully supplied with good oysters from the Frith of Forth, in its immediate vicinity. Nearly opposite to Leith there was a large depôt of them, formed around or near the islet of Inchkeith. Local poets speak with rapture of the delicious *caller* (that is, fresh) *oysters* which were to be had in Edinburgh for evening festivities. From mismanagement, or some other cause, the Edinburgh oysters have greatly degenerated in quality; and the town has consequently lost one of its objects of attraction. Dublin is supplied from Arklow, a little to the east, and oysters are conveyed to artificial beds, near the capital, on the northern side. At Sutton, Polebeg, and Dalkey, places but a short way from Dublin, additional supplies are procured for the tables of the Irish metropolitans.—*London Courier.*

THE BRITISH POETS.

DRYDEN.

Poetry has been defined as "the natural impression of any object or circumstance, by its vividness exciting an involuntary movement of imagination and passion, and producing, by sympathy, a certain modulation of the voice, or sounds expressing it."* These few words convey much meaning in a little compass, and give a clearer idea of what poetry really is, than a long dissertation.

The poet must be observant, a watcher and a ponderer of men and things; his imagination and passions must be lively, and the former should be powerful to invest the object beheld, or thought conceived, in its own glory; he must possess a command of language and an ear for music, or he will, however stimulated by sympathy, be unable to express his feelings, to impart to others the thoughts that burn within his own breast, and make his fellow-men partakers of his inspired visions.

Poetry may be divided into two distinct classes; the Natural and the Artificial. The former has been so eloquently described by Mr. Hazlitt, that we shall venture again to borrow from his pages. "The poet of nature is one who, from the elements of beauty, of power, and of passion, in his own breast, sympathises with whatever is beautiful, and grand, and impassioned in nature, in its simple majesty, in its immediate appeal to the senses, to the thoughts and hearts of all men: so that the poet of nature, by the truth and depth and harmony of his mind, may be said to hold communion with the very soul of nature; to be identified with and to foreknow and to record the feelings of all men at all times and places, as they are liable to the same impressions; and to exert the same power over the minds of his readers that nature does. He sees things in their eternal beauty, for he sees them as they are; he feels them in their universal interest, for he feels them as they affect the first principles of his and our common nature. Such was Homer, such was Shakspere, whose works will last as long as nature, because they are a copy of the indestructible forms and everlasting impulses of nature, welling out from the bosom as from a perennial spring, or stamped upon the senses by the hand of their maker. The power of the imagination in them is the representative power of all nature. It has its centre in the human soul, and makes the circuit of the universe."

Such poets are of the first class, among whom, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspere, and Milton, hold the first rank.

The poet of art is more indebted to his observant powers than to the possession of that fore-knowledge supplied to the poet of nature by the infallible warnings of his imagination, for his success; and consequently is always more the poet of his own times than of all time. Dryden and Pope are at the head of this class of

* Hazlitt's Lectures on the English Poets.

English Poets. The palm is more generally awarded to the latter, but we would rather say "Let both divide the crown." Dryden possesses the merit of rescuing English poetry from the low state into which it had fallen in the latter days of Elizabeth and her successors, in which conceits and plays on words (faults conspicuous even in Shakspere) were substituted for wit, and violent and far-fetched oppositions of ideas, and forced metaphors and allusions, assumed, with what have been termed by Dr. Johnson the "metaphysical poets," the place of natural imagery and the free course of an unrestrained imagination.

Ben Jonson indulged too much in the metaphysical style, which was fostered by the pedantic taste of King James; Donne and Cowley followed him; it became the fashion, and was pursued to such extremes that the versification of the poets of this school became as rugged as their analogies were unnatural. Dryden led the way to a revival of the purity of English poetry. "There was before his time," says Dr. Johnson, "no poetical diction, no system of words at once refined from the grossness of domestic use, and free from the harshness of terms appropriated to particular arts. Words too familiar, or too remote, defeat the purpose of a poet. From those sounds which we hear on small or on coarse occasions we do not easily receive strong impressions or delightful images; and words to which we are nearly strangers, whenever they occur, draw that attention on themselves which they should transmit to things." His earliest efforts are remarkable for the power and correctness of their versification; and the longer he ielded the pen, the greater were the excellences he displayed. It ould have been strange indeed had he been free from all the faults f his age, but they are much more conspicuous in his earlier than is later productions.

Pope, with a delicate and even fastidious taste, is unrivalled for the elegance of his versification; but he wants the sturdy vigour which was the great excellence of Dryden. and although he is entitled to an equal rank, we must dispute his title to precedency.

It is now, however, time to turn more immediately to the subject of this paper, and, in pursuance of the plan we have proposed to ourselves in giving a series of papers on the British Poets, to draw a brief sketch of his life, illustrating it by a few extracts from his works.

John Dryden, "glorious John," as he was called by his contemporaries, was born on or about the 9th of August, 1631. He was well descended on both paternal and maternal sides; his father, Erasmus, being of an ancient and good family in Northamptonshire, and brother of Sir John Dryden of Canon's Ashby, whose title and estate ultimately descended to one of the poet's sons. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Henry Pickering, younger son of Sir Gilbert Pickering; a person who, though in considerable favour with James I., was a zealous Puritan, and so hostile to the Catholics, that the projectors of the gunpowder plot had resolved on his death as an episode to the main action.

Dryden received his education at Westminster under Dr. Busby, and was, whilst yet a boy, distinguished by the excellence of many English translations from the classics, performed as school exercises, none of which have been preserved. He was admitted at Trinity College, Cambridge, on the 11th of May, 1650, on a Westminster scholarship, and took his degree as bachelor of arts in January 1653-4; but although he continued to reside at college for three years longer, he never proceeded master or obtained a fellowship; nor did he in his after years preserve that affectionate feeling towards "Alma Mater" which is so usual with her sons. He transferred his affections from the banks of Cam to those of Isis, as is evident from the following lines:—

> "Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
> Than his own mother university:
> Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage,
> He chooses Athens in his riper age."

The origin of this dislike may probably be traced in Dryden's growing distaste to the Puritans, to whose cause the University of Cambridge was supposed to incline, whilst that of Oxford was notorious for its royalist principles. Although all his relations were strict upholders of Puritan doctrines, he seems very early to have been disgusted with their tenets, which he satirised severely in his poems on every occasion that offered; and although, probably more from compulsion than liking, he honoured the memory of the Protector with an elegy on his death, yet in that performance—which possesses a considerable share of poetical merit—he carefully avoids any offensive reference to the late king or his family, and dwells upon those qualities of Cromwell which were really praiseworthy,—his courage, his military skill, and his talents for government.

He was at this time an inmate of the family of his cousin Sir Gilbert Pickering, officiating, as some writers have affirmed, as his secretary or clerk; but, immediately upon the Restoration, he openly espoused the royal cause, wrote his congratulatory poem, "Astræa Redux;" and further offended his relations by changing the spelling of his name from Driden to Dryden, a proceeding which, in all probability, was occasioned by the quarrel which must have ensued upon occasion of his "falling away."

His elegy on the Protector was frequently made a subject of reproach, and some lines in it were perverted from their true meaning, and construed as an approval of the execution of King Charles I.; and, as a matter of course, the political and *poetical* enemies of Dryden (it may be difficult to determine which of the two were the most virulent) rang all sorts of changes upon cant, time-serving, rebellion, treason, arrogant presumption, and the false taste of the "town," who could endure a pseudo-royalist Puritan poetaster. But, notwithstanding this unlucky elegy, it appears that Dryden's conduct was throughout his life consistent. It was not his interest, in a worldly point of view, to put himself in opposition to his family, who were opulent, and, although thrown into the shade by the change of the times, still possessed some degree of influence inseparable from their station. He had nothing save a small paternal estate, worth about sixty pounds a year, increased to ninety on the death of his mother, who had a life-interest in one-third, and was therefore compelled to seek for subsistence from his pen. The booksellers were his first supporters, and for some time he worked "journeyman author" for Herringham, who had a shop in the New Exchange,—writing prefaces, dedications, &c. &c.; but his growing reputation, and the patronage (for no author could then hope to succeed without a patron) of Sir Robert Howard (younger son of Lord Berkshire), whose sister he afterwards married, greatly assisted to establish him in that literary dictatorship which he long enjoyed, enthroned in his arm-chair at Will's Coffee-house, at the fire-side in winter, and in the balcony in the more genial season, where all the "men of wit and talent about town" flocked round to listen to the oracle. The theatre, as the most lucrative branch of literature, drew his earliest attention; and his first effort was the rhyming tragedy of the "Duke of Guise:" this was followed by many others in rapid succession; and for several years he was under contract with the King's House to furnish three plays every year, the consideration given being one-quarter share in the theatre, averaging between three and four hundred pounds a year. This and the proceeds of the offices of poet-laureat and royal historiographer, together with his own property, and it is presumed some accession upon his marriage with Lady Elizabeth Howard, which took place in 1665, enabled him to live in good style during the reigns of Charles and James. When, towards the end of the former monarch's reign, party began to run high, Dryden for a time forsook the stage, and, plunging into politics, supported the court-party by his writings both in prose and verse. This of course laid him open to much abuse from what was then called the "country party;" he was ridiculed by the Duke of Buckingham as the "Bayes" of "the Rehearsal," and attacked by Shadwell, a poet whose name has been preserved, like many of those embalmed to evil fame in the Dunciad, by the memorable castigation bestowed upon him in the inimitable satire of Macflecknoe. The open profession which Dryden, about the period when the "Exclusion Bill" was agitated, made of the Catholic religion, has been sometimes reflected on as no more than a piece

of courtly complaisance; but no grounds appear to justify such an uncharitable conclusion. One test of his sincerity has been remarked, which is perhaps the strongest that can be exhibited—he educated his children in that faith; and when the tide of fortune changed he remained steadfast, without a symptom of wavering. It is not unusual for men educated in extreme principles of any kind to fly to the opposite, and the difference between the fanatical Puritan and the bigoted Catholic is not so great as may be imagined. Be this as it may, his avowed adherence to the Catholic Church gave rise to his singular poem, entitled "the Hind and Panther," in which he eulogises the faith of his adoption under the guise of the "milk-white Hind,"—while the Church of England, typified by the Panther,—the Presbyterians, satirised as the "lean and hungry Wolf," and most of the public characters of the day under various disguises, are brought upon the scene, and play their parts according to the will of the poet. This poem, however its readers may dissent from the opinions of the author, cannot be looked upon as other than a most masterly composition, and the full force of the mighty power he possessed over the language he wrote in, was here exerted. The poem of "Absolom and Achitophel," written for party purposes just after the Rye-house plot, in which King Charles is typified by David, the Duke of Monmouth by Absolom, and Sheffield by Achitophel, is also a striking example of his great powers. This poem was so popular, that he was induced to publish a second part, in which he was assisted by Tate, the joint translator of the Psalms.

The Revolution put an end to all Dryden's court favour, and deprived him of his offices of poet-laureat and historiographer. The former he had the mortification to see bestowed on his unworthy antagonist Shadwell. This is alluded to in an epistle to Congreve, who was then in the meridian of his fame; an epistle which, in the words of Sir Walter Scott, "is one of the most elegant and apparently heartfelt effusions of friendship that our language boasts, and the progress of literature from the Restoration is described as Dryden alone could describe it." We, therefore, transcribe it as a worthy specimen of the poet:—

Well, then, the promised hour is come at last,
The present age of wit obscures the past:
Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ,
Conquering with force of arms, and dint of wit:
Theirs was the giant race, before the Flood;
And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire stood.
Like Janus*, he the stubborn soil manured,
With rules of husbandry the rankness cured;
Tamed us to manners when the stage was rude,
And boist'rous English wit with art endued.
Our age was cultivated thus at length;
But what we gain'd in skill, we lost in strength.
Our builders were with want of genius curst;
The second temple was not like the first;
Till you, the best Vitruvius, came at length,
Our beauties equal, but excel our strength.
Firm Doric pillars found your solid base;
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space:
Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise;
He moved the mind, but had not power to raise:
Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please;
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
In differing talents both adorn'd their age;
One for the study, t'other for the stage.
But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we see;
Etherege his courtship, Southerne's purity;
The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherley.
All this in blooming youth you have achieved;
Nor are your foil'd contemporaries grieved.
So much the sweetness of your manners move,
We cannot envy you because we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw
A beardless consul made against the law,
And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome,
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano† bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And scholar to the youth he taught became.
O that your brows my laurel had sustain'd!
Well had I been deposed if you had reign'd:
The father had descended for the son;
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus when the state one Edward did depose,
A greater Edward in his room arose:
But now, not I, but poetry, is curst;
For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first‡.
But let them not mistake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own desert.
Yet, thus I prophesy,—thou shalt be seen
(Though with some short parenthesis between)
High on the throne of wit, and, seated there,
Not mine,—that's little,—but thy laurel wear.
Thy first attempt an early promise made;
That early promise this has more than paid.
So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
That your least praise is to be regular.
Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion, this your native store;
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakspeare gave as much,—she could not give him more.
 Maintain your post; that's all the fame you need;
For 'tis impossible you should proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning the ungrateful stage;
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a rent-charge on his providence:
But you, whom every muse and grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not the insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you§:
And take for tribute what these lines express;
You merit more, nor could my love do less.

The straitened circumstances of the poet after the Revolution compelled him to seek the stage once more; and the first fruit of his return to dramatic composition was "Don Sebastian," the best and most highly-polished of his plays. His earlier pieces were written too much for the times, and with too little attention to his own reputation. They display an intimate knowledge of the rules of art, and considerable acquaintance with what is technically called "stage business,"—but are disfigured by grossness of language, and weakened by the rhyming verse in which the greater part of them are composed; a practice which Dryden, after a long advocacy, at length renounced as unfitted for the stage, and only adapted to regular poems. They are, moreover, deficient in the delineation of character; the tyrant, the lover, the mistress of each piece have too much of a family likeness; they want individuality; we feel the deficiency of the poet's *creative* power. "Don Sebastian," which was written in blank verse, and composed with great care, is free from most of the errors which disfigure Dryden's other dramatic performances; and the character of the renegade *Dorax*, the victim of mortified pride, is well imagined and admirably sustained. The scene between him and *Sebastian*, the king of Portugal, his former sovereign, whose life he had preserved that he might with his own hand revenge his supposed wrongs, is justly celebrated.

Dryden wrote, however, but little for the stage after the Revolution, his chief works now being translations, of which the principal is his admirable version of Virgil; he executed also portions of Ovid, Theocritus, Lucretius, Horace, Juvenal, and Persius. His translations from Boccaccio, and remodellings of several of Chaucer's Tales, which were among his latest works, are also to be classed with his very best productions. We would gladly introduce some specimens from these, but we have already overstepped our limits. His labours were not confined to poetry alone, for at various periods he poured forth a multitude of prose works, treatises, prefaces, dedications, and translations, among which his

* Janus is said to have introduced the arts of civilisation among the wild inhabitants of Italy. He was a native of Thessaly, and is stated to have been a son of Apollo.

† Giulio Romano, a justly-celebrated painter, whose pupil Raphael had been. This compliment to Congreve is exquisitely graceful.

‡ Shadwell is "Tom the First." On his death, Rymer, "Tom the Second," with whom Dryden was on bad terms, was made historiographer, and Nathan Tate poet-laureat.

§ Congreve discharged the sacred duty thus feelingly imposed upon him, in his preface to Dryden's Plays.

Essay on Dramatic Poetry holds the chief place. To the last, Dryden's was a life of toil, but to the last his genius was undimmed; and some of his most perfect productions, Alexander's Feast, and his translations from Boccaccio and Chaucer, were produced within a very short time of his death, which took place on the 1st of May, 1700. He was honourably interred in Westminster Abbey, in a grave next to that of Chaucer.

Dryden left three sons, who all at different times had held offices of trust at the Court of Rome. Of these, John entered the cloister; Charles was unfortunately drowned while bathing in the Thames; but Erasmus Henry lived to inherit the estates and honours of the family.

Lady Elizabeth survived her husband several years, but towards the end of her days fell into a melancholy state of imbecility, in which she lingered till the kind hand of death removed the burden of life.

"In a general survey of Dryden's labours," says Dr. Johnson, "he appears to have had a mind very comprehensive by nature, and much enriched with acquired knowledge. His compositions are the effects of a vigorous genius operating upon large materials.

"The power that predominated in his intellectual operations was rather strong reason than quick sensibility. Upon all occasions that were presented he studied rather than felt, and produced sentiments *not such as nature enforces, but meditation supplies.* With the simple and elemental passions, as they spring separate in the mind, he seems not much acquainted, and seldom describes them but as they are complicated by the various relations of society, and confused in the tumult and agitations of life."

LOTTERIES IN THE OLDEN TIME.

ALL the world knows that a Lottery is a scheme for the distribution of prizes by chance;—a sort of public game at hazard, played upon a grand scale; and, sometimes of old, for most important state purposes. We need not discuss the point of their immorality and pernicious influence on the public mind, as the matter has been practically as well as theoretically decided against this national gaming by its total abolition in Great Britain, on the 26th of October, 1826. It is still kept up in other parts of the world, however, particularly in America; for the inhabitants of which country, as a highly speculative people, it presents many attractions, and will probably long continue to allure them with its El Dorado heaps of riches. The Romans invented lotteries for the purpose of enlivening their Saturnalia—that pagan carnival of mirth and madness. The festival commenced with the distribution of tickets which gained some prize. This seems to have been very similar to that species of lottery which is still practised in tumbling booths at country fairs and the like. In the lotteries of Augustus, prizes of small value excited the hopes of the speculative; but Nero established some for the people, in which a thousand tickets were daily distributed. Heliogabalus carried the scheme to a degree of modern perfection; for he contrived that his lotteries should be "all prizes and no blanks," and a dash of the comical was imparted to these dispensations of Fortune, their favourite goddess; for while one individual gained six slaves, another was rewarded with six flies;—here went a costly vase, and there a pipkin of coarse earthenware. There were various kinds of lotteries; but the leading features of such schemes were the same in all. During the early part of the sixteenth century, lotteries for the disposal of merchandise were established in Italy, Germany, and other places. This was a less vicious form of the thing than that for money, which immediately succeeded. One was established at Florence in 1530; from Italy the lottery passed into France, where the pernicious traffic was sometimes carried to a destructive extent, and that too in very recent times. This was likely to occur amongst a people the groundwork of whose mental constitution is a vivacious imagination, which paints the future in the colours of the rainbow. Who but they would have surrendered themselves to the visionary scheme of Law of Lauriston,—that empire of cloud-gold? But state lotteries have been abolished in France, as well as in England; and though the Hamburg lottery still occasionally figures among the advertisements in our newspapers, a conviction of the inutility as well as the immorality of these great games of chance, is very general amongst the mass of people both at home and abroad.

We turn to England. It seems probable that lotteries were introduced into this country in the age which may be distinctively called the chivalrous; but we have not met with any on record before the time of Queen Elizabeth, when they became a common mode of raising money for the purposes of the state. Curious documents are extant illustrative of the manner in which the business was then conducted; particularly some manuscripts and papers preserved at Losely-house, in Surrey. The "Chronicles*" of 1585 likewise make mention of "a lottery for marvellous and beautiful armour, begun to be drawn in Paul's Churchyard, at the great west gate, in a house of timber and board, there erected for that purpose, on St. Peter and St. Paul's day."—But that of which the Losely papers give the particulars, is of an earlier date. It is described as "a very rich Lottery General of money, plate, and certain sorts of merchandise, erected by her Majesty's Order," A. D. 1567.—From the dimensions of the Bill, esteemed by bibliographical judges to be a unique specimen, and from other circumstances, it appears that the art of puffing and of attracting the vulgar gaze was at that early period carried to a high degree of perfection. There can be no doubt that the proud, lion-hearted Elizabeth—the defier and foiler of all the might of Spain, when Spain was [illegible] omnipotent—was the inventor of those long posters, those flaming broadsides, that everywhere ornament or deform the walls of our city. In the "Chart" of the lottery of 1567 she stands proudly prominent;—holding forth the most brilliant prospects of a golden harvest to her liege subjects; in short, she appears as the most accomplished quack of her day, and for her achievements on *walls* quite worthy of wearing the mural crown of the Romans as well as her other honours.

The Bill extant in Losely-house is five feet in length by nineteen inches in breadth, surrounded by a neat border of ornamental types.—At the top there is the impression of a boldly cut wood block, twenty inches deep, representing the royal arms, the city of London, St. Paul's Cathedral, with its lofty spire, the river, and the sun effulgent. Underneath this are the articles of plate, money, and tapestry, curiously displayed in several compartments. It is not at all improbable that this is a representation of the manner in which the tempting prizes were exhibited to the gaze of the Londoners two centuries and a half ago in Cheapside, "at the sign of the Queen's Majesty's Arms, in the house of Master Derick, goldsmith, her servant." The lots in number amounted to 400,000, and the price for each was ten shillings. They were occasionally subdivided, for the accommodation of the purchasers, into halves and quarters, and even more minute shares. The objects propounded for the profits of this lottery were highly laudable, being the repair of the harbours and fortifications of the kingdom and other public works. As great pains were taken to "provoke the people" to adventure their money as in modern times; but still the lots seem to have been slowly disposed of, for the lottery appears not to have been *read*, as the phrase for drawing them was, until the 11th of January, 1568-9†. The reading then took place in a building erected for the purpose at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral, and continued incessantly day and night, until the 6th of May following, certainly an unreasonable length of time to keep hope upon the rack. The Lord Mayor and corporation of the city of London were made, jointly with her Majesty, responsible for the faithful fulfilment of the conditions of the lottery to the public;—the highest possible guarantee, as every one must allow. It appears that the civic rulers adventured amongst them to the number of 1000 lots, a considerable sum in those days;—that all the city companies, as

* See Stowe's "Summarie of the Chronicles," page 401; a rare little duodecimo.

† It is just necessary to mention, that in all old documents the year is always calculated to commence on the 25th of March.

the mercers, drapers, haberdashers, and so on, did the like, and that this was general throughout the whole city.—That every man adventured what he thought good. Several of the small parishes and hamlets near London formed themselves into companies, "every man putting into the lottery according to his ability, some one lott or mo, some half a lott, some iis. vi*d*., some xii*d*., some iii*d*., some ii*d*., or more or less according to their haviours and power; and the same put into the lottery under one posye, in the name of the hole parishe." Of course, the persons who risked their money put it in under certain posies, mottoes, or devices, which were publicly proclaimed at the drawing, whence came the term then used, "reading of the lottery." Of these we shall give a few specimens presently, for they are extremely curious, and, if we mistake not, may in some measure serve to illustrate the spirit of the times.

After stating the nature and objects of the lottery, as above described, the document proceeds:—

"Three welcomes.

"The first person to whome any lot shal happen shal have for his welcome (bysydes the advantage of his adventure) the value of fiftie poundes sterling, in a piece of sylver plate gilte.

"The second to whome any lot shal happen shal have in like case for his welcome (bysydes his adventure) the summe of thirtie poundes, in a piece of plate gilte.

"The third to whome any price (prize) shal happen shal have for his welcome, besides his adventure, the value of twentie poundes, in a piece of plate gilte."

The highest prize of all was £5000, of which £3000 was to be paid in ready money, and "seven hundred poundes, in plate gilte and white, and the rest in good tapissarie meete for hangings, and other covertures, and certain sortes of good linen clothe." The next highest prize was £3500, the third was £3000, the fourth £2000, and so on. Of course, although there were no blanks, by far the greater number of the four hundred thousand lots consisted of small sums; about three hundred and fifty thousand of them did not exceed two shillings and sixpence each.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth the lottery was a great national transaction. It was not an affair of individuals, like the getting up of a joint-stock company of modern times, which goes off amongst us daily without creating any great stir,—felt merely as one of a thousand similar waves in the vast ocean of London business. The lottery was then an event which excited the public mind throughout the whole extent of the kingdom, like a coronation, or the passing of some momentous bill in Parliament. In the conditions "ordained for the advantage of the adventurers in this lotterie," there is the following passage. We have taken the liberty of modernising the spelling:—"The Queen's Majesty, of her power royal, giveth liberty to all manner of persons that will adventure any money in this lottery, to resort to the places underwritten, and to abide and depart from the same in manner and form following; that is to say, to the city of London, at any time within the space of one month next following the feast of St. Bartholomew this present year 1567, and there to remain seven days. And to these cities and towns following: York, Norwich, Exeter, Lincoln, Coventry, Southampton, Hull, Bristol, Newcastle, Chester, Ipswich, Salisbury, Oxford, Cambridge, and Shrewsbury, in the realm of England, and Dublin and Waterford, in the realm of Ireland, at any time within the space of three weeks next after the publication of this lottery, in every of the said several places, and there to remain also seven whole days, without any molestation or arrest of them for any manner of offence, saving treason, murder, piracy, or any other felony, or for breach of her Majesty's peace, during the time of their coming, abiding, or return. And that every person adventuring their money in this lottery may have the like liberty in coming and departing to and from the city of London during all the time of the reading of the same lottery, until their last adventure be to them answered."

In these conditions some inducements are held out to those who shall adventure thirty lots and upwards "under one devise or posie,"—that is, their chances of success are increased, although, as the reader will perceive from the following quotations, to a very small extent. The probability was very slight, indeed, that a person who had put in thirty lots should happen to draw the last lot of all, or the one next to it. But it was a good bait for the superficial, an excellent lure to hope.

"Whosoever having put in thirty lots under one device or posy, within the said three months, shall win the last lot of all, if before that lot (is) won he have not gained so much as hath by him been put in, shall for his tarrying and ill fortune be comforted with the reward of two hundred pounds; and for every lot that he shall have put in, besides the said thirty lots, he shall have twenty shillings sterling.

"And whosoever having put in thirty lots under one device or posy, within the said three months, shall win the last lot save one, and hath not gained so much as he hath put in, shall likewise be comforted for his long tarrying with the reward of one hundred pounds, and for every lot that he shall have put in above thirty, shall receive ten shillings."—But the doctrine of probabilities was illustrated in other ways equally curious, but always in such a manner as to reduce the chance of success to one in we know not how many millions.—Yet to the unreflecting, these "conditions" wear a specious appearance. For instance, the person who happened to have five or more of his posies or devices drawn or read consecutively, had a specified sum allowed him besides the prizes themselves, whatever they might be.

Amongst the papers extant relative to lotteries, there is a book entitled "Prizes drawen in the Lotterie, from the 16th to the 26th day of February."—It consists of nineteen leaves, each leaf containing on its upper side four columns, printed in the black letter, enumerating the different devices or posies, the names of the persons, &c. whose ventures they represented, the numbers of the lots, and the amount of the prizes, which, it will be observed from the annexed specimens, was for the greater part very insignificant.—This list is supposed to have belonged to the lottery of 1567, drawn in 1568-9.

As salt by kind gives things their savour,
So hap doth hit where fate doth favour.

Per John Harding, London, salter, number 4,535.—Prize 7*s* 6*d*.

First learn, then decern.—Jo Fitz, Tavestock, 309,751,—1*s*. 2*d*.

The above was the identical Sir John Fitz whose remarkable fate has furnished the groundwork of Mrs. Bray's Devonshire tale, Fitz of Fitzford*. The following device is of frequent occurrence, and in all probability was a proverbial expression of the time.—

What is a tree of cherries worth to four in a company?—Per Thomas Lawrence, London, 123,487.—1*s* 2*d*.

In the next, allusion is made to the blowing of a trumpet; and it occurs frequently in these posies, from which we may infer that the drawing of the greater prizes was announced by a flourish of trumpets.—The hopeful speculator here invokes their "brass voice" in vain; it was "Enter Tom Thumb."

Blow up, thou trumpet, and sound for me,
For good luck comes here do I see.

Peter Shob, of St. Peter's Cheap in London, 25,086,—1*s* 2*d*.

* The fate of this individual was so singularly romantic and extraordinary, that we offer no apology for giving an outline of his life:—Mr. Fitz, his father, was a profound student of judicial astrology, to the principles of which he publicly professed his attachment. Before the birth of the future Sir John, he calculated his child's nativity, and found by the position of the planets at the moment, that unless the birth were delayed one hour, the child must come to an unhappy end. Delay was impossible, and, as often happens in such cases, the prophecy was actually realised. The child grew up, and, succeeding to the paternal estates, was knighted, but happening to quarrel with his neighbour, slew him in a duel in 1599. Sir John procured his pardon from the queen, but he suffered the loss of part of his estate as a fine.—Fitz's malignant stars still shedding "disastrous influence" over him, he shortly afterwards killed another person in a duel, and afraid of the consequences of this second offence, he repaired immediately to court. On his way he stopped at an inn in Salisbury. During the night he was disturbed by a loud knocking at the door, and fearing it might be some one sent to apprehend him, he seized his sword, and in the dark suddenly slew the unfortunate person who had caused his alarm. Lights being brought, and finding himself guilty of the unnecessary murder of an innocent man, he, in despair, rushed upon his own weapon and died. The monument of this Fitz and his lady are still extant in Tavistock Church.

Here is a person whose wishes were by no means extravagant, and it was fortunate.

'I would be content with a hundred pound;
In my purse it would give a sound.

Per Thomas Chamberlayne, Horsted Teynes, Sussex, 1,129,—1s. 2d.

He might still compound for the noise by getting the whole in halfpence.—Some of the adventurers make desperate efforts at wit by punning upon their names.—Here is one.

As fouler's minds are fed by every right redress,
So fouler I, least fortune fall, do seek for some success.

T. Fouler, London, 270,413,—2s. 1d.

Here is another; and it is a most judicious and appropriate motto for Mr. More, of Loseley.

I looked for no more.—William More, Lowsley, Surrey, 776,013,—1s. 3d.

Priests had become fair game in Elizabeth's time.—Here is a dash at them; one of the old charges is flung in their teeth.

Priests love pretty wenches.—Per Rich. Cnecke, Sibford,—13,509,—1s. 2d.

The following, the name of one of Shakspeare's immortalities, was a common saying of the time:—

All is well that endeth well. Per Thomas Lawley, de Chaddesley Marches, Wales, 232,859,—1s. 3d.

Amongst the adventurers we find the munificent patron of commerce and letters, Sir Thos. Gresham.

Fortune amy. Sir Thos. Gresham, knight, 345,471,—1s. 2d.

We find a number of the lot-holders making allusion to the public works in the places where they reside, and some making their motto a promise that whatever the prize turned up, the whole was to go for repairs and the like. But fortune was not to be bribed, nor the dispensers of her favours either. Let no one quarrel with the rhyme.

If a very rich prize arise should to our lot,
All that would be employed on our decayed port.

Thos. Spikernell, of Maulden, in Essex, 331,597,—2s. 1d.

Instances of pious resignation to the decrees of fate are not uncommon; and here is a man urging the fruitfulness of his lady as a fair reason why the blind goddess should look his way.

God send a good lot for my children and me,
Which have had twenty by one wife truly.

Per William Dorghtie de Weslhalme, 195,315,—2s. 3d.

There is a tradition that the Monks of Canterbury neglected the repairs of Sandwich Haven, in order to erect the steeple of Tenterden, on the borders of Romney Marsh, in Kent; a circumstance not at all improbable. But it gave rise to the wild and absurd saying of the people, that the building of the said steeple occasioned the Goodwin Sands *.

Of many people it hath been said
That Tenterden steeple Sandwich Haven hath decayed.

Per Ed. Hales, Tenterden, Kent, 40,884,—1s. 2d.

This is remarkably good.—The great prize is no doubt meant.

The duchy of Lancaster, without Temple Bar,
If God give the lot he shall not greatly err.

Per the Parish of Savoy, 56,922,—2s. 1d.

Here is a sly advertisement for a husband.—Surely so much ingenuousness and generosity deserved a partner independent of a lottery prize.—It is to be hoped that one of the great prize-holders took compassion on her, and doubled her blessedness.

I am a poor maiden and fain would marry.
And the lack of goods is the cause that I tarry.

Per Sibbel Cleyon, 51,832,—2s. 1d.

We find other spinsters stipulating that if they be successful they shall marry.—But we must conclude by presenting a few more mottoes, merely indicating the prizes.—Pray excuse the rhymes and what not.

We cooks of London which work early and late,
If *anything* be *left God* send us part—1s. 2d.

William Wood.—A poor wood I have been long, and yet am like to be, but if God of his grace send me the great lot, a rich wood shall I be—1s. 3d.

The head of a snake with garlick is good meat.—2s. 1d.

As God hath made hands before knives,
So God send a good lot to the cutlers' wives—3s. 4d.

From Hastings we come, God send us good speed,
Never a poor fisher town in England,—Of the great lot hath more need.—1s. 2d.

A maid and I am of advice—To marry if we get the prize.—3s. 4d.

And so this unfortunate compact of marriage may close our notice of Lotteries in the Olden Time.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

NO. IX.

CONCLUSION OF THE SERIES.

WOMEN IN CHINA.

The term "degraded" has more than once been applied to the Chinese female, as if that were one of the principal features in her character. But before we apply this word, it would not be amiss to borrow the schoolmaster's office for a moment, and determine the sense in which we mean to use it. If it means that the conduct of the Chinese woman is below or unworthy of the situation she occupies in reference to parents, husband, or children, we say without hesitation that the proofs to this effect are very scant and meagre. But if it means that she is lowered from the dignity of that independence with which she ought to dispose of her person, we say in reply, that the same observation applies to men; for in the choice of a partner, the will of the father, and not the inclination of the son, decides the match. And, lastly, if it implies that she is robbed of her rights, in that she does not come forward and claim an honourable place among the guests or visiters of her husband, we remark, that etiquette is to blame for all this—that foolish, cruel, and not unfrequently wicked thing, which has made slaves of not a few of us who inhale the draughts of freedom as a part of our birthright. We will, therefore, divest our style of this or any other dogmatic phrase—throw together a few particulars taken from life—and leave the intelligent reader to apply what epithets, after the perusal of this piece, may seem best suited to the character.

As we glide upon the smooth surface of the river, amidst thousands of floating homes, or wander through the suburbs of a city, where every nook swarms with inhabitants, our eye must again and again light, and dwell too in the gaze of contemplation, upon the China woman. How decent in her apparel—how assiduous in her labours—how cheerful and contented her countenance—how exhilarating her laugh—how good humoured her conversation! Amidst so much to render her amiable, there is something that

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* The following passage from Bishop Latimer, illustrative of the absurd reasoning of some people relative to cause and effect, is curious in itself, and, bearing upon this point, is worthy of being quoted. He states that Master More, having been appointed to examine into the cause of the Goodwin Sands and the stopping of Sandwich Haven, summoned the country to appear and give evidence. "Among others came in before him an old man with a white head, and one that was thought to be little less than an hundred years old.—When Master More saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter, for being so old a man, it was likely that he knew most of any man in that presence and company." The old man's answer to Master More's interrogatory was:—"Yea, forsooth, good master," quoth this old man, "for I am well nigh an hundred years old, and no man here in this company anything near unto my age."—"Well, then," quoth Master More, "how say you in this matter? What think ye to be the cause of these shelves and flats that stop up Sandwich Haven?" "Forsooth, sir," quoth he, "I am an old man; I think that Tenderden Steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands; for I am an old man, sir," quoth he, "and I may remember the building of Tenderden Steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenderden Steeple was in building, there was no manner of speaking of any flats or sands that stopped the haven, and therefore I think that Tenderden Steeple is the cause of the destroying and decay of Sandwich Haven."—The application of this "merry toy," as the great reformer calls it, is eminently happy; indeed it is one of the finest things of the kind in the language. "And so to my purpose, preaching of God's word is the cause of rebellion, as Tenderden Steeple was the cause that Sandwich Haven is decayed." This species of error we may put into the form of a proposition:—When two events, both of which are perceptible, follow each other without any connexion existing between them, and the cause of the succeeding event is concealed or latent, there is a tendency to ascribe the succeeding event to the improper cause.

shows she has a value for herself—a regard for what is of good report in the smaller as well as in the more important points of good behaviour. A dutiful carriage towards a parent, fidelity to a husband, and a tender and discreet care for children, are virtues that bear the palm in China, and are, of course, as resplendent in the poor woman that tugs the oar as in a queen that wears a coronet of dazzling chains, and reclines amidst the pageants and heraldic badges of rank and honour. In saying this, I speak the sentiments of Chinese, not my own. I have seen a book containing short biographical records of illustrious women who had lived in the neighbourhood of Macao. Most of these were persons remarkable only for their fidelity to husbands, kindness to children, and the humbler virtues of domestic life. These poor women are not only exemplary for their consistent deportment, but also for a very tender and susceptible heart. Gentleness on the part of a stranger charms them exceedingly; so that many a time, while I have stopped to ask the name and properties of a plant, the village dames would gather in a crowd a short distance from me, and echo and comment upon every word I uttered in their language, with the liveliest interest: and as I have passed along the sides of the canals and streams of water, I have heard them say, "He smiles!" though the utmost they could discern was a look of complacency: and hence, in conversation, I have more than once affirmed that a stranger cannot throw a smile away; for the merest expression of kindness shed over the features is sure to be noted by these keen decipherers of the human countenance. In a short voyage from Canton to Macao, by what is called the Inner Passage, we are obliged to stop awhile at Heangshan, the principal town of the district in which Macao is seated, in compliance with certain regulations of the custom-house. On one occasion we were detained some time, which gave the boat-women an opportunity of approaching our boat in great numbers. These, I should say, obtain their livelihood by conveying native passengers across the river for a few cash each. By this they earn enough to keep themselves in excellent plight, and in very decent apparel; but the notorious generosity of a Briton produces a sort of extemporaneous beggary wherever he goes; and so they flocked around us, and plied our charity with the most eager importunities. "Never," said I, "did I see such a throng of good-looking beggars before." Some wanted money, some clothes, and others said they were very hungry; and all used the most plaintive accents to enforce these claims upon us respectively. All the while a smile of good-nature lighted up their faces, which seemed to mock their own complaints, and to show that their hearts were happy in spite of all these sad ostents of woe. They have a formula of address which is very pretty and very touching, but cannot find justice in any corresponding term in our language. Instead of the pronoun *me*, for the sake of endearment, she calls herself your sister—and in doing so uses a term that places you in the position of an elder brother,—who, according to the rules of good manners, in a father's absence receives a father's worship and attention. The term of address is in the highest sense endearing, and respectful at the same time.

I had not small money enough to indulge every individual in such a crowd of spontaneous sisters, and so was obliged to be a little partial, and select only such as objects of my bounty whose features and smiles were of the most engaging kind. One of my companions amused himself in thrusting away their boats, or shampans, with an oar, and two or three others in setting a dog at those who came aboard; while all of them pointed to me as one who had used them after a very different fashion. Were it not the policy of the Tartar authorities to keep the Chinese and the British from growing too well acquainted with each other, I might have landed here amidst shouts of applause from the poor women and girls in their shampans, which would have been the first step in obtaining any information or courteous treatment I had desired; for popularity in China, even among the lowest ranks, is a very useful thing. The magistrate there courts and humours the common people, however cruel and unjust he may be to wealth or rank among his subjects.

I look back to this little adventure with sentiments of peculiar pleasure, for it was this that laid the first stone to an entire revolution in my own views of the Chinese, and confess that I am not ashamed that the change had an origin so humble.

Our remarks of the Chinese females have been confined to those who earn their livelihood by the labour of their hands, and whose feet, as a matter of necessity, are allowed to thrive in their natural growth. Now let us glance at those who have had the misfortune to lose the principal use of these important organs. When I call it a misfortune, I remember that no Chinese man or woman is prepared to agree with me in this decision. The females regard the destruction of this member as one of their highest accomplishments, and have changed the fashion of their once long flowing robes, in order to give the admirer the opportunity of contemplating at full all the minute graces of their little trotters. The train has been replaced by a plaited shirt of the choicest embroidery, which leaves the site of the ankle uncovered, and, of course, the delicate shoe that invests the parts below it. On the part of the males, "the one small foot," as it is called in Canton English, is no less in admiration, which they express by comparing it to the most elegant among the flowery tribe: and I may confidently affirm, that it was not from a wish to keep the woman at home, but from a desire to enhance her beauties, that the practice of compressing the foot was derived. After I learned to express my sentiments with as much freedom as kindness among the natives, I complained to one of them against this unnecessary act of cruelty. I said, a Chinese woman has a gift from nature—a very handsome foot; why do you Chinamen spoil it by an attempt at improvement? The young man laughed, while the beams of satisfaction glistened in his eye at the compliment thus indirectly paid to his countrywomen, but said, that though he must allow that the small-footed ladies could not walk well, he must still maintain that they looked better. The Chinese have no ordinary sentiments of pride and self-complacency in relation to the supposed excellence of female beauty among them. In a chance conversation they would not acknowledge it, lest they should be laughed at by the foreigner; but this foible (if it does not deserve a better name) betrays itself on a variety of occasions, but particularly in this, that the first thing you see in an apartment is a picture of a Chinese belle, in an attitude to display to the best advantage the well-turned arm, the kind and melting smile, or the admired delicacy of the little feet. My teacher was a man in middle life, and the father of a family, yet he never spoke with so much feeling and eloquence as when detailing the various points of taste and refinement which are in authority and cultivation among the ladies of China. He told me of a proverb in use by them when they would censure the practice of sheltering misconduct under the patronage of another, "You borrow my petticoat to cover your large feet."

The process of reducing the foot to the required dimensions is one of consummate cruelty; for if it be done properly, it should, in their own language, be killed by it. The period which is considered the best for the operation is five, when two of the toes are bent under the sole, and the instep is pressed down so as nearly as possible to be in a line with the fore part of the leg. The height of the individual is increased by this means, which is looked on as

a great perfection in female accomplishments. Another consequence is the effectual check which is put to the development of those muscles that form the calf of the leg; and thus the whole limb, from its socket to its extremity, tapers in a fair and even exactness of outline. Upon this, as an essential item of beauty, my teacher laid the highest emphasis.

In progression the knee-joint is useless, so that any of our fair countrywomen may imitate the gait of a Chinese lady by stepping with that joint immoveable. To render the effect of this imitation complete, the person should be held erect in reference to forward or backward, but allowed to incline alternately to the left and right, while the arms depend, and move in cadence to the foot with as much freedom and ease as possible. In this way a Chinese lady has contrived to relieve anything that might seem awkward in her mincing gait; and she has succeeded so far, that to my eye she would not be complete unless the instruments of progression were reduced to the size which fashion requires. We are soon reconciled to a thing if we set about it in good earnest, or if the secret enchantment of some feeling be at work in the heart. But I have not forgotten the effect which the sight of this small foot had upon me, when stripped of its gay habiliments, and placed in naked deformity before me; for a patient in one of the hospitals under the patronage of the Medical Missionary Society was kind and courageous enough to allow her benefactors the sight of her foot. A scowl of distress and horror, mingled with astonishment, pervaded the countenance of those who had been long accustomed to look at sad spectacles. The native handmaid blushed and turned her face, as if ashamed of the discovery. It was not a foot that we saw, neither was it health or disease, but a strange and indescribable compound of them all.

Some years ago, while I was staying at the Sandwich Islands, they showed me some wooden gods, at which native women looked with more surprise than the foreigner, because, before the minds of the people had been turned from these "vanities" by the light of Christianity, they had never been allowed to get so much as a glimpse of them, to furnish a hint of surmise or a word for hearsay. Now, I shrewdly suspect that the real state of a China woman's foot is nearly as great a secret to her male admirers as these ugly monsters were to the dames of Owhyhee (Hawaii), and that on this occasion a foreigner was entrusted with a secret that is imparted to none, or very few, of the native gentry. Is there no voice in this little circumstance? I feel that there is, and know that there are many a score beside which have a voice just as potential. Here is one of them. A day or two before I left Canton, I went and said farewell to some of the patients in our hospital there, and among the rest to a native female who had undergone a severe operation, and suffered more than is usual among them. Upon my congratulating her at the prospect of a speedy recovery, she said the Chinese were bad men. I asked what harm they had done to her? the answer was, none. I learnt from some of the bystanders, in explanation of this remark, that this woman was so impressed with the superior skill and generosity of the foreigner, that her countrymen seemed vile in her sight.

I could never learn that this practice of destroying the foot had any moral or physical effect of an untoward kind. I once heard the abbot of a large temple and monastery complain that his sister felt a pain at times in the sole of her foot; and, as he was an intelligent man, I eagerly inquired if such pains were not of frequent occurrence. The reply was, no. Ladies with small feet are more fair in complexion than those who have large ones, which is owing to less exposure to the sun and air. But we often see them abroad, especially in the early hours of the day, as they are trudging to spend the rest of it in the company of some female friend. They walk with greater ease than we should be antecedently prepared to expect; and I have seen them carrying two heavy bundles of grass, which they had brought from the mountains. One of the crowd being upbraided for the custom of crippling the feet, picked up her load, and ran off with it; but was within a hair of falling in this attempt to show that no harm had been done to her feet. The better sort are carried in capacious and elegant sedans, followed by one or more servants, according to the rank and fortune.

Upon their moral character, the practice seems to exert no perceptible effect. Their fondness as mothers, and their fidelity as wives, are oftentimes the theme of admiration; and as a reputation rests entirely upon the cultivation of these virtues, they have no ordinary inducement to make them the aim of all their wishes. They either affect or really have a great deal of simplicity. A lady talks as familiarly with her servant as she would with a younger sister, while the latter is as kind and obliging as if her mistress were her mother. Their vanity seems to lie, when present, in the affectation of such qualities as all the world have agreed in thinking most attractive in a woman. When a foreigner makes his appearance, the young ladies will gaze at him a moment; but as soon as his eye falls directly upon them, they begin to run, but not without a smile or a laugh of the most bewitching sort; as it needs but a short acquaintance with the language to gather from the compliments that one overhears in passing that a foreigner's aspect is not a little admired by them, we have no difficulty in guessing what this smile or this laugh may mean. After modesty, another virtue which they affect is kindness. I remember that, when on one occasion I entered a hamlet, a lady commended the kindness of my heart and the fairness of my complexion; all the while her features were melted in fondness, and her arms were moved so as to display the whiteness of the skin that adorned her arm, and the well-turned and beautiful roundness of its form. I felt that all these praises were heaped on me, that I might return them back with interest. In thus adverting to the vanity of my clients,—which of us is without a little "spice" of it?—I should not do them justice if I did not say, that at the theatres, where they are accommodated with the best seats, their behaviour is in the highest sense exemplary. I have seen several hundreds of them at these public assemblies, surrounded with thousands of men of all ranks and distinctions, but never saw a single one of them honoured with either a smile or a glance of the eye. I believe, therefore, that the kind looks which I have now and then obtained were not considered as due to the right of the Chinese, but the prerogative of the foreigner.

As I had heard so much said about the condition of the ladies in China, as if it differed but little from that of a slave, I was by no means prepared for the following exhibition. Mr. Beale, who has lived forty years in the country, and keeps a splendid menagerie for the entertainment of his friends and the furtherance of science, is often visited by Chinese of rank. Among these are not a few of the fair sex, who, according to the etiquette of China, look over the gardens, partake of the hospitality set forth for their refreshment, and then depart, without either saluting or thanking their generous host. As the house of which I was joint-tenant stood hard by, I had an opportunity of being spectator at one of these visits from the fair dames of China. About fourteen females belonging to the household of the chief magistrate of the place came thither, attended by a crowd of followers, with all the motley insignia that belonged to his office. In a word, his wife and daughters were accompanied in the same way as himself when he travelled either on business or amusement. And if appearances were good for anything, one might have said that all this shows that in China the wife and female relatives of an officer have a virtual share in his rank; an opinion which I contend for, though some able judges refuse to adopt it. Besides the necessary parade that belongs to the husband, there was a long train of sedan-chairs filled with females who waited upon the ladies, and when they walked supported their uneasy steps. The sedans which contained the ladies themselves were remarkable for their size and elegance. Besides the female servants were several well-dressed men, who seemed to act as marshals of this ceremonious visit. One of them presented a pipe to one of the ladies with one of the most graceful acts of obeisance that I had seen for many a long day. I stood by and viewed every circumstance with the most eager attention, and declare that not a single thing was omitted which could evince

the respect and worship in which these ladies were held. Their robes were of the most gorgeous kind, and their feet so compressed that they could not ascend the steps without leaning upon their maids. But this showy splendour was in admirable contrast with the unaffected simplicity of their manners. After an hour's stay they departed in the same way as they had come, with the addition of that peculiar shout which is a very ancient mode of announcing the presence of the great. This custom was alluded to by Balaam—"The shout of a king is with him." In counterview with this story I will place another, that the reader may see the ladies of a household under a different aspect. As a friend and I were rambling over an island of Honan we came to a beautiful villa, and as the gate was open, we entered the grounds to witness the proprietor's taste, and to enlarge our botanical ideas. One object after another invited us onwards, till we found ourselves in front of the house, into which I may truly say we stalked in a most unceremonious manner, as one side of a Chinaman's apartment is always open to the weather. Here we found several young men seated at as many desks with their books before them. We bowed, looked at their books, and asked the nature of their studies, but obtained no reply, as it was the duty of a student to mind nothing but his book. In a few seconds the master of the house made his appearance, and forthwith conducted us to his hall with every mark of politeness and hospitality. He ordered some tea for us, exhibited a curious sword, and asked my opinion of a bezoaic stone, as to whether it was genuine or not. His manners and carriage were soft and elegant in the extreme, so that it was no easy matter to meet his attentions with courtesy of a corresponding variety and grace. While we were sitting there, he sent for the ladies of the household to come and see us, who endeavoured to improve the opportunity by looking as kind and attractive as possible. They came at his command, and they went away at his pleasure, which was intimated to them by the little page that waited upon him on all occasions. Were we to take such a circumstance alone, it would seem to intimate that the ladies are held in no higher esteem than the servants, as they go and come at the word of authority. But their appearance at all was a direct violation of Chinese etiquette, for which he, not knowing our habits, thought it necessary to apologise. It was, therefore, an act of special indulgence, and shows that even in China, when a rational curiosity is to be gratified, authorised forms are made to give place, and reason and good sense are suffered to resume their ancient seat. The ladies were obedient to command because they threw upon him the burden of settling the matter with his guests, and with the observances of decorum, to which an apparent wrong had been done.

Without any particular reference to a branch of knowledge which distributes the seat of thought and feeling into several distinct and separate offices, there is something in the forehead of a China woman that impresses one with an idea of her intellectual superiority. And there are not a few facts to show that this idea is founded in truth, though I would not issue it as a dogma, nor wish it to be treated in any other way than as an opinion of my own. On the stage the female is not unfrequently represented as excelling in martial prowess, and always, so far as I have seen, as surpassing the male in policy and reach of understanding. And it is not in plots that she outwits him, where cunning may take advantage of goodness, but in the foreseeing of dangers, and in the adopting of measures to avert them. She is quick-sighted, firm, and constant, and self-denying, in a perfection which the player does not assign to men. And in our experience, when information is sought for, or a question to be answered, the woman comes to your aid when the men are at fault. In the distribution of books, men were heard to complain that they did not understand the matters contained in them, or they needed some one to act the part of instructor. But how different the verdict of the women, which we heard when dreaming of no such thing! "The ladies," said a Chinese, "are reading your books: they are pleased with them;—they say they understand them: is not that good?" "Yes," said I, "ten times told."

THE FLOOD AND THE RESCUE.

A STORY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

It may not be known to the majority of our readers, that the scenery of the Connecticut river, especially after passing the northern limit of Massachusetts, presents many singular appearances. Ranges of broken and towering hills hem in the fertile and verdant valleys, every here and there converging, as though once united—presenting, where the angry current hurries its waters over the jagged rocks that madden its onward course into foaming rapids, rude and frowning precipices; as though those hills had long ago been rent asunder by some terrible convulsion, and the wide and deep lakes that their various points of union had created had discharged themselves in cataracts of waters, leaving only the intractable stream that now tumbles onward to the ocean; occasionally emulous of its pristine glory, when the torrents of heaven have swelled its current,—and bursting the fetters that winter has bound about it, it revenges itself in its fiery liberty, by adopting those fetters as the very instruments of its revenge; flooding the valleys far and near, and piling up the huge blocks of crystal against mill and stately bridge, roaring in angry triumph at its work, and heaping block upon block, until, with a sound as of thunder, the object of its rage is lifted from its very foundations, and, splintering and crashing, is borne away to aid its destroyer in its further devastation.

These evidences that the more northerly portions of the river were originally a chain of lakes, is corroborated by the fact that, at a certain height around the bases of the hills, tables of land extend into the valleys, uniform in height, evenness of surface, and perpendicularity of elevation; indicating the water-mark, being themselves depositions of alluvion from above. Sometimes the tables rise from the very centre of the valleys, strangely regular in the concavity of their sides, having corners standing forth like huge bastions. Those who have neglected to observe the uniformity of the height of these elevations with the tables at the bases of the hills, have supposed them to be Indian mounds, instead of islands, once rising in beauty from the midst of lakes.

These tables sometimes extend for some distance up the banks of lesser streams that empty into the Connecticut, and serve to add a new charm to their already glorious scenery. Connected with a stream of this description are some thrilling incidents, which I am about to relate. The events of the freshet, the preservation of the individuals, and the heroic bravery of their preserver, will have deeper interest in the eyes of our readers from the fact that they are strictly true.

Peter Kennedy was an honest man—a hard-working farmer—in the town of P——, in Vermont, which lies on the banks of the Connecticut. He was not a beforehand man; for though he laboured assiduously, he could never look forward with complacency to a "rainy day," in the consolation that he possessed the wherewithal to procure the necessaries of life, should misfortune assail him. There are many of Peter's stamp; who, though diligent and economical, seem to be ever struggling against time and tide. How it is—whether in their cases Fortune never *will* show her face, or the unfortunates do not coax her properly—do not get a fair hold of the handle of success, we divine not,—but we pass our word for it that they *are*, and by this token are much to be pitied. Peter, having nothing of his own, rented for several years a thrifty farm "at the halves," as it is called in Yankee land—receiving half the produce for his superintendence. He married—he reared a family—he grew somewhat old—and still he was a farmer only "at the halves"—still had laid up nothing of his own. By-and-by he died; and was lost to further labour in the grave. What was his family to do?

That family—there was Mrs. Kennedy, a good woman, a very good woman, but firm, and wilful, and superstitious—mayhap, now we reason upon it, herself the drawback to her husband's success. Then there was Mary Kennedy, his daughter—a true-born Yankee girl, with all her father's energy and perseverance, and just enough of her mother's firmness to give solidity to her cha-

racter, and more mind than both together. She was not beautiful but she was good and well-shaped, and graceful, with expressive features, and a firm sparkling eye. These two were all—and what were they to do?

The funeral was over. Friends and neighbours had rendered every assistance through that period of the heart's desolation—the interval between the death and burial of a dear relative,—and the widow and orphan were left in their lonely home to look with a shudder to the future. But Mary was not a being to darken yet more the dreary prospect by useless repinings and despair. She nerved herself to meet the exigencies of their situation. She consulted with her minister—her friends—and of them so sweet a girl could have no lack—and they came forward one and all to her relief. The farmers of New England are a toiling race—they slowly amass a competency by severe labour and rigid economy; and the value of wealth thus painfully acquired is necessarily enhanced to their minds. They look with wariness and hesitation upon applications to their charity, whose worthiness is not clearly manifest; but let a neighbour be unfortunate—his dwelling burned, it may be, by fire—or his means wrested from him by no negligence or fault of his own—and the Yankee farmer is ready then with open hand, according to his ability. So was it now. On a Saturday evening there was an assemblage at the minister's to devise ways and means. They came from two or three miles about—of all ages and degrees. The physician of the village, and the merchant and the squire, were among them—I tell of it, to show in what strong estimation Mary was held; and, more than all, there were present two young men who had been for some time suitors for Mary's hand. One, Samuel Brady by name, was a substantial farmer, some thirty-five years of age—well to do in the world—shrewd and forethoughtful; yet selfish to a degree. Did he love Mary—was his heart bound to hers by an irresistible sympathy, all-pervading, all-engrossing,—that true love which purifies the heart, and illumines life and the things of life with a steady glow—lighting up its dark passages, and investing its pleasant walks with intenser brightness? I doubt it, and the neighbours doubted it all along—notwithstanding that Mrs. Kennedy favoured his suit, and almost quarrelled with the gentle Mary that she would not listen to him; preferring, as she did, young Charles Hall, the carpenter; a whole-souled, earnest-hearted fellow—industrious, though poor at present—and possessing an energy to overcome all difficulties, and better still, loving Mary with a love that made him feel like a giant in strength of determination. He was the first to make a proposition, and give their charity form and shape. "Come," said he, "Squire Haskins, there'll be one third of the lumber left after your barn is finished; and if Dr. Jones will add a little to it of what he's got down at the mill, there would be full enough to raise a snug little house. I'll build it free gratis, off and on, with some help from the neighbours about, and they'll have a roof over their heads at any rate. Who gives the land?"

There was a proposition! Who would refuse his mite? The minister with his eyes swimming, went up, and taking Charles by the hand, gave it a pressure that told his Christian thankfulness; for it was not so much the offer, as the readiness and promptness with which it was made, which achieved the end. It kindled every heart in sympathy. "You're welcome to all that's over after the barn's completed," said Squire Haskins, with a smile.

"And about that lumber down to mill," added Dr. Jones, "I'm only sorry I haint any team to haul it where it will be wanted."

"Never mind about that," said Mr. Bliss, "my people 'll be on hand with the cattle for that 'ere proceedur, jest as soon as the word's giv out."

"Come to my store for nails, Mr. Hall," said the merchant.

Old grey-haired farmer Ware had had his head on his cane ever since Charles first spoke; and now at his first pause, he lifted it up, and half-shutting one eye, and squinting with the other at a corner of the mantel-piece—don't laugh, for he was one of the best men that ever lived, rough as he was—and the more intently he squinted an object before uttering his thoughts, the more valuable the thoughts were sure to be—he lifted up his head, I say, with his richest squint, and said in a slow, unvarnished manner—

"My farm, you know, butts on Snake river; and right on the side as you go down to the bridge the land makes off jest as level as can be conceived on for a consider'ble distance. I guess, the fact is I know sartin, there's rising an acre in all on't from the bridge down along. Now, you're welcome to that 'ere. It'll be snug, and enough on't for a little garding, leavin' out what's took for the house to set on. If that don't suit ye, say where you'd rather have an acre or so—but I'm minded that's a slick place."

It was just the place for Mary. This flat spot was one of the tables of land I have described above; and the scenery around was glorious—a continual feast for her ardent imagination. Let me describe it to you. The stream, not very large in its own dimensions, came foaming and dashing in tiny cataracts, through a deep ravine, to mingle its waters with the Connecticut. Across it, about a quarter of a mile from its mouth, a bridge had been thrown for the high road. Its timbers rested on everlasting foundations—the solid rocks on either shore,—between which, thirty feet below the bridge, the river dashed along. At the same time the bridge itself was low in the ravine; for there was a steep descent on either side to reach its level. Above a mill had been built, whose huge over-shot water-wheel, turning about down in the very depths of the ravine, dripping ever with spray, added to the romance of nature; while the water played over its dam in a clear unbroken sheet, lulling the senses with its monotonous hum. Below, on one side, birches, hemlocks, and stunted pines, shrouded the steep bank from the top to the very edge of the stream; and on the other, just midway, was the table of land proposed to be given by Farmer Ware. Don't you agree with me, reader, that it was just the spot for Mary?

Before many months, a pretty dwelling was erected, and Mrs. Kennedy and Mary installed in possession. It was two stories in height, because a better view could be obtained by a little more elevation; and Charles was ever on the watch for the comfort of the being he loved. On the lower floor were two rooms, one for kitchen and parlour in common—for under Mary's housewifery, so far as neatness and arrangement were concerned, her kitchen always looked like a parlour—the other for a school-room, for she was to have twenty little scholars all the year round, at twelve and a half cents a-week each, and that, mind you, in a country village, so far in land, was quite an income for her. Above were two bedrooms; and Mary's, rest assured, was on the westerly side of the house, looking up the stream, and fitted up with every possible convenience.

Mary understood and appreciated the delicate management Charles exhibited in all this—indeed, she knew that she owed to him, to his enterprise and energy, guided by his love, the most of her present comfort; and she poured out upon him that intensity of affection which ever fills woman's heart to overflowing when she is truly loved. But she was not happy in her love. The house was finished—the school collected—and there in the midst of nature's glory Mary had nothing to desire for mind or body—yet with all, she was not happy. The laugh of the children echoed merrily from the hills, and mingled with the sound of the waters, and to them their idolised instructress wore always a cheering and alluring smile, but an aching void was beneath. The secret was here. Her mother, a woman of strong prejudices, had imbibed a dislike for Charles, which not all his goodness to her in her lone widowhood had overcome. Whenever he visited Mary, she testified by hints and innuendoes that he was disagreeable to her,—and she seemed to delight in tormenting her daughter by the open expression of her feelings, and by asserting her strong disapproval of the connexion. This treatment was aggravated by her encouragement of Brady, who yet persevered in his suit in the face of Mary's coldness. I have said that I doubted his love for her. Let me not be understood to mean that he was guided solely by selfish motives—far from it. He loved, perhaps, as well as he was capable of loving, but by his very nature his attachments were tinctured with alloy. He knew Mary to be one of a thousand in

capacity—that she would make a capital dairy-woman, and help a husband to get rich. We will give him credit for some perception of her charms—but he was incapable of fervent love.

So waned the summer hours; and autumn's ruddy tinge pervaded nature. Winter came—and that, too, with its storms and bleakness passed away. Mary still taught her little school—still bore the complainings and reproaches of her mother with unrepining fortitude and submission. She was kind as ever to her parent, but, alas! she was compelled to meet her lover in stolen interviews, and submit to receive in passive sufferance as least the visits of her mother's favourite, whom she now looked upon with growing dislike. One day, in early spring, Brady represented to her mother that a crisis must be attained—that he must learn decisively his standing with her, as his home demanded a mistress speedily. Mrs. Kennedy told him that Mary *should* marry him; and content to woo the daughter through the mother, he left her, much pleased with the result of the interview.

It was a fair deduction that he was unworthy of Mary, that he had so little refinement of feeling as thus to disregard her own disinclination to him, and rely for success on the influence of her parent. I do not mean the refinement imparted by education, but that natural elevation of character, that infusion of the "*Ideality*" of the Phrenologist, which tinctures the most uncultivated with softness. Poor Mary! She was full, too full of it for peace. It shed an influence over every connexion of her life. It lent a charm to her love, and made it doubly dear; but at the same time it sanctified the command of a mother, and forbade infringement. But resolutely she reasoned with that mother when the stern unqualified command had been given to wed Brady, or live an exile from her parent's heart for ever; and when reasoning proved abortive she pleaded earnestly, tearfully, on her very knees, to be spared, but her mother was inflexible.

A curse had been threatened for disobedience—could she disobey? Within a fortnight, one little fortnight, she must surrender all her fondest anticipations, or lose a parent's smile! Dreadful alternative! The mind not constituted like her own may sneer at her hesitation, and see full justification and contentment in disobedience, but to her the name of parent was holy.

Her school had been dismissed early, for a storm had been gathering for some days, and already the drops began to fall. Now, as she sat by her chamber window, pale as ashes, the clouds were pouring their treasures merrily down. She resolved to consult the minister—her well-tried friend—and Charles, her own Charles, at the thought of whom her bosom heaved, and her tears mingled with the rain-drops—and to make them the arbiters of her fate.

It rained all night, hard and steadily. She had determined to trip up to the minister's before school-hours in the morning; but all the morning it was one continued pour, pour; and she could not leave the house. She had no pupils that day on account of the storm, and her loneliness and agitation were unrelieved by customary duty. She had promised to meet Charles in the evening beneath an aged oak, their sacred trysting-place, but it poured down so as to prevent her; and, oh! how much more saddening was this! All night—a sleepless night to her—it was plash, plash, plash, upon the saturated earth; and the river's roar—for two days and nights of rain had swelled it to a mimic torrent—sounded like the knell of desolation. She awoke and looked abroad, when daylight dawned upon her sleepless eyes. All nature seemed resolved into wetness—and still, the third day, it was raining hard as ever. Again no pupils—again a dreary, dreary day, and no cessation to the storm. But towards night it cleared away, the sun broke forth, the atmosphere became sultry as in midsummer, and the drops glistened like pearls upon the trees. The birds that had begun to assemble from their more southerly sojourn during the cold weather, sung gaily on the branches, and all was life and light again. The change in nature's aspect infused a kindred influence into Mary's bosom; and she began to hope once more. But about midnight, after the strange sultriness had become oppressive, distant thunder rolled sluggishly on the ear, giving warning of a second change. Soon a rising breeze whispered through the trees, increasing every moment, until it blew a shrill whistle, as it careered round the corner of the house, and dashed the branches against each other, until they creaked and grated in the harsh collision. It died away for a moment, and nature was hushed in unbroken and awful repose, as though—for it was growing blacker and blacker with the dense clouds—she was drawing a long breath to prepare for a terrible conflict. Then the sharp lightning flash, followed almost instantly by a crash of thunder, that made the very hills tremble to their foundations, started sleepers bewildered from their beds, with dazzled eyes; and anon, all at once torrents poured down from the black sky, overpowering in the sound of their contact with earth, the very roar of the stream. There was but that one peal of thunder; but until nearly sunrise there was no pause in the rainfall. The sun, however, rose in majesty in an almost clear sky, and men felt that his beams would gladden them through the day.

There had been three days and two nights of storm, and finally this last half-night's torrent; and it was a strange forgetfulness in some of Mary's patrons to send them to school that day, for a thought would suffice to convince, that when time had elapsed after all this flooding for the surcharged rills and rivulets to pour their contents into the larger streams, fearful freshets were to be feared. It was strange, too, that Charles did not dream that the pride of his heart might be in danger. Apathy seemed to have fallen like a mantle upon all; and there were four or five little girls went skipping down the hill to the bridge, a few minutes before the hour of assemblage in the school-room, to drop sticks into the water, as they had been accustomed, and scream with delight as they were borne along, dashing against the stones in their course. But now, when they reached the bridge, a thrill of awe stole through their hearts, and they stood motionless, and almost breathless, with the sticks in their hands that they had gathered higher up the bank, as they gazed on the unusual aspect of the stream. It poured over the dam in a fierce and muddy cataract, hissing and boiling, and being compressed into a narrower compass by the jutting rocks on which the bridge rested, it foamed between them, imparting in its giant impetus a tremble to both the bridge and its foundations. Now and then huge logs came dancing madly over the dam; and striking on one end on the ledge beneath, leaped up into the air and plunged in again. One, of more elastic fibre than the rest, struck the bridge in its fall, while the girls were upon it, and shattered the railing; and then their mingled fear and awe found utterance in screams, and they ran to the house, afraid to linger longer. Mary, herself unconcerned, took her station by the window in the school-room, and could not keep her eyes from the river, so terribly majestic was it in its flow. Finally she became interested in her duties, and half-an-hour passed; and when again she looked out upon the water, it was verily within a few feet of the floor of the bridge—and its whole foaming surface covered with logs and timber brought from above. The mill appeared half immersed in a boiling gulf, and then, in a moment, while she was looking upon it, and terror was palsying her heart, it tottered and wavered, and tearing away some of the main supports of the dam, as it was upheaved from its foundations, dam, mill and all were dashed against the bridge. Wedged in between the eternal rocks that formed its abutments, it partially closed the natural channel, and the fast-increasing waters swelled upwards—ay, poured over the bridge—and swelled and swelled—all in a very minute—until, forcing a way around, on the side by Mary's house, which you know was on a table of land but a few feet above the level of the bridge, it came roaring on, and dividing a short distance above the house, a part tumbled into the ravine, while a part poured down the slight concavity between the house and the hill-side, the space being about fifteen feet wide. All this, as I say, was the work of a minute; and when Mary found voice to scream "Mother! mother!" these lone females and children were isolated there in the foaming waters, with none to counsel or to save!

They rushed to the door; but to have attempted to force that furious current had been madness! It seemed death to remain,

too—for soon the stream was at the very door-sill; and when Mary took in her arms the last of the paralyzed children to convey it up the stairs, every foot-fall splashed in the water that now covered the floor! They screamed for help from the upper windows. How the thunder of the torrent mocked and drowned their feeble voices! Then the hope of life being passed away, they kneeled and prayed to Almighty God to have mercy upon their souls!

By this time the stream had so risen as to half fill the lower story of the house, and conceal the bridge entirely, which, protected from the logs by the blockade on its upper side, still maintained its position. But this made the situation of the females and children the more dangerous; for timber, logs, and wrecks of buildings, sailed furiously by the house on either side, only prevented from bearing it to destruction, with its precious contents, by a tree that breasted their onsets and partially diverted their course. But now and then it failed to check some tumbling fragment, which thundered against the dwelling, shivering the glass of the windows, and making every timber shake in the concussion, but making the poor hearts within to shake and shiver more!

By-and-bye, one tardy villager after another appeared on the bank above; and, though not a word they spoke could be heard by Mary and her mother in the fierce roaring, their frantic gestures too truly bespoke their horror, and cast a deeper gloom upon the sufferers. Then Charles appeared. He darted down to the edge of the water, then up again, casting his eyes around in wildness, unknowing what to do! What a sight for his eyes to behold! There knelt Mary by the window, pale as death, with clasped hands and dishevelled hair, looking upon him, and he helpless as an infant in the face of that mighty danger! Yet he shouted to her to hope still, in a voice whose trembling testified to his own despair, and not a sound of which reached her ears. Once or twice, in very madness, he would have sprung into the torrent, but was held forcibly back by the villagers. Brady came too, and his comparative calmness formed a strong contrast to the wild anxiety which Charles exhibited. He at once declared that nothing could save them; and shook his head at every place suggested by one and another.

"It is vain—all vain," he cried again. "They cannot be saved!"

"Liar!" cried Charles, with quivering lip and starting tears, "she must—she shall be saved!" He rushed once more to the water's brink, once more would have plunged in, and was again drawn back. Then wringing his hands in very agony as a huge log struck the house, and crashing through the side, inclined it fearfully, he burst into a frenzied laugh as he exclaimed—"I have it! I have it! Follow me! follow me!"

The village was half a mile distant. To that he directed his rapid course, followed by his townsmen, the most regarding him now as a poor maniac; but some, among whom were the scarcely less maddened parents of the exposed children, inspired with sudden hope. Charles paused, breathless, at the tall "Liberty pole" on the green. "Dig it down," he cried, "for Heaven's sake, quick! quick! or they are lost!"

What will not men's energies accomplish in an emergency like this! They caught his fire of hope—they sprung to toil—the pole was rooted up in a few moments—horses were chained to it as speedily, and away they went with their burden on the full gallop, as though the very beasts knew that many precious lives were depending on their speed. Arrived at the bank, the pole was slid down, until Charles's accurate perception of the proper distance arrested it; and then, lifted upon its end, it was directed to the house, and the females being motioned from the window, it was so truly aimed that it struck the sill! Oh, Heaven! what a shout arose, that overtopped the torrent's roar, and filled the ears of the endangered ones with gladness! Quicker than thought, Charles divested himself of a portion of his clothing, and hanging from the pole, ascended to the window by the aid of his hands and feet, above the boiling tumult below, fast as a practised sailor climbs the mast.

"Come, Mary," said he, "not a moment is to be lost!"

"The children first!" she resolutely said.

He knew her moral resolution. He revered her self-sacrifice in that awful hour, and yielded without a word of argument. Fastening a child to his back with shawls and handkerchiefs, he returned as he had come, and safely deposited his burden. Why need I multiply words? Thus did he restore all those five children safely to the arms of their parents, when not the parents themselves, or one other villager, dared to brave death as he did in his aid! But Mary and her mother were in danger still; yes, hideous danger, for the house was assailed now by stroke after stroke, and yielded more and more, and it was plain must soon be swept away. Charles was in the room again—

"Now Mary! Now Mary!"

"My mother before me!"

He almost shrieked as he obeyed her, for his strength, nerved as it was by the excitement of the crisis, was almost gone. But the face of the girl wore the calmness and elevation of an angel; all the tumult of fear had vanished—the sting of death had passed already away, and he knew as before that she was not to be shaken. But before he left her, he strained her to his bosom, and kissed her lips, cheek, and forehead, and looked upon her in agony, as he said "Farewell!"—for he felt, while the shattered house reeled at every frequent crash against it, that he should never see her more alive! Then he lashed Mrs. Kennedy to his back, and, as he had done with the children, descended with her. But it was slowly—painfully; and when he reached the shore, he laid motionless for a moment, breathing hard in his exhaustion, while the blood covered his lacerated hands and feet. But Mary was not yet saved!—his own Mary! He sprang to the pole again—he entered the chamber—he appeared with her at the window! The house tottered as though suspended on a point! They shouted to encourage him; and he started on this last descent! Once—twice—three times, he hung without motion, in his absolute exhaustion! Yet again he started! He approaches the shore! Their hands almost touch him! They have, indeed, grasped his feet!—and now, while house, pole, and all go thundering down the abyss, the lovers are drawn to the safe, dry bank!

No pen ere this has chronicled his godlike feat. Was he not worthy of Mary's hand, which Mrs. Kennedy now freely accorded to him? You may well imagine how he strides forward to wealth and honour—a man like that!—with such a wife to encourage him!

THE SEAMAN.

THERE is a melancholy pleasure in which those only can participate who have crossed the trackless ocean. The preparation for a sea-voyage calls for that exercise of the mind which produces steadiness and singleness of purpose, and that ardour which is always requisite to carry into effect every hazardous and uncertain enterprise. That sadness of feeling which naturally steals over the friends of the mariner, as the time draws near which is to separate them, perhaps for ever, is not permitted to operate upon him who is to brave the danger. The purpose once fixed, his heart becomes steeled against the numberless accidents which may cross his path, and he assumes a superiority over the weaker feelings of our nature; but it is a superiority as short-lived and as unstable as the evening gale. The time of parting comes at last upon him, like a hurried dream; the last heart-felt pressure of hands; the last and earnest wish for a successful voyage and a safe return; the last injunction, and the last promise; the last adieu, and the last long, lingering look—all once passed, and his superiority over the softer feelings of his nature is vanished. A sorrow, unfelt before, now settles upon his anxious brow; he recalls again and again the last words and the last looks of those whom he has left behind.

There are but few incidents in our lives which call forth feelings

like these; they have a tendency to soften, improve, and purify the heart: and what is man without that link of affection which binds him to the world, and makes him feel that there are those whose happiness is in his keeping; that he has a trust worth all the world beside, and which all should feel who reflect on the proper objects of life? Feelings like these are at variance with that cold and selfish indifference which marks the progress of thousands through life—thousands who have never experienced the sweet throbs of a heart full of tenderness and affection, but whose lives, untaught in the school of kindness and benevolence, are totally void of interest, and whose absence is unlamented. The very situation of the seaman is calculated, more than most others, by a thousand dangers that continually surround him by night and by day—in every storm, every rock, and every shoal, by which he is assailed, or near which he is doomed to pass—to teach him his constant dependence upon a Will superior to human will, and upon an Eye that can penetrate far beyond the human eye. But whilst he is swiftly wafted to some foreign land, a thousand hopes and fears respecting his own dear home are continually rushing upon his mind, and he is led to sympathise in anticipations for afflictions that may never come, and participate in joys that may never be realised. This state of trial, to which the feelings are constantly subject, will produce those virtues and that peculiar disinterestedness which is said, with truth, to be a distinguishing characteristic of the seaman.

The benefit derived by nations, societies, and individuals, from his efforts, surpass all human calculation. Whether we go back to the earlier ages, and estimate the advantages of the discovery of entire continents, or consider (at this era of the world) the knowledge, wealth, and power derived from commerce, we shall feel our obligation and our dependence upon each other for the growth of improvement, and for the happiness of this enlightened age. That interchange of good wishes between nations, as between individuals, which is the peculiar trait of the wise and benevolent, is made more certain and more secure by the facility with which it is effected. The productions of every climate are brought within our reach; the manners, habits, and customs of every continent and every island are placed before our eyes; the mechanic, the philosopher, and the statesman equally acknowledge the happy result of that interchange of ideas which so materially adds to the increase of knowledge.

Whilst abroad, surrounded by fleets of other nations, his heart beats high, and he breathes with greater effort as he catches a glance at the flag of his own country; and a native of that country, however far removed and insignificant, becomes at once a brother. Mingling in a throng where every face is new, and every sympathy closed against him, he finds his resources of enjoyment wholly within himself; it is then he feels the absence of his friends and the once delightful joys of home. But this intercourse with the world, however, enlarges his mind, gives a freer scope to his imagination, a more correct knowledge of human nature, and teaches a deference for the opinion of others—he learns how much man can suffer, and how much enjoy.

As the land on which he recently trod, and apparently so large and so boundless, recedes from his sight, and his vision is bounded by the ocean and the sky, he is led to contemplate more frequently the wisdom and the power of that Being who created and sustains the thousands of worlds with which this universe is fitted up, as well as the insignificance and the uncertain destiny of man. If he be permitted to escape the miseries of shipwreck, loss of health, and famine, and again reach the termination of his trials and privations, how will his heart bound within him as he passes the threshold of his own dear home, where all crowd around to welcome him with smiles of affection! How many anxious questions are upon every tongue—what afflictions, what changes, what lost, and what gained! and the events of a year pass before him in one short hour. His anxieties are allayed, and again happy in the bosom of his family, or surrounded by his friends, his past sufferings are as a tale told and for ever forgotten.

THE SKYLARK.

"Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Light be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness!
Bless'd is thy dwelling-place!
O to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives its energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day!
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, hie, hie thee away!

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather-blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness!
Bless'd be thy dwelling-place!
O to abide in the desert with thee!"

Ettrick Shepherd.

OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

Our readers may perhaps recollect, that the first communication, on opening the Letter-Box, was one from Bath, signed "Peter Grievous." We expected that it would have called forth some observation from other correspondents; but no notice was taken of it, except a good-natured, but very prosing, communication, in which the writer wanted to *preach*; talked about a Bank of Faith, resignation, &c. &c. in such a manner as to show that he completely misapprehended our object in printing, and, we presume, Peter's object in writing, the particular letter alluded to. We have now, however, received the following from Clonmell:—

"*Clonmell.*

"Sir,—As you have commended 'Peter Grievous's' candid and good-humoured exposition of his case to *all* your readers, in the hope that some of them would suggest some matter for your future consideration; and as I have not seen his case attended to by any of your correspondents, allow me, an humble individual, to remark, that the profession of an artist, *industriously* followed, could not fail to better his condition, and might probably (with his present income, which is sufficient to 'keep the wolves from the door, without shaking a muscle or stirring a limb') enable him to become the 'perfect personification of a gentleman.'

"With the abilities which shine through Peter's description, and his time being at his own disposal, his 'little smattering of the fine arts' might, from six months' application, enable him to produce good bold pencil-sketches *from nature*, which in their locality would sell quickly at a moderate price; and from the facility with which they can be executed, might be more profitable than expensive highly-finished drawings. In search of landscapes, his home-circuit would become agreeable: and even 'up the Rhine' might not (in time) be an 'unprofitable spec.'

"I submit this in the hope that it may be of some assistance in opening a 'brighter prospect' for 'Peter,' and remain your constant reader,

"J. H. R."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

"Sir,—We have already enjoyed the advantages of 'cheap postage,' and it is evident that the increase of letters which have been sent through the post has been a great public accommodation; and so far as the revenue *has been* sustained, has produced no correspondent inconvenience or expense in the working of the plan—the same apparatus being employed as before.

"A great principle having been thus employed to an important end, I wish

to know, Mr. Editor, whether the same might not be employed in obtaining *cheap travelling*—the importance of which, in a country like this, needs no comment. The great fact insisted on, when cheap postage was first recommended, was, that the expense of conveying a letter was *inappreciable* for long or short distances; and that, by a great reduction in the charge of conveyance, such an increase of letters might take place as would in time leave the revenue but little injured.

"The charge made for the conveyance of passengers by railroad in the first-class carriages is usually about 3*d.* per mile—a rate pretty uniform with that charged for outside coach-passengers on turnpike-roads; but the railroads carry *goods* at about canal price; the coaches on turnpike-roads never under about 1*d.* per lb. for 100 miles, which is not much less than the charge for passengers, if reckoned by *weight*—and as the power of horses is limited, and the use of that power expensive, this charge does not appear excessive, nor do I imagine it could much be reduced. By the railway, a passenger and his luggage, which together may average about 2 cwt., is charged for 100 miles about 25*s.*, while 2 cwt. of goods are carried for about from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* 6*d.*, according to the competition existing by canal; and such goods are conveyed at a speed nearly equal to that of passengers. I wish to know whether these railway charges bear a just proportion to the *actual cost* of conveyance, and whether five or seven times as many passengers might be conveyed for nearly the same expense as the present number, if the carriages were constructed with reference to it? Each carriage holding six persons weighs about four tons—thus carrying only about 12 cwt. Could not carriages be constructed which would bear a large additional number of passengers and their luggage, without requiring much additional strength?—If so, the expense of engine power would be but little increased, and the fares might be greatly reduced.

"It may be objected, that the proprietors of railways would not risk such a reduction of the fares, at an uncertainty of correspondent traffic. Admitting this would be a valid objection, might not the income be secured by selling *tickets for the year* (whether transferable or not, I will not determine) at so much for a given number, thus giving individuals the option of travelling on the line several times for the same sum? By some such plan (I do not enter into *details*, satisfied they would present no real difficulty), I think, the proprietors of railways might be secured from loss, and even materially increase their dividends, to the great advantage of the public and themselves.

"I am desirous of knowing if the *principle* of cheap postage could be so applied; for, if the actual expense of conveying a passenger be very small, why not (if a certain amount of traffic can be *secured*) allow the public to have more trips for the same money? Let another Rowland Hill start to establish cheap railway fares.'

"*Birmingham.*" "J. R."

A GLASGOW READER.—Tobacco-smoking, like dram-drinking, is, on the whole, a mere idle and nasty habit, and, as generally practised, is too often associated with low and dissipated tastes. This opinion is given with reference to the strong and often filthy stuff used as tobacco in this country. But smoking, like bathing, is an Eastern luxury, of which John Bull, with his beer-guzzling and cloudy tendencies, has but a dim idea. To persons whose minds are much exposed to excitement, nothing can be more soothing and grateful than to inhale a mild and fragrant tobacco—it is a tranquillising sedative, and, to sedentary persons especially, frequently gently stimulates a languid stomach, and aids in quieting nervous irritation. But the tobacco used generally in Britain is a two-edged sword, acting as a stupifying narcotic, and creating unnatural excitement, by irritating the stomach and provoking thirst. The temperance and abstinence societies should direct their efforts as much against *British* tobacco as against British gin or whiskey.

Y. Z., PLYMOUTH (the signature, we presume, of a lady) asks about the words "mama" and "papa," whether they are "merely fashionable terms, or have any reference in their origin to father and mother?" By looking into a dictionary—say Richardson's—under the head "mama," she will find:—"Without doubt, the word is formed by Nature herself, since all infants of all nations begin to speak with this word, as the most easy of pronunciation; being in fact formed solely by the compression of the lips." A similar observation may be made on "papa," and as both terms, slightly modified, are nearly universal, we may consider their origin to be a common one. Under "Papa," Richardson gives us, Greek, Παππας; French, *Pape* (Pope); Italian, Spanish, and Latin, *Papa*; Persian, *Ba-ba*; Arabic, *Baaba*, &c. Our correspondent may easily see the origin of mammalia, mammalogy, the term for the division and description of the noblest animals, including man; and of the Papacy, the Papal States, &c. "Father" and "mother," like "mama" and "papa," are words widely diffused, as Persian *Pader*, Italian *Padre*, French *Père*, Dutch *Vader*, German *Vater*, Latin *Mater* (maternal), Italian *Madre*, German *Mutter*, &c.

G. L. H., KIRRIEMUIR, asks about a good Dictionary of the English Language; and as we are quoting from one, we will recommend it to him. "A New Dictionary of the English Language, by Charles Richardson. London: Pickering." It is admirable, and will give our correspondent all he wants.

"SIR,—I am anxious to avail myself of your 'Letter-Box,' on a subject which, I trust, you will not deem frivolous or unimportant. To be as economical as possible of time and space, I will comprise it in the few following queries:—

"1. What, out of the many and various plans that have been propounded for *facilitating composition* and *improving style*, do you consider the most practicable, and the best adapted to the case of an individual whose style is rambling and verbose, and yet whose time is so much occupied with pressing and professional avocations as to render a *severe* and *regular* discipline in composition almost impracticable?

"2. Or, which of our writers, ancient or modern, do you think the safest model in style and systematic arrangement?

"I am afraid you will consider the above queries as vague, crude, or commonplace; but I assure you they are submitted to you in all honest sincerity, by one who, being in a situation of professional responsibility, is anxious to remedy, as soon as possible, the deficiencies of which he is deeply conscious.

"*Doncaster.*" "ADOLESCENS."

We hardly know how to answer this correspondent. We know a very worthy and a very clever man, who has again and again appeared before the public as an author, and has again and again met with failures which would have damped the courage of less ardent minds, whose fault—and probably cause of failure—is the one hinted at by Adolescens. A mind of very considerable knowledge (though not of originality) and an ardent enthusiasm are buried under a "rambling and verbose" style, and rendered literally useless. Yet no advice can cure this man, who is otherwise a very amiable person.

There can be no doubt that style is generally a characteristic of mind, and that, therefore, when a person writes in a "rambling and verbose" manner, the fountain and the stream must have something in common. We will throw "word-mongers" out of the question—those wise rhetoricians whose thoughts are so much exhausted on their manner that they have none to spare for their matter—and consider the case of a really intelligent person who wishes to put matter into his sentences. Let him, if he wishes to cure the defect of a "rambling and verbose" style, first, thoroughly understand what he is going to write about; secondly, aim at saying all he has got to say in a clear, unaffected, and direct manner; and, thirdly, try to occupy as small a space as possible. A writer whose mind is full of all sorts of floating ideas, and who, in his anxiety to *exhaust* his theme, drags in all sorts of allusions, references, quotations, metaphors, similes, &c. must, almost of necessity, be "rambling and verbose," because he overlays his matter with *words*. If he had to defend himself from some serious accusation, and were only allowed a given space within which to make his defence, it is very probable that his rambling verbosity would vanish, and that he would make his statement with a lucidity and directness which would perhaps astonish himself.

Our correspondent doubtless knows that Dr. Johnson recommends those who wish to write the English language, to give their days and nights to the volumes of Addison. Dr. Johnson's authority is higher than we pigmies of the present day are sometimes disposed to admit; and Addison stands foremost amongst our English classics. But, with all deference, we should say—study no model whatever, for it may make the writer a poor mannerist; read, for the purpose of filling the mind with knowledge, and the imagination with images; and when you write, avoid imitation as far as possible, eschew all attempts at spinning fine phrases, and resist all tendency to affectation and circumlocution. Then, if what is written has not at least the merit of being clear, distinct, and direct and marked by a certain individuality, the writer may rest assured that word-jingling will as little make an author, as rolling pebbles in one's mouth will make an orator.

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HOW DEW IS FORMED.

Dew must be familiar to every one as those small translucent globules of water which, particularly in the morning, are found glittering like innumerable gems all over the face of nature. Dew has in all ages been an object of admiration and interest; and whilst poets have found in it a natural image of purity and beauty by which to compare other objects, popular superstition in ancient times ascribed to it a celestial origin, and many little supernatural virtues. That it *fell* from heaven, was considered certain; and that it was an essence distilled from the heavenly bodies, was considered probable from its bright and sparkling nature; thus resembling in lucid clearness "the lights that live along the sky." In the writings of the mythologists it is recognised as the daughter of Jove and the Moon; and Plutarch says that it is most abundant at full moon, by which assertion he evidently implies that the moon has some mysterious influence over its production. Amongst the virtues which, in the infancy of knowledge, were supposed to reside in it, popular persuasion ascribed to it the property of cleansing from impurity, removing spots and stains, and restoring to the features, which time had impaired, the glowing charms of youthful beauty. Nay, like the celebrated elixir of times less remote from our own, it was supposed to lengthen the term of human existence; and Ammianus Marcellinus, a Roman historian of the fourth century, asserts that the greater longevity of mountaineers, as compared with the duration of life amongst the inhabitants of the plains, is to be ascribed to the frequent aspersion of dew on their gelid bodies. It was likewise supposed to counteract corpulency; and ladies collected the precious liquid by exposing clothes or woollen fleeces to the humid atmosphere of the night for the purpose of collecting it, that by repeated applications of this powerful antagonist to obesity, the symmetry and proportions of their fine forms might be preserved. Such being the popular belief in ancient times, it is not to be wondered at that those philosophical visionaries, the alchemists (who grasped eagerly at every floating superstition which held out the slightest hope of their realising their favourite dreams), believed that it was endued with supernatural powers, and employed it as an agent in all their operations; and some of them even had the audacity to affirm that, like *aqua regia*, it was capable of dissolving gold itself.

After those vague chimeras, which are characteristic of the infancy of nations and of science, had begun to dissipate, and give place to more profound and correct views of the phenomena of nature, juster views began to be entertained regarding dew. Amongst the Greeks, Aristotle, one of the master-spirits of antiquity, defines dew as "humidity detached in minute particles from the clear chill atmosphere." He further states that "dew is only formed beneath a calm and cloudless sky, but never in windy weather." Other observations are made respecting the circumstances most favourable to the production of dew; and, upon the whole, Aristotle's views may be called an approximation to the truth; but in informing us that dew is the humidity of the atmosphere, and only following the position up with remarks on the state of the sky best adapted to its production, he stops short at the most interesting part of the subject. This is one amongst many instances to be found in the writings of the ancient philosophers, in which disjointed *fragments*, as it were, of truth are given, but no grand, complete, and thoroughly established theory propounded. Often a single fact or observation, founded in truth, and taken by itself incontrovertible, is made the basis of a spacious superstructure of error. Without following up the views entertained by the Stagyrite, and even abandoning the premises which he had assumed, the Romans made a retrograde movement, and relapsed into the rude opinions of remote and superstitious times. The philosophers and poets of that great people uniformly represent dew as *falling* from the heavens, as if it were a species of nocturnal rain. The theory of the descent of dew long prevailed in the schools of philosophy, and maintained its ground undisputed amid the mutations to which the other departments of science were subjected. Some of the views of the alchemists have already been alluded to. These vague but often ingenious enthusiasts further asserted, that when the dew evanishes before the beams of the sun, it reascends to its native region in the highest heavens; and other wild opinions were entertained by them, which, however, it is unnecessary to state in this place. Nor is it at all requisite that the fanciful speculations of Van Helmont (which involve the subject of the production of watery fluids during the night) should be noticed. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, a fact was discovered which, had it been reasoned upon in the true spirit of philosophical investigation, might have exploded the popular doctrine, and led to the discovery of the true theory. It was remarked that a bell-glass which had been placed over a plant during the night was found in the morning to be covered with dew in the inside, whilst externally little or no moisture appeared to adhere to it. It is evident that the humidity which formed these globules must either have risen out of the ground, exuded from the plant, or existed in the small portion of confined air, for it could not possibly have passed through the glass as a deposition of the superincumbent atmosphere. But with the simple ascertainment of the fact the investigation seems to have terminated, no generalisation appearing to have taken place.

In the year 1733, a considerable advance towards the truth was made by Gersten, a German professor, who propounded an opinion opposite to that of the *descent* of dew. This philosopher remarked, that plates of copper exposed during the night had only their under surfaces wet with dew, and found that plants exhale in various proportions the moisture which constitutes the aqueous deposit. The dissertation which embodied these views called other investigators to the field of inductive science; and a series of facts relative to the deposition of dew on plates of glass at different heights, and also the quantities deposited, ascertained by employing towels and cloths, were collected by a French philosopher called M. du Fay. A very curious discovery was soon afterwards made by Muschenbroeck of Utrecht, which was, that dew forms in very different proportions on different substances, and that not only the texture but the *colour* of the substance materially influences the deposition of humidity. For instance, a plate of polished metal will remain dry, whilst glass will be covered with the liquid; and a bit of red morocco leather will during a night acquire twice as much aqueous deposit as a piece of the same size but of a blue or black colour.

The experiments of Muschenbroeck were successfully repeated by M. du Fay. Electricity had about this period begun to attract universal attention, and it was customary to ascribe to the operation of this powerful and mysterious agent many effects which were otherwise difficult to be accounted for. That it should exercise some influence over the deposition of dew was by no means

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an improbable notion; and accordingly M. du Fay, who had signalised himself in this department of science, prepared to put the matter to the test of experiment. He grounded his reasoning on the fact, that since some bodies have the power of imbibing, or rather receiving, a greater portion of dew than others, it might depend upon these bodies being electrics in the one case, and conductors in the other. In order, therefore, to compare the humifying action of vitreous with that of resinous substances, he took two basins of the same dimensions, one of tin, and the other of glass; the former he thickly coated with shell-lac—a resinous body—and exposed it along with the one made of glass during a fine clear night. The result was, that the glass basin contained twice as much aqueous deposit as that which was coated. A very curious fact also came under his notice during these investigations, namely, that a watch-glass placed on a porcelain saucer will receive five or six times more dew than one similarly placed on a silver saucer. That the metallic body in this case prevented the deposition of dew is evident; and it was farther proved by an experiment in which one end of a slip of glass was made to rest on a brass plate, and the other on one of glass. The end which reposed on the former was found quite dry, whilst the opposite extremity was profusely wetted. The next philosopher of eminence who made observations on this subject was Professor Leslie. He was greatly assisted in his experiment by the hygrometer, an instrument which, in the year 1798, he had brought nearly to a state of perfection. The term hygrometer is compounded of two Greek words, and signifies a measurer of moisture; hence its usefulness in determining the state of humidity of the atmosphere at any given period of the evening. The results of Leslie's investigations were confirmatory of the principle discovered by Du Fay,—that dew always began to form at the surface of the earth, and continued to mount upwards as the night advanced. The following explication of the phenomena of dew by Leslie explains a phenomenon which must often have been observed, viz., the formation of a fog or low cloud. "In fine calm weather, after the rays of the declining sun have ceased to warm the surface of the ground, the descent of the higher mass of air gradually chills the undermost stratum, and disposes it to dampness, till their continued intermixture produces a fog or low cloud. Such fogs are, towards the evening, often observed gathering in narrow vales, or along the course of sluggish rivers, and generally hovering within a few inches of the surface. But in all situations these watery deposits, either to a greater or a less degree, occur in the same disposition of the atmosphere. The minute suspended globules, attaching themselves to the projecting points of the herbage, form dew in mild weather, or shoot into hoar frost when cold predominates. They collect most readily on glass, but seem to be repelled by a bright surface of metal." The provision of nature for compensating the daily vicissitudes of climate is exceedingly beautiful. It is evident that the sun's rays striking the surface of the earth during the day will be absorbed by it, and thus the stratum of air contiguous to the mass of the globe will be retained in a state of comparative warmth and dryness, at least in clear and calm weather. The more elevated strata, on the other hand, will be much colder, as is known to be the fact by those who ascend high mountains, or rise to great heights in balloons. When the sun sinks below the horizon, and exercises no longer any calorific influence over the earth, the lower or warm strata of air, by virtue of their lightness, bulk for bulk, compared with those higher up, ascend, their place being supplied by the colder strata from the upper regions. This interchange goes on perpetually during night and day; and thus the descent of chill air explains the formation of dew in low situations first, and its progressive deposition at higher elevations as the cold increases. This is the theory of Professor Leslie, but another explanation of the phenomena will be found further on.

The remarkable discovery of Du Fay already noticed—namely, that the presence of a piece of metal will prevent dew from accumulating even on glass, which otherwise would have been profusely bedewed—remained to be explained. A set of very curious experiments were undertaken by M. Benedict Prevost to determine the question, and the results were briefly as follows:—A metallic leaf placed upon a plate of glass not only prevented dew from forming on the covered part of the glass, but for a small space all round it, and also on the opposite side of the plate, whilst every other part of it was perfectly wet. A piece of tin-foil being pasted on the inside of a window, and another similar piece on the outside, when dew began to form first upon the inside of the pane, the tin-foil on the same side appeared wetter than the rest of the pane, all except that part of it opposite the exterior coating, which invariably appeared to be drier than the rest. When the dewing commenced upon the outside, the principle of formation was exactly reversed. In every case it was found that a piece of glass placed over the metallic leaf so as entirely to cover it, completely destroyed its effects on the metal. In every case the formation of dew depended upon the nature of the extreme surfaces of bodies.

These interesting, but somewhat perplexing, facts for some time constituted a problem which philosophers were inadequate to solve. Now, however, every difficulty has been satisfactorily explained, and the theory of the formation of dew is as well understood as any other part of natural philosophy. 1st. The whole depends upon the facility with which bodies part with the heat which they contain. 2d. Bodies only acquire dew according to the rapidity with which they cool when exposed to the free aspect of the heavens. Now, bright metals, although good *conductors* of heat, do not part with it so readily on exposure to air; whereas with glass, as well as with a great variety of other substances, the very reverse is the case: hence, whilst the glass rapidly gave forth its heat, became cool, and consequently attracted dew, that portion of the pane which was covered with metallic leaf was prevented from giving forth its heat; and thus dew could not collect upon it, according to Leslie's theory of pulsations of air. The impression received on a plate of polished metal scarcely amounts to the tenth part of what is communicated to a surface of glass, wood, cloth, paper, earth, or grass. Various circumstances, which will be afterwards noticed, tend materially to modify the distribution of heat and the formation of dew on the surfaces of bodies.

Our knowledge of the principles upon which dew is formed, was greatly advanced by the researches and experiments of Dr. Wells; and amongst other facts of importance we are indebted to him for the very important one—that bodies become colder than the neighbouring air *before* they are dewed. It is a rare circumstance that the simplest truths of science are the soonest discovered; and the remark holds good in the present instance, for various investigators, amongst whom were the learned Dr. Wilson of Glasgow, and Mr. Six of Canterbury, had propounded the doctrine that the formation of dew was always accompanied by the production of cold. Thus cold was supposed to be the *effect* instead of the *cause* of aqueous globules collecting on the surfaces of bodies. The learned and ingenious Dr. Wells, however, set philosophers right upon this subject, having prosecuted his researches with assiduity and ardour for upwards of two years at a friend's villa in the neighbourhood of London, in spite of professional demands upon his time, and the precarious state of his health. After a protracted drought, when the air was very still and the sky serene, and about half an hour before sunset, Dr. Wells exposed to the sky parcels of wool and swan-down, which had been previously weighed. They were placed upon a smooth, unpainted, and perfectly dry fir table. Twelve minutes after sunset the wool was found to be fourteen degrees colder than the air, and had, as yet, acquired no additional weight. The swan-down, of which there was a much greater quantity, had not become so cold as the wool by one degree, and remained likewise without any increase of weight. Twenty minutes more brought the wool down half a degree lower than the surrounding atmosphere, and still there was no dew found upon it.* The grass was, at the same time, fifteen degrees colder than the air four feet above the ground. By an induction of facts at once ample and conclusive, the learned experimenter established the proposition stated, that the coldness of

bodies invariably *precedes* the formation of dew upon them, and this, in favourable circumstances, continued to increase somewhat progressively during the whole night, so that from midnight to sunrise the deposition was even greater than from sunset to midnight.

That substances having a free exposure imbibe dew to a greater extent than those which have a covering over them, was proved by Dr. Wells in the following manner:—He took two parcels of wool of ten grains each, and placed one of them under a sheet of pasteboard bent into the shape of a penthouse, and the other upon a grassplat fully exposed to the sky. In the morning, the sheltered wool was found to have increased only two grains in weight, whilst that which remained uncovered had imbibed sixteen grains of dew. He further found that parcels of wool, each weighing ten grains, being teased out into flattened balls of two and a half inches diameter, and laid on a grassplat, on a gravel-walk, and on fresh garden-mould, acquired, during a clear calm night, respectively sixteen, nine, and eight grains of humidity. Repose of a body seems necessary to its acquiring its utmost degree of coldness and its full deposit of dew; so that a moving body will not become so humified as one at rest. Hence those who are exposed to night-air effect two purposes by walking smartly—they not only keep their bodies warm, but prevent the chilling dews from settling profusely upon their clothes.

We have seen in the experiments of Dr. Wells, that a covering placed at a little distance above the body will prevent the dew from settling upon it, to the same extent as would have been the case had no such screen between it and the sky been interposed. Hence we find that, in cloudy nights, little or no dew is formed. A very great change takes place in a short time in the temperature of the air, if the night, having been previously clear, becomes cloudy, or having been cloudy, becomes clear. In the former case, the thermometer rises considerably, and the deposition of dew is checked; and in the second instance the thermometer falls considerably, and dew begins rapidly to form. In every case, however, the quantity of dew deposited depends upon the state of the atmosphere with regard to moisture. Sometimes there is little humidity in the air, at other times a great deal. Dew is more abundant in the spring and autumn than at other seasons, and of course is always very copious when the atmosphere is inclined to humidity. When the air is in a proper state, a very few degrees of difference of temperature between the grass and the atmosphere is sufficient to determine the formation of dew. At other times, a difference to the extent of thirty degrees may exist, without any deposition taking place. Insulated bodies or prominent points, such as the spicular extremities of vegetables, become sooner covered with dew than others, because they are sooner deprived of heat; and the effects of an open exposition may be seen in the fields every morning. There the leaves of trees and shrubs will often be found to have remained dry, or nearly so, during the night; whilst the blades of grass are seen densely covered with shining globules. It is a fact mentioned by Aristotle, that dew does not form in windy weather; and Dr. Wells informs us, that if the night, from being clear and serene, becomes dark and stormy, the dew which had already been deposited will disappear.

"I had often," says Dr. Wells, "smiled in the pride of half-knowledge at the means frequently employed by gardeners to protect tender plants from cold, as it appeared impossible to me that a thin mat, or any such flimsy substance, could prevent them from attaining the temperature of the atmosphere, by which alone I thought them liable to be injured. But when I had learned that bodies on the surface of the earth become, during a still and serene night, colder than the atmosphere, by radiating their heat to the heavens, I perceived immediately a just reason for the practice I had before deemed useless. Being desirous, however, of acquiring some precise information on this subject, I fixed perpendicularly in the earth of a grassplat four small sticks, and over their upper extremities, which were six inches above the grass, and formed the corners of a square whose sides were two feet long, I drew tightly a very thin cambric handkerchief. In this disposition of things, therefore, nothing existed to prevent the free passage of air from the exposed grass to that which was sheltered, except the four small sticks; and there was no substance to radiate downwards to the latter grass, except the cambric handkerchief." On examination, the sheltered grass was found nearly of the same temperature as the air, whilst the unsheltered was five degrees colder; and on another occasion, the grass destitute of any covering was found eleven degrees colder than the air, whilst that over which the handkerchief was spread was only three degrees colder. From these experiments we see the propriety of sheltering, even with a very thin covering, those plants and vegetables to whose healthy growth warmth is necessary. Snow acts in winter as a protector from cold; but to have the full advantage of any artificial covering, it should be placed a little above the subjacent body. In tropical climates, the deposition of dew on animal substances hastens their decay; and as this is apt to happen only on clear nights, it was anciently supposed that moonlight was a promoter of animal decomposition.

In reference, first, to the cooling of bodies under an open sky, and, second, to the prevention of this by the interposition of clouds or other covering above the bodies, there are two theories by which phenomena have been explained. By the one, the coldness induced on the ground is said to result from the *radiation* of heat into free space; and the prevention of this is supposed to arise from the clouds radiating heat back to the earth. By the other, it is supposed that the pulses of cold air accumulated by that vertical play already described, in which the chill strata of air descend and the warm strata rise, is the cause of the temperature falling, and the consequent formation of dew. Clouds, or any other interposing screen, will disturb this process; but we confess, although Leslie be the author of this theory, that, taken alone, it does not explain phenomena in the same simple and explicit manner as the other. However, there seems no reason for doubting that both causes may operate, and that, under certain circumstances, the effects produced by the latter may predominate over those produced by the former. What is called the doctrine of latent heat has also been brought forward to explain the increase of heat at the earth's surface on a cloudy night. That the condensation of transparent vapour into cloud, a denser body, causes an extrication of heat, there can be no doubt; but that this would continue during a whole night, is highly improbable. But the thermometric observations of Dr. Wells render the opinion utterly untenable. He found that the sudden intervention of a cloud gave rise to as sudden an elevation of temperature, and sudden clearness to an equally rapid fall in the mercury of the thermometer. Moreover, we find the atmosphere itself, at moderate elevations, of a pretty uniform temperature; whilst bodies at the surface of the ground undergo rapid alternations of heat and cold. This fact alone is fatal to the theory derived from the doctrine of latent heat.

The importance of dew in the economy of nature cannot be fully appreciated in a moist northern climate like ours. But in tropical regions, where the seasons are divided into wet and dry—that is, months in which a great quantity of rain falls, and months in which there is almost none at all,—during the protracted drought vegetation is necessarily parched, and stands much in need of moisture; so that the deposition of vapour in the form of dew is of incalculable benefit to it. Upon the same principle as that on which dew is formed, ice may be procured in warm climates—the East Indies, for instance,—when the temperature of the atmosphere is above the freezing point. This is effected by simply exposing water in shallow vessels to the aspect of a calm and cloudless sky. Of all substances, water is the one which radiates caloric best, and accordingly, from rapidly parting with its heat, congelation upon the surface immediately takes place.

DECORUM.

No man can be good enough to enable him to neglect the rules of prudence; nor will Virtue herself look beautiful, unless she be bedecked with the outward ornaments of decency and decorum.—*Fielding.*

CLERICAL IGNORANCE.

FOREIGN writers have been amused with the information, that many of the Scottish clergy affirmed, about the period of the Reformation, that Martin Luther had lately composed a book called the *New Testament;* but that they, for their part, would adhere to the *Old* Testament. Ignorant, however, as were the Scottish clergy, they were not more illiterate than many on the Continent. A foreign monk declaiming one day in the pulpit against Lutherans and Zuinglians, said to his audience, "A new language was invented some time ago, called *Greek*, which has been the mother of all these heresies. A book is printed in this language, called the New Testament, which contains many dangerous things. Another language is now forming, the Hebrew: whoever learns it, immediately becomes a Jew." No wonder, after this, that the Commissioners of the Senate of Lucerne should have confiscated the works of Aristotle, Plato, and some of the Greek poets, which they found in the library of Zuinglius, concluding that every book printed in that language must be infected with Lutheranism.—*M'Crie's Life of John Knox.*

THE INDIAN WIFE.

TAHMIROO was the daughter of a powerful Sioux chieftain; and she was the only being ever known to turn the relentless old man from a savage purpose. Something of this influence was owing to her infantile beauty, but more to the gentleness of which that beauty was the emblem. Hers was a species of loveliness rare among Indian girls. Her figure had the flexile grace so appropriate to protected and dependent woman in refined countries; her ripe pouting lip and dimpled cheek wore the pleading air of aggrieved childhood; and her dark eye had such an habitual expression of timidity and fear, that the young Sioux called her the "Startled Fawn."

I know not whether her father's broad lands, or her own appealing beauty, was the most powerful cause of admiration; but certain it is Tahmiroo was the unrivalled belle of the Sioux. She was a creature all formed for love. Her downcast eye, her trembling lip, and her quiet submissive motion—all spoke its language; yet various young chieftains had in vain sought her affections; and when her father urged her to strengthen his power by an alliance, she answered him only by her tears.

This state of things continued until 1765, when a company of French traders came to reside there, for the sake of deriving profit from the fur trade. Among them was Florimond de Rancé, a young indolent Adonis, whom pure ennui had led from Quebec to the Falls of St. Anthony. His fair round face, and studied foppery of dress, might have done little toward gaining the heart of the gentle Sioux; but there was a deference and courtesy in his manner which the Indian never pays to degraded woman, and Tahmiroo's deep sensibilities were touched by it. A more careful arrangement of her rude dress, an anxiety to speak his language fluently, and a close observance of European customs, soon betrayed the subtle power which was fast making her its slave. The ready vanity of the Frenchman quickly perceived it. At first he encouraged it with that sort of undefined pleasure which man always feels in awakening strong affection in the hearts of even the most insignificant. Then the idea that, though an Indian, she was a princess, and that her father's extensive lands on the Missouri were daily becoming of more and more consequence to his ambitious nation, led him to think of marriage with her as a desirable object. His eyes and his manner had said this long before the old chief began to suspect it; and he allowed the wily Frenchman to twine himself almost as closely round his heart as he had around the more yielding soul of his darling child.

Though exceedingly indolent by nature, Florimond de Rancé had acquired skill in many graceful arts, which excited the wonder of the savages. He fenced well enough to foil the most expert antagonist; and in hunting, his rifle was sure to carry death to the game. These accomplishments, and the facility with which his pliant nation conform to the usages of savage life, made him a universal favourite; and, at his request, he was formally adopted as one of the tribe. But, conscious as he was of his power, it was long before he dared to ask for the daughter of the haughty chief. When he did make the daring proposition, it was received with a still and terrible wrath, that might well frighten him from his purpose. Rage showed itself only in the swelling veins and clenched hand of the old chief. With the boasted coldness and self-possession of an Indian, he answered, "There are Sioux girls enough for the poor pale faces that come among us. A king's daughter weds the son of a king. Eagles must sleep in an eagle's nest."

In vain Tahmiroo knelt and supplicated. In vain she promised that Florimond de Rancé would adopt all his enmities and all his friendships; that in hunting and in war he would be an invaluable treasure. The chief remained inexorable. Then Tahmiroo no longer joined in the dance, and the old man noticed that her rich voice was silent when they passed her wigwam. The light of her beauty began to fade, and the bright vermilion current, which mantled under her brown cheek, became sluggish and pale. The languid glance she cast on the morning sun and the bright earth entered into her father's soul. He could not see his beautiful child thus gradually wasting away. He had long averted his eyes whenever he saw Florimond de Rancé, but one day, when he crossed his hunting-path, he laid his hand on his shoulder, and pointed to Tahmiroo's dwelling. Not a word was spoken. The proud old man and the blooming lover entered it together. Tahmiroo was seated in the darkest corner of the wigwam, her head leaning on her hand, her basket-work tangled beside her, and a bunch of flowers the village maidens had brought her scattered and withering at her feet. The chief looked upon her with a vehement expression of love, which none but stern countenances can wear. "Tahmiroo," he said, in a subdued tone, "go to the wigwam of the stranger, that your father may again see you love to look on the rising sun and the opening flowers." There was mingled joy and modesty in the upward glance of the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux; and when Florimond de Rancé saw the light of her mild eye, suddenly and timidly veiled by its deeply-fringed lid, he knew that he had lost none of his power.

The marriage song was soon heard in the royal wigwam, and the young adventurer became the son of a king.

Months and years passed on, and found Tahmiroo the same devoted submissive being. Her husband no longer treated her with the uniform gallantry of a lover. He was not often harsh; but he adopted something of the coldness and indifference of the nation he had joined. Tahmiroo sometimes wept in secret; but so much of fear had lately mingled with her love, that she carefully concealed her grief from him who had occasioned it. When she watched his countenance with that pleading innocent look which had always characterised her beauty, she sometimes would obtain a glance such as he had given her in former days, and then her heart would leap like a frolicsome lamb, and she would live cheerfully on the remembrance of that smile through many wearisome days of silence and neglect. Never was woman, in her heart-breaking devotedness, satisfied with such slight testimonials of love as was this gentle Sioux girl. If Florimond chose to fish, she would herself ply the oars rather than he should suffer fatigue; and the gaudy canoe her father had given her, might often be seen gliding down the stream, while Tahmiroo dipped her oars in unison with her soft rich voice, and the indolent Frenchman lay sunk in luxurious repose. She had learned his religion—but for herself she never prayed. The cross he had given her was always raised in supplication for him; and if he but looked unkindly on her, she kissed it, and invoked its aid in agony of soul. She fancied the sounds of his native land might be dear to him, and she studied his language with a patience and perseverance to which the savage has seldom been known to submit. She tried to imitate the dresses she had heard him describe; and if he looked with a pleased eye on any ornament she wore, it was always reserved to welcome his return. Yet, for all this lavishness of love, she asked but kind approving looks, which cost the giver nothing. Alas, for the perverseness of man in scorning the affection he ceases to doubt! The little pittance of love for which poor Tahmiroo's

heart yearned so much was seldom given. Her soul was a perpetual prey to anxiety and excitement; and the quiet certainty of domestic bliss was never her allotted portion. There were, however, two beings on whom she could pour forth her whole flood of tenderness without reproof or disappointment. She had given birth to a son and daughter, of uncommon promise. Victoire, the eldest, had her father's beauty, save in the melting dark eye, with its plaintive expression, and the modest drooping of its silken lash. Her cheeks had just enough of the Indian hue to give them a warm rich colouring; and such was her early maturity, that, at thirteen years of age, her tall figure combined the graceful elasticity of youth with the staid majesty of womanhood. She had sprung up at her father's feet with the sudden luxuriance of a tropical flower; and her matured loveliness aroused all the dormant tenderness and energy within him. It was with mournful interest he saw her leaping along the chase, with her mother's bounding sylph-like joy; and he would sigh deeply when he observed her oar rapidly cutting the waters of the Missouri, while her boat flew over the surface of the river like a wild bird in sport—and the gay young creature would wind round among the eddies, or dart forward, with her hair streaming on the wind, and her lips parted with eagerness. Tahmiroo did not understand the nature of his emotions. She thought, in the simplicity of her heart, that silence and sadness were the natural expressions of a white man's love; but when he turned his restless gaze from his daughter to her, she met an expression which troubled her. Indifference had changed into contempt; and woman's soul, whether in the drawing-room or the wilderness, is painfully alive to the sting of scorn. Sometimes her placid nature was disturbed by a strange jealousy of her own child. "I love Victoire only because she is the daughter of Florimond," thought she; "why, oh! why does he not love me for being the mother of Victoire?"

It was too evident that de Rancé wished his daughter should be estranged from her mother, and her mother's people. With all members of the tribe, out of his own family, he sternly forbade her having any intercourse; and even there he kept her constantly employed in taking dancing-lessons from himself, and obtaining various branches of learning from an old Catholic priest, whom he had solicited to reside with him for that purpose. But this kind of life was irksome to the Indian girl, and she was perpetually escaping the vigilance of her father to try her arrows in the woods, or guide her pretty canoe over the waters. De Rancé had long thought it impossible to gratify his ambitious views for his daughter without removing her from the attraction of her savage home, and each day's experience convinced him more and more of the truth of this conclusion.

To favour his project, he assumed an affectionate manner towards his wife; for he well knew that one look or word of kindness would, at any time, win back all her love. When the deep sensibilities of her warm heart were roused, he would ask for leave to sell her lands; and she, in her prodigality of tenderness, would have given him anything, even her own life, for such smiles as he then bestowed. The old chief was dead, and there was no one to check the unfeeling rapacity of the Frenchman. Tracts after tracts of Tahmiroo's valuable land were sold, and the money remitted to Quebec, whither he had the purpose of conveying his children on the pretence of a visit, but, in reality, with the firm intent of never again beholding his deserted wife.

A company of Canadian traders happened to visit the Falls of St. Anthony just at this juncture, and Florimond de Rancé took the opportunity to apprise Tahmiroo of his intention to educate Victoire at one of the convents in Quebec. The Sioux pleaded with all the earnestness of a mother's eloquence—but she pleaded in vain. Victoire and her father joined the company of traders on their return to Canada. Tahmiroo knelt and fervently besought that she might accompany them. She would stay out of sight, she said; they should not be ashamed of her among the great white folks at the east; and if she could but live where she could see them every day, she should die happier.

"Ashamed of you! and you the daughter of a Sioux king!" exclaimed Victoire proudly, and, with a natural impulse of tenderness, fell on her mother's neck and wept.

"Victoire, 'tis time to depart!" said her father sternly. The sobbing girl tried to release herself, but she could not. Tahmiroo embraced her with an energy of despair; for, after all her doubts and jealousies, Victoire was the darling child of her bosom—she was so much the image of Florimond when he first said he loved her. "Woman! let her go!" exclaimed De Rancé, exasperated by the length of the parting scene. Tahmiroo raised her eyes anxiously to his face, and she saw that his arm was raised to strike her.

"I am a poor daughter of the Sioux; oh! why did you marry me?" exclaimed she, in a tone of passionate grief.

"For your father's lands," said the Frenchman coldly.

This was the drop too much. Poor Tahmiroo, with a piercing shriek, fell on the earth, and hid her face in the grass. She knew not how long she remained there. Her highly-wrought feelings had brought on a dizziness of the brain, and she was conscious only of a sensation of sickness, accompanied by the sound of receding voices. When she recovered, she found herself alone with Louis, her little boy, then about six years old. The child had wandered there, after the traders had departed, and having in vain tried to waken his mother, he laid himself down at her side, and slept on his bow and arrows. From that hour Tahmiroo was changed. Her quiet submissive air gave place to a stern and lofty manner; and she, who had always been so gentle, became as bitter and implacable as the most bloodthirsty of her tribe. In little Louis all the strong feelings of her soul were centred; but even her affection for him was characterised by a strange and unwonted fierceness. Her only care seemed to be to make him like his grandfather, and to instil a deadly hatred of white men; and the boy learned his lessons well. He was the veriest little savage that ever let fly an arrow. To his mother alone he yielded anything like submission; and the Sioux were proud to hail the haughty child as their future chieftain.

Such was the aspect of things on the shore of the Mississippi, when Florimond de Rancé came among them after an absence of three years. He was induced to make this visit, partly from a lingering curiosity to see his boy, and partly from the hopes of obtaining more land from the yielding Tahmiroo. He affected much contrition for his past conduct, and promised to return with Victoire before the year expired. Tahmiroo met him with the most chilling indifference, and listened to him with a vacant look, as if she heard him not. It was only when he spoke to her boy that he could arouse her from this apparent lethargy. On this subject she was all suspicion. She had a sort of undefined dread that he too would be carried away from her; and she watched over him like a she-wolf when her young is in danger.

Her fears were not unfounded; for Florimond de Rancé did intend, by demonstrations of fondness, and glowing descriptions of Quebec, to kindle in the mind of her son a desire to accompany him.

Tahmiroo thought the hatred of white men, which she had so carefully instilled, would prove a sufficient shield; but many weeks had not elapsed before she saw that Louis was fast yielding himself up to the fascinating power which had enthralled her own youthful spirit. With this discovery came horrible thoughts of vengeance; and more than once she had nearly nerved her soul to murder the father of her son—but she could not. Something in his features still reminded her of the devoted young Frenchman who had carried her quiver through the woods and kissed the moccasin he stooped to lace, and she could not kill him.

The last cutting blow was soon given to the heart of the Indian wife. Young Louis, full of boyish curiosity, expressed a wish to go with his father, though he, at the same time, promised a speedy return. He had always been a stubborn boy; and she felt now as if her worn-out spirit would vainly contend against his wilfulness. With that sort of resigned stupor which often indicates approaching insanity, she yielded to his request, exacting, however, a promise that he would sail a few miles down the Mississippi with her the day before his departure.

The day arrived. Florimond de Rancé was at a distance on business. Tahmiroo decked herself in the garments and jewels she had worn on the day of her marriage, and selected the gaudiest wampum-belts for the little Louis.

"Why do you put these on?" said the boy.

"Because Tahmiroo will no more see her son in the land of the Sioux," said she, mournfully, "and when her father meets her in the Spirit Land, he will know the beads he gave her."

She took the wondering boy by the hand, and led him to the river-side. There lay the canoe her father had given her when she left him for "the wigwam of the stranger." It was faded and bruised now, and so were all her hopes. She looked back on the hut where she had spent her brief term of wedded happiness, and its peacefulness seemed a mockery of her misery. And was she—the lone, the wretched, the desperate, and deserted one—was she the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux, for whom contending chiefs had asked in vain? The remembrance of all her love and all her wrongs came up before her memory, and death seemed more pleasant to her than the gay dance she once loved so well. But then her eye rested on her boy—and, O God! with what an agony of love! It was the last vehement struggle of a soul all formed for tenderness. "We will go to the Spirit Land together," she exclaimed. "He cannot come there to rob me!"

She took Louis in her arms as if he had been a feather, and springing into the boat, she guided it towards the Falls of St. Anthony. "Mother, mother! the canoe is going over the rapids!" screamed the frightened child. "My father stands on the waves and beckons me!" she said. The boy looked at the horribly fixed expression of her face, and shrieked aloud for help.

The boat went over the cataract. Louis de Rancé was seen no more. He sleeps with the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux, in the waves of the Mississippi! The story is well remembered by the Indians of the present day; and when a mist gathers over the Falls, they often say, "Let us not hunt to-day. A storm will certainly come, for Tahmiroo and her son are going over the Falls of St. Anthony."—*The Legendary.*

POISONS AND THEIR ANTIDOTES.

YOUNG persons should be cautioned against tasting any roots, berries, seed, or leaves, with which they are unacquainted. Many plants have narcotic qualities, like opium, producing distress, nausea, and giddiness; sometimes ending in convulsions and death. When people have been poisoned by swallowing *laudanum*, or similar substances, a thorough evacuation of the stomach is the first object. Powerful doses of emetics must be given instantly. Ipecacuanha is recommended for narcotic poisons, because it peculiarly counteracts their effects. Thirty grains added to the same quantity of sulphate of zinc, may be given to a grown person; and fifteen grains of ipecacuanha repeated every ten minutes, till it operates freely. If the wine of ipecacuanha is used, two ounces may be given for the first dose, and a tablespoonful repeated. The inclination to vomit should be encouraged by tickling the throat with a feather, or with the finger, and by large draughts of lukewarm water. If other emetics are not at hand, one tablespoonful of powdered mustard, stirred in a tumbler of warm water, and repeated if necessary, will generally induce vomiting. As, however, the stomach soon becomes insensible to the action of emetics, when narcotic poisons have been taken, no time should be lost in obtaining medical assistance, in order that recourse may be had to the stomach-pump, which will effectually remove the poison. When the emetic has operated, a brisk dose of castor oil and jalap should be given. Vinegar and lemon-juice have been recommended; but some physicians say they do much more harm than good. To counteract drowsiness, keep the patient walking, and give strong coffee, or strong green tea freely. The douche or cold shower-bath is also serviceable. A teaspoonful of water of ammonia, or hartshorn, in a wineglassful of water, every fifteen minutes, repeated for an hour or more, *if the emergency render it necessary*, is said to have a very stimulating and rousing effect. This should be persevered in when the system seems sinking, and reaction does not take place. If this cannot be obtained, a little clear rum or brandy may be given. At the same time the body should be rubbed with salt, and hartshorn applied to the nostrils. The patient should not sleep for twelve hours. The diet should be very bland and simple during recovery. The after-treatment should be directed by a medical man.

MINERAL POISONS.

The most common are *nitric acid*, *arsenic*, and *oxalic acid*. They produce burning heat in the mouth and stomach, acute pain, nausea, and hiccough. Repeated doses of calcined magnesia are the best antidote. If magnesia is not at hand, let a solution of soap and water be drunk freely. It is made by dissolving half-a-pound of brown soap in a quart of water; a cupful should be given warm every three or four minutes. Chalk and water and lime-water likewise tend to neutralise the acid.

An emetic should be instantly given. Sulphate of zinc operates the quickest, and is always most safely administered mingled with ipecacuanha. A grown person may take thirty grains of each in a glassful of warm water; and fifteen grains of ipecacuanha may be repeated every ten minutes, if necessary. Assist the vomiting by copious draughts of warm barley-water, gruel, or linseed tea. Emollient fomentations and injections are useful. Physicians usually try bleeding, or leeches, when the inflammatory symptoms appear. During convalescence, the diet should be strictly confined to gruel, arrow-root, milk, &c. Arsenic usually causes free vomiting, without adventitious assistance. Its effects are counteracted by chalk and water. mucilaginous drinks, but latterly it has been stated that the tritoxide of iron, or iron-rust, will prove the best and an immediate antidote.

When *corrosive sublimate* has been swallowed, the white of eggs, taken freely, will resolve it into a harmless mass.

Sugar, or syrup, in large quantities, is an antidote to the poison of *copper* or *verdigris*; and coffee immediately decomposes it.

Common salt is an antidote to *nitrate of silver*.

Sulphate of magnesia, or sulphate of soda, are useful in counteracting the effects of *sugar of lead* and other preparations of that metal.

When over-doses of *tartar emetic* or other *antimonials* have been taken, yellow Peruvian bark will prevent the fatal effects. One ounce of the strong infusion is said to neutralise the effect of tartar emetic. Almost any vegetable bitter will have the same effect; therefore it is very improper to give camomile tea when you wish to cause vomiting with *antimony*.—*Mrs. Child.*

MONKEY STORIES.

IN No. 38, we gave a paper on "Monkeys and their imitative Powers," and in recent Numbers inserted a lecture upon the intellect observable in animals; and as a sort of pendant we transcribe the following remarks upon the habits of monkeys from Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali's amusing volumes, to which we were indebted on a former occasion. It is a common saying with the lower orders of Eastern countries, that the monkeys would speak if they were not afraid of being set to work did they betray their capacity; and some of the stories told of them, on the authority of the natives, by Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, contain enough of the marvellous to warrant such a conclusion. But we *rather* fear they want confirmation.

"The natives firmly believe the whole monkey race to be gifted with reason to a certain extent, never accounting for the sagacity and cunning they are known to possess by instinctive habits; arguing from their own observations, that the monkeys are peaceable neighbours or inveterate enemies to man, in proportion as their good will is cultivated by kindness and hospitality, or their propensity to revenge roused by an opposite line of conduct towards them.

"The husbandman whose land is in the vicinity of a forest, and the abode of monkeys, secures safety to his crops by planting a patch of ground with that species of grain which these animals are known to prefer. Here they assemble, as appetite calls, and feast themselves upon their own allotment; and, as if they appreciated the hospitality of the landlord, not a blade is broken, or a seed destroyed, in the fields of corn to the right and left of their plantation. But woe to the farmer who neglects this provision; his fields will not only be visited by the marauders, but their ven-

geance will be displayed in the wasteful destruction of his cultivation. This undoubtedly looks more like reason than instinct; and if credit could be given to half the extraordinary tales that are told of them, the monkeys of India might justly be entitled to a higher claim than that of instinct for their actions.

"Monkeys seem to be aware that snakes are their natural enemies. They never advance in pursuit of, yet they rarely run from a snake; unless its size renders it too formidable an object for their strength and courage to attack with anything like a prospect of success in destroying it. So great is the animosity of the monkey race to these reptiles, that they attack them systematically, after the following manner:—

"When a snake is observed by a monkey, he depends on his remarkable agility as a safeguard from the enemy. At the most favourable opportunity he seizes the reptile just below the head with a firm grasp, then springs to a tree, if available, or to any hard substance near at hand, on which he rubs the snake's head with all his strength until life is extinct, at intervals smelling the fresh blood as it oozes from the wounds of his victim. When success has crowned his labour, the monkey capers about his prostrate enemy, as if in triumph at the victory he has won; developing, as the natives say, in this, a striking resemblance to man.

"Very few monkeys, in their wild state, ever recover from inflicted wounds; the reason assigned by those who have studied their usual habits is, that whenever a poor monkey has been wounded, even in the most trifling way, his associates visit him by turns, when each visitor, without a single exception, is observed to scratch the wound smartly with his nails. A wound left to itself might be expected to heal in a short time, but thus irritated by a successive application of their sharp nails, it inflames and increases. Mortification is early induced by the heated atmosphere, and death rapidly follows.

"The monkeys' motives for adding to their neighbour's anguish is accounted for by some speculators on the score of their aversion to the unnatural smell of blood; or they are supposed to be actuated by a natural abhorrence to the appearance of the wound, not by any means against the wounded, since, in their domestic habits, they are considered to be peaceable and affectionate in their bearings towards each other. The strong will exercise mastery over the weak where food is scarce, but, in a general way, they are by no means quarrelsome or revengeful amongst themselves. They are known to hold by each other in defending rights and privileges, if the accounts given by creditable natives be true, who add that a whole colony of monkeys have been known to issue forth in a body to revenge an injury sustained by an individual of their tribe; often firing a whole village of chupha-roofs, where the aggressor is known to be a resident, who in his anger may have maimed or chastised one of their colony.

"The female monkey is remarkable for her attachment to her progeny, which she suckles until it is able to procure food for its own sustenance. When one of her young dies, the mother is observed to keep it closely encircled in her arms, moaning piteously with true maternal feelings of regret, and never parting with it from her embrace until the dead body becomes an offensive mass: and when at last she quits her hold, she lays it on the ground before her, at no great distance, watching with intense anxiety the dead body before her, which she can no longer fold in her embrace, until the work of decomposing has altered the form of the creature that claimed her tender attachment. What an example is here given to unnatural mothers who neglect or forsake their offspring!

"I shall here insert a few anecdotes illustrative of the opinions of the natives on the subject of monkeys being possessed of reasoning faculties. They shall be given exactly as I have received them, not expecting my readers will give to them more credit than I am disposed to yield to most of these tales; but as they are really believed to be true by the natives who relate them, I feel bound to afford them a place in my work, which is intended rather to describe men as they are than men as I wish to see them.

"In the neighbourhood of Muttra is an immense jungle or forest, where monkeys abound in great numbers and variety. Near a village bordering this forest is a large natural lake, which is said to abound with every sort of fish and alligators. On the banks of this lake are many trees, some of which branch out a great distance over the water. On these trees monkeys of a large description, called Lungoor, gambol from spray to spray in happy amusement: sometimes they crowd in numbers on one branch, by which means their weight nearly brings the end of the bough to the surface of the water, on which occasion it is by no means unusual for one or more of their numbers to be lessened.

"Whether the monkeys told their thoughts or not, my informant does not say; but the retailers of the story assert that the oldest monkey was aware that his missing brethren had been seized by an alligator from the branch of the tree, whilst they were enjoying their amusement. This old monkey, it would seem, resolved on revenging the injury done to his tribe, and formed a plan for retaliating on the common enemy of his race.

"The monkeys were observed, by the villagers, for many successive days, actively occupied in collecting the fibrous bark of certain trees, which they were converting into a thick rope. The novelty of this employment surprised the peasants, and induced them to watch daily for the result. When the rope was completed, from sixty to seventy of the strongest monkeys conveyed it to the tree: having formed a noose at one end with the nicest care, the other end was secured by them to the overhanging arm of the tree. This ready, they commenced their former gambols, jumping about and crowding on the same branch which had been so fatal to many of their brethren.

"The alligator, unconscious of the stratagem thus prepared to secure him, sprang from the water as the branch descended, but instead of catching the monkey he expected, he was himself caught in the noose; and the monkeys moving away rather precipitately, the alligator was drawn considerably above the surface of the water. The more he struggled, the firmer he was held by the noose; and here was his skeleton to be seen many years after, suspended from the tree over the water, until time and the changes of season released the blanched bones from their exalted situation, to consign them to their more natural element in the lake below.

"On one occasion, a Hindoo traveller, on his way to Muttra, from his place of residence, drew down the resentment of the monkeys inhabiting the same forest, by his inattention to their well-known habits. The story is told as follows:—

"The man was travelling with all his worldly wealth about his person: viz., fifty gold mohurs (each nearly equal to two pounds in value), and a few rupees, the savings of many a year's hard service, which were secreted in the folds of his turban; a good suit of clothes on his back; a few gold ornaments on his neck and arms; and a bundle of sundries and cooking vessels.

"The Hindoo was on foot, without companions, making his way towards the home of his forefathers, where he hoped with his little treasury to be able to spend his remaining years in peace with his family and friends, after many years' toil and absence from his home. He stopped near to the lake in question, after a long and fatiguing march, to rest himself beneath the shade of the trees, and cook his humble meal of bread and dhall. I ought here, perhaps, to say that this class of natives always cook in the open air, and, if possible, near a river, or large body of water, for the purpose of bathing before meals, and having water for purifying their cooking utensils, &c.

"The man having undressed himself, and carefully piled his wardrobe beneath the tree he had selected for shelter, went to the lake and bathed; after which he prepared his bread, and sat himself down to dine. As soon as he was comfortably seated, several large monkeys advanced and squatted themselves at a respectful distance from him, doubtless expecting to share in the good things he was enjoying. But no: the traveller was either too hungry or inhospitable, for he finished his meal without tendering the smallest portion to his uninvited visitors, who kept their station, watching every mouthful until he had finished.

"The meal concluded, the traveller gathered his cooking vessels together and went to the bank of the lake in order to wash them, as is customary, and to cleanse his mouth after eating; his clothes and valuables were left securely under the tree, as he imagined—if he thought at all about them—for he never dreamed of having offended the monkeys by eating all he had cooked, without making them partakers. He was no sooner gone, however, than the monkeys assembled round his valuables; each took something from the collection; the oldest among them having secured the purse of gold, away they ran to the tree over the very spot where the man was engaged in polishing his brass vessels.

"The Hindoo had soon completed his business at the lake, and unconscious of their movements, he had returned to the tree, where, to his surprise and sorrow, he discovered his loss. Nearly frantic, the Hindoo doubted not some sly thief had watched his motions and removed his treasures, when he heard certain horrid yells from the monkeys which attracted his attention: he returned hastily to the lake, and on looking up to the tree, he discovered his enemies in the monkeys. They tantalised him for some time

by holding up the several articles to his view, and when the old monkey shook the bag of gold, the poor man was in an agony: they then threw the whole into the lake; the coins, one by one, were cast into the deep water, where not a shadow of hope could be entertained of their restoration, as the lake was deep and known to be infested with alligators.

"The man was almost driven mad by this unlooked for calamity by which he was deprived of the many comforts his nursed treasure had so fairly promised him for the remainder of life. He could devise no plan for recovering his lost valuables, and resolved on hastening to the nearest village, there to seek advice and assistance from his fellow men; where, having related his unfortunate adventures, and declaring he had done nothing to anger the creatures, he was asked if he had dined, and if so had he given them a share? He said he had indeed cooked his dinner, and observed the monkeys seated before him whilst he dined, but he did not offer them any.

"'That that is your offence!' cried the villagers in a breath; 'who would ever think of eating without sharing his meal with men or with animals? You are punished for your greediness, friend!'—'Be it so,' said the traveller, 'I am severely used by the brutes, and am now resolved on punishing them effectually in return for the ill they have done me.'

"He accordingly sold the gold ornaments from his arms and neck—purchased a quantity of sugar, ghee, flour and arsenic—returned to his old quarters, prepared everything for cooking, and in a short time had a large dish filled with rich looking cakes, to tempt his enemies to their own ruin.

"The feast was prepared in the presence of the assembled multitude of monkeys. The Hindoo placed the dish before his guests, saying 'There, my lords! your food is ready!' The old monkey advanced toward the dish, took up a cake, raised it to his nose, and then returning it to the dish immediately ran off, followed by the whole of his associates, into the thick jungle.

"The man began to despair, and thought himself the most unlucky creature existing, when, at length, he saw them returning with augmented numbers; he watched them narrowly, and observed each monkey had a green leaf in his paw, in which he folded a cake and devoured the whole speedily. The man expected, of course, to see them sicken immediately, for the quantity of arsenic he had used was sufficient, he imagined, to have killed twenty times their number. But, no; his stratagem entirely failed, for the leaf with which they had provided themselves was an antidote to the poison put into their food. The traveller thus sacrificed even that little which would have carried him on his journey had he been satisfied with his first loss; but the Hindoo cherished a revengeful disposition, and thereby was obliged to beg his way to his family.

"The next monkey story is equally marvellous; the natives believe that it actually occurred. I am disposed, however, to think all these stories were originally fables to impress a moral upon the ignorant.

"Near a small town in the province of Oude there is a jungle of some extent inhabited by monkeys. A certain man of the Hindoo class, residing in the town, resolved upon enjoying himself one day with a bottle of arrack he had procured by stealth; and since it is well known that spirits or fermented liquors are prohibited articles in the territories governed by Mussulmaun rulers, the man betook himself with his treat to the neighbouring jungle, where in private he might drink the spirit he loved, and escape the vigilance of the police.

"Arriving at a convenient spot, the Hindoo seated himself under a tree, prepared his hookha, drew from his wrapper the bottle of spirits, and a small cup he had provided; and if ever he knew what happiness was in his life, this moment was surely his happiest.

"He drank a cup of his liquor, smoked his hookha with increased relish, and thought of nothing but his present enjoyment. Presently he heard the sound of rustling in the trees, and in a few minutes after a fine sturdy monkey, of the Lungoor tribe, placed himself very near to him and his bottle.

"The Hindoo was of a lively temper, and withal kindly disposed towards the living, though not of his own species. Having a cake of dry bread in his waistband, he broke off a piece and threw it to his visitor; the monkey took the bread and snifled at the cup. 'Perhaps you may like to taste as well as to smell,' thought the Hindoo, as he poured out the liquor into the cup, and presented it to his guest.

"The monkey raised the cup with both paws to his mouth, sipped of its contents, winked his eyes, appeared well satisfied with the flavour, and, to the surprise of the Hindoo, finished the cup; which was no sooner done, than away he sprang up the tree again.

"'Had I known you would run away so soon, my guest, I should have spared the arrack,' thought the Hindoo. But the monkey quickly returned to his old position, threw down a gold mohur to his entertainer, and sat grinning with apparent satisfaction. The Hindoo, astonished at the sight of gold, thought to repay his benefactor by another cup of spirits, which he placed before the monkey, who drank it off, and again mounted the tree, and shortly returned with a second gold mohur.

"Delighted with the profit his arrack produced, the Hindoo drank sparingly himself; for each time the monkey took a cup a gold mohur was produced, until the man counted eight of these valuable coins on his palm. By this time, however, the monkey was completely overcome by the strength of his potations, and lay apparently senseless before the Hindoo, who fancied now was his turn to mount the tree, where he found, on diligent search in a hollow place, a small bag of gold mohurs, with which he walked off, leaving the monkey prostrate on the earth.

The Hindoo determined on going some distance from his home, in a different direction, fearing his secret treasure might be the means of drawing him into difficulty amongst the people of his own town, who had probably been robbed by the monkeys at some previous period.

In the mean while the monkey is supposed to have recovered from his stupor, and the next morning, on discovering his loss, he set up a horrid yell, which brought together all his fellow inhabitants of the jungle, and some neighbouring villagers saw an immense number of monkeys of all sorts and sizes collected together in a body. The story runs that this army of monkeys was headed by the one who had recovered from his drunken fit, and that they marched away from the jungle in pursuit of the robber.

"Their first march was to the adjacent village, where every house was visited in turn by the monkeys, without success; no one ever venturing to obstruct or drive away the intruders from their resentment. After which they sallied out of the village to the main road, minutely looking for footsteps as a clue on the sandy pathways; and by this means discovering the track of the Hindoo, they pursued the road they had entered throughout the day and night. Early in the morning of the following day, the monkeys advanced to the serai (inn, or halting place for travellers) soon after the Hindoo himself had quitted it, who had actually sojourned there the previous night.

"On the road, when the horde of monkeys met any traveller he was detained by them until the chief of them had scrutinized his features, and he was then liberated on finding he was not the person they were in pursuit of. After having marched nearly forty miles from their home, they entered one of the halting places for travellers, where the Hindoo was resting after his day's journey.

"The monkey having recognised the robber, immediately grasped him by the arm, and others entering, the frightened robber was searched, the purse discovered in his wrapper, which the chief monkey angrily seized, and then counted over its contents, piece by piece. This done, finding the number correct, the monkey selected eight pieces, and threw them towards the Hindoo, and distributing the remaining number of gold mohurs amongst the monkeys, who placed each his coin in the hollow of his cheek, the whole body retired from the serai to retrace their steps to the jungle."

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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